

FRASER'S
MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY TO JULY, 1830.

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M.DCCC.XXX.

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OUR "CONFESSION OF FAITH."

If we turn over the opening articles of periodical works, of all classes, ages, and durations, we shall find that an almost universal complaint of the awkwardness of self-introduction prevails among them. Many are the shifts and apologies resorted to in order to get over this preliminary difficulty; and in a thousand fashions is the comparison instituted between a bashful Magazine launching forth into the world, and a blushing maiden coming out in the tender prime of eighteen. Uncourteous readers have too often said, that the demeanour of the newly-introduced periodical was much more apt to remind them of the lumbering and floundering gestures of a young squire from the country, thrust into a drawing-room for the first time; and that its attempts, whether to be easy, or brilliant, or refined, or retiring,—to be *à la mode* or sentimental, witty or wise, polite or dignified, were all equally unhappy.

A hundred years ago, or a little more, in the days of the good Queen Anne, the first writers (and they were so in more than the *literal* sense of the word) who "obliged the town" with "occasional pieces" managed to cut the knot by inventing clubs of various kinds, and thus in a manner shifting off any individual responsibility. The "Craftsman" adopted another device, and made its *début* under the disguise of Caleb Danvers, Esq., an elderly member of Gray's Inn, who brought the feelings and opinions of the country party of the days of King Charles the Second to bear upon the political feuds of the early times of the House of Hanover. We are afraid that no such devices would pass current now. From our clubs, it is too well known by the dismal experience of every day, nothing wise or witty can come; and we have already another Caleb Danvers in the field, in the person of a reverend elder of Edinburgh, the renowned Christopher North. It would be scrutinising these pleasant whimsies too curiously, were we to remark, that there is one inconvenience in starting with a very old gentleman as the eidolon of an editor; for, in process of time, he must become of a most Nestorian antiquity. Caleb Danvers was, we believe,

seventy years old when he commenced his editorial labours, and must have been very near completing his century when the defeat of the Pretender put an end to them. What Mr. North's age might have been when he began, we cannot say; but certainly the thirteen or fourteen additional years which have since elapsed have not given him an air of more advanced senility. Then there is Sylvanus Urban, who has now nearly concluded his hundred years of actual editorial existence; but we do not recollect that Sylvanus, at any period of his bland existence, ever pretended to personality: he was never any thing but a good-humoured and good-natured shadow.

The modern taste is, we fear, rather of a more tradesmanlike description, and trusts for introduction to the regular and well-understood means of advertisement and prospectus. The former of these instruments of notoriety is unquestionably most legitimate: it is no more than handing your card, ornamented, we admit, every now and then, with a little fancy embroidery. In the latter, alas! all faith has been long since given up. Like the tragedy-lady in Hamlet, they "always do protest too much," and, still worse than other ladies in another tragedy, ~~do not~~ keep the word of promise, either to the ear or the hope. With a due knowledge, therefore, of all these circumstances, we think we consult our own interests and those of our readers best, by not promising any thing at all. Yet we must say something; and let us be permitted to put what we do say into the shape of a preface.

Well, then, we suppose it may be taken for granted, that all readers in this reading age and country so well understand what a Magazine is expected to contain, that it would be waste of time to say that we are to be a literary miscellany, embracing &c. &c. &c. &c.

That being thus satisfactorily arranged, the next question that arises is, What are to be our politics? We think the question is the fairest that can possibly be conceived. We should give up England as our country—should never recognise it as the hard-fighting and ever-contentious land of our birth, if we were not prepared to be, as Lord Goderich, somewhat uncourtously perhaps, but very truly, phrased it, ~~hedge~~ ^{engaged} on the subject of our political opinions the moment we shewed our faces upon any public arena.

The only difficulty we feel in answering that question in one word is, the want of the word. Our great leading parties have lost their names. The Whigs have been un-whigg'd; the Tories un-toried. In former times, the friends of these parties were fond of designating the former as the asserters of liberty and popular rights,—the latter as the champions of religion and monarchy. By their enemies and ill-willers the Whigs were styled democrats and jacobins, levellers, and upsetters of church and king; while from hostile voices the Tories received the titles of bigots and oppressors, enemies of advancing civilisation, and sworn foes to the progress of the march of mind. Each party fought its battle by arms of all kinds, light or heavy, as ~~best~~ ^{best}. On the whole, however, of late years, gravity was the characteristic of the Whig—wit and sarcasm of the Tory. Exceptions will of course be found. One Whig wit will immediately occur to the mind; but we believe that he is the only one of the party. But,

exceptio probat regulam; and it was only to be expected that long years of power should make Tories "triumphant," and long years of exclusion from office should tend to render Whigs "desponding." Both parties had certainly more claim upon those appellations in the last years of George III. and the first years of George IV., than when Dean Swift bestowed them in the days of Queen Anne;* and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that one should see the bright, and the other the gloomy side of things, and tinge their compositions accordingly.

But abstract principles in politics are mere dreams—they are nothing. For the creed of politicians, you must look to their practice. The watchwords of party survive long, very long indeed, after the meaning imposed upon them by those who originally adopted them has passed away. The Whigs, for example, toasted during many a long year—"The King! may he never forget the principles which put his family upon the throne;" and by this toast it was intended originally, and even down to our own times, to express admiration of the principles of the revolution of 1688; nay, gentlemen are still alive, who, from the chairs of Whig clubs, have given the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory" of him by whom that revolution was consummated. Yet, while those toasts were duly honoured—while William III. "was in their bowls freshly remembered," the gentlemen speaking and quaffing were insensibly but inevitably linking themselves to the party which was put down in the days of the revolution, the party which professed principles that would have kept His Majesty's family off the throne, and in whose eyes "the hero William" was a combination of all that was abominable;—and now, when the same toasts are proposed by the more consistent descendants of the men of the revolution, the Whigs are the first to denounce them as invasions of liberty, as outrages upon freedom, on the liberticide plea that they are not to be tolerated, because they give offence to an opposite faction. Careful observers will find something of the same kind among the Tories, though perhaps not altogether so glaring. They, too, however, have tacitly yielded to principles which they formerly denounced. There is some truth in what an acute writer of the day says, that the Whigs, of late years, have always acted below their professions, and the Tories above theirs.

To speak the truth, the factions are gone. When the un-whiggish and un-torying commenced, it is immaterial to say; but it was consummated by Mr. Canning. He was something of both parties—a sort of eclectic. Opposed to the general body of Tories on the Roman Catholic question, and on many points of foreign and domestic policy, he went beyond them in his systematic opposition to any approach towards reform, and in studied contempt for popular opinion in England. His pro-Catholicism rendered him a favourite with the Whig party—his anti-reform spirit conciliated the Tories.

* *Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs*

Forget their feuds, and club to save their wigs."

Description of a City Shower.

He died, after having for a moment, and an uneasy moment, grasped the object of his ambition—the Premiership. Of his immediate successors, little need be said;—of those who are now in power, little can be said. There is one great man among them; but if we dare to say that he is sole minister, we bring ourselves within the jeopardy of libel, as it is interpreted by the Attorney-General, selected from that party whose favourite expression it was, that "the liberty of the press is like the air we breathe—without it we die."

In short,—for there is little use of wasting words on what every body in the kingdom knows,—we have seen, within a couple of years, the Roman Catholic question carried by a ministry which got into power on the avowed grounds of opposing it. We have seen the freedom-loving patriots of Covent Garden and elsewhere, supple servants of the ministry, and rebuking the people for daring to express their opinion against any measure coming from authority. We have seen a tribune* of the populace, who had once vowed that he held his office of representative in the House of Commons on the tenure of speaking the will of his constituents, rising to declare, that he would desire they never had the privilege of returning members to Parliament, unless they agreed with him on certain measures of state policy. We have seen a colleague of his,† who resisted a Speaker's warrant, and set London in an uproar, about twenty years ago, on the propriety of resisting the orders of "the bad House that kept late hours in Palace Yard," maintaining that nothing could be more improper than to dissolve a Parliament, in order to appeal to the sentiments of those who returned them, when it was probable that such appeal would have a contrary result to what "the representatives" had determined upon. We have seen bishops defending what they had sworn to be idolatry, and ministers loudly urging the adoption of measures which they had, within six months, declared to be pregnant with ruin. And how can we pretend to say what is party at present? We can understand the merits of a struggle for place and power; but we do not at present discern even the elements of what were once the so sharply marked distinctions of Whig and Tory.

Our political tendencies will be sufficiently apparent to the intelligent from what we have said already;—to the non-intelligent it would be useless to address ourselves. During the late struggle for Roman Catholic emancipation, we should have been amongst its most decided opponents; but as we think that it is now improbable in the highest degree that the measure of last session will be repealed—as, in short, Protestant ascendancy, as understood by our fathers, is a matter of history—we shall not moot a question which, for the present, is as useless in practice as the famous schoolboy controversy of ancient times, whether Hannibal ought to have marched upon Rome after the battle of Cannæ. Reserving our opinions upon the theological and political questions connected with the Romish church, as it exerts its influence here and on the continent, we willingly excuse ourselves from fighting over again upon paper a battle which has been lost in the field. We shall keep our attention steadfastly fixed

* Mr. Hobhouse.

† Sir Francis Buffdett.

upon the movements of the party now called into power and sedulously watch whether they attempt to do all the mischief which they desire; but as we do not for the present see how they can be dislodged from the station which they have obtained, we must even let them stay there, without any angry inquiry on our part how or why they have won it.

In other matters of domestic policy we are not very anxious to pledge ourselves. We have no respect for the political economists—men who, in general, blunder on in blind subjection to theories hastily adopted upon partial inductions, and perpetually contradicted in practice; but, at the same time, our reverence is just as slight for the *soi-disant* practical gentlemen, who, on the strength of having been clerks, in one capacity or another, in public offices, where the portion of intellect required is not more than that of a dog in a wheel, talk of the "mystery" of their avocations, as if public business were a sort of Rosicrucianism or Freemasonry, to be understood only by the adepts; and affect to sneer, or perhaps do actually sneer without affectation, at those who have not had the advantage of learning how to fold a note in a diplomatic manner, or to tie a parcel with appropriate tape. Both these classes of men are equally absurd and ridiculous (we have much to say hereafter about them); but there is a small sect, compounded of both, who are not to be laughed at. Your trading political economists, dry-baked in office, are no matter of jest. It would not be difficult to prove, that they have inflicted almost as much calamity upon the country as a foreign conqueror could have done,—more, indeed, than foreign conquerors, in civilised days, in general, ever think of doing. We believe that public opinion, dazzled or blinded for a while by the affected precision and mock-mathematical accuracy of this tribe of philosophers, is gradually becoming undeceived; and we shall endeavour to assist it in returning into the right path, and teaching it to look with something more of respect on maxims and principles which, in all countries, but especially in this country, have been the parents of wealth and power; and with suspicion, at least, on mushroom doctrines, which have rarely been acted upon, for any period, without involving those who followed them in misfortune, and inducing the necessity of a hasty retreat.

Sufficient has been here said to make it perfectly well understood that we are not of *liberal* principles. We have only a few words more to add. The history of this country bears us out in saying, that meddling with foreign affairs (except in extreme cases, which we here of course purposely refrain from discussing, even in the slightest manner,) has been always a mistake of the first magnitude. We do not *admit*—for that is not the word which we would use—that the victories of the Edwards and the Henrys, the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons, and the still more national glories of the Drakes and Blakes, the Rodneys and the Nelsons, have raised the feeling, and animated the courage, and lit the blood of our country. We do not *admit* it. No! we *boast* it. Perish the cold word of logical controversy! We make it our *boast* that to Cressy and Poitiers and Agincourt—to Blenheim and Ramillies and Oudenarde—to Salamanca, Toulouse, and Waterloo; still more—let us say it without disparagement to these fields

of fame—still more, because it is our own, our own by the inherited valour of the warriors of the wooden walls, by the inheritance of freedom, of free Athens, free Carthage, free Rome, free Scandinavia, free Venice, free England, and, if Old England's descendants, when she has become effete, prove worthy of their mother, free America,—by the mastery of the sea, won in many a glorious fight, from the days of Elizabeth and the Armada to those of Nelson and Trafalgar,—we have obtained that truest safeguard of national independence—the perfect certainty, on the part of our enemies, that any attempt to insult us is such an experiment as “drawing a tooth from an angry lion.” That, however, being sufficiently proved, we think we may now, for a generation at least, rest content under the shade of our laurels. “We have supt full of honors;” and as we need not go to war to prove that we know how to fight, we cannot conceive that there is any other necessity pressing upon us just at present. Our business, then, in this our Magazine shall be to preach the necessity of peace, the absolute duty of non-interference in foreign politics, whether to assist distressed princes and disconsolate princesses on one hand, or runaway patriots and craven constitutionalists on the other. Let the nations of the continent arrange their internal affairs as they please; provided they do not bear upon us, we need not intermeddle. The French newspapers are very busy just now with some fancies about a *comité directeur*, of which such eminent statesmen as Mr. Gally Knight (victim as he is of Lord Byron's exquisite ridicule) and poor Lord Palmerston are the heads, and which is described as having for its purpose the regeneration of the continent. The folly of this is apparent; but it is not greater, nor more absurd than the pretensions which a noisy class of politicians in this country set up to our being the arbiters of every quarrel, from the North Pole to the South. There are people daily and hourly writing and speaking here about the eternal disgrace which England suffers, because Don Pedro's brother, and not Don Pedro's daughter, is sovereign of Portugal. It may be wrong; but

What's Miguel to us, or we to Miguel!

Others lament that Ferdinand the Seventh continues to play leap-frog with his attendants, to break various oaths, in which the *animus imponentis* differed most astonishingly from the *animus jurantis*, and to marry at least half as many wives as Harry the Eighth. Bad taste and bad conscience, perhaps; but

To Spain be all the woes of Spain,
While we, in Britain's happier reign,
Live undisturbed in peace.

With whom, or for whom, else have we to quarrel? Naples and their Pepes? *Vix*. Or are we called upon by the Pope? Are we to have no reformers in Rome? Is the spirit of liberalism to keep away from the eternal city? Is the Popery of Irish Carbonarism to except the Romans from the revolutionary benefits of their sect? While Turin, and Naples, and Genoa, and Venice, and Florence, groan under the devastating yoke of their kings and princes, is there nobody to talk of the sorrows of the S. P. Q. R. —

The steady Romans who enslaved the world?

No! not one. The cry of Irish liberalism is base, and of the base: it is the blended cry of Jacobinism and Jesuitry. The Jacobins have emancipated the Irish Roman Catholics, because they thought it would weaken and injure the great rock on which the cause of order and true religion throughout Europe rests,—the Church of England. The Jesuits, busy in restoring despotism all over the continent, are delighted to find their real antagonist defeated. If either party had the least pretensions to freedom of mind, Rome would now be free. Another Rienzi, very different from Miss Mitford's namby-pamby hero, would, ere long, have started. But mention in that assembly of those very free-minded men, viz. the Catholic Association of Dublin, that Rome, a town in which certain human beings live, might be governed as they (the said association) were governed,—that it might be some sort of convenience to the Romans that a degree of liberty, equal to something half in amount to what the penal laws gave the Irish Catholics, was granted them,—that there was no particular necessity for a set of priests, named cardinals, to commit all kinds of oppression and meanness in the city where Julius Cæsar once lived—we need not go on—the friends of freedom would answer you by a panegyric on the impeccable purity of the priests, and a positive assurance, that though they meant to be liberal every where else, yet, in places where papistry had an avowed supremacy, it was only correct to bow down before it.

Here we have written a digression about nothing at all. We waxed indignant about the condition of the people of the Campagna di Roma; but we must come home at last. We spoke of the Romans merely to shew the inconsistency of our patriots so called. In brief, however, our creed is this—that if the Foreign Office were closed altogether, it would be so much the better for the country; and that the policy of England should be insular, as she is an island, and colonial, as she is the queen of colonies, the nursing mother of empires. With respect to these colonies, much we have to say—much as to the Whites and the Blacks of the West Indies—much more as to the East India Company and the great possessions under its control. Our views on these subjects will (we believe) be found peculiar. They shall be, at all events, distinctly expressed.

This must be matter of time. A few months will develop what we are, and what we are worth. Of our literary opinions, nothing shall be said here. We are determined to be fearless and fair; and if any body does not like that alliteration, we cannot help him to a better. No pains shall be spared to make our Magazine equal, in the ordinary sources of information, to its contemporaries. Of its extraordinary sources we speak not, and as for all other matters of attraction, we must leave them to speak for themselves. Only we premise, or we stipulate, that we are not judged by this Number. If every body knew how hard it is to produce a first Number as good as a fifty-first or a hundred-and-first, every body would not be so critical on our commencing efforts. Perhaps this may be no very good Number, although it is written by the first writers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but we shall do better another time; and with that assurance, we say "To each and all, a gay good night."

We have not the least notion what we are to begin with, and almost at random take the following. Positively we do not know what it is about.

AMERICAN POETRY.*

THE moral condition of America has not, hitherto, been very favourable to Poetry in general—and infinitely less so to the drama. The discovery of the country—the progress of society—the scale of their universal policy and economy, have been the result of mature deliberation and deep-searching reason. Neither fancy nor imagination—nor yet enthusiasm—have had any thing to do in the past transactions of the country; for they would have tainted judgment, and enervated those strenuous and indefatigable efforts which a severe necessity had imposed upon the inhabitants. Whilst, in the southern climes, bigotry was waving its banners over the carcasses of the natives—and avarice, with the most fiendlike appetite, was tracking its prey through interminable forests—in the north oppression suggested thoughts of vengeance: while the hope of freedom, and the possession of political rights, converted the people into a thoughtful, reflecting race—turning their attention from objects of empty desire to things either actually, or to be, attained. And these, to be brought to an ample fruition, required the hand of careful cultivation, and an ever-anxious vigilance. Under these circumstances, it was not to be expected that there Poetry could have any part or parcel in man's concernment. Accordingly, neither in the peninsula of the south, nor on the continent of the north, is there extant any early specimen of poetic excellence. Look, for instance, at the most celebrated of Spanish productions—the *Araucana* of Don Alonso de Ercilla—and, spite of all the encomiums of partial friends—though even Cervantes be among the number—it is (and the generality of readers will agree with Sismondi) but a tissue of mere common-places or empty conceits.† In the north, too, there is not one name of celebrity or standing, previously to the present period. This, of course, has reference solely to what concerns taste and fancy and imagination:—science, and philosophy, and abstract studies, stand apart, being, not the rule, but the exceptions to the rule. It was only when political ferment had, in North America, subsided somewhat into a calm, that Genius appeared and commenced its wanderings over the fields of tradition and romance. But tradition with the people is not of the oldest standing—at least such tradition as at all concerns them to treasure up in their memories; and their romance is not that wild—fantastic—exuberant—enthraling romance of childhood or youth, but of full-grown age and of years of discretion. They lack, therefore, one grand and never-failing source of excitement—possessed in so eminent a degree by the nations of Europe—the undefiled well from whence the rhapsodising sons of western song have, time out of mind, drank down draughts of inspiration. The poetry and literature of America, consequently, must owe their origin to refinement. To produce them, the public mind must be fully formed—the public taste fully developed—the public character fixed and decided beyond the possibility of change or fluctuation. Refinement always weakens the natural vigour of the brain, and tames down the floridness and the salient humours of the imagination. This may account for the backward condition of American poetry, and may explain why they have not had men, eloquent in their several capacities, gifted with fiery thoughts—dealing in the forcible expression of a pregnant fancy—fraught with energy, and the command of oratorical power.

Of their drama much cannot be said, as we have already observed. But as we believe that the subject of the North American drama has never been touched upon in Europe, it may be worth our while to give a few specimens of what it is. We shall take average samples: in general, however, rant and bombast are

* Fugitive Poetry; by N. P. Willis. Boston: Peirce and Williams. 1829.

† “*La Araucana*, censurada en su tiempo de un poema azéfalo, merece efectivamente esta crítica: su estilo mal sostenido y desigual pierde muchas veces la dignidad epica.” So say MM. Mendibil and Silvela in their *Biblioteca Selecta*—and they are great advocates for the excellences of Spanish literature; to the examination of which they have, in truth, brought great erudition and acuteness.

the favourite styles. Ancient Pistol appears to furnish the *beau-ideal* of heroic conversation on the stage of America. Here, for instance :

" Blow, blow, ye auspicious gales, from Persia's coast,
Fraught with the spicy odours of our groves ;
Swell with thy fragrant breath the hero's sails ;
Triumphant bounding o'er the ocean waves ;
Chain the rebellious billows of the deep,
Whose rage audacious to the ethereal vault
Exalts their curling tops, to quench the stars,
While through thy dread dominion Xerxes hears
The sword of victory and the plume of war," &c. &c. &c.

And here is another, from "The Mountain Torrent ; a Grand Melodrama :"—

" *Arcana*. Villain ! I too am at last resolved ! I will not sacrifice my daughter ! Scared at the horn, the timid stag flies ; but when hard pressed, at bay, he defies the pursuers. I'm old—my life's of little moment ; but my daughter, yet a weeping bud, though drooping now beneath the storm, when the clouds disperse, and the sunbeams play, she will revive ! But, oh ! the withered flower can ne'er revive again ! Once stricken by the tempest, oh ! its beauty and its strength are gone for ever. But thou ! fear thee, villain ! tremble at the vengeance that awaits thee ! How wilt thou look on death ? How meet the hour that joyful I embrace ? Horrors will hurtle round thy death-bed ! Hell will mock thy cries ! Demons will laugh to see thy pain ; and at every cry for mercy, a voice like mine shall shriek in thy ear, ' Murderer ! no mercy didst thou give—no mercy shalt thou receive !'"

The following is from "Odofriede, or the Outcast ;" written in imitation of the German school of the very worst class. The Fiend, who has been tempting the hero, flies into a tearing passion—and *loquitur* :—

" Farewell ! farewell !
Sink, die, rot, e'en in the squalid weeds
That ruthless poverty hath left thee ;
With all the shame that men have stain'd thee with,
Festering thy brain with maniac leprosy :
And when the grasp of death is creeping coldly
O'er thy spent form, and round thy freezing heart
The strings do hang like icicles,
No voice of hope shall bid thy parting soul
God speed !
Terrible shapes, and ghastly visages,
Shall chatter round thee.
No friendly hand shall scoop thee out a grave—
No tongue of melody shall make thy requiem ;
But thy unburied corse shall lie, all mouldering
In the spot where death hath struck it.
The gaunt wolf shall lap thy blood—
The carrion kites shall peck thy dead eyes out—
And the star-eyed panther rend, with hungry jaws,
Thy mouldering, unearth'd body :
Through thy wicker'd ribs low gusts of wind
Shall flit, until thy clattering bones do sing
The sad, sad, tongueless music of the grave."

A drama called "Rosa," by a young printer, is indited, however, in a pure style, which, for America, is extraordinary : for instance —

" Oh ! master,
It makes me laugh to see Jeonardo,
This woman's man, this flask of sweet perfumes,
So brisk and pretty, crimp'd and curl'd so nice.
The rose doth blush upon his dimpled cheek,
To see the down that whitens on his chin.
His pouting lips are curl'd like honeysuckles,
In soft disdain upon the menial crowd ;
His tresses steal adown his milky neck,
And fill his open doublet with their curls."

'And here, a piece of steel, a very case-knife,
 Studded with precious stones, doth hug his thigh,
 Slung in a pretty baldrick o'er his shoulder;
 And then he steps so fairy-like, so light,
 A worm would hardly turn upon his tread—
 All grace and wantonness—effeminate—
 Tears trembling in his lotus eyes, like dews
 Upon a wither'd hyacinth."

Another extract from "Superstition," a Tragedy, and we have done with their drama. Ravensworth, a preacher, is accusing Isabella of witchcraft:—

"Ravensworth. Ye all remember
 The terror and despair which fill'd each bosom
 When the red comet, signal of Heaven's wrath,
 Shook its portentous locks above our heads;
 Ye all have seen, and most of ye have felt,
 The afflictions which this groaning land is vex'd with:
 Our smiling fields withered with blight and blast—
 The fruitful earth parch'd into eddying dust—
 On our fair coast the strewings of wreck'd commerce—
 In town and city, fire, and pestilence,
 And famine, taking their destructive rounds,
 Waking the sleepers to their last long sleep.
 Our peaceful villages the scene of slaughter,
 Echoing the savage yell, and frenzied shriek
 Of maid and matron, or the feeble wail
 Of cradled babes, and lank bed-ridden age.
 Shall we forget
 That worldly pride and irreligious lightness
 Are the provoking sins which our grave synod
 Have urged us to root out? Turn then to her,
 Swelling with earth-born vanity—to her,
 Who scorns religion and its meek professors;
 And to this hour—until compell'd—ne'er stood
 Within these holy walls."

Enough, however, for their drama. We do not commend what we have extracted; but, as Mr. Coleridge would say, they are psychological curiosities, as being produced in America.

"The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there."

The great prose writers of our own times—Washington Irving, Cooper, and Channing—are principally conspicuous for elegant diction; and none of them are men of original conceptions. Among their poets, Mr. Willis perhaps holds one of the most conspicuous stations; and by the specimens of his powers which we shall lay before our readers, it will, we are of opinion, be seen that, however commendable may be his productions, and however fair may be the prospect which they hold out for a future plentiful and rich harvest, they are not, of themselves, of a first-rate order. They are, notwithstanding, conspicuous for tenderness, and taste, and occasional bursts of passion, and a vein, narrow enough, we admit, of philosophy. They also manifest an amiable and excellent heart; as they contain many pictures of youth, and innocence, and beauty, and early affections. But there are, throughout, many conceits—*e.g.* "quivering heat"—"the sky looked like silver"—"the air had fainted"—"when God had given back to *her* *her* child." These are contained in his first poem of "The Shunamite" alone; and similar faults are repeatedly observable throughout the volume.

But we do not intend so much to criticise as to give specimens of his powers; and as his works are scarcely known in England, we do not think that we do either him or our readers injustice by such a course.

We take his poem on "Contemplation."

" They are all up—the innumerable stars—
And hold their place in heaven. My eyes have been
Searching the pearly depths through which they spring
Like beautiful creations, till I feel
As if it were a new and perfect world,
Waiting in silence for the word of God
To breathe it into motion. There they stand,
Shining in order, like a living hymn
Written in light, awaking at the breath
Of the celestial dawn, and praising Him
Who made them, with the harmony of spheres.
I would I had an angel's ear, to list
That melody! I would that I might float
Up in that boundless element, and feel
Its ravishing vibrations, like a pulse
Beating in heaven! My spirit is athirst
For music—rarer music! I would bathe
My soul in a serener atmosphere
Than this! I long, long to mingle with the flock
Led by the 'living waters,' and lie down
In the 'green pastures' of the better land!
When wilt thou break, dull fetter? When shall I
Gather my wings; and, like a rushing thought,
Stretch onward, star by star, up into heaven!

Thus mused Alethe. She was one to whom
Life had been like the witching of a dream,
Of an untroubled sweetness. She was born
Of a high race, and laid upon the knee
With her soft eye perusing listlessly
The fretted roof, or on Mosaic floors,
Grasped at the tessellated squares, inwrought
With metals curiously. Her childhood pass'd
Like fairy—amid fountains and green haunts—
Trying her little feet upon a lawn
Of velvet evenness, and hiding flowers
In her sweet bosom, as if it were a fair
And pearly altar to crush incense on.
Her youth—oh! that was queenly! She was like
A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!
And so came worshippers; and rank bow'd down,
And breathed upon her heart, as with a breath
Of pride; and bound her forehead gorgeously
With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her step
A majesty as if she trod the sea,
And the proud waves, unbidden, lifted her.
And so she grew to woman—her mere look
Strong as a monarch's signet, and her hand
The ambition of a kingdom.

From all this
Turn'd her high heart away! She had a mind
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring
Of a serener element, and drank
Philosophy, and for a little while
She was allayed—till presently it turned
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for undying waters.

Then she came
To the pure fount of God, and is athirst
No more; save when the 'fever of the world'
Falleth upon her, she will go, sometimes,
Out in the starlight quietness, and breathe
A holy aspiration after heaven!"

The next is a sketch, written with feeling and beauty. There is one short passage, however, which nearly mars the whole. It is a specimen of most wanton conceit. Who ever heard of a "tone melting to reediness?" The extract is headed "The Tri-portrait."

" 'Twas a rich'night in June. The air was all
Fragrance and balm, and the wet leaves were stirred
By the soft fingers of the southern wind, '
And caught the light capriciously, like wings
Haunting the greenwood with a silvery sheen.
The stars might not be numbered, and the moon,
Exceeding beautiful, went up in heaven,
And took her place in silence; and a Rush,
Like the deep sabbath of the night, came down
And rested upon nature. I was out
With three sweet sisters wandering, and my thoughts
Took colour of the moonlight and of them,
And I was calm and happy. Their deep tones,
Low in the stillness, and by that soft air
Melted to reediness, bore out, like song,
The language of high feelings, and I felt
How excellent is woman, when she gives
To the fine pulses of her spirit way.
One was a noble being, with a brow
Ample and pure, and on it her black hair
Was parted, like a raven's wing on snow.
Her tone was low and sweet, and in her smile
You read intense affections. Her moist eye
Had a most rare benignity; her mouth,
Bland and unshadowed sweetness; and her face
Was full of that mild dignity that gives
A holiness to woman. She was one
Whose virtues blossom daily, and pour out
A fragrance upon all who in her path
Have a blest fellowship. I longed to be
Her brother, that her hand might lie upon
My forehead, and her gentle voice allay
The fever that is at my heart sometimes.

There was a second sister, who might witch
An angel from his hymn. I cannot tell
The secret of her beauty. It is more
Than her slight penciled lip, and her arch eye
Laughing beneath its lashes, as if life
Were nothing but a merry mask; 'tis more
Than motion, though she moveth like a fay;
Or music, though her voice is like a reed
Blown by a low south wind; or cunning grace,
Though all she does is beautiful; or thought,
Or fancy, or a delicate sense, though mind
Is her best gift, and poetry her world,
And she will see strange beauty in a flower,
As by a subtle vision. I care not
To know how she bewitches; 'tis enough
For me that I can listen to her voice
And dream rare dreams of music, or converse
Upon unwrit philosophy, till I
Am wildered beneath thoughts I cannot bound,
And the red lip that breathes them.

On my arm
Leaned an unshadowed girl, who scarcely yet
Had numbered fourteen summers. I know not
How I shall draw her picture—the young heart
Has such a restlessness of change, and each
Of its wild moods so lovely! I can see
Her figure in its rounded beauty now,

With her half-flying step, her plustering hair
 Bathing a neck like Hebe's, and her face
 By a glad heart made radiant. She was full
 Of the romance of girlhood. The fair world
 Was like an unmarred Eden to her eye,
 And every sound was music, and the tint
 Of every cloud a silent poetry.
 Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm
 Thy being if I could, that it should be
 Ever as now thou dreamest, and flow on
 Thus innocent and beautiful to heaven!
 We walked beneath the full and mellow moon
 Till the late stars had risen. It was not
 In silence, though we did not seem to break
 The hush with our low voices; but our thoughts
 Stirred deeply at their sources; and when night
 Divided us, I slumbered with a peace
 Floating about my heart, which only comes
 From high communion. I shall never see
 That silver moon again without a crowd
 Of gentle memories, and a silent prayer,
 That when the night of life shall oversteal
 Your sky, ye lovely sisters! there may be
 A light as beautiful to lead you on."

Here is an exquisite picture of "A Boy at Play."

"Down the green slope he bounded. Raven curls
 From his white shoulders by the winds were swept,
 And the clear colour of his sunny cheek
 Was bright with motion. Through his open lips
 Shone visibly a delicate line of pearl,
 Like a white vein within a rosy shell;
 And his dark eye's clear brilliance, as it lay
 Beneath his lashes, like a drop of dew
 Hid in the moss, stole out as covertly
 As starlight from the edging of a cloud.
 I never saw a boy so beautiful:
 His step was like the stooping of a bird,
 And his limbs melted into grace like things
 Shaped by the wind of summer. He was like
 A painter's fine conception—such an one
 As he would have of Ganymede."

The following presents at least a poetical fancy, and is told with simple and moving pathos.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

She had been told that God made all the stars
 That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
 Watching the coming of the twilight on,
 As if it were a new and perfect world,
 And this were its first eve. How beautiful
 Must be the work of nature to a child
 In its first fresh impression! Laura stood
 By the low window, with the silken lash
 Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
 Half parted with the new and strange delight
 Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
 And had not seen before. The purple folds
 Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
 That look'd so still and delicate above,
 Fill'd her young heart with gladness, and the eve
 Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
 Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
 As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.

Presently, in the edge of the last tint
 Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
 To the faint golden mellowness, a star
 Stood suddenly! A laugh of wild delight
 Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
 Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
 ‘Father! dear Father! God has made a star!’”

We now give what was written by the author on the attainment of his twenty-second year. We have already seen this in, we believe, one of the *Annals*—and thence copied into the *Literary Gazette*. It will, notwithstanding, bear another perusal—were it only for the pleasing, though melancholy, recollections of boyhood which it must awaken in every mind unhabituated in the vicious indulgences of a world of fashion and sensuality.

“I’m twenty-two—I’m twenty-two—
 They gaily give me joy,
 As if I should be glad to hear
 That I was less a boy.
 They do not know how carelessly
 Their words have given pain,
 To one whose heart would leap to be
 A happy boy again.

“I had a light and careless heart
 When this brief year began,
 And then I pray’d that I might be
 A grave and perfect man.
 The world was like a blessed dream
 Of joyous coming years—
 I did not know its manliness
 Was but to wake in tears.

“A change has on my spirit come,
 I am for ever sad;
 The light has all departed now
 My early feelings had;
 I used to love the morning gray,
 The twilight’s quiet deep,
 But now, like shadows on the sea,
 Upon my thoughts they creep.

“And love was like a holy star,
 When this brief year was young,
 And my whole worship of the sky
 On one sweet ray was flung;
 But worldly things have come between,
 And shut it from my sight,
 And though the star shines purely yet,
 I mourn its hidden light.

“And fame! I bent to it the knee,
 And bow’d to it my brow,
 And it is like a coal upon
 My living spirit now—
 But when I pray’d for burning fire
 To touch the soul, I bow’d;
 I did not know the lightning flash
 Would come in such a cloud.

“Ye give me joy! Is it because
 Another year has fled?—
 That I am farther from my youth,
 And nearer to the dead?
 Is it because my cares have come?—
 My happy boyhood o’er?—
 Because the visions I have loved
 Will visit me no more?

" Oh, tell me not that ye are glad !
 I cannot smile ~~A~~ back ;
 I've found no flower, and seen no light '
 On manhood's weary track
 My love is deep—ambition deep—
 And heart and mind will on—
 But love is fainting by the way,
 And fame consumes ere won."

There is something pretty in "A Portrait," though we cannot say we should have cared much for the girl.

" She was not very beautiful, if it be beauty's test
 To match a classic model when perfectly at rest ;
 And she did not look bewitchingly, if witchery it be
 To have a forehead and a lip transparent ~~as~~ the sea."

" The fashion of her gracefulness was not a followed rule,
 And her effervescent sprightliness was never learnt at school ;
 And her words were all peculiar, like the fairy's who ' spoke pearls ;'
 And her tone was ever sweetest 'midst the cadences of girls."

" Said I she was not beautiful ? Her eyes upon your sight
 Broke with the lambent purity of planetary light,
 And an intellectual beauty, like a light within a vase,
 Touched every line with glory of her animated face."

" Her mind with sweets was laden, like a morning breath in June,
 And her thoughts awoke in harmony, like dreamings of a tune ;
 And you heard her words like voices that o'er the waters creep,
 Or like a serenader's lute that mingles with your sleep."

" She had an earnest intellect—a perfect thirst of mind,
 And a heart by elevated thoughts and poetry refined ;
 And she saw a subtle tint or shade with every careless look,
 And the hidden links of nature were familiar as a book."

" She's made of those rare elements that now and then appear,
 As if removed by accident unto a lesser sphere—
 For ever reaching up, and on, to life's sublimer things,
 As if they had been used to track the universe with wings."

The rage for sonnet writing, which some years ago infested the mother country is now in full vigour in America. Of course, Mr. Willis must try his hand in the style ; and though he does not perform his task as well as Wordsworth, the prince of modern sonnetteers, he has an ear for the sonnet : for example :—

" Storm had been on the hills. The day had worn
 As if a sleep upon the hours had crept—
 And the dark clouds that gather'd at the morn
 In dull, impenetrable masses slept,
 And the wept leaves hung droopingly, and all
 Was like the mournful aspect of a pall.
 Suddenly, on the horizon's edge, a blue
 And delicate line, as of a pencil, lay,
 And, as it wider and intenser grew,
 The darkness removed silently away,
 And, with the splendour of a god, broke through
 The perfect glory of departing day—
 So, when his stormy pilgrimage is o'er,
 Will light upon the dying Christian pour."

“Exquisite Laura! with thy pouting lip,
 And the arch smile that makes me constant so—
 Tempting me still like a dull bee to sip
 The flower I should have left so long ago—
 Beautiful Laura! who art just so fair
 That I can think thee lovely when alone,
 And still art not so wonderfully rare,
 That I could never find a prettier one—
 Spirited Laura! laughing, weeping, crying,
 In the same breath, and gravest with the gay—
 So wild, that Cupid ever shoots thee flying,
 And knows his archery is thrown away—
 Inconstant as I am, I cannot yet
 Break thy sweet fetter, exquisite coquette!”

“Elegance floats about thee like a dress,
 Melting the airy motion of thy form
 Into one swaying grace; and loveliness,
 Like a rich tint that makes a picture warm,
 Is lurking in the chestnut of thy tress,
 Enriching it, as moonlight after storm
 Mingles dark shadows into gentleness.
 A beauty that bewilders like a spell
 Reigns in thine eye’s clear hazel, and thy brow,
 So pure in veined transparency, doth tell
 How spiritually beautiful art thou—
 A temple where angelic love might dwell.
 Life in thy presence were a thing to keep,
 Like a gay dreamer clinging to his sleep.”

We shall make no more extracts, but leave our readers to come to their own decision on Mr. Willis. If, however, among those readers there be any who may happen to be American aspirants after poetical fame, we request them to endeavour to be *national*. We, of Old England, have already supplied them with all the common-places of poetry, most gloriously executed; and there is no use in their running a race with Shakespeare, Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Collins, Goldsmith, Young. The ground is completely preoccupied; but there is much in America herself which is new to poetry. Where is her Dyer to describe her unconquered forests, her luxuriant prairies, her wondrous waterfalls, her glorious rivers, her surpassing lakes? Where the Crabbe to paint the strange characters of her singular society? Is there nothing in her own annals, public or domestic, to furnish materials for verse above that of Joel Barlow, or the bard who sings, “But what was that to Jackson?” It is, we own, somewhat hard to expect, that the operations of either of the wars in which she has been engaged during the last fifty years can afford much matter for the muse; for we know it is almost impossible to make our modern battles and campaigns heroic—“difficult,” as a pleasant writer expresses it, “to make a cocked hat harmonise with horror;”—but surely there must be something in the events of three hundred years worth noticing at home by domestic bards, without sending for Mr. Campbell to sing of Gertrude of Wyoming, or wandering into schoolboy recollections in quest of Xerxes and Leander; or, as Mr. Willis has here done, writing copies of clever verses, which have no more to do with America than Amsterdam, and might as well have been written in Fleet-street as on the mountain altitudes of the Alleghany.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CATHOLICISM.

It has been observed by intelligent travellers, how remarkably the papal power has imitated the pagan in the building of its churches, and in the ceremonies which it adopted. * So much is this the case, that it is no wonder some enthusiastic Protestants should have taken a hint from it, and fancied that therein they could detect the erection of that image to the beast which is mentioned in the Apocalypse. This circumstance did not escape the notice of Gray. "The pompous palaces," says he, "of the ambitious pontiffs succeeded the idolatrous temples of the heathen emperors. Churches are erected, and ornamented with the materials of pagan temples; the statues of the apostles are supported by the columns of the emperors; the remains of the place appointed for the reception of the vilest slaves are lost in the catacombs, now honoured as the sepulchre of the primitive martyrs. Thus has papal Rome arisen from the ashes, and invested itself with the pomp of the Gentile city. The church of 'St. Theodore' stands on the ruins of a temple erected in honour of the first founders of Rome, and on the spot where they were fabulously reported to have been nursed. The Pantheon, dedicated by Agrippa to Jove, was consecrated by Pope Boniface IV. to the Virgin and Holy Martyrs. The Corinthian brass, despoiled from the portico of this temple, was converted into the canopy at the papal altar of St. Peter; and the church of St. Paul is decorated with marble pillars from the mausoleum of Hadrian. They were fond of converting the sanctuaries of impiety, to the purposes of reputed holiness, and erected the Carthusian convent over the baths of Dioclesian; built a church where the theatre of Pompey had stood, and another on the site of the temple of Isis, suppressed even by Tiberius for its infamy; and that of St. Agnes over some public stews, from the stair of which the saint is said to have been miraculously preserved. The statues of heroes were converted into those of martyrs, still to receive adoration, and preside at consecrated altars. Those who entered the church, like those who entered the temple, sprinkled themselves with the lustral water, inhaled the perfumed essence, beheld the lighted

taper, and hung up the votive tablet. The vestal virgins revived again in the persons of nuns, canonized saints succeeded tutelary gods, and licentious ceremonies in honour of indecent emblems."

We recollect in some sermon the following eloquent passage, which is so applicable to this subject, that we cannot do better than quote it.

"O, Rome! when pagans possessed thee, thou wert comparatively honest; and those blind idolaters were saints compared with the nest of scarlet tyrants that now reside there. All lesser crimes, as whoredoms, thefts, and murders, she can forgive; but what she calls heresy, she never pardons. The courtesan keeps open shop, pays yearly rent to the treasury of his holiness, and takes a license for her trade. The murderer runs to a church, and the gates are open to receive him into the sanctuary; but when heresy is in the case, there is not the least tenderness of nature. Be astonished, O ye heavens! and tremble, O earth! ye nourish men who will destroy all whom they cannot deceive; who put out the understandings of all in their own communion, and tear out the hearts of those who are out of it!"

When we reflect on the early history of Rome,—its origin involved, as Niebuhr has proved, in the obscurity of fable—its progress to greatness—its struggles for popular liberty—the examples of heroic virtue which illustrate its dawning, magnified, as they are, by the mists of the twilight, through the medium whereof they are contemplated,—we are lost in astonishment and admiration.

"Her walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past
earth,
And present phantom of imperious Rome,
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They flit along the city's eternal ramparts,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy
hands,
And beckon us."—

Nevertheless, she is only one of the three mighty and enduring spots in the map of universal earth which may be called "the cities of the soul!"—Greece, Rome, Jerusalem! To these three the

mind naturally turns for whatever is valuable in philosophy or in religion. It is in these three that the education of the human race has proceeded—that the grand process of purification and redemption has been elaborated. More or less, in each of these, has the mystery of iniquity, the mother of harlots, been manifested, developed, but not understood—an unintelligible mystery, which is, and has been, and shall be—yet shall have an end. More or less, in each of these, also, has man “worked with trembling his salvation out;” yea, even by means of sin, and death, and corruption, as well as by all art, and science, and philosophy, and whatsoever tends to improve the natural condition of man, bodily and intellectual. In each of these the soul of the world has been manifestly at work; the mighty energies of Deity have been put forth, in revelations, suited in kind and degree to the people for whom they were intended. To “the lively Grecian in a land of hills,” were given her poets and sages—men who “have left their names upon the harp string”—men who have inextricably involved themselves within the very forms of our intellects, and dwell in our minds like the spirits of our minds!

“In that fair clime, the lovely herdsman,
stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer’s
day,
With music lulled his indolent repose;
And in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced
to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the
sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his
fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A heedless youth, who touched a golden
lute,
And filled the illumined groves with
ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes
Towards the crescent moon, with grateful
heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who
bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous
sport:
And hence a beaming goddess, with her
nymphs,
Across the lawn, and through the
darksome grove,
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,
By echo multiplied from rock or cave),
Swept in the storm of chase, as moos
and stars

Glance rapidly along the clouded heavens,
When winds are blowing strong. ‘The
traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount,
and thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their
train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be
transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed
their wings,
Lacked not for love fair objects, whom
they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by
hoary age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping
forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain
side,—
And sometimes intermixed with stirring
horns
Of the live deer, or goat’s depending
beard,—
These were the lurking satyrs, a wild
brood
Of gamesome deities, or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd’s awe-inspiring
God!”

Such was the religion which the influences of nature, her forms of beauty, and her shapes of loveliness, her tones of music and of melody, inspired within the simple heart of Grecian shepherds. While the demi-gods of intellect, in the temples, streets, and schools, in forms idolatrous, or chanted rhapsody, or eloquent discourse—with pompous shew of art, and palpable array of sense—with fictions gross as earth, yet transparent as air—with doubts, and bold denials, and wrangling controversy, and daring speculation,—kept the mind alive, the fancy awake, and the imagination active. Love, hope, and admiration, urged them onward, above and around, bewildered though they were; and taught them to look beyond their own poor natures, acknowledging a divine bounty and government, and rejoicing in “hopes that overstepped the grave.”

Reader! who livest under a better dispensation, have a care how thou counteractest thy mind, and formest narrow notions of the providence of God, in the direction of the world which he created, in the development of the spirit which is in man, and which he has ever and every where informed. Elevate thy soul to a contemplation of

his doings on the grand scale ; meditate on his omnipresence—in all time, in all space. Be a very catholic in thy religion, but not a *Roman Catholic*—particular : universality is the bane of the church, as we shall shew, in the sequel, it was of that of Rome. Rise, then, to the comprehension, and the mastery of the absolute truth, as it is to be found in an adequate apprehension of the IDEA of God ; and as it was manifested to the understandings of men in the only perfect IMAGE of God—the person of the man, JESUS Christ !

“ That we include,” says a modern author, who, of all philosophers in our times, is the profoundest and sublimest, “ the great men of ancient Greece as educated under a distinct, providential, though not miraculous, dispensation, will surprise no one who reflects that, in whatever has a permanent operation on the destinies and moral condition of mankind at large—that, in all which has been manifestly employed as a co-agent in the mightiest revolution of the moral world, the propagation of the Gospel, and in the intellectual progress of mankind, the restoration of philosophy, science, and the ingenious arts—it were irreligion not to acknowledge the hand of Divine Providence.”

Ancient Greece was the representative of the youth and approaching manhood of the human intellect. This period extended from Orpheus, Linus, Musæus, and the other mythological bards, or, perhaps, the brotherhoods impersonated under those names, to the time when the republics lost their independence, and their learned men sunk into copyists and commentators of the works of their forefathers. But there was a time antecedent to this ; and, as we intend to review this great subject in all its bearings, so far as is consistent with a rapid and stirring commentary, let us even go back to the more distant ages of the world ; let us inquire of ancient wisdom, and abide by her responses.

It is a noticeable fact, that the most ancient philosophers among the Greeks had either been barbarians by birth, or instructed by barbarians. Pythagoras was a Tuscan, Antisthenes a Phrygian, Orpheus a Thracian, Thales a Phœnician. From these facts it has been made a question, “ Whether the Greek or the barbarian should have the honour

of enlightening the world with the rays of divine philosophy ?” What individual would, indeed, assert,—who knows what the mind of man is,—that the barbaric nations were strangers to every kind of knowledge, human or divine ? No : wherever there is man, there is a temple consecrated to the service of the Deity ! Even though alone, shut out from society, in desert or in wilderness, the energies of the human intellect will develop themselves, and nature herself has gentle teachings for the child of nature. Imagination is necessarily active. Even in the absence of all external impressions, it directs its views inward into the soul in which it lives, and makes acquaintance with the deeper mysteries of our nature. Important are the acquisitions made in knowledge when, under such circumstances, man learns to know more of himself by knowing less of men, and the ways of men in general ; man being but a counterpart of man, and in each man the same natural elements of being and consciousness, and into which simple elements the complications of society are ultimately to be by the philosopher reduced and resolved. Were we not well aware of this, and of the extensive scale on which these simple rudiments of knowledge may be applied, who might not well wonder at the manifestation of so much incident, and character, and passion, as were exhibited in the earlier productions of James Hogg, the son of silence and of solitude ?

“ From the cheerful ways of men
Cut off ; ” —

But not,

“ From the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works.”

Indeed, the history of untutored poets in general would furnish instances abundant in support of our position ; and its truth might be easily confirmed had we space to institute a comparison of the products of such a mode of intellectual culture with the results of an artificial education, as exemplified in the practice of those poets who, in their productions, give only the pale reflections of their course of reading,—itself, at best, but a pale reflection from that grand original volume written by the Poet of Nature, the Creator of the universe himself. The spirit of poetry shines through untaught men of

genius and their productions as it can never shine through the compilations of the mere student of art, who is, in general, rather skilful in the employment of the poetical vocabulary than learned in the poetry of nature. It is, indeed, with nature's untutored poets as with the female votaries who surrounded the fathers of the Christian church, their warmest and best allies, and to whose pure piety, fervid zeal, and heroic devotedness, Christianity is signally indebted. Unacquainted and unencumbered with the dogmas of ancient philosophy, that religious illumination which in the learned heads of the fathers found a dense and coloured medium, that turned astray and tinged with gaudy imaginations its celestial beam, shone through them with warmth and clearness. Thus, through the unprejudiced and unoccupied mind of the untutored poet the light of nature penetrates—the spirit of poesy irradiates every chamber of his intellect, glows in every thought, and is visible in every transparent word, beautiful and brilliant as the lustre which the living glow-worm projects into the darkness, making a fairy “sunshine in the shady place,” magnificent and mysterious as that intellectual fulgour, shining from and in all created things, by which the very glory of Deity is through them made visible and manifest.

Thus it is also with nations: it is the same with the race as with the individual. Even so are the energies of the rudest people excited by the surrounding occasions and animated forms of external nature; and that mind, in which properly consists our humanity, is excited and called forth into manifest action, gradually unfolding itself more and more, by the Divine assistance, either under express and miraculous revelation, or some other merciful dispensation suited to the exigencies of time and place, and the purposes of the great Creator. This is the sublime doctrine taught by the apostle Paul in Romans, *ch.* 19: “That which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead.”

We have much of argument and history yet to traverse—“a mighty maze, but not without a plan.” And we hope,

by directing the mind of the reader to an expansive consideration of the subject, by emancipating it from all technicalities, and by illustrating it in every possible manner and from the greatest variety of sources, to render an essential service to the serious inquirer who would wish to see a great subject rescued from the gloomy strongholds of sectarian prejudice into the broad daylight of truth, philosophy, and religion.

More particularly is this necessary when, as the propagandists of Romanism assert, their papal religion is again “taking its *hereditary attitude*,” nay, still more necessary is it at a time when the civil defences of Protestantism have been thrown down,—when it has no more to expect from the arm of flesh, and must expect succour only from that “kingdom which is not of this world.” Thank Heaven that the great and mighty of the earth have betrayed the cause of true religion at no worse a time than the present! We verily believe, that the evil which, under other circumstances, would have followed (and how justly!) the perpetration of the “deed without a name,” which, like that of the “secret, black, and midnight hags,” was hatched in mystery, and brought forth in a “pernicious hour,” which should “stand aye accused in the calendar”—has, by a gracious Providence, been averted. Let, however, the glory be given to God alone; for, oh! how little a share can man claim in the consummation wherewith the womb of time may be teeming! This sin has doubtless been suffered, to make manifest the might of the true religion; and that it may have “all appliances and means to boot,” the minds of men have been stirred up by a superior power—the minds of common men, not of the rulers of the earth, but of tradesmen and shopkeepers, aided by the literary men of this country, and the literary spirit which has thus been seasonably excited in all ranks and conditions of the social life—have been stirred up, we say, to diffuse all kinds and degrees of knowledge wherever there is an understanding capable of instruction or desirous of being taught. Such has been the course of Providence in every age on behalf of truth—from evil ever educating good; nay, even making the vices of men and the errors of government subserve the plan which was decreed ere the

worlds were. Providence has, indeed, as Mr. Southey, in his excellent Colloquies, well observes, "taken more care of an ungrateful nation than that nation has taken of itself!" And, looking at the present crisis of the world, we cannot but agree with that great writer, that, "in like manner as the coming of our Lord and Saviour at that precise time when the world, in its moral and political circumstances, was best fitted for the reception and diffusion of the Gospel, and the discovery of printing just when the Gospel was to be raised as it were from the dead, are two great manifestations of the course of Providence, — certain mighty agencies, hitherto unknown or unapplied, have been now first brought into action, when the necessity for their development becomes apparent." Even as the application of gunpowder to the art of war was concealed in the enigma of Friar Bacon, and reserved from employment, even after its composition and its uses were generally known by a greater than Bacon, till the time had come when its introduction tended to diminish rather than to aggravate the horrors of a state of warfare—even so does it appear to us, that the full swing of popular instruction has been restrained and held back until the time when it might be suffered to make free head with the greatest advantage to the cause of the church at large. Even as in physical discoveries, so with respect to "moral agencies, equally influential, but in a wider and more important sphere, we may recognise and admire the same merciful adaptation of means to their intended effect. In the social, as in the human system, new powers are called into action as they are needed—new functions develop themselves according to its growth. Schemes for general education are extensively promoted, and means for facilitating it, beyond all former example, have been devised in this age, when the rapid increase of the labouring classes renders education, as a corrective and conservative, not merely desirable for the well-being of society, but absolutely needful for the existence of our institutions and of social order itself, which would, ere long, inevitably be destroyed."*

Even now, therefore, in these times,

we have nothing to fear from the arts of Romanists. That church cannot subsist a moment where free inquiry is! Where learning and knowledge are, there her superstitions must "hide their diminished heads." They cannot hold up their countenances unashamed in the light of historical truth. They flee away—they fled away—at the first approaches of the dawn: like "guilty things," they startled at the first cock-crow! And shall we fear them now?—now that we have advanced from dawn to noon?—now that the full light of science and philosophy has arisen over all the nations, and is rapidly attaining the zenith of its glory? It were, indeed, a base abandonment of reason—of reason which for our faith we have always to give—if now we quailed. Screw but our courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail! Let us not be false to ourselves, and their utmost efforts may well be defied. Let us, then, meet them in the field of reason, with the *shield* of faith, and the *sword* of the divine word;—and who need fear the issue of the contest but they to whom such field is strange, who have cast away that buckler, and know not how to wield that sword which for centuries they have neglected to handle! "A zeal for the Scriptures," says the eloquent champion of Protestantism whose words we have already quoted,— "a zeal for the Scriptures, such as no former times have witnessed, hath arisen; and the same feeling by which our fathers were delivered from the tyranny and more intolerable impostures of the Romish church, is manifesting itself anew, to uphold the religious freedom which we have inherited, and to extend the privileges and the blessings of that freedom unto the people who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

It is with these sentiments, and with these feelings, that we sat down to treat of the Philosophy of Catholicism—to shew what a Catholic church should be—and what the Roman Catholic church is not. The title of Catholic, however, the papal church has arrogated to itself. Milton, "the poet of God," and eloquent advocate of the Reformation, well exposes the insolence of the assumption. "Heresy,"

* "Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society." By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D., Poet Laureate. Vol. II. p. 78.

he says,* "is a religion taken up and believed from the traditions of men, and additions to the Word of God. Whence also it follows clearly, that of all known sects or pretended religions at this day in Christendom, **POPERY IS THE ONLY, OR THE GREATEST HERESY**; and he who is forward to brand all others for heretics, **THE ORBISTATE PAPIST, IS THE ONLY HERETIC**. Hence one of their own famous writers found just cause to style the Romish church 'mother of error, school of heresy.' And whereas the papist boasts himself to be a **ROMAN CATHOLIC**, it is a mere contradiction—**ONE OF THE POPE'S BULLS**."—(Milton was sometimes fond of a pun, though Dr. Johnson was not)—"as if he should say, universal particular, a catholic schismatic. For 'catholic' in Greek signifies 'universal'; and the Christian church was so called, as consisting of all nations to whom the Gospel was to be preached, in contradiction to the Jewish church, which consisted for the most part of Jews only."

It is not our intention to leave the subject here, but to pursue it in all its ramifications, whether historical, philosophical, or religious; for the arm of controversy is the only arm with which the church has now to defend itself. Of controversy do we say? nay, not of controversy; for the Roman Catholic, as Milton wisely lays it down, is as little to be disputed with as tole-

rated, it being contrary to the logical maxim, that "against those who deny principles we are not to dispute." Much surer is the means which he proposes for the hindrance of the growth of popery; which is, to read duly, diligently, and constantly, the Scriptures! To the proper reading of the Scriptures, however, philosophy—not "vain philosophy, falsely so called"—is expedient. It was the opinion of the first and greater Bacon, that all discoveries which tend to the advancement of useful knowledge were of the highest consequence to the church. For divinity could not be understood without philosophy; the perfecting of which, he thought, was the surest method of extirpating all heresies, abolishing superstition, and destroying the kingdom of antichrist. The perfecting of moral philosophy is the most effectual means of establishing true religion in the hearts of men, and manifesting the correspondence between the laws of nature and the doctrine of the Gospel.

More especially is philosophy useful when she becomes the interpreter of history, as the ancient prophets were the interpreters of the Jewish institutions; and from the events of time, the rise and fall of nations, and the progress of society, undertakes to "vindicate the ways of God to men." All this may be made clear to the reflecting mind. More especially shall we en-

* See Milton's "Of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration; and what best Means may be used against the Growth of Popery."

† What does an Irishman do when he makes a bull? *Old Coleridge* has supplied the answer:—"The bull consists in the bringing together two incompatible thoughts, with the *sensation*, but without the *sense*, of their connexion. The psychological condition, or that which constitutes the possibility of this state, being such disproportionate vividness of two distant thoughts, as extinguishes or obscures the consciousness of the intermediate images or conceptions, or wholly abstracts the attention from them. Thus, in the well-known bull, '*I was a fine child, but they changed me*,' the first conception, expressed in the word '*I*,' is that of personal identity—*Ego contemplans*; the second, expressed in the word '*me*,' is the visual image or object by which the mind represents to itself its past condition, or rather, its personal identity, under the form in which it imagined itself previously to have existed,—*Ego contemplatus*. Now, the change of one visual image for another involves in itself no absurdity, and becomes absurd only by its immediate juxtaposition with the first thought, which is rendered possible by the whole attention being successively absorbed in each singly, so as not to notice the interjacent notion, '*changed*,' which, by its incongruity with the first thought, '*I*,' constitutes the bull. Add only, that this process is facilitated by the circumstance of the words '*I*' and '*me*' being sometimes equivalent, and sometimes having a distinct meaning; sometimes, namely, signifying the act of self-consciousness, sometimes the external image in and by which the mind represents that act to itself, the result and symbol of its individuality."—*Biograph. Lit.* vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

The Roman Catholic church is truly a bull indeed—all *sensation* but no *sense*. The other circumstances might be paralleled, but it would be tedious and abstruse to do so.

deavour to justify his dealings with our own beloved country. All that relates to her is at this time of paramount consideration. No one can regard, without forebodings and mournful thoughts, the present evils of society, and those which are in prospect. "Let the astrologer," says Milton, "be dismayed at the portentous blaze of comets, and impressions in the air, as foretelling troubles and changes to states; I shall believe there cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation (God turn the omen from us!) than when the inhabitants, to avoid insufferable grievances at home, are enforced by heaps to forsake their native country."

We make no apology for quoting so much from the "immortal dead;" for his words—the state of things which he has depicted—are too applicable to the present condition of this country to need excuse for their introduction. Nay, are we not so "fitted only for peace, and that a servile peace," as he expresses it, "by lessening our numbers, draining our estates, enfeebling our bodies, cowering our free spirits *by those ways, as you have heard*," that "the impotent actions" of the enemies of England "cannot sustain themselves the least moment, unless they would rouse us up to a war fit for Cain to be the leader of—an abhorred, a cursed, a fraternal war? England and Scotland, dearest brothers, both in nature and in Christ, must be set to wade in one another's blood; and Ireland, our free denizen, upon the back of us both, as occasion should serve—A PIECE OF SERVICE THAT THE POPE AND ALL HIS FACTORS HAVE BEEN COMPASSING TO DO EVER SINCE THE REFORMATION."

Fervently do we conclude our present paper with the following sublime address, which immediately succeeds the extract with which we have just presented the reader:—

"But ever blessed be he, and ever glorified, that from his high watch-tower

in the heavens, discerning the crooked ways of perverse and cruel men, hath hitherto maimed and infatuated all their damnable inventions, and deluded their great wizards with a delusion fit for fools and children: had God been so minded, he could have sent a spirit of mutiny amongst us, as he did between Abimelech and the Shechemites, to have made our funerals, and slain heaps more in number than the miserable surviving remnant; but he, when we least deserved, sent out a gentle gale and message of peace from the wings of those his cherubim that fan his mercy-sent. Now shall the wisdom, the moderation, the Christian piety, the constancy of our nobility and commons of England, be ever forgotten, whose calm and temperate connivance *could sit still and smile out** the stormy bluster of men more audacious and precipitant than of solid and deep search, until their own fury had run itself out of breath, assailing, by rash and heady approaches, the impregnable situation of our liberty and safety, that laughed such weak enginery to scorn—such poor drifts to make a national war of a *surplice brabble*, a *tippet scuffle*, and engage the untainted honour of English knighthood to unfurl the streaming red cross, or to rear the horrid standard of those fatal guly dragons, for so unworthy a purpose as to force upon their fellow-subjects that which themselves are weary of, the skeleton of a mass-book.† Nor must the patience, the fortitude, the firm obedience, of the nobles and people of Scotland, striving against manifold provocations; nor must their sincere and moderate proceedings hitherto be unremembered, to the shameful conviction of all their detractors!

"Go on both hand in hand, O nations, never to be disunited! be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity! merit this, but seek only virtue, not to extend your limits, (for what needs to win a fading triumphant laurel out of the tears of wretched men?) but to settle the pure worship of God in his church, and justice in the state: then shall the hardest difficulties smooth out themselves before ye; envy shall sink to hell, craft and malice be confounded, whether it be home-bred mischief or outlandish cunning; yea,

* How ironically, and in a derivative sense, is this and a subsequent passage applicable to something of which we all know, but give no words to.

† Let it not be thought that the end and aim of the propagandists of Romanism, and its advocates in or out of parliament, is different now. The Jesuits of Stonyhurst tell us—that their religion "is again spreading itself over the face of the land: it has been kept down by a series of intolerant laws, and almost extinguished by the bloody persecutions of Protestant kings; but it is again taking its hereditary attitude, supported by Him who promised that the gates of hell should not prevail against it." Let the prelate of England look to it! It is a surplice brabble, a tippet scuffle!

other nations will there covet to serve
ye, for lordship and victory are but the
pages of justice and virtue. COMMIT
SECURELY TO TRUE WISDOM the vanquish-
ing and uncasing of craft and subtlety,
which are but her two runagates: join
your invincible might to do worthy and

godlike deeds; and then HE THAT SEEKS
TO BREAK YOUR UNION, A CLEAVING
CURSE BE HIS INHERITANCE TO ALL
GENERATIONS."

May not this sentiment be legiti-
mately extended to the Irish Union?

A SCENE FROM THE DELUGE.

A Paraphrase from the German of Gesner.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

Now, beneath the flood of might
Shrouded the marble turrets are,
And 'gainst each insular mountain height
The black big waves are billowing far;
And, lo! before the surging death,
Isle after isle still vanisheth!

Remains one lonely speck above
The fury of the climbing flood,
A grisly crowd still vainly strove
To win that safer altitude;
And the cries of despair still ring on the air,
As the rushing wave pursued in its pride,
And dashed them from its slippery side!

Oh! is not yonder shore less steep,
Ye happier few? escape the deep!
Upon its crest the crowd assembles—
Lo! the peopled mountain trembles!
The rushing waters exalt it on high;—
Shaken and shivered from brow to base,
It slides amain, unwieldily,
Into the universal sea;
And instantly the echoing sky
Howls to the howl of the hapless race
That burthen the hill, or under it die!

Yonder, the torrent of waters, behold!
Into the chaos of ocean hath rolled
The virtuous son, with his sire so old!
He, strengthened with duty, and proud of his strength,
Sought from that desolate island now sunken,
To conquer the perilous billows at length—
But their very last sob the mad waters have drunken!

To the Deluge's dire unattonable tomb
Yon mother abandons the children she tried,
In vain, to preserve; and the watery gloom
Swells over the dead, as they float side by side:
And she hath plunged after!—how madly she died!

II.

From forth the waters waste and wild
The loftiest summit sternly smiled;

And that but to the sky disclosed
 Its rugged top, and that sad pair,
 Who to this hour of wrath exposed,
 Stood in the howling storm-blast there.
 Semin, the noble, young, and free,
 To whom this world's most lovely one
 Had vowed her heart's idolatry—
 His own beloved Zemira—set
 On this dark mountain's coronet—
 And they were mid the flood alone!

Broke on them the wide waters;—all
 The heaven was thunder, and a pall;
 Below, the ocean's roar;
 Around, deep darkness, save the flash
 Of lightning on the waves, that dash
 Without a bed, or shore.

And every cloud from the lowering sky
 Threatened destruction fierce and nigh;
 And every surge rolled drearily,
 With carcases born on ooze and foam,
 Yawning, as to its moving tomb
 It looked for further prey to come.

Zemira to her fluttering breast
 Folded her lover; and their hearts
 Throbbled on each other, unrepent,
 Blending as in one bosom—while
 The rain-drops on her faded cheek
 With her tears mingled, but not a smile;—
 In horror, nothing now can speak,—
 Such horror, nothing now imparts!

“There is no hope of safety—none,
 My Semin—my beloved one!
 Oh, wo! oh, desolation! Death
 Sways all—above—around—beneath:
 Near and more near he climbs—and, oh,
 Which of the waves besieging so,
 Will whelm us? Take me to thy cold
 And shuddering arms' beloved fold!
 My God! look what a wave comes on!
 It glitters in the lightning dim—
 It passes over us!”—

“Tis gone—
 And senseless sinks the maid on him.

III.

Semin embraced the fainting maid,—
 Words faltered on his quivering lips,
 And he was mute—and all was shade,
 And all around him in eclipse.
 Was it one desolate, hideous spot?
 A wreck of worlds?—he saw it not!
 He saw but her beloved so well,
 So death-like on his bosom lay,
 Felt the cold pang that o'er him fell,
 Heard but his beating heart—Away,
 Grasp of hard agony's iron hand!—
 Off from his heart thine icy touch—
 Off from his lips thy colourless band—
 Off from his soul thy wintry clutch!

Love conquers Death — and he hath kist
 Her bleached cheeks, by the cold rain bleached ;
 He hath folded her to his bosom : and, list,
 His tender words her heart have reached.
 She hath awakened, and she looks
 Upon her lover tenderly,
 Whose tenderness the Flood rebukes,
 As on destroying goeth he.

“ Oh, God of Judgment ! ” she cried aloud,
 “ Refuge or pity is there none ?
 Waves rave, and thunder rends the cloud,
 And the winds howl — ‘ Be vengeance done ! ’
 Our years have innocently sped —
 My Semin, thou wert ever good :
 Wo’s me ! my joy, and pride have fled !
 All but my love is now subdued !
 And thou to me who gavest life
 Torn from my side : I saw thy strife
 With the wild surges, and thy head
 Heave evermore above the water,
 Thine arms exalted and outspread,
 For the last time to bless thy daughter !
 The earth is now a lonely isle !
 Yet ’twere a paradise to me,
 Wert, Semin, thou with me the while —
 Oh ! let me die embracing thee !
 Is there no pity, God above !
 For innocence and blameless love ?
 But what shall innocence plead before Thee ?
 Great God ! thus dying, I adore thee ! ”

IV.

Still his beloved the youth sustains,
 As she in the storm-blast shivers !
 “ ’Tis done ! no hope of life remains !
 No mortal howls among the rivers !
 Zemira ! the next moment is
 Our last — gaunt Death ascends. Lo, he
 Doth clasp our thighs, and the abyss
 Yearns to embrace us eagerly !

“ We will not mourn a common lot —
 Life ! what art thou, when joyfullest,
 Wisest, noblest, greatest, best ?
 Life longest and that most delightest ?
 A dew-drop, by the dawn begot,
 That on the rock to day is brightest,
 To-morrow doth it fade away,
 Or fall into the ocean’s spray.

“ Courage ! beyond this little life
 Eternity and bliss are rife.
 Let us not tremble, then, my love,
 To cross the narrow sea — but thus
 Embrace each other ; and, above
 The swelling surge that pants for us,
 Our souls shall hover happily,
 Triumphant, and at liberty !

“ Ay, let us join our hands in prayer
 To Him whose wrath hath ravaged here :

His holy doom shall mortal man
Presume to judge, and weigh and scan ?
He who breathed life into our dust
May to the just or the unjust
Send death ; but happy, happy they
Who 've trodden Wisdom's pleasant way.

" Not life we ask, oh Lord ! Do thou
Convey us to thy judgment-seat !
A sacred faith inspires me now—
Death shall not end, but shall complete
Peal out, ye thunders ; crush and scathe !
Howl, desolation, ruin, wrath !
Entomb us, Waters ! — Evermore
Praised be the Just One ! — We adore !
Our mouths shall praise him as we sink,
And the last thought our souls shall think !"

V.

Her soul was brave — her soul was glad —
Her aspect was no longer sad —
Amid the tempest and the storm
She raised her hands — she raised her form :
She felt the great and mighty hope,
And she was strong with death to cope : —
" Praise, oh, my mouth ! the Lord Most High !
My eyes, weep tears of ecstasy,
Until ye are sealed by death — then ye
Shall gaze on Heaven's felicity !
Belov'd, but late from us bereaved,
We come to you, for whom we grieved :
Anon, and we again shall meet
Before God's throne and judgment-seat.
The just assembled I behold,
Lo ! Mercy's courts for them unfold !
Howl, Desolation ! Thunder, peal !
Ye are but voices to reveal
The justice of the Lord Most High :
Break on us, Waves ! Hail ! Death is nigh !
And nearer yet he comes, and raves
Upon the blackness of the waves !
Oh, Semin ! now he grasps my throat —
Semin ! embrace me — leave me not !
The billow lifts me — help ! — I float !"

VI.

" I do embrace thee !" the youth replied —
" Zemira ! I embrace thee ! — Death !
Thee also I embrace !" he cried —
" I welcome thee with my parting breath !
Lo ! we are here ! All lauded be
The Just One everlastingly !"

They spake — while them the monstrous Deluge spray
Swept, in each other's arms, away — away !

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER'S REVIEW OF MADAME
DE STAËL'S "ALLEMAGNE."

[For a full account of Jean Paul,—one of the most extraordinary characters which the world has ever produced, whether we regard the singularities of the man, or the force and the peculiar character of his writings,—we refer the reader to a most admirable article in the ninth Number of the *Foreign Review*, published by Black, Young, and Young, the German booksellers.—ED.]

There are few of our readers but have read and partially admired Madame de Staël's *Germany*; the work, indeed, which, with all its vagueness and manifold shortcomings, must be regarded as the precursor, if not parent, of whatever acquaintance with German literature exists among us. There are few also but have heard of Jean Paul, here and elsewhere, as of a huge mass of intellect, with the strangest shape and structure, yet with thews and sinews like a real son of Anak. Students of German literature will be curious to see such a critic as Madame de Staël adequately criticised, in what fashion the best of the Germans write reviews, and what worth the best of them acknowledge in this their chief eulogist and indicator among foreigners. We translate the Essay from Richter's *Kleine Bücherschau*, as it stands there reprinted from the Heidelberg *Jahrbücher*, in which periodical it first appeared, in 1815. We have done our endeavour to preserve the quaint grotesque style so characteristic of Jean Paul; rendering with literal fidelity whatever stood before us, rugged and unmanageable as it often seemed. This article on Madame de Staël passes, justly enough, for the best of his reviews; which, however, let our readers understand, are no important part of his writings. This is not the lion that we see, but only a claw of the lion, whereby some few may recognise him.]

To review a revieweress of two literary nations is not easy, for you have, as it were, three things at once to give account of. With regard to France and Germany, however, it is chiefly in reference to the judgment which the intellectual amazon of these two countries has pronounced on them, and thereby on herself, that they come before us here. To write such a *Literary Gazette* of our whole literary past, enacting editor and so many contributors in a single person, not to say a female one; above all, summoning and spell-binding the spirits of German philosophy—this, it must be owned, would have been even for a Villers, though Villers can now retranslate himself from German into French, no unheroic undertaking. Meanwhile, Madame de Staël had this advantage, that she writes specially for Frenchmen, who, knowing about German art and the German language simply nothing, still gain somewhat, when they learn never so little. On this subject you can scarcely tell them other truths than new ones, whether pleasant or not. They even know more of the English—~~as~~ these do of them—than of the Germans. Our invisibility among the French proceeds, it may be hoped, like that of Mercury, from our proximity to the sun-god; but in regard to other countries, we should consider, that the constellation of our new literature having risen only half a century

ago, the rays of it are still on the road thither.

Greatly in favour of our authoress, in this her picture of Germany, was her residence among us; and the title-page might be translated, "Letters from Germany" (*de l'Allemagne*), as well as *on Germany*. We Germans are in the habit of limning Paris and London from the distance, which capitals sit to us truly; but only on the book-stall of their works. For the deeper knowledge of a national poetry, not only the poems are necessary, but the poets, at least their country and countrymen: the living multitude are *nota variorum* to the poem. A German himself could write his best work on French poetry nowhere but in Paris. Now our authoress, in her acquaintance with the greatest German poets, had, as it were, a living translation of their poems; and Weimar, the focus of German poesy, might be to her what Paris was to the German reviewer of the Parisian.

But what chiefly exalts her to be our critic, and a poetess herself, is the feeling she manifests: with a taste sufficiently French, her heart is German and poetic. When she says (tom. ii. p. 6),

"Toutes les fois que de nos jours on a pu faire entrer un peu de rêve étrangère, les Français y ont applaudi avec transport. J. J. Rousseau, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Chateaubriand, &c. &c.,

dans quelques-uns de leurs ouvrages, soit tous, même à leur insçu, de l'école Germanique, c'est à dire, qu'ils ne puisent leur talent que dans le fond de leur âme ;"

she might have classed her own works first on the list. Every where she breathes the æther of higher sentiments than the marsh miasma of *salons* and French materialism could support. The chapters, in volume sixth, on philosophy, depict what is Germanism of head badly enough indeed, but the more warmly and justly what is Germanism of heart, with a pure, clearness not unworthy of a Herder.

For the French, striped bare by encyclopedists, and revolutionists, and conscripts, and struggling under heart-ossification and contraction of the breast, such German news of a separation and independence between Virtue and Self-interest, Beauty and Utility, &c. will not come too late : a lively people, for whom pleasure or pain, as daylight or cloudy weather, often hide the upper starry heaven, can at least use star-catalogues, and some planisphere thereof. Many are the jewel-gleams with which she illuminates the depths of the soul against the Gallic lozinesses. Of this sort are, for instance, the passages where (tom. v. p. 100) she refuses to have the Madonna of Beauty made a housemaid of Utility ; where she asks why nature has clothed, not the nutritive plants, but only the useless flowers, with charms ?

" D'où vient, cependant, que pour parer l'autel de la divinité, on chercherait plutôt les inutiles fleurs que les productions nécessaires ? D'où vient que ce qui sert au maintien de votre vie aie moins de dignité que les fleurs sans but ? C'est que le beau nous rappelle une existence immortelle et divine, dont le souvenir et le regret vivent à la fois dans notre cœur."

Also (p. 101) the passages where, in contradiction to the principle that places the essence of art in imitation of reality, she puts the question :

" Le premier des arts, la musique, qu'imité-t-il ? De tous les dons de la Divinité, cependant, c'est le plus magnifique, car il semble, pour ainsi dire, superflu. Le soleil nous éclaire, nous respirons l'air du ciel serein, toutes les beautés de la nature servent en quelque façon à l'homme ; la musique seule est d'une noble inutilité, et c'est pour cela

qu'elle nous émeut si profondément ; plus elle est loin de tout but, plus elle se rapproche de cette source intime de nos pensées que l'application à un objet quelconque réserve dans son cours."

So, likewise, is she the protecting goddess of the higher feelings in love ; and the whole sixth volume is an altar of religion, which the Gallic pantheon will not be the worse for. Though professing herself a proselyte of the new poetic school, she is a mild judge of sentimentality (tom. v. ch. 18) ; and in no case can immoral freedom in the thing represented excuse itself in her eyes, as perhaps it might in those of this same new school, by the art displayed in representing it. Hence comes her too narrow ill-will against Goëthe's *Faust* and *Attilie*. Thus, also, she extends her just anger against a faithlessly luxuriating love, in Goëthe's *Stella*, to unjust anger against Jacobi's *Waldemar* ; mistaking in this latter the hero's struggle after a free, disencumbered friendship, for the heart-luxury of weakness. Yet the accompanying passage (p. 180) is a fine and true one :

" On ne doit pas se mettre par son choix dans une situation où la morale et la sensibilité ne sont pas d'accord ; car ce qui est involontaire est si beau, qu'il est affreux d'être condamné à se commander toutes ses actions, et à vivre avec soi-même comme avec sa victime."

She dwells so much in the heart, as the bee in the flower-cup, that, like this honey-maker, she sometimes lets the tulip-leaves overshadow her and shut her in. Thus she not only declares against the learning (that is, the harmonics and inharmonics,) in our German music, but also against our German parallelism between tone and word — our German individuation of tones and words. Instrumental music of itself is too much for her ; mere reflection, letter, and science : she wants only voices, not words (tom. iv. p. 123-125). But the sort of souls which take in the pure impression of tones without knowledge of speech, dwell in the inferior animals. Do we not always furnish the tones we hear with secret texts of our own, nay, with secret scenery, that their echo within us may be stronger than their voice without ? And can our heart feel by other means than being spoken to and answering ? Thus pictures, during music, are seen into more deeply and warmly by spectators ; nay, many masters have, in creating them,

acknowledged help from music. All beauties serve each other without jealousy; for to conquer man's heart is the common purpose of all.

As it was for France that our authoress wrote and shaped her *Germany*, one does not at first see how, with her depth of feeling, she could expect to prosper much there. But reviewer* answereth: The female half she will please at once and immediately; the male, again, by the twofold mediation of art and mockery. First, by art. Indifferent as the Parisian is to religion and deep feeling on the firm ground of the household floor, he likes mightily to see them bedded on the soft fluctuating clouds of art; as court people like peasants on the stage, Dutch dairies in pictures, and Swiss scenes on the plate at dinner; nay, they want gods more than they do God, whom, indeed, it is art that first raises to the rank of the gods. High sentiments and deep emotions, which the court at supper must scruple to express as real, can speak out loud and frankly on the court theatre a little while before. Besides, which is not to be slighted by a moderated indifference and aversion to true feelings, there is opened the freer room and variety for the representation and show thereof; as, we may say, the Emperor Constantine first abolished the punishment of the cross, but on all hands loaded churches and statues with the figure of it.

Here, too, is another advantage, which, whoever likes, can reckon in: that certain higher and purer emotions do service to the true earthly ones in the way of foil; as haply—if a similitude much fitter for a satire than for a review may be permitted—the thick ham by its tender flowers, or the boar's-head by the citrons in its snout, rather gains than loses.

And though all this went for nothing, still must the religious enthusiasm of

our authoress affect the Parisian and man of the world with a second charm, namely, with the genuine material which lies therein, as well as in any tragedy, for conversational parody. Indeed, those same religious, old-fashioned, sentimental dispositions must, as the *persiflage* thereof has already grown somewhat threadbare and meritless,—they must, if jesting on them is to be token spirit, be from time to time warmed up anew by some writer, or, still better, by some writeress, of genius.

With the charm of sensibility our gifted eulogist combines, as hinted above, another advantage which may well gain the Parisians for her, namely, the advantage of a true French—not German—taste in poetry.

She must, the reviewer hopes, have satisfied the impartial Parisian by this general sentence, were there nothing more (tom. iv. p. 86):

“Le grand avantage qu'on peut tirer de l'étude de la littérature Allemande, c'est le mouvement d'émulation qu'elle donne; il faut y chercher des forces pour composer soi-même plutôt que des ouvrages tout fait, qu'on puisse transporter ailleurs.”

This thought, which (p. 45) she has more briefly expressed:

“Ce sera presque toujours un chef-d'œuvre qu'une invention étrangère arrangée par un Français,”—

she demonstrates (p. 11) by the words:

“On ne sait pas faire un livre en Allemagne; rarement on y met l'ordre et la méthode qui classent les idées dans la tête du lecteur; et ce n'est point parce que les Français sont impatients, mais parcequ'ils ont l'esprit juste, qu'ils se fatiguent de ce défaut: les fictions ne sont pas dessinées dans les poésies Allemandes avec ces contours fermes et précis qui en assurent l'effet; et le vague de l'imagination correspond à l'obscurité de la pensée.”

In short, our muses' hill, as also the

* The imperial “we” is unknown in German reviewing: the “*Recensent*” must there speak in his own poor third person singular; nay, stingy printers are in the habit of curtailing him into mere “*Rec.*” and without any article: “*Rec. thinks,*” “*Rec. says,*” as if the unhappy man were uttering *affidavits*, in a tremulous, half-guilty attitude, not criticisms *ex cathedra*, and oftentimes *inflatus buccis*! The German reviewer, too, is expected, in many cases, to understand something of his subject; and, at all events, to have read his book. Happy England! Were there a bridge built hither, not only all the women in the world, as a wit has said, but faster than they, all the reviewers in the world, would hasten over to us, to exchange their toilsome mud-shovels for light kingly sceptres; and English literature were one boundless, self-devouring review, and (as in London routs) you had to do nothing, but only to see others do nothing.

other muses' hills, the English, the Greek, the Roman, the Spanish, are simply—what no Frenchman can question—so many mountain-stairs and terraces, fashioned on various slopes, whereby the Gallic Olympus-Parnassus may, from this side and that, be conveniently reached. As to us Germans in particular, she might express herself so: German works of art can be employed as colour-sheds, and German poets as colour-grinders, by the French pictorial school; as, indeed, from of old our learned lights have been by the French, not adored like light-stars, but stuck into like light-chafers, as people carry those of Surinam, spitted through, for lighting of roads. Frankly, will the Frenchman forgive our authoress her German or British heart, when he finds, in the chapters on the "classical" and "romantic" art of poetry, how little this has corrupted or cooled her taste, to the prejudice of the Gallic art of writing?

After simply saying (tom. ii. p. 60),

"La nation Française, la plus cultivée des nations Latines, penche vers la poésie imitée des Grecs et des Romains,"

she expresses this (p. 63) much better and more distinctly in these words:

"La poésie Française étant la plus classique de toutes les poésies modernes, elle est la seule qui ne soit pas répandue parmi le peuple."

Now Tasso, Calderon, Camoens, Shakspeare, Goëthe, continues she, are sung by their respective peoples, even by the lowest classes; whereas it is to be lamented that, indeed,

"Nos poètes Français sont admirés par tout ce qu'il y a d'esprits cultivés chez nous et dans le reste de l'Europe; mais ils sont tout-à-fait inconnus aux gens de peuple, et aux bourgeois même des villes, parceque les arts en France ne sont pas, comme ailleurs, natis du pays même où leur beautés se développent."

And there is no Frenchman, but will readily subscribe this confession. The reviewer, too, though a German, allows the French a similarity to the Greek and Latin classics; nay, a greater than any existing people can exhibit; and

recognises them willingly as the newest ancients. He even goes so far; that he equals their literature, using a quite peculiar and inverse principle of precedence among the classical ages, to the best age of Greek and Latin literature, namely, to the *iron*. For as the figurative names, "golden," "iron age," of themselves signify, considering that gold, a very ductile rather than a useful metal, is found every where, and on the surface, even in rivers, and without labour; whereas the firm iron, serviceable not as a symbol and for its splendour, is rare in gold-countries, and gained only in depths and with toil, and seldom in a metallic state: so, likewise, among literary ages, an iron one designates the practical utility and laborious nature of the work done, as well as the cunning workmanship bestowed on it; whereby it is clear, that not till the golden and silver ages are done, can the iron one come to maturity. Always one age produces and fashions the next: on the golden stands the silver; this forms the brass; and on the shoulders of all stands the iron. Thus, too, our authoress (tom. iv. p. 80) testifies that the elder French, Montaigne and the rest, were so very like the present Germans,* while the younger had not yet grown actually classical; as it were, the end-flourishes and cadences of the past. On which grounds the French classics cannot, without injustice, be paralleled to any earlier Greek classics than to those of the Alexandrian school. Among the Latin classics their best prototypes may be such as Ovid, Pliny the younger, Martial, the two Senecas, Lucan—though he, more by date than spirit, has been reckoned under our earlier periods, inasmuch as these Romans do, as it were by anticipation, arm and adorn themselves with the brass and iron, not yet come into universal use. A Rousseau would sound in Latin as silvery as a Seneca; Seneca would sound in French as golden as a Rousseau.

Nevertheless, it is an almost universal error in persons who speak of French critics, to imagine that a Geoffroy, or a Laharpe, in equalling his countrymen to the ancient classics, means the classics of the so-called

* The same thing Jean Paul had long ago remarked in his *Vorschule*, book iii. sec. 779, of the second edition.

golden age. But what real French classic would take it as praise if you told him that he wrote quite like Homer, like Æschylus, like Aristophanes, like Plato, like Cicero? Without vanity he might give you to understand, that some small difference would surely be found between those same golden classics and him, which, indeed, was to be referred rather to the higher culture of the time than to his own; whereby he might hope that in regard to various *longueurs*, instances of tastelessness, coarseness, he had less to answer for, than many an ancient. A French tragedy-writer might say, for example, that he flattered himself, if he could not altogether equal the so-named tragic seven stars of Alexandria, he still differed a little from the seven of Æschylus. Indeed, Voltaire, and others, in their letters, tell us plainly enough, that the writers of the ancient golden age are nowise like them, or specially to their mind.

The genuine French taste of our authoress displays itself also in detached manifestations; for example, in the armed neutrality which, in common with the French and people of the world, she maintains towards the middle ranks. Peasants and Swiss, indeed, make their appearance, idyl-wise, in French literature; and a shepherd is as good as a shepherdess. Artists, too, are admitted by these people; partly as the sort of undefined comets that gyrate equally through suns, earths, and satellites; partly as the individual servants of their luxury; and an actress in person is often as dear to them as the part she plays. But as to the middle rank, — excepting, perhaps, the clergyman who in the pulpit belongs to the artist guild, and in Catholic countries, without rank of his own, traverses all ranks, — not only are handicraftsmen incapable of poetic garniture, but the entire class of men of business, your commerce-raths, legation, justice, and other raths, and two-thirds of the whole address-calendar. In short, French human nature produces and sets forth, in its works of art, nothing worse than princes, heroes, and nobility: no ground-work and side-work of people; as the trees about Naples shade you, when sitting under them, simply with blossoms, not with leaves, because they have none. This air of pedigree, without which the French Parnassus receiveth no one, Madame de Staël also appears to re-

quire, and, by her unfavourable sentence, to feel the want of in Voss's *Luisé*, in his *Idyls*, in Goethe's *Dorothea*, in *Meister*, and *Faust*. There is too little gentility in them. Tieck's *Sternball* finds favour, perhaps not less for its treating of artists, than by reason of its 'unpoetical, yet pleasing generalities; for the book is rather a wish of art, than a work of art.

The theatre is, as it were, the *uhnography* (ground-plan) of a people; the prompter's hole (*souffleur*) is the speaking-trumpet of its peculiarities. Our authoress, in exalting the Gallie *coulisses*, and stage-curtains, and candle-snuffers, and *souffleurs* of their tragic and comic ware, above all foreign theatres, gives the French another and gratifying proof of her taste being similar to theirs.

After so many preliminaries, the reader will doubtless expect the conclusion that our authoress does prove the wished-for mediatrix between us and France, and in the end procures us a literary general pardon from the latter; nay, that the French are even a little obliged to her for this approximation. But quite the contrary is the reviewer's opinion.

On the whole, he cannot help sympathising with the French, whom such diluted, filtered extracts and versions from the German must delude into belief of a certain regularity in us, whereof there is no trace extant. Thus, for example, our authoress begins *Faust* with this passage:

"C'est à nous de nous plonger dans le tumulte de l'activité, dans ces vagues éternelles de la vie, que la naissance et la mort élèvent et précipitent, repoussent et ramènent: nous sommes faits pour travailler à l'œuvre que Dieu nous recommande, et dont le tems accomplit la trame. Mais toi, qui ne peux concevoir que toi-même, toi, qui trembles en approfondissant ta destinée, et que mon souffle fait tressaillir, laisse moi, ne me rappelle plus."

How shall a Frenchman, persuaded perhaps by such smooth samples to study German, guess, that before this passage could become arable, the following tangle grew on it:

"DER GEIST.

In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm
Woll' ich auf und ab,
Wehe hin und her!
Geburt und Grab
Ein ewiges Meer,

Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben,
So schaff' ich am saugenden Webstuhl
der Zeit,
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges
Kleid.

FAUST.

Der du die weite Welt umschweifst,
Geschäftig der Geist, wo nah' fühl' ich
mich, dir!

DER GEIST.

Du gleichst dem Geist, den du be-
greifst,
Nicht mir!"*

So, indeed, is the whole *Faust* of Madame de Staël; all fire-colour bleached out of it; giant masses and groups, for example the *Walpurgisnacht* (May-day Night), altogether cut away.

The following passage (*Siebenkäs*†, book i. sec. 7.) occurs in "the Speech of the dead Christ from the Universe" (*Songe*, she more briefly translates the title of it), where Christ, after saying that there is no God, thus continues:

"I travelled through the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew with the galaxies through the wastes of heaven; but there is no God. I descended as far as being casts its shadow, and looked into the abyss, and cried: Father, where art thou? but I heard only the eternal storm, which no one guides; and the gleaming rainbow from the west, without a Sun that made it, stood over the abyss, and trickled down. And when I looked up towards the immeasurable world for the Divine eye, it glared down on me with an empty, black, bottomless eye-socket; and eternity lay upon chaos, eating it and re-eating it. Cry on, ye discords! cry away the shadows, for He is not!"

These barbaresque sentences have,

like all the rest, grown into the following cultivated ones:

"J'ai parcouru les mondes, je me suis élevé au-dessus des soleils, et là aussi il n'est point de Dieu; je suis descendu jusqu'aux dernières limites de l'univers, j'ai regardé dans l'abîme, et je me suis écrié: Père, où es-tu? mais je n'ai entendu que la pluie qui tombait goutte-à-goutte dans l'abîme, et l'éternelle tempête, que nul ordre ne regit, m'a seule répondu. Relevant ensuite mes regards vers la voûte des cieux, je n'y ai trouvé qu'une orbite vide, noir, et sans fond. L'éternité reposait sur le chaos, et le rongeaît, et se devorait lentement elle-même: redoublez vos plaintes amères et déchirantes; que des cris aigus dispersent les ombres, car c'en est fait."

He that loves the French must lament that people should decoy them over to us with beauties which are merely painted on with rouge; and should hide not only our fungous excrescences, but our whole adiposity in wide Gallic court-clothes. For, as Goëthe's *Faust* actually stands, every good Frenchman, out-doing our authoress, who wishes no second, must wish the first—as *Mephistophiles*; and look upon this written hell-journey as an acted *Empedocles* one into the crater of the German muse-volcano. To our authoress he might even say, "Madame, you had too much sense to lend your Germans any of those *traïtes*, *pointes*, *sentences*, that *esprit*, wherewith our writers have so long enchanted us and Europe. You shewed us, in the German works, their brightest side, their *sensibilité*, the depth of their feelings. You have quite allured us with it. All that offended your taste you have softened or suppressed,

* Here is an English version, as literal as we can make it:

THE SPIRIT.

In Existence' floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave, in endless motion!
Birth and death,
An infinite ocean,
A seizing and giving,
The fire of living,
Thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou seest him by.

FAUST.

Thou who the wide world round outflowest,
Unresting Spirit, how I resemble thee!

THE SPIRIT.

Thou canst resemble spirits whom thou knowest,
Not me!

† By Jean Paul himself.

and given us yourself instead of the poem: *tant mieux!* But who will give us *you*, when we read these German works in the original? Jean Jacques says, Let science come, and not the deceiving doctor. We invert it, and say, Let the healing doctress come, and not the sick poem, till she have healed it."

The reviewer observes here, that in the foregoing apostrophe there is as cramp a eulogy as that (tom. iii. p. 97) with which Madame de Staël concludes hers on Schiller:

"Peu de tems après la première représentation de Guillaume Tell, le trait mortel atteignit aussi le digne auteur de ce bel ouvrage. Gesler périt au moment où les desseins les plus crâels l'occupaient: Schiller n'avait dans son âme que de généreuses pensées. Ces deux volontés si contraires, la mort, ennemie de tous les projets de l'homme, les a de même brisées."

This comparison of the shot Gesler with the deceased Schiller, wherein the similarity of the two men turns on their resembling other men in dying, and thereby having their plans interrupted, seems a delicate imitation of Captain Fluellen, who (in Henry V.) struggles to prove that Alexander of Macedon and Harry Monmouth are in more than one point like each other.

But to return. Were this castrated edition of the German Hercules, or Poetic God, which Madame de Staël has edited of us, desirable, and of real use for any reader, it would be for German courts, and courtiers themselves: who knows but such a thing might prove the light little flame* to indicate the heavy treasure of their native country; which treasure, as they, unlike the French, have all learned German first, they could find no difficulty in digging out. But with such shows of possible union between two altogether different churches, or temples of taste, never let the good, too-credulous French be lured and baulked!

Nay, the cunning among them may hit our doctress with her own hand; for she has written (tom. iv. p. 80):

* "Les auteurs Français de l'ancien tems ont en général plus de rapports avec les Allemands que les écrivains du siècle de Louis XIV; car c'est depuis ce tems-là que la littérature Française a pris une direction classique."

And shall we now, he may say, again grow to similarity in culture with those whom we resembled when we had a less degree of it? A German may, indeed, prefer the elder French poetry to the newer French verse; but no Frenchman can leave his holy temple for an antiquated tabernacle of testimony, much less for a mere modern synagogue. The clear water of their poetry will ever exclude, as buoyant and unmixable, the dark fire-holding oil of ours. Or to take it otherwise: as with them the eye is every where the ruling organ, and with us the ear; so they, hard of hearing, will retain their poet-peacock, with his glittering tail-mirrors† and tail-eyes, drawn back, fan-wise, to the wings, his poor tones and feet notwithstanding; and we, short of sight, will think our unshowy poet-larks and nightingales, with their songs in the clouds and the blossoms, the preferable blessing. Perhaps in the whole of Goëthe there are not to be found so many antitheses and witty reflexes as in one moving act of Voltaire; and in all, even the finest cantos of the *Messias*, the Frenchman seeks in vain for such *pointes* as in the *Henriade* exalt every canto, every page, into a perfect holly-bush.

And, now, the Reviewer begs to know of any impartial man, what joy shall a Frenchman have in literatures and arts of poetry which advance on him as naked as unfallen Eves or Graces,—he, who is just come from a poet-*assemblée*, where every one has his communion-coat, his mourning-coat, nay, his winding-sheet, trimmed with tassels and tags, and properly perfumed? What will a Fabre d'Olivet‡ say to such eulogising of a foreign literature? he who has so pointedly and distinctly declared:

"Oui, messieurs, ce que l'Indostan fut pour l'Asie, la France le doit être

* The "little blue flame," the "*springwurz*," (start-root), &c. &c., are well-known phenomena in miners' magic.—T.

† In French poetry, you must always, like the Christian, consider the latter end, or the last verse; and there, as in life, according to the maxim of the Greek sage, you cannot before the end be called happy.

‡ His "*Les Vers Dorés du Pythagore expliqués, &c., précédés d'un Discours sur l'Essence de Poésie*," 1814.

pour l'Europe. La langue Française, comme la Sanscrite, doit tendre à l'universalité, elle doit s'enrichir de toutes les connaissances acquises dans les siècles passés, afin de les transmettre au siècles futurs; destinée à surmonter sur les débris de cent idiomes diverses, elle doit pouvoir sauver du naufrage des temps toutes leurs beautés, et toutes leurs productions remarquables."

When even a De Staël, with all her knowledge of our language and authors, and with a heart inclined to us, continues, nevertheless, Gallic in tongue and taste, what blossom-crop are we to look for from the dry timber? For, on the whole, the taste of a people is altogether to be discriminated from the taste of a period: the latter, not the former, easily changes. The taste of a people, rooted down, through centuries, in the nature of the country, in its history, in the whole soul of the body politic, withstands, though under new forms of resistance, all alterations and attacks from without. For this taste is, in its highest sense, nothing other than the outcome and utterance of the inward combination of the man, revealing itself most readily by act and judgment in art, as in that which speaks with all the faculties of man, and to all the faculties of man. Thus, poetical taste belongs to the heart: the understanding possesses only the small domain of *rhetorical* taste, which can be learned and proved, and gives its verdict on correctness, language, congruity of images, and the like.

For the rest, if a foreign literature is really to be made a saline manure and fertilising compost for the withered French literature, some altogether different path must be fallen upon than this ridiculous circuit of clipping the Germans into Frenchmen, that these may take pattern by them; of first fashioning us down to the French, that they may fashion themselves up to us. Place, and plant down, and encamp, the Germans with all their stout limbs and full arteries, like dying gladiators, fairly before them, — let them then study these figures as an academy, or refuse to do it. Even to the Gallic speech, in this transference, let utmost boldness be recommended. How else, if not in a similar way, have we Ger-

mans worked our former national taste into a free taste; so that by our skill in languages, or our translations, we have welcomed a Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, Calderon, Tasso, with all their peculiarities, repugnant enough to ours, and introduced them undisarmed into the midst of us? Our national taste meanwhile was not lost in this process: in the German, with all its pliability, there is still something indeclinable for other nations; Goëthe, and Herder, and Klopstock, and Lessing, can be enjoyed to perfection in no tongue but the German; and not only our æsthetic cosmopolitism (universal friendship), but also our popular individuality, distinguishes us from all other peoples.

If, one day, we are to be presented to foreign countries, — and every German, proud as he may be, will desire it, if he is a bookseller, — the reviewer could wish much for an author, like our authoress, to transport us, in such a Cleopatra's ship, as hers, into England. Schiller, Goëthe, Klinger, Hippel, Lichtenberg, Haller, Kleist, might, simply as they were, in their *naturalibus* and *pontificalibus*, disembark in that island, without danger of becoming hermits, except in so far as hermits may be worshipped there.

On the *romantic** side, however, we could not wish the Briton to cast his first glance at us: for the Briton — to whom nothing is so poetical as the commonweal — requires, (being used to the weight of gold), even for a golden age of poetry, the thick golden wing-covers of his epithet-poets; not the transparent gossamer wings of the Romanticists; no many-coloured butterfly dust; but, at lowest, flower dust that will grow to something.

But though this gifted inspectress of Germany has done us little furtherance with the French, nay, perhaps hindrance, inasmuch as she has spoken forth our praise needlessly in mere comparisons with the French, instead of speaking it without offensive allusions, — the better service ~~may~~ she do us with another people, namely, with the Germans themselves.

In this respect, not only, in the first place, may the critic, but also, in the second place, the patriot, return her his thanks. It is not the outward man,

* *Romantisch*, "romantic," it will be observed, is here used in a scientific sense, I has no concern with the writing or reading (or acting) of "romances." — T.

bût the inward, that needs mirrors. We cannot wholly see ourselves, except in the eye of a foreign seer. The reviewer would be happy to see and enter a mirror-gallery, or rather picture-gallery, in which our faces, limned by quite different nations, by Portuguese, by Scotchmen, by Russians, Corsicans, were hanging up, and where we might learn how differently we looked to eyes that were different. By comparison with foreign peculiarity, our own peculiarity discerns and ennobles itself. Thus, for example, our authoress, profitably for us, holds up and reflects our German *longueurs*, (interminabilities), our dull jesting, our fanaticism, and our German indifference to the file.

Against the last error—against the rule-of-thumb *style* of these days—reviewers collectively ought really to fire and slash with an especial fury. There was a time, in Germany, when a Lessing, a Winkelmann, filed their periods, like Plato or Cicero, and Klopstock and Schiller their verses, like Virgil or Horace; when, as Tacitus, we thought more of disleafing than of covering with leaves; in short, of a disleafing which, as in the vine, ripens and incites the grapes. There was such a time, but the present has *had* it; and we now write, and paint, and patch, straight forward, as it comes to hand, and study readers and writers, not much, but appear in print. Corrections, at present, seem as costly to us, as if, like Count Alfieri, we had them to make on printing-paper, at the charges of our printer and purse. The public book-market is to be our bleach-green; and the public, instead of us, is to correct; and then, in the second edition, we can pare off somewhat, and clap on somewhat.

But it is precisely this late correction, when the former author, with his former mood and love, is no longer forthcoming, that works with dubious issue. Thus Schiller justly left his *Robbers* unaltered. On the other hand, the same sun-warmth of creation can, in a second hour, return as a sun-warmth of ripening. Writers who mean to pay the world only in *plated* coins can offer no shadow of reason for preferring first thoughts; since the very thought they write down must, in their heads, during that minute's space, have already gone through several improved editions.

'Still deeper thanks than those of the critic to our authoress, let the patriot give her. Through the whole work there runs a veiled sorrow that Germany should be found kneeling, and, like the camel, raise itself, still bent and heavy-laden. Hence her complaints (tom. vi. ch. 11.) that the present Germans have only a philosophical and no political character;—farther, that the German, (tom. i. p. 20), even through his moderate climate, in which he has not the extremes of heat and cold to encounter, but without acquirement of hardness, easily secures himself against evils of an equable nature, should be softening into unwarlike effeminacy;—further, those other complaints, in chap. 2 of vol. i., about our division of ranks, our deficiency in diplomatic craft and lying; about the German great, who, to the tedium of the French themselves, still take an interest in Louis XIV.'s mistresses and anecdotes, (tom. i. ch. 9). Thus she says, (tom. v. p. 200),

“Les Allemands ont besoin de désigner pour devenir les plus forts;”

and, two lines lower,

“Ce sont les seuls hommes, peut-être, auxquels on pouvait conseiller l'orgueil comme un moyen de devenir meilleurs.”

She is almost right. Not as if, one towards another, and in words, we did not set ourselves forward, and take airs enough, on printed paper—each stands beside the other, with a ready-plaited garland for him in his hand;—but in actions, and towards foreigners and persons in authority, it is still to be lamented that we possess but two cheeks for the receiving of cuffs, in place of four, like the Janus-head; although, in this cheek-deficiency, we do mend matters a little, when we turn round, and get the remainder. During the French war, and in the peace before it, there were many statesmen, if not states also, that considered themselves mere *half-stuff*, as rags in the paper-mill are called, when they are not cut small enough,—till once they were ennobled into *whole-stuff*, when the *devil* (so, in miller-speech, let Napoleon's sceptre be named,) had altogether hacked them into finest shreds.

In vol. v. p. 123, is a long harsh passage, where the German subserenity is rated worse than the Italian; because our physiognomies and man-

ners and philosophical systems promise nothing but heart and courage—and yet produce it not. Here, and in other passages regarding Prussia, where (tom. i. p. 108) she says,

" La capitale de la Prusse ressemble à la Prusse elle-même: les édifices et les institutions ont l'âge d'homme, et l'en de plus, parcequ'un seul homme en est l'auteur,"—

one willingly forgives her the exaggeration of her complaints; not only because time has confuted them, and defended us and re-exalted us to our ancient principedoms, but also because her tears of anger over us are only warmer tears of love, with which she sees, in the Germans, falling angels at war with fallen.

The preface gives a letter from Police-minister and General Savary to Madame, wherein, with much sense, he asserts that the work is not of a French spirit, and that she did well to leave out the name of the *Empereur*, seeing there was no worthy place for him. " Il n'y pouvait trouver de place qui fût digne de lui," says the General; meaning, that among so many great poets and philosophers, of various ages and countries, the Elbese would not have cut the best figure, or looked *digne* (worshipful) enough. The gallant police-minister deserves here to be discriminated from the vulgar class of lickspittles, who so nimbly pick up and praise whatever falls from princes, especially whatever good, without imitating it; but rather to be ranked among the second and higher class, (so to speak), who lick up any rabid saliva of their superior, and thereby run off as mad and fiery as himself. Only thus, and not otherwise, could the General, from those detached portions which the censor had cut out, have divined, as from outpost victories, that the entire field was to be attacked and taken. Accordingly, the whole printed edition was laid hold of, and, as it were, under a second paper-mill devil, hacked anew into beautified pulp. Nor is that delicate feeling of the whilom censors and clippers to be contemned, whereby these men, by the faintest

allusion, smell out the crown debts of their crown robber (usurper), and thereby proclaim them. The sphinx in Elba, who, unlike the ancient one, spared only him that could not read his riddle,—(a riddle consisting in this, to make Europe like the *Turkish* grammar, wherein there is but one *conjugation*, one *declension*, no gender, and no exception,)—could not but reckon a description of the Germans, making themselves a power within a power, to be ticklish matter. And does not the issue itself testify the sound sense of these upper and under censors! Forasmuch as they had to do with a most deep and polished enemy, whom they could nowise have had understanding enough to see through, were it not that, in such cases, suspicion sees farther than your half-understanding. She may often, (might they say), under that patient nun-veil of hers, be as diplomatically mischievous as any nun-prioress.

But, not to forget the work itself, in speaking of its fortunes, the reviewer now proceeds to some particular observations on certain chapters, first, however, making a general one or two. No foreigner has yet, with so wide a glance and so wide a heart, apprehended and represented our German style of poetry, as this foreign *lady*. She sees French poetry,—which is a computable glittering crystal, compared with the immeasurable organisation of the German,—really in its true form, though with preference to that form, when she describes it as a *poésie de société*. In the *Vorschule der Aesthetik*, (b. iii. k. 2), it was, years ago, described even so, though with less affection; and in general terms, still earlier, by Herder. The Germans, again, our authoress has meted and painted chiefly on the side of their comparability and dissimilarity to the French; and hereby our own self-subsistence and peculiar life has much less clearly disclosed itself to her. In a comparison of nations, one may skip gaily along, among perfect truths, as along *radii*, and skip over the centre too, and miss it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STANDARD-BEARER — A BALLAD FROM THE SPANISH.

[“De donde (Adra, la antigua Abdera,) salió Gasca con quarenta caballos i noventa arcabuceros a reconocerlos, i apartandose llamó un trompeta cuyo nombre era *Santiago*, para embiar a tñandar la gente; mas fue tan alta la voz, que pudieron oílla los soldados, i *creyendo que digese Santiago, como es costumbre de España para acomiter los enemigos*, arremetieron sin taas orden. Junfóse Diego de la Gasca con ellos, i fueron quasi rotos los Moros, retirandose con perdida de cien hombres a la Sierra.” — MENDOZA, *Gueñas de Granada*, p. 64.

From the above extract it will be seen that this Ballad has historical fact for its foundation. Though after the usual fashion of the old Spanish romances, the incident is sadly “*entortillé*,” while fictitious circumstances are superadded, to give effect to the story. The extract from Mendoza contains sufficient explanation for the Spanish scholar; but as all our readers, perhaps, have not a knowledge of that language, it may be as well to add, that “*Sant Iago*” has ever been the war-cry of the Spaniards. It was, indeed, an invocation to their national Saint, in the moment of conflict. In the enthusiasm of the moment, it will be seen, on the perusal of the Ballad, that the Castilian troop thought the Saint of Compostella had assumed the shape and features of the Page, whose name happened also to be *Sant-Iago*.]

With ninety gallant arquebusiers and forty cavaliers,
Diego de la Gasca at Adra's gates appears;
Behind him walked a gentle squire, of few and tender years,
With face, as fair as new-born day first blushing through its tears!

With pensiles fluttering in the breeze, and trumpet-clang, right gallantly
Marched forth the chief in panoply, with page and his brave companie;
And when he reached the tall palm-trees, that on the plain stood toweringly,
Espied afar his eagle eye the Moorish horse-tails waving high.

Their turbans and their harness bright, each yataghan and spear and shield,
Glanced in the sun, and shewed the Moors like locusts in a harvest field;
Then off the Gasca's scanty host fear struck the hearts, though triple-steel'd
With mail of proof, while each stout knight looked up to heaven, and thought
to yield.

“Be firm and bold, my stalworth men!” then Don Diego cried aloud; —
“Think ye to fly, like timorous doves, before those falcons fierce and proud?
Be steadfast; and, by holy rood! will we of that unrighteous crowd
Give each vile misbelieving dog a meet, and cold and bloody shroud!”

But all in vain the Gasca's words: his men were deaf, and would not hear;
Their blades in scabbard, and their arms unnerved, — like panic-stricken deer,
That stand to listen, ere they flee, when hunters trim are drawing near.
Ah, woe the day! such cravens should the valiant Gasca's livery wear!

“Sant-Iago! hither, hither!” cried the Gasca then in scorn.
“My master, whither, whither would'st thou have thy standard borne?
Some blazoned feat of hardihood my ungraced buckler shall adorn,
Or of her sole and darling child my mother shall this day be 'lorn!”

“My valorous boy!” the Gasca said; “the loveliest maid in lovely Spain
Were all unworthy and too poor that generous heart of thine to gain; —
From this day forth, if Christ shall grant that we the 'vantage may obtain,
Thou shalt my best-loved brother be, and share with me my sire's domain.

“Forward, good youth!” “'Tis done, my chief!” the page spurred deep his
mettled steed,
And forward rushed impetuously, like to the lightning-wing'd jereed;
And high above his plumed head, the stripling, 'midst his furious jeed,
The Gasca's banner waved — and called his men to many a noble deed!

The beardless hero's loud acclaim was, shame to Spaniards! all in vain,
 And of the Gasca's recreant host each stood aghast upon the plain.
 "Dastards and women!" cried the chief, in bitterness and deep disdain:
 "A boy leads where ye fear to go!—Charge!—Santiago! God! and Spain!"

Sudden each one of Gasca's train in knightly resolution stood
 Steadfast, while round his panting heart in warmer eddies gushed the blood,
 And shouted, "Jesus! Mary! thanks!—Iago! Saint! the blest and good,
 Leads to the battle!—Men of Spain! then, charge upon that devil's brood!"

With that, they for an instant paused, and breath'd to Heaven a silent pray'r
 For safety;—then, with longing eyes, they sought their distant banner's glare.
 As lions fierce, they reasoned thus: "Why should we fear the worst to dare?
 Incarnate, in that page's form, the Patron Saint of Spain is there!"

Then on they rushed, in serried rank, even as a thundering mountain-stream:
 Their war-cry to the Moorish ears was like the darting vulture's scream
 To quaking fowl;—and, following, as an eastern star, the helmet-gleam
 Of young Iago, on they passed, as gaily as a "summer's dream!"

And slaughter thinned the Moorish host, that lately filled that bloody field—
 The lance of their fierce pride was snapped, and pierced the broad and massy
 shield;
 And many a foeman sped in flight, and many were forced that day to yield
 To soldiers of his holy cross, in whom Christ's blessing stood reveal'd!

But, lo! the page is wounded sore—the purple tide wells from his breast—
 That rash boy, in his courage bold, had too far in the *mêlée* prest!—
 His head, like to a drooping flower, doth on the Gasca's bosom rest;
 And he—the corslet's clasp unbound—looks on a maiden's form confest!

"Nay, wonder not," the maiden sighed; "my lord knows not what Love can
 dare;

But, oh! for that presumptuous love let me the Gasca's mercy share.
 O'er-mastering all feminine fears, I shamed me not these weeds to wear;—
 And die—that tears my heart's sole lord to *dead* Ximene, at least, may spare!"

And never, from that fatal day, did Don Diego Gasca wed,
 And many a tear of tenderness and ruth for her, who died, he shed;—
 And too bitter was the memory of Ximene; so the Gasca sped
 Again to fields of blood and death, and of Moorish eyes was long the dread!

FROM THE ARABIC.

Two parts hath Life, and well the theme
 May mournful thoughts inspire;
 For ah! the past is but a dream—
 The future, a desire!

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL ON MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

[We are no very great admirers of either Mechanics' Institutes, or spouting clubs, or democratic meetings, or gin-shops—for on the lower orders of the people it is our opinion that they all rank much after the same fashion. When the head has undergone intellectual culture, then something like a sound judgment may guide deliberation. Good seed is lost on barren land—and all opportunities for improvement will be thrown away on the herd of the vulgar (generally speaking); because, when an individual has grown to manhood, he seldom has the inclination, or the strength of mind, sufficient to burst the thrall of early prejudices and vicious habits, or to work a regeneration in himself. What, then, is the consequence of all meetings of the kind we have above alluded to? As gin-shops inevitably induce intoxication, so mob-meetings allow occasions for the canvassing of crude notions—low habits—erroneous opinions—thus, rendering more easy, in our opinion, the road to besotted ignorance and rank vices. Who, in times of trouble and commotion, and revolution and bloodshed, have been the active satellites and bellowing bloodhounds for crime?—the individuals fed mentally and instructed in assemblies of the kind we have just mentioned. But private reading and study have a contrary tendency—for they generate reflection—and reflection is the certain fountain whence the mind may draw the draughts of improvement. All societies, therefore, like the one for the Diffusion of Knowledge, should be patronised and encouraged.]

N.B. Captain Basil Hall (a gentleman estimable in private life, and sufficiently known as a writer of keen observation and great power,) seems to have so just an estimate of Mechanics' Institutes, that we have great pleasure in giving insertion to the following Address, which he has kindly communicated to us.—Ed.]

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, R.N., TO THE DUNBAR MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I had last the pleasure of addressing this Institution, I mentioned that I had been appointed to the situation of patron and president, during my absence in America, without my knowledge, and, consequently, without my consent. Had I been on the spot, I certainly should have made it my business, before accepting the honour proposed to me, to inquire minutely into the objects of the Institution, as I make it a rule not to lend my name to any thing, the object of which I am not fully aware of.

As I have now, however, become acquainted with the proceedings of the Institution, and heartily wish them success, I shall be happy to give them all the aid in my power.

But it is right, before going further, to state my belief, that no patronage can materially advance the objects which you have in view; neither do I conceive that any degree of influence can retard them. There seems now to be a general desire throughout the country for more information; and as this wish is probably connected with many other circumstances over which no man, or set of men, can exert the slightest control, the tide of knowledge will continue to advance as long as those causes are in operation. All that any patronage can hope to effect is, to

give the course of this stream a right direction; for the original impulse, as well as the maintaining power, are equally beyond its reach. Persons, therefore, who happen to enjoy the confidence of their fellow-men, and who are so circumstanced as to possess the means of influencing the actions of others, ought not to shrink from such offices, merely because the good which they can do is small; for it may often happen, that the evil prevented, by their disinterested interference, may be considerable; and, if they do not add any fresh momentum to the machinery of society, they may yet, sometimes, exercise quite as useful a power in checking its undue velocity.

There has been much unfair nonsense spoken about the march of intellect, and much sincere apprehension felt, I fully believe, as to the danger of imparting too much knowledge to the lower and middle classes of society. I think it is easy to shew that there are no grounds for any such fears; and perhaps the best way to do this will be, to examine what are the objects and the effects of the knowledge, likely, to be taught by these institutions.

Every one knows that the power of acquiring, communicating, and transmitting information, is the characteristic feature which contradistinguishes man

from animals without reason; and experience shews, in every department of life, that the more knowledge men have, the more reasonable they become. I do not say that every man possessed of much knowledge acts reasonably—exceptions must always occur, regulate matters as we please; but I speak now of the mass of mankind when I say, that the more knowledge any set of men have, the more reasonably they act; that is to say, in a manner suitable to their duty in the station in which they are placed. Knowledge, in short, by teaching men the extent of their own powers, and, at the same time, making them acquainted with the obstacles which must be overcome, shews them practically, and not merely in a speculative way, that, in order to succeed in the pursuit of any object worth attaining, they must labour at it hard and steadily. Thus the first step in the progress of knowledge is to make us aware of our own ignorance, and then, having taught us modesty, to make us set seriously about exerting ourselves, in the manner most likely to be productive of the objects we wish to get hold of.

Here and there, in every class, individuals of surpassing powers will start up, and, by the sheer force of great talents, leave their own sphere, and ascend to the higher stations of fame and emolument. But we all know how very rarely Watts and Rennies are produced; and experience will always bring us back to confess, that we must reason in these matters upon the average run of talents and industry, and that, if we make our calculations upon any other ground, we shall inevitably be deceived.

The great body of the labouring population are tied to society by obligations which they cannot escape from, even if they wished to do so; and this must always be the case, however much knowledge they may possess. As they have families to maintain, they cannot afford to risk the starvation of their children and themselves, by intermitting those labours by which they have heretofore gained their bread. Yet, unless they do cease to labour, or, at all events, introduce long and serious interruptions to the ordinary course of their industry, it is quite impossible they can acquire an extent of knowledge unsuited to their station. Nevertheless, although this be true, still, as every man must be allowed some re-

laxation from toil, and consequently have a certain amount of leisure on his hands every day, it is of great consequence to him, and to the community, that the spare interval should be filled up by occupations calculated to make him more contented with his lot. This will certainly be best effected by the acquisition of that kind of knowledge which, while it adds more or less to his own powers, teaches him to know and to feel, that, unless he possess very rare endowments, it is worse than useless for him to hope for any higher rewards than those which belong to steady perseverance in his own proper walk of life.

The rational members of any such class, who will always form an immense majority, will thus be made sensible, that, before they can have the least chance of stepping out of their own line, or have any just claim to enter that above them, they must, first and foremost, learn to surpass all their fellows in the particular branch of industry to which they have been bred. Such feelings, if set in action in the breast of a man of uncommon talents, will probably lead to the distinction sought for; and all who really ought to rise in the world will in this way be picked out, as it were; while the very same feelings, acting upon the mass, who possess only the average amount of talents, will have no other effect than to stimulate their industry, and to make them more and more sensible, at the close of every successive day's labour, that they are exactly in their proper station—in that station most suited to their own happiness and to the well-being of the community,—and from which station they can no more emerge than they can fly; and they ought, therefore, no more to lament that such is their fate, than that nature has denied them wings.

I beg it may be recollected, that this reasoning, applied just now more particularly to the labouring classes of the community, applies with equal force to every other in this country, without exception. There is no excellence, and no respectability, without labour of some kind,—and certainly none without knowledge. The most important knowledge to every man, after that of his religious duties, is always that which relates to his own business; and however successfully a few individuals may contrive, now and then, by dint of

superior talents, to rise in the scale of society above the class in which they are bred and born, the great mass in the upper, as well as in the lower, walks of life, being possessed merely of average abilities, must, in the course of time, discover, that all the knowledge they can acquire by any amount of exertion, during the limited period of spare time allotted to them, only enables them to continue in that line, and does not contribute in the least degree to raise them, relatively, any higher in the scale. Consequently, in the higher classes, just as much as in the lower, the result of all the knowledge any one has time to acquire, consistently with the attention which he must pay to those obligations upon which his existence depends, is to teach him modesty and contentment with his lot.

It is very true, that in this country every man is eligible to every situation, however high. But his right to occupy a higher rank in society than that in which he was born can be made manifest only by one process. Before he has any title to aspire to such a station, he must prove himself decidedly superior to all the members of his own class—after which he may hope to be admitted to the next in rank. If, when he gets there, he can manage, by his talents and industry, properly employed, at those leisure moments which his new obligations leave him, to acquire fresh stores of knowledge above what are possessed by the average of the class he is now elevated to, he may in time prove his superiority to these competitors likewise; and thus go on, laboriously mounting up, step by step, to the highest situations in the country. But, as I said before, this course can be pursued successfully only by a very, very few; while the effect of knowledge upon the great mass of each class, as long as our nature remains the same, must be merely to shew them the impossibility of their rising in the scale. There is, in fact, no room in the classes above them for more than a few gifted individuals, whose example serves very well for the purpose of exciting emulation, but which it is impossible that many can hope to imitate.

The acquisition of knowledge in any class, generally, has the useful effect of preventing a great waste of time. For as long as it is composed of men but half informed, there will always be

some persons of their number who will mistake ingenuity for wisdom, and who, because they happen to strike out something new to themselves, fancy it must be new to all the world; and being ignorant of the principles of what they are concerned with, go running blindly on, with about as much sense as Don Quixote when he attacked the wind-mills, merely because they looked like giants. All their talents and their industry are misapplied, and their time is wasted, in the pursuit of objects which the knowledge they might have acquired at their leisure hours, in such an institution as this, would have shewn them to be unattainable. Not a day, perhaps not an hour, passes in London, in which ignorant persons do not bring forward some project to improve upon the steam-engine, by means of contrivances which have been demonstrated over and over again to be useless in practice. I have often had the unpleasant task of trying to convince such persons that they would consult their own interest far better by putting their models in the fire, and studying the elementary principles of the science they were grappling with. But I have generally had the mortification to observe, that they despised principles, and rather held those people cheap who consented to be so bound down by the laws of matter. I could name one experimenter, who boasted to me that he had succeeded in consequence of his ignorance of principles—"of those principles," said he, "by which Watt was prevented from reaching the point I have now attained." But what was the issue? The fame of our countryman, as a patient investigator of nature by slow and sure steps, remains where it was; while that of the innovator has sunk even below the station it is perhaps entitled to occupy.

Such misapplication of talents, and loss of time, or some part of them at least, would of course be saved, if the classes in which they occur were generally well informed as to what had been done before, and also had a sufficient dose of solid elementary knowledge to enable them to understand what they take in hand.

It is, as I conceive, the utmost that can be accomplished by a *Mechanics' Institution*; for would-be ingenious men, who dislike work, will always be found to mispend their time, and ruin themselves, by such fanciful specula-

tions as I have alluded to. But the evil will be diminished if the mass of persons with whom such men associate are moderately acquainted with the principles of science; or even, without that amount of knowledge, if they shall be acquainted, by means of books, with what has been previously done on the subject. I would, therefore, take the liberty of recommending you to draw to your library as many of those works as possible which give the result of experiments and the observations of thorough-bred scientific men upon them. These, together with an elementary course of knowledge,—such as Euclid, for example,—which almost every man who wishes to improve may find time for, cannot fail to add to the mental stock of your class, and to enable you to gain much time heretofore lost both to yourselves and the country.

There is yet another, and, as I conceive, a very important use of such knowledge as comes within the reach of this Institution,—I mean its effects on the taste, on the manners, and on the morals, of that portion of the community of which you form so important a part.

It is difficult to say to which class in society good manners are most useful. I believe, however, that they will be found equally valuable to all—to the low as well as to the high; and as, in a society constituted as ours is, no man can, or ought to be, altogether independent of his equals, his superiors, or his inferiors, so the forms which regulate his intercourse with these different persons become an important part of his duty. The nearer we are brought together, the more this holds true; and in domestic circles, where a due consideration for the feelings of one another is neglected in practice, whatever be the amount of their affection, there will never be any happiness. It is the same in larger communities; and no ties of interest will render people respectable, whose chief occupation is squabbling and calling names, or caballing about party matters.

The essence of politeness, as you well know, is the relinquishment of our own wishes for those of others,—to do to them as we should be pleased that they did to us. Good breeding, in short, is merely one of those innumerable branches of practical Chris-

tianity by which virtue is fed, and generous exertions are made effective.

It is true that, in the ordinary business of life, we are all dependent upon one another. But still we have no title arising out of our situation, be that what it may, to demand as a right the cordial sympathy and co-operation of our fellow-men; though we may place ourselves at all times, by our conduct and personal deportment, in such a situation as shall give us the best claim to these advantages; and nothing disposes men to us so heartily as good manners. By which, I mean an absence not only of presumption, but of all merely selfish recollections of our own wishes, in opposition to those of the persons with whom we have to act, whether they be above us, on the same level, or lower than ourselves.

To render such principles useful, however, supposing them to be sound, there must be more or less attention paid to the cultivation of the taste, in order that our thoughts and feelings may be raised above the considerations of mere commonplace work and the sordid pursuit of gain. There is no class in the community so low in which there is not room for much that is refined in some shape or another; and it is on this account chiefly, I think, that such lectures as you have heard this season from Dr. Lorimer are of real utility. They bring us together in good humour with one another, while the objects upon which they fix our thoughts are entirely removed from every thing mercenary; and even admitting that we forget nine-tenths of what we hear, the impressions which do remain are at least innocent, and certainly are most pleasing, associated as they are with meetings of so much cheerfulness and mutual cordiality as this to-night.

Without some feelings of this kind being cherished, in which nothing coarse or selfish is mixed, there can be no genuine good manners. Society may certainly rub on, and money be acquired as formerly. But there may be a far greater accession made to its happiness, and to its improvement, as I conceive, by the cultivation of refinements which tend to give the most pleasing and the most useful expression to virtuous sentiments, without taking in the smallest degree from that vigour of daily action which is necessary for the due performance of all the

coarser but indispensable class of our duties.

Such being my opinions upon this branch of the subject, I felt unwilling to give the Institution nothing but fair words on the occasion; and after taking some time to consider in what manner I could best advance these objects, have decided upon requesting you to accept a set of works, which are well calculated, as I think, to advance this

cause, since, while these volumes breathe nothing but what is good and great, they captivate the fancy, engage the attention to lasting good purpose, and cannot fail, by elevating the taste, to improve the heart, and thus, by a necessary consequence, to raise the standard of manners as well as of morals amongst all who read them. I need scarcely add, that I allude to the *Waverley Novels*.

POSTHUMOUS RENOWN.

"What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
For this men write, sin, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their midnight taper."

DON JUAN.

How few would regard being recorded in history,
Did they only reflect on how time and fame prostrate us
All to a level, by that or by this story,—
Homer's immortal, and so is Erostratus.

Though to place them together I can't but be loath,
Yet Cicero is no more immortal than Cataline;
And the line when we read which gives fame to them both,
We well may exclaim, with regret, "Alas! what a line!"

About Tarquin and Brutus fame makes the like fuss, 'tis
Well known that Xantippe's as famous as Socrates;
And the neck-stretching, leg-lobbing tyrant, Procrustes,
Lives as long as Aurelius the good:—what a mock'ry 'tis!

The fly-killing Emperor's recorded with Cæsar,
And the shield-murder'd traitress is known like Fabricius;
While Pompey and Lundy Foot—hero and sneezer—
Go down, hand in hand, with the glutton Apicius.

The name of Monteith's as familiar as Wallace's,
(To be sure one's accurs'd, while the other's is glorified);
So 'tis plain that a sure means of gaining fame malice is;
And many's the name which through it has been storified.

What boots it to gain as a patriot fame,
When rebellious heads history chooses to lodge it on?
Jack Cade and Wat Tyler have each got a name
Every bit as immortal as thine, Aristogiton.

But owing to printing and impudence now,
On the good and the bad fame alike (what a pity!) lays
Her hand, which, when once it encircles the brow,
Can make a stone cutter as great as Kraxit'les.

Aristotle's renowned because he was wise,
Alexander's another of fame's many progenies;
Yet Shaw the Life-guardsmen the latter outvies,
And the former that useless tuft-cynic Diogenes

A writer of farces is equal to Sophocles,
 (And many, now lost, liv'd like him in those *slippy* days);
 But fame such a stress upon high folk and low folk lays,
 That Poole's better known on our stage than Euripides.

'Tis strange men should all be so anxious to swim down
 The long stream of time, with a set of such *abble* as
 Thersites and Nero, and (I must put *him* down)
 That beast of all emperors, Heliogabalus.

To be joined with such heroes as Cocles and Xerxes,
 Were pleasant enough; but I cannot see any fun
 When "we apples" swim with some low knave, who jerks his
 Opprobrious name in the bright list with Xenophon.

There's Thurtell, the brainer, in whom not a few take a
 Far greater interest than in Cincinnatus,
 (*My* fav'rite, I own, after Cato of Utica),
 Who was made a dictator while digging potatoes.

The pickpocket Barrington's just as well known,
 And is he not likely to keep so, I pri'thee, as
 He who lost for thy eyes, Cleopatra, a throne,
 Or the Damon who offer'd to die for his Pythias?

Our children will all know as much about Thistlewood,
 As one out of twenty does now about Regulus,
 Who was sent down the hill in that deuced spik'd missile wood,
 (Poor fellow! I wish they had managed to peg you less!)

There's orator Hunt, just as fam'd in his way,
 (He's been silent of late, and I must say no less than he's)
 As the best of the many in Athens' bright day,—
 Oh! shame, to see Hunt alongside of Demosthenes!

Now there's Ude, who, because he has put off and on
 The kettle or pot, of a late royal Duke, lid,
 (He'll not "go to pot" for all that; the great Don)
 Is as certain of future distinction as Euclid.

As to Warren, Wright, Rowland, and that puffing crew,
 They're as Virgil in song, and in story Polybius;
 While to match Homer's boxers, and people who threw
 The discus, we've got Belcher, Spring, and old Cribb, by us

So motley the list is of those people who've in all
 Manner of ways grown as famous at this rate as
 Horace, Augustus, Mecænas, and Juvenal,
 Great Epaminondas, and odious Pisistratus.

To conclude — though a hundred more names might be shewn —
 And to close, like an epic, my song in a swelling tone,—
 Jack Snepherd and Marlborough are equally known,
 And Jonathan Wild's as immortal as Wellington.

A LEGEND OF MACALISTER MORE.

' Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,—
 How are they blotted from the things that be !

* * * * *

Yet live there still who can remember well
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
 And solitary heath, the signal knew ;
 And fast the faithful clan around him drew."

WALTER SCOTT.

I HAVE a frequent habit of concluding my daily ramble by a half-hour's saunter, towards the gloaming, in the churchyard. Independently of the mysterious feeling inspired by the contemplation of so many generations of human beings, once active and intelligent as ourselves, now lost in the dust around us, there is a romantic beauty in the situation of this lonely ruin which often drew my homeward steps aside. Its perfect solitude, the gloom of the pine-clad mountains and the dark lake they bound, fitted the fancy to dwell on those long-past times whose history the groups of swelling turf related. Crowds of martial shadows would seem to flit before me ; and the legends of their eventful days rose in long succession to my thoughts, as the twilight gradually darkened. A tale of tender melancholy seldom obtruded itself on my imagination as I gazed on the nameless graves—visions of war alone haunted me ; and the tramp of a martial step, or the clangour of sounds of death, would almost ring on my ear, as I conjured up in memory the stories of the clans. Tenderness hardly appears to me to be a characteristic of the Highlander. He possesses great delicacy both of manner and feeling ; but as far as I, a Southron, can judge either of the tales of their bards, or the turn of their poetry, their simple manners have kept them still far behind their Lowland neighbours in this particular refinement of sentiment. Women, too, play but a moderate part in the annals of their country.

I walked on one evening during these reflections to the further corner of the churchyard, and stopped before a low stone-wall which enclosed a portion of the burying-ground. It was strongly but roughly built, without cement, completely moss-grown, and along its top

ran a clumsy wooden paling, of apparently later erection. This rude enclosure was the burial-place of the Laird's family—this humble spot was the last asylum of their proud and ancient race—it might, in a moralising hour, seem in its decay to keep pace with the fortunes of its founders. Many a noble relic had taken his silent place there since the lowering clouds of destiny had settled over the house of MacAlister.

I remarked with some curiosity, close to the gate of this melancholy-looking cemetery, a grave of more than ordinary dimensions. At the head was placed a stone crucifix, nearly half-buried in the rising sod—at the foot a small gray stone, perfectly round, and very much indented, with more seeming regularity than could easily have been effected by the lapse of time ; and beside this stone a towering thistle flourished. My landlord, who has some turn for ancient learning, made me rather a mysterious answer to the questions I asked concerning it ; he seemed desirous to avoid the conversation ; and when my perseverance forced him to be more explicit, he drew his chair closer to the fire, raised the logs to make a brighter blaze, and, throwing a cautious glance around the kitchen, commenced his story in a lower tone.

That grave, he told me, was the grave of Duncan Roy, the boldest man that ever yet the Highlands boasted of, bold and bad—the greatest of his day, and the sworn foe to the house of MacAlister. Through his life he had pursued his mighty adversaries with unextinguishable hatred ; and at his death (here my landlord cast a fearful meaning look at his wife)—he was buried at the threshold of their tomb, to remind them

in calmer times of one who had wrought them so much evil. They dared not remove his body—they dared not touch the holy crucifix erected on his grave! 'Twas said a warning voice had forbid the sacrilege.

Dark times, long since past, had rolled over the feuds of the families; but still the legends of old lived in the memory of succeeding generations, and a fearful connexion betwixt the house of MacAlister and the grave of Duncan Roy exists to this hour among its followers. So long as the soil which covers his fatal remains continues green above him, so long, said my landlord, using in his eagerness the Gaelic word which means something more ruthless than a conqueror,—so long must the clan of his destroyer flourish; but woe to the sacrilegious hand that should strike at his ever-blooming thistle!—and let the MacAlisters tremble if ever the round stone against which he rests his feet be stolen from him!—"It is strange," said my landlord, "but those are yet living that can say it's true—it is strange that that grave to this day rises against any evil to the family. The night before the lady went," continued he, in a scarcely audible whisper, "it was *seen*," said he with emphasis, "to heave like the billows of the ocean, as if the body would have burst the ground to laugh at the dole war coming on its enemy; and the stone," pursued he, warmed by his subject, and forgetting in his eagerness his former caution,— "the honest man is living yet who swore to me his own eyes saw it, that on the day Miss MacAlister and her young cousin were to be trysted, the stone was away—the hole it left the man put his hand in, full of worms and snails and yellow withered grass—it's Allan's widow's father—I know the man—himself told me; but who took it off, and who brought it back, it is not for us to inquire." And my landlord concluded his tale in a voice of fearful solemnity.*

There was a long pause, for the story had impressed the whole family with the superstitious awe its mystery excited. I cannot say I was myself quite free from the sort of breathlessness with which one listens to the wild belief of ages; but the hint at the conclusion had caused a keener feeling—"Miss MacAlister trysted to her cousin?"

"No—she was *not* trysted," replied the landlord a little hastily.

His wife gave a short cough, and pushed her youngest boy something farther from the fire.

"Which cousin?" said I; "young Mr. Patrick's father?"

"His elder brother," replied the landlord quietly—"the *heir*." He pronounced the magic word with dignity.

"And," continued I, impatiently, "what—why—how did it never happen?"

My landlord's memory suddenly forsook him. I saw it would be ill manners to press the subject, so I was forced to turn again to Duncan Roy; but the chain for that night was broken—we had both lost the spirit of the theme, and from some accident it was not afterwards renewed between us. Not till the filling of my friend the minister's second tumbler, on the last day of my visit to his manse, did I gain a true knowledge of the history of Duncan Roy.

In times too remote to allow of any question as to their character, two powerful rivals disturbed the tranquillity of the Highlands. MacAlister More—for all legends of his race refer to him as their hero—was the only child of his parents. He was bred with all the care his quality demanded, and with more than the ordinary tenderness of his times. A close connexion subsisted then betwixt his family and the Barons of Wevys, whose fame, great in the annals of their day, is now one of the dreams of history. The Baron of Wevys had two sons: the elder gentle, gay, and beautiful,—the younger imperious, subtle, and of very inferior personal attractions; he was large, clumsy, raw-boned, and hard-featured, and surnamed, from a frightful peculiarity and the colour of his hair and complexion, "Duncan Roy tda reugh cachghlin;" the literal translation of which is, "Red Duncan of the two rows of teeth." Nature had furnished his otherwise unprepossessing countenance with a complete double set of large back teeth; both jaws were equally encumbered; and the size of the formidable mouth which held this hideous assemblage was proportioned to the ornament it contained. It was hardly to be supposed that in his early years Duncan of the Double Teeth could expect to share equally with his brother and his still handsomer friend the smiles of beauty: yet it is believed his pretensions were not the less arro-

'gant for this deformity; and to the disappointment of his youthful pride was traced those dreadful feuds between the families which ceased but with the life of one of the rivals.

The young Master of Wevys married. Wedding festivities then were quite unlike the mysterious privacy of such events in our day—they lasted weeks, in the eyes of all the kindred; and the hospitalities of the two contracting houses were unlimited. Far or near, every connexion on either side was invited to the festival; and many a future bride had cause to bless the gay liberty of a meeting which gained her the heart of the bridegroom's friend. MacAlister More was the only hope of his people—it was of instant consequence that he should marry early; the choice of his companion had brought this necessity before him, and during the merry scenes of the master's bridal he made his selection. The bride had a lovely sister, young and fair, and blythe as a summer morning, brought into notice for the first time on this occasion. MacAlister More wooed and won her; but of course she had another suitor—Duncan Roy. There was little struggle between them—the handsome heir of MacAlister had little to fear from the present pretensions of a younger brother, rude and ungainly; but his after-resentment was of very different consequence—it was unceasing, implacable, and pursued him through weal and woe to the brink of his fearful grave—ay, and beyond it. For some years his smothered hate could work but casual evil to his prosperous rival; but the day came when his revengeful passions could be indulged without control—the changes of life altered their relative situations—MacAlister More became the chief of his people, and Duncan Roy was, upon his brother's death, chosen tutor to his orphan son.

Now did the feuds of these rival heroes ripen. Long was the strife—unequal the fortunes of their never-ending hate; battle after battle was waged keenly between them—victories were doubtful, success was disputed, rancour continued. MacAlister More was the chief of a small but gallant clan, too circumscribed in territory to excite jealousy either from their possessions or their numbers; but their valour, and a certain degree of honesty in their transactions, had given them an influence in the rude Highlands,

they were otherwise hardly entitled to assume. MacAlister found them great, and left them greater, and this in spite of his deadly striving with the formidable Duncan Roy. The Barons of Wevys were a branch of one of the greatest families that Scotland ever boasted of, and the strength of their connexion made their power over the fortunes of their neighbours for many ages almost unlimited. They were beginning, in their pride, to withdraw themselves from all clannish dependence, and, trusting to themselves alone, had assumed a rank in their country scarcely inferior to the noble chief from whom they sprung. Under the haughty reign of Duncan Roy the arrogance of his race was fully fostered; and meeting with no domestic check to his ambitious daring, he despised all foreign efforts to reduce his pride. His nephew grew up to man's estate without discovering any symptoms of manhood in his character; the clan would never have acknowledged him, undirected, as their head. There was one instance in their annals, of a former baron, equally insignificant, having suddenly disappeared from among them; and the wisdom of their present lord was just sufficiently developed to make him lean with the utmost resignation on the counsels of his uncle.

The Tutor of Wevys had never married. More than once he had threatened MacAlister, that to him he should look for his bride; but the charms of MacAlister's lovely lady were fading, and the stern chief had long laughed in scorn at the boasts of his foe.

It was the custom in the Highlands for the large herds of black cattle, on which the wealth of the country principally depended, to be sent regularly from the plains to summer among the rich green glens of the mountains. The whole family usually accompanied them, carrying only such common necessities as were indispensable. A baltie was their residence—a long, low hut of turf, containing generally but two apartments, into which laird, lady, children, and servants, packed with little ceremony. The ladies, who lived in great seclusion in their more splendid homes, particularly liked these hill excursions, when they cheerfully amused themselves with all the rural occupations of their times; and 'tis said they watched the closing week of these days of liberty with regret. They seem,

in general, to have mixed little in company. They seldom went from home, and they did not often grace their husbands' banquets. The great hall was the only public apartment; and as the revels it witnessed constantly continued without interruption for days, the ladies could not be supposed to appear there frequently; it was not, therefore, surprising that they longed to exchange the dull employments of their more stately apartments, and the routine of their household management, for the merry bustle of mountain freedom.

These excursions seldom took place till after the Lammas flood rains, which, in compliment to St. Swithin, seldom attempt in the Highlands to cheat him of one of his forty days. One beautiful autumn, MacAlister More carried his family, as usual, to the hill; and having settled them there, he collected the briskest of his attendants, and set forward himself on a hunting expedition which was to last some days. The lady, her daughter, and their maids, with one or two elderly men left in charge of the herds, and a crew of boys, inseparable from every Highland establishment, continued alone at the bothie. In those primitive ages, the Highland ladies, like the ancient Grecian dames, held themselves superior to none of the domestic employments of their homes; it was very common for them, on these hill excursions, to superintend the yearly washing of the family linen, which the pure air of these elevated regions, or the virtue of some particular spring, was thought to bleach with peculiar perfection. The lady of MacAlister seized the occasion of his hunting expedition to employ her maidens in this long-delayed labour. A piece of turf near the burn-side was soon lifted, a small hollow scooped underneath the spot where it had lain, and a large kettle hung on the poles which had been rudely fastened together to support it. The crew of boys collected the fuel and fed the fire; and the numerous damsels, whom the due state of their lady required ever to hang about her, were quickly employed in the merry service of the day.

The lady had chosen for the scene of her occupation a bit of green turf, above which towered the rocks that closed the glen. A noisy cataract dashed down the steepest precipice, and rushed on past the bothie to plunge into the lake which filled the rest of the valley.

Along the banks of this wild burn the groups of cheerful girls were scattered; some bending over the cogues in which they wrung their linen—some tramping with noisy glee in larger tubs beside them—some in the very middle of the burn, dashing the water upon the long line of snow-white napery, amongst which the lady herself was walking, her stately step and dignified demeanour contrasting with the quick and active motions of the train by which she was surrounded. The night was coming on, and the herds, that had been scattered throughout the day upon the sides of the mountains, were beginning slowly to gather towards the best descent.

MacAlister's only daughter, his only child, was standing aloof from her mother near the margin of the lake, watching, with unusual seriousness, the close of evening. She wandered till she reached a high rock, advancing so far into the water as to form a little bay, where her father's fishing-boat could lie secure in every wind. She stopped when she reached it, and turned to look at the groups still busy by the side of the burn. Just at this moment a loud shriek burst from the rocky mountain at the head of the glen, which echoing round and round from every hollow, rung through the valley. Another scream succeeded, and the herds, as if impelled by sudden fear, came pelting down the steep slopes of the hills in hurried disorder.

The lady and her maids stared round them in breathless wonder. It was the voice of the trusty bowman. He shouted again, and the report of the small carbine he carried in virtue of his office as protector of the herd peeled round the closing hills. The lady raised her eyes, and, looking up, beheld him leaning in an attitude of despair over the summit of the precipice; the white foam of the cataract sprinkled his garments, and the noise of its waters prevented the few words he wildly uttered from being distinguished in the vale below. The lady's blood ran cold within her—she sunk upon her knees by the burn-side, and fixed a look of horror on the adventurous bowman; he had thrown himself from the rock, and hanging, like some devoted being, against its side, with no support but the grasp his hands had taken of the point above, he searched with his feet in vain for some small step to rest his weight on.

He hung a minute more, when, slackening his feeble hold, he fell heavily upon a patch of mossy bog at the foot of the fearful craig, which goes to this day by the name of the Bowman's Leap. He lay for a moment motionless; then rising at a bound, he continued with an air of desperation his difficult descent, leaping from rock to rock over chasms which in calmer moments a younger and more active man than he might have shuddered at. He darted down the rough ground with the speed of the flying wild deer; and springing at length with frantic precipitation from the last stone that checked his way, he dropped on the green sward almost exhausted.

His fall was greeted by a loud, insulting shout from the water. There already, near the middle of the lake, glided securely away the little boat. Two unwearied rowers speeded its flight; and standing immediately before them, his cap waving scornfully in his hand, and MacAlister's only daughter lying senseless in his arms, was the stout martial figure of Duncan Roy. With a laugh that made every echo of the wild glen tremble, he shouted the fearful war-cry of his clan; and while the thrilling "Follow me!" yelled through every corner of the hills, the boat seemed to leap on the waters that bore it away.

Pursuit was hopeless; yet the three aged men and the little crew of boys attempted it, while the helpless lady and her maids ran to and fro upon the rocky margin of the lake in perfect agony. The audacious victors suddenly struck up one of the wild boat-songs of their country, keeping time in insulting chorus to their oars; but gradually their measured strains died away, the proud form of Duncan Roy grew indistinct as they watched him, and the boat he had so dearly freighted became a mere speck on the distant waters.

MacAlister's daughter recovered from her swoon of fear before she had quite reached the opposite shore. There another scene of dread awaited her. The Tutor of Wevys had long been preparing for this bold attempt; it was one of his settled plans of revenge, and he had not entered upon it carelessly. At the further end of the loch a chosen band of his adherents awaited him, leading several of the little spirited ponies of their country. On one did the ferocious Tutor place, with all the gallantry

of his nature, his trembling prisoner; and comforting her in the gentlest tone he could subdue his haughty voice to speak in, he seized himself the bridle, and directing at once the disposal of his troop, he gave the brisk time of their march, by beginning, with all the spirit of his race, the heart-stirring air of "Come away with me, lady!"

The party tramped loudly on over the stony paths of the corrays and the wide heaths that succeeded them, till they reached a ford on the rapid river that bounded the plains of the property of MacAlister. They stopped before they prepared to pass it; and prying round them through the gloom, checked their progress for a few short moments, then gathering firmly, at a word they silently plunged into the current. The moon, which had hitherto been concealed by the clouds of a lowering sky, now burst from behind the distant mountains, as if to afford the unfortunate young lady a last view of the home of her childhood. She had hitherto pursued her way in silence, hardly replying to the occasional gallantries of her guide; but now, when every hope of redress seemed fled, unable longer to control her griefs, she gave loose to her tears, and leaning forward on the shoulder of her conductor she uttered a few words of gentle entreaty, which were afterwards wove into a pathetic Gaelic song by the bard of her family, known as "the Lady's supplication to Duncan Roy." The sweet tones of her voice, and the tender, confiding manner she assumed towards him, seemed to make some impression on the stern temper of the Tutor. He turned and looked on her, and gazed on her pale features as they escaped from the drapery of the scarlet plaid she had thrown over her jet-black hair. He paused for a moment only, then slowly shaking his head, he began to sing one of the enchanting melodies of his peculiar country, giving a pathos to the recurring chorus, "Horo Mhairi Dhu!" "My Mary, turn to me!" very little suitable to the character for ferocity which he bore. The change in the style of his gallantry did not escape the beautiful Mhairi; but, alas! she felt, it rendered her condition more hopeless. She performed the rest of her journey in resigned despair; and the historians of her day relate, not without a comment, that when she reached the castle of the Lord of

Wevys, she gave her hand, young and lovely as she was, without apparent struggle, to his uncle.

It would be vain to try to describe the ungovernable rage of MacAlister. Revenge,—speedy, direful, dreadful,—was his only occupation. Furious from hate and passion, he drove on his preparations; and not trusting alone to his private injuries, he espoused, in addition to his particular resentments, the wrongs of the young Baron of Wevys, his lady's nephew, whom he asserted to be the innocent victim of his uncle's ambition. The justice of his cause gained him powerful assistance; but not content with this, and determined that no heiress should increase the pride of Duncan Roy, he instantly entailed the succession to his property on the male line only, cutting off, with the unanimous consent of his people, his daughter and all her descendants. To prove himself in earnest, he adopted his nearest of kin that moment into his family, acknowledged him as his heir, and treated him thenceforward as his son.

The Tutor of Wevys awaited with fortitude the coming storm, and he bore the news of his lady's loss with a smile of contemptuous anger. His revenge was not the less successful that it had forced MacAlister to such a step against his only child. One piece of fortune, too, was in reserve for him—his nephew lied. How this obstruction to the Tutor's schemes came to be thus suddenly removed at so critical a point of his affairs, the legends of the house of Wevys have not informed posterity; but they tell that Duncan Roy made a kind husband to the beautiful Mhairi, and, as there was no rival to dispute her state, 'twas said that, even in the young lord's lifetime, MacAlister's daughter ceased after a while to regret the less dignified home she had quitted.

Just at this eventful period, the national troubles, which had so deeply agitated the southern parts of the kingdom, began to make their way into the Highlands; and as the strife between the unfortunate King Charles and his people heightened, the private animosities this contention fostered blazed forth with a fury that quickly desolated their unhappy country. The Tutor of Wevys and MacAlister More of course took opposite sides. Duncan Roy was one of those who most fearlessly aided a sinking cause, rallying again and

again by the side of many an heroic leader. But with the failure of the Duke of Hamilton's enterprise the loyal party seemed to expire; the execution of the King and the flight of the Prince of Wales damped the energies of the most daring. The bright and dazzling day of Montrose's successful valour could not arouse them; and Duncan Roy saw himself a houseless, landless, and proscribed fugitive. A price was set upon his head; his lands were forfeited, and given, as the only means of ensuring the execution of the sentence, to his vindictive enemy MacAlister More.

MacAlister instantly proceeded to take rigorous possession of his new property; but its lord escaped his vengeance. He was said to have transported himself beyond seas, and to have joined his wandering sovereign abroad; though there were many who believed he still lingered in some secure retreat among his own mountains.

The lady of Wevys had been allowed to remain in her husband's castle; and there, after a separation of so many years, did she receive her father. She entertained him with the respect that was due to him; but she obtruded herself rarely into his presence. She was occupied, as was the custom of her times, in the domestic arrangements of her family. It was whispered among a few of her servants, that more provisions were prepared than ever quite appeared upon the strangers' tables; and 'twas thought, too, that she often looked wearied at the morning's meal; and two of her most favoured maids were sometimes observed skulking out towards the gloaming: but these suspicions never reached the ears of MacAlister, nor did one of the faithful followers of her house breathe them till calmer times.

MacAlister More speedily retired to his paternal inheritance, carrying his daughter along with him. He treated her as a sort of state prisoner; and 'twas said she drooped and pined away from the day of her forced return to her father's home.

Things went on pretty quietly with MacAlister More and his new followers, till it came to the time of drawing his first rents. One and all refused to pay them; and MacAlister was preparing more violent means to enforce obedience, when his easily-kindled rage was provoked to the height by a secret

message from Glen-Wevys. Duncan Roy was known to be there concealed. Uncertain how far his rival's influence might have spread, and extremely suspicious of the sentiments of his new vassals, MacAlister, determined on his destruction, applied for the assistance of government. A troop of dragoons was despatched to relieve him; and with these, to the horror of the Highlanders, he marched, to crush at once every symptom of rebellion.

Duncan Roy had never left his country: he had been faithfully secreted in a cave a short distance from his castle, where, during the whole time of MacAlister's residence, he had been visited constantly by his lady and a few confidential attendants, who had regularly supplied him with food. He had intended, when the first heat of pursuit was over, to try to escape to France; but, for this purpose it was necessary to obtain such funds as would enable him to cross the seas with decency. As soon as MacAlister and his followers had retired, he ventured cautiously from his hiding-place; and finding his party stronger than his ill fortunes at first made him look for, he took up his temporary abode in a hut at the foot of a steep mountain, in a retired corner of his property, whence he could easily escape, by a hill-path not generally known, to the ocean. In the dead of the night, before the dawn which was to witness his departure, his adherents were secretly assembled in this small cottage, to renew their oaths of allegiance, to receive fresh tacks of their farms, and to pay him their last year's rents they had refused to the call of MacAlister. They were sitting sadly together, hurrying over their business with the stealthy eagerness of fear, when they were alarmed by a hasty step, and a rap against the door of the cottage. It could be no foe who moved so secretly; but, to guard against surprise, the party ranged themselves round their lord; and the constant companion of all his fortunes, — his second in every victory, his follower in every difficulty, the handsomest of his race, and the hero of his clan, — the young and gallant Callum-a-Glinne, Malcolm o' the Glen, rushed towards the guarded door. He opened it hastily; and the breathless messenger almost dropt into his arms. "The dragoons!" was all that he had strength to utter — all that there was time to

hear; for, amidst the stillness of night, and the trembling silence of the Baron's vassals, there came sweeping through the air the fast approaching tramp of the troop at full gallop. Callum-a-Glinne and the Lord of Wevys rushed from the cottage. Hardly had they turned the projecting corner, when the clash of rattling arms rang through the gloom of night, and the stern "Halt!" of the English officer thrilled on every ear. The dragoons instantly dismounted; and entering the cottage, seized the whole party it contained. Duncan Roy was not among them; and the troopers, little accustomed to Highland warfare, and satisfied with their close examination, would have at once retreated; but by the side of their commanding officer rode MacAlister More. Sure of his intelligence, and, from the consternation of the party and the persons of whom it was composed, almost certain of his prey, he was in no mood to relinquish his hopes of vengeance. Turning towards the craggy hill at the foot of which they stood, he briefly explained the possibility of flight in that direction. The officer looked up at the precipice with incredulity, and the troopers clustered together, without expecting orders to advance.

The gray dawn was now breaking. MacAlister, laying his heavy hand on the arm of the officer, pointed to a rock not high above them, and shewed him two moving figures creeping noiselessly along its edge. MacAlister More sprang forward, and bounding up the nearest ascent, leapt towards his enemy. Strong, firm, and active, though his dimensions were gigantic, and he was past the middle age, he gained apace upon his flying foe, who, large, thick-set, and heavy, and furious at the necessity which urged him to flight who never yet had failed to face his danger, made slower progress towards the summit. He fled, but with a tardy step; and MacAlister pursued with the fury of long-delayed vengeance. The heavy step of Duncan Roy lagged on the uneasy ground, and the springing course of MacAlister had brought him almost to his side. One rugged craig was alone between them. Duncan Roy had gained its top; and MacAlister had laid his hand upon the fragment which he meant should support his well-aimed bound. Duncan Roy stooped, and, turning round, stood resolutely upon the edge of the precipice. He

half-unsheathed his ponderous broadsword; and, fixing his eyes with the glare of a savage on his enemy, he grinned horribly through the double rows of teeth with which nature had so fearfully armed him. The dragoons were still far below, placing their reluctant footsteps on the rocky ascent. There was time for a mortal struggle; but as they darted towards each other, Callum-a-Glinne rushed before them, and crying aloud to his lord to flee, he sprung fearlessly upon the point of rock on which MacAlister in vain attempted to secure a footing. Favoured by his situation, he checked every movement of the desperate chieftain, up or down, here or there, at every turn he presented his matchless sword-arm. Foiled in every effort, MacAlister More gnashed his teeth in sullen rage; and collecting his utmost strength for one last determined struggle, he rushed forwards. The dragoons had now nearly reached the spot, and the faithful Highlander saw himself upon the point of being overwhelmed by numbers. In this extremity, he seized a moment which the unguarded madness of MacAlister presented, and letting fall a heavy blow with the back of his broadsword, he hurled him senseless from his insecure position. The soldiers darted onward with a hideous clamour: they surrounded the rock on which the young hero stood, and assaulted him at once on every side; but Callum-a-Glinne despised their numbers. It was not for his own life he fought. Placing his back against a higher tier, which, unhappily, reached only to his shoulders, he dealt about him with the energy despair alone can give. For long he kept the whole dragoons at bay; when, alas! as he was raising his claymore to strike a more than ordinarily adventurous soldier, the weapon fell from his nerveless hand, his head rolled down the mountain side, and his body dropt prostrate on the narrow shelf—the scene of his heroic bravery. A dragoon had, unperceived, stolen along round up the rock, and creeping till he got immediately behind the point he stood on, severed at one stroke of his sabre his head from his shoulders.

His grave, or rather the cairn of stones which his countrymen gathered on his remains, is visited to this day with respect.

But the murder of the gallant Malcolm came too late. Duncan Roy got

clear away; and MacAlister More, on recovering from his trance, saw that pursuit was needless.

Years passed away, and nothing was heard of the fate of the Lord of Wevys. How he fled, or where he wandered, never, even in a whisper, reached the glen of the MacAlisters. His lady and his pretty boy never returned to his property, and his vassals were obliged reluctantly to submit, without reserve, to their conqueror. One stormy winter's night, MacAlister got news from a hasty messenger, which entirely disturbed his temper. He told none the cause of his disorder, nor did he change in aught the disposition of his household; but he barred with his own hands the door of his daughter's chamber before he retired to rest. Did he rest? His lady, on the following day, appeared fixed with horror; MacAlister himself was wild and uneasy; and the mysterious looks of his two most trusted followers, his heir and his henchman, told of some fearful deed.

At the entrance to the family burying-ground, in the churchyard, there lay a new-made grave; and traces of blood, and marks of long and mortal struggle, were seen in a little woody dell, not many paces from the castle. Three times, by order of MacAlister, was that new-made grave burst open; and three times, in defiance of the dread and horror of his deed, was the plaid-bound corpse it enclosed hurled from its place of rest. It was thrown on the bare heath—it was laid in the bloody dell—it was sunk in the gloomy lake; but the heath—the dell—the water, were alike treacherous to MacAlister. The grave would not remain untenanted; and MacAlister, after his third attempt, dared not dispute with fate: but, to his dying day, he frowned when he passed that grave.

He never prospered more. His daughter, who, till then, had been, since her restoration to him, gentle and dutiful, altered her carriage from that hour. She never saw him again; and she retired to a small tower in an unfrequented corner of the glen, still called the Lady's Tower, where she lived a few sad years in extreme seclusion; and she followed her pretty boy to the tomb he early sunk into, long years before her stern father's raven locks grew gray. Her story has been the constant theme of all the bards of her country. There is scarcely an

event of her own or her husband's life which has not been commemorated by the Gaelic poets. The MacAlisters, however, do not like to allude to her

history; and it would have been very imperfectly known to me, had I not had the good fortune to gain the confidence of my friend the minister.

THE FALLEN CHIEF.

Translated from the Arabic of Taabbata Sharran, a Poet, who flourished shortly before the Time of Mohammed.

At the foot of the rock in the vale,
Slaughter'd he lies;
But his blood
Sinks not unavenged.

With a burthen he charged me,
And died;
And, faithful to him,
This burthen I bear.

My revenge is bequeath'd
To my sister's son,
The warrior bold,
Whose belt was never unbound.

From his pores oozeth poison —
His silence, the otter's;
And his breath, like the viper's,
Venom exhales.

Heavy the news was that reach'd us,
And hard;
So that the hardest
It softened with sorrow!

Fate has ruthlessly robbed
Of the friend,
Whose stranger-guest
Never was injured.

Sun-warmth was he
In the wintry days,
Till Sirius raged —
Then, shade and cooling!

Spare was his frame,
But not from hunger;
Active, self-trusting,
His hands overstreaming.

His purpose pursuing,
Till that it rested;
Where rested his purpose,
There rested he.

A rich-pouring spring-rain
Was he when he gave ;
But in his onslaught
A terrible fton !

At home 'mong his tribe,
His dark locks hung loosely,
And a loose garment clothed him ,
But when he went forth — a hungry wolf !

In him were two savours,
Honey and wormwood ;
Either of these
Every one tasted.

He went forth to danger,
And met it alone,
Unattended by all,
Save the notched sword of Yemen.

Youths set out at morn,
And, journeying onward,
All night, they ne'er rested
Till morning dawned.

Each was a traveller,
Girt with a traveller,
Which, from its scabbard plucked,
Flashed like the lightning !

The foemen there sipp'd
The spirits of sleep,
They were nodding their heads as we smote them—
And they were no more !

*We glutted our vengeance,
Two tribes there were there ;
And of these but the fewest
Escap'd from the carnage.

And what if that Hudseil*
Have broken his spear ?
It was not till *he*
Hudseil's spear had oft broken.

Not till *he* had oft stretched
Their tribe on a bed,
Rough, so that camel-hoofs
Thereby were shatter'd.

Not till *he* had oft haled
Them at morn, in their tents,
Where, after the strife,
His were booty and spoil.

Hudseil is scourged
By me the untamed,
Whom Fate makes not tremble
Till she herself trembles.

* The name of the enemy's tribe.

Who to drink lead the lances
Till quench'd is their thirst,
And then is the second draught
Granted them freely.

Now wine is allow'd once more,
It was abjured;
But through battle's toil
It now is allow'd again.

The swords, and the lances, and steeds,
All joined,
To win the glad boon, and now
A joy is over all.

Then reach me the goblet,
O Sawad-ben-Amru!
For my body is sick,
Since the fall of my friend.

To Hudseil we held
The beaker of Death,
Whose working is shame,
And weakness, and scorn.

The hyenas they laughed
At the Hudseilites slain,
And the wolves glared upon them
With glistening eyes:

And proud vultures hover'd
Down to the Dead,
And flitted from carcass to carcass,
And could not soar again.

ON POETICAL GENIUS,

CONSIDERED AS A CREATIVE POWER.

GENIUS is the standard of the human intellect, and by which alone the operations of the mind can be accurately determined. The productions of genius are the only criteria whence they can be properly judged: there they are discovered in their excellence and consummation, to the inquiry of the philosopher. It follows, then, that in reasoning of the powers and the faculties of the mind of man, genius and its works constitute the legitimate head and spring of demonstration and argument. But perhaps genius itself is only competent to the task. Be it so. Were this sentiment, however, to be adopted in its full extent, as it would be extreme vanity in any individual to assume to himself the given qualification and character, no matter of great moment would be undertaken, and the sublimer efforts of mind must be fatally

discouraged. Singularity would be the height of presumption, and no one could pretend to be original; and by this the world would infallibly lose much. Many a discovery, many an invention, is indebted to a good guess. Singular opinions, if they do nothing more, produce scintillations of original thought, which by any other collision had never been emitted;—and this is something; not a matter of the most indifferent importance, but an object worthy of prosecution and regard. 'Tis a step to knowledge; and "Fancy, ever the mother of deep Truth," may nurture her well even at the breast of Fiction.

But some will deny the possibility of an original idea. To them, the mere assumption will be ridiculous. Locke affirms, that "all those sublime thoughts which tower above the clouds, and

reach as high as heaven itself, — in all that great extent wherein the mind wanders in those remote speculations it may seem to be elevated with, it stirs not one jot beyond those ideas which sense or reflection have offered for its contemplation.” We shall, nevertheless, contend for the *creative* faculty of genius in its literal signification, and assert its power of creation in the most extended sense; not only in the combination of ideas, but ideas themselves, primarily and undervived, as its own absolute and independent production. “Ideas are things,” says Berkeley. But we profess not metaphysics. If we did, and his position be correct, the creation we claim for genius is absolute indeed.

Go back to the origin of things. — When the Deity made man, he made him in his own image; he gave him a portion of his spirit. Acknowledge this, and we desire no further concession in behalf of the following theory. We anticipate no long-continued resistance from the immaterialist: it is for the materialist that we have adopted the argument by material analogy, that we have compared the moral with the natural world. For the immaterialist, we deem it sufficient that he admit man, spiritually, to be his Maker's image—that his soul is a spark of that effulgence which He is; and, if so, it must possess all the attributes of the fire whence it came—every thing but its self-existent power and power of self-existence—inferior only in degree, because but a part of it; for a part is less than the whole. The spirit of man is a portion of the Spirit of God, and genius is His gift; no creature of education, but a “vital spark of heavenly flame.”

We will enter into the discussion of the subject at once, with the beautiful exclamation of Aken-side:

“Mind—mind alone! bear witness,
Heaven and Earth!

The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime!”

Aken-side's “Pleasures of Imagination” are full of instances like the one we have quoted; but the poem is built on the old foundation—on the old theory. These instances are merely like flashes from heaven, that gild and adorn the superstructure; yea, shed a light around what would otherwise be in darkness—a glorious light, yet not a perfect nor a steady one—one that gives us glimpses of a mighty mystery,

but not entirely reveals it. In enlarging and correcting his poem, Aken-side transfers this faculty of the human to the Divine mind—

“He, God most high! bear witness,
Heaven and Earth!

The living fountain in itself contains
“Of beauteous and sublime!”

In the course of this disquisition, we shall endeavour to prove, that the human, like the Divine mind, doth possess this living fountain—a creative power in itself to produce the sublime, the beautiful, and the new! That the mind of man, the image of his Maker, even in this, is not dissimilar, but assumes to itself a portion of His plastic attribute;—that the soul, an emanation of the Divine essence, feels and exerts this divine power, which broods, dove-like, on the inward world of man, “and makes it pregnant.” Well did the poet say, “From heaven descends the flame of genius to the chosen breast;” well did he call on heaven and earth to bear witness to its power; and Fancy well shews herself to be “the mother of deep truth,” when she described genius like a winged child, with a flame above its head. That flame is ever burning, ever pointing to its origin;—those wings are ever spread, ever ready to soar, or to gather the soul under their plumage—a celestial incubation, though cradled in the human mind.

Before we advance further in the subject of this essay, let us pause a little space. It is requisite, in arguments of this kind, first to distinguish our ideas and analyse our notions, and afterwards to keep them within the prescribed limits without change, “for ever separate, though for ever near.”

What is genius? Dr. Johnson defines it thus: “A mind of large general powers, accidentally determined by some particular direction.” This position has been well combated by D'Israeli, in his *Literary Character*. Seneca says, and, after him, Montaigne, that equality is the soul of equity; and it is so. We are all the same in the first principles of our conformation; but circumstance, “that inspiritual god,” whose tyranny commences even before our birth, enlarges and contracts, developes and destroys. Education does much, and habit more. So far, and no farther. Nature vindicates, without justifying, her universal justice in every diversity of body and

of mind. As one body is weak, and another strong, so it is with different minds: there are gradations and characters in each. There is an idiosyncrasy of mind as well as of body; and, as D'Israeli well observes, "if Locke or Newton had attempted, and persisted in the attempt, as some have, unluckily for themselves, to prevail in poetry, we should have lost two great philosophers, and obtained two super-numerary poets."

Genius is an abstract term, and formed, as all abstract terms have been, from individual appellations. Certain individuals discover a genius or aptitude for certain particular attainments, and which, in many instances, develops itself to a predominant character of intellectual power. Hence the term genius was adopted to express this aptitude in general, always implying the successful and predominant development. Dr. Johnson forgot the process by which we arrive at general terms, when he constructed his definition. Had he recollected this process, he would not have confounded the terms "mind" and "genius," and would have reversed the definition thus—"a determination in some particular direction, accidentally developed, by a mind of large general powers." But how the mind of Johnson dilated and expanded, when, in the "Life of Pope," he describes the power of genius, and swells once more into that Ionian freedom and nobility of speech which marches to such sublime music, in that magnificent passage where, forsaking for a moment his jealous prejudices, he walks abroad in his soul's strength, to grasp the master-mind of Gray, and point out to the world the predisposition and secret propensity of his ambitious genius! In the "Life of Pope," he describes "genius as that power which constitutes a poet; that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates."

Common sense would say, that genius is what a man is born with; and perhaps, after all, we shall not improve the definition by explaining and amplifying it. We shall, however, define it thus: "That germ of native aptitude, born with, and borne in, the constitutional disposition of the human mind, which develops itself to a predom-

inant character of intellectual power, breaks forth in the temper, moulds the habit, and is connatural and connate with the individual." This gift of Heaven—this incommunicable faculty—this preternatural conformation, indeed, of the faculties of the soul, hath ingenious and presumptuous sophistry endeavoured to create by accident, and originate by education,—influences that partake in its developement, and are themselves the creatures of the mind of man. It has appropriated to itself all the gifts of Heaven, and claimed the power of exerting whatever talent it elects to acquire. The phenomena of genius it has resolved into mere outward circumstance, forgetting that circumstance, though it may contract or enlarge, can never produce; and, with Promethean audacity, deemed, by adopting the same means, to create the same aptitude: but its professors soon feel that they still want the spark of animation—that divine energy which pervades and exalts the inert materials of art, and gives life to its slumbering elements; and which, if they attempt to possess by dishonest violence, the vulture and the rock are but feeble emblems of their vexation and dismay! The same sophistry which would thus deprive genius of its original and un-derived existence, would also deny to it its power of creation. Nothing is more common than to speak of its creative power. Appeal to Philosophy, and she denies the fact; and metaphysicians define it all away into sensation and reflection, perception and combination. With them, the sentient is all—the spiritual nature of man, nothing. They profess to treat of his mind, and they confound it with the corporeal: they cannot conceive it abstracted from matter, and removed from sense. With them, all ideas are derived, and fancy and imagination phlegmatic imitators, or, at best, but quick collectors and appropriators of the goods of others, the treasures of antiquity, the knowledge of the world: they communicate nothing, but derive all. According to them, the sublime and eloquent Barry mistook the operations of his own mind and the nature of art, when he vehemently broke forth, "Go home from the academy, light up your lamps, and exercise yourselves in the creative part of your art, with Homer, with Livy, and all the great characters, ancient and mo-

dem, for your companions and counsellors!"

Even in science, apparently very remote from wit and imagination, we discover this energy and aptitude of genius. The antiquary, the natural historian, are not without it. Without this creative soul, they were lifeless. D'Israeli, whom we have before and so deservedly mentioned, and to whom we are indebted for some of the preceding observations, and particularly for the definition of genius, though he has not defined it,—in answer to a professor of polite literature, who condemned the study of botany as adapted to the mediocrity of talent, and only demanding patience,—well observes, that Linnæus shewed how a man of genius becomes a *creator*, even in a science which seems to depend only on order and method. And Akenside, with all his desire, when, after the heat of inspiration, he revised his poem, to cool it down to the taste of philosophy, and restrain it within the definitions of metaphysics, or, as he expresses it, to "carry back from the gods some strain of divine wisdom *lawful* to repeat, and *apt* to be conceived of man below," no sooner sends his spirit forth on a different quest,

"The secret path

Of early genius to explore—to trace
Those haunts where Fancy her predestined sons,
Like to the demigods of old, doth nurse,
Remote from eyes profane,"

than he speaks of the sculptor and the painter as those who

"The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone,

Patiently taming, or with easier hand
Describing lines, and with more ample scope,

Uniting colours, can to general sight
Produce those permanent and perfect forms—

Those characters of heroes and of gods—
Which, from the crude materials of the world,

Their own high minds *created*."

By the term "creation" we intend a power of creating ideas, and submit that what are called original thoughts are undervied, indeed original, *existent* in the individual soul. As regards the term "idea," we are content with Locke's definition, that "an idea is whatever the mind perceives in itself, and is the immediate object of perception, thought, or understanding;"

but deny that it is "*merely* the reflex perception of objects, after the original perception or impression has been felt by the mind:" and the position which these two definitions imply, we shall proceed to illustrate and establish as we may.

* This "creative part" of science and art is often called the poetical, both in painting and sculpture. The term "poet" is a Greek term, and signifies a "creator." Accordingly, when, in the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross," we admire the solicitude visible in the followers of our Saviour, as they take from the cross his sacred and inanimate body—the grief portrayed in the countenance of the Virgin—the tender attachment in the action of Mary Magdalen—the characteristic depicting of the beloved disciple, as bearing the greatest part of his hallowed remains—these are the poetical parts of the work, the *creative*: its excellent execution is another. Look at the *chef-d'œuvre* of ancient sculpture, the Laocoon. "The Laocoon," says Winckelman, "offers to us the spectacle of nature plunged into the deepest affliction, under the image of a man, who exerts against its attack all the powers of his soul. While his sufferings enlarge his muscles and contract his nerves, you behold his *mind* strongly pictured on his wrinkled forehead; his oppressed heart, by an impeded respiration, and the most distressing restraint, rises with vehemence to enclose and concentrate the agony by which it is agitated. The groans that he stifles, and the breath he confines, distend his very frame; notwithstanding which, he appears to be less affected by his own affliction than that of his children, who raise their eyes towards him, and implore his assistance in vain. The paternal tenderness of the Laocoon is manifest in his piteous looks; his countenance expresses moans, not cries; his eyes, directed towards heaven, supplicate celestial aid; his mouth expresses the pangs and *indignation* occasioned by an unjust chastisement. This *double* sensation swells the nose, and discloses itself in his enlarged nostrils. Beneath his forehead is rendered, with the utmost fidelity, the struggle between grief and resistance: the one makes him elevate his eyebrows; the other the lids of his eyes." All this is the poetry of the piece; because it is the *creative*—the

imaginative. To consolidate the argument, therefore, let us confine ourselves to the poet in our observations. We call, then, on the poet, as the representative of Genius—Imagination—Fancy! Human creator! partaker with Deity of his most incommunicable attribute!—his most perfect image; because most like in that by which his deific power is most fully shewn! Semi-divine mind! “Sojourning demigod! who leav’st thy name upon the harp-string!” O! when the hour of inspiration seizes thee, with

“The still horror and the blissful tear!”

is the mind, thus exerting the god within it, only intent on distinctly copying, in idea, the impressions of sense—an exercise of the reminiscence—a mode of memory? This is a calm operation. There is here no mysterious and still horror—a consciousness of the presence, and a calling up of a preternatural power—the exertion of a faculty that assumes to itself a portion of the plastic attribute of Deity, and emancipates man, for the time, from his prison-house of clay. But this is necessary. It is so universally known of men of genius, and of the poet in particular, that its effects have been attributed to madness. Must their blood be heated? Cannot they compose in cool blood? Must they be rapt into an organic enthusiasm when they produce their fine ideas? Assign what secondary and physical cause or occasion ye list, the fact is the same. Aristotle mentions a poet, who never wrote so well as when his poetic fury hurried him into a sort of frenzy. The admirable pictures in Tasso of Armida and Clorinda are alleged by some to have been drawn at the expense of a disposition he had to real madness. “Do you imagine (says Cicero) that Parcuviu wrote in cold blood? No: it was impossible. He must have been inspired with a kind of fury, to be able to write such admirable verses.”

Would a mere exertion of memory, a mere recalling of images, require this delphic fury—this preternatural possession—frenzy? Such are the convulsions which attend the labour of genius and the travail of imagination: it is an effort of creation, not of recollection. We appeal to each and all, who have ever exerted this the god within them, whether, at such moments, they

are solicitous to copy or create; whether they go back to a model and exemplar, or burn forwards to the new, the strange, the unknown? It is the rapture of conception; ’tis the pangs of childbirth; ’tis the joy that a new idea is born into the world!

This brings us to a fuller consideration of the term “idea.” The word is frequently used in a sense where it must be independent of any antecedent object. We speak of the ideas of the Divine mind, and of the universe being modelled from them.

“In nature’s frame
The Great Artificer portrays
His own immense idea!”

Akenside.

Such an idea is called an archetype. This creation is but the visible image of that immense idea; and thus the creation of the poet is but the bodying forth, from “the airy nothing” of “the thing unknown,” the corporeal image of the secret (the archetypal) idea in the mysterious recesses of the mind, the seat of the soul, the temple of that spirit which is an efflux of the Divine effulgence. Hence the process by which it operates is termed *imagination*, because it bodies forth or images to man the ideas of the intellect, and not only because it “images within the mind the phenomena of sensation.” It has another, but an inferior process, termed *fancy*. Imagination may be defined as “*that process of the mind which bodies forth or images in words, or other appropriate medium, the ideal phenomena of ‘the spirit which is in man,’ as well as imaging within the mind the phenomena of sensation.*” And with respect to the poet its operation is twofold: words are the only medium he can employ, and they have, at one and the same time, to image forth the idea of the mind, and the reflex perception in which that idea is embodied, and without which it could not be assimilated to any thing we know, and, consequently, could not be comprehended. This fact is as certain, and, not more unaccountable, than that the sounds of a language should bear a near resemblance to the things for which they are substituted. This definition coincides with, and is corroborated by the etymology of the term which Mr. Dugald Stewart says hath reference to sight; whence Mr. Addison and Dr. Reid have deduced their doctrines; and, according to Taylor, in

his "British Synonymes," hath also reference to the act of imaging—"the faculty which images within the mind the phenomena of sensation." But if it have reference only to sentient and external objects, what term, as Wordsworth, the profoundest of poetical sages, well observes, is left to designate that faculty of which the poet is all compact?—he whose eye glances from earth to heaven—whose spiritual attributes body forth what his pen is prompt in turning to shape; or what is left to characterise Fancy as insinuating herself into the heart of objects with creative activity?

Now it is a curious fact that Addison considers the imagination or fancy (which terms he uses promiscuously) as perceptive of objects and of ideas derived therefrom, and consequently makes the imagination the mind's eye. Yet Locke called the understanding, which is contradistinguished by Addison, and indeed by all, from the imagination, and sometimes exalted above and made antagonist to it, the eye of the mind. "The understanding," says Locke, "like the eye, whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance, and make it its own object. But whatever be the difficulties that lie in the way of this inquiry—whatever it be that keeps us so much in the dark ourselves—sure I am, that all the light we can let in upon our own minds, all the acquaintance we can make with our understandings, will not only be very pleasant, but bring us great advantage, in directing our thoughts in search of other things."

Now we cannot conceive, if the understanding be the eye of the mind, how it can, by any art or pains, turn inward upon itself and contemplate its own operations, since the natural eye cannot, and it must lose all analogy to the latter if it can. Why may not the imagination and the fancy be the two eyes of the mind, looking inward and outward, giving shape and body to the spiritual suggestion from within, and transmuting the material objects of sense by their divine alchemy into mental images, modifying them into ideas, and endowing them with intellectual qualities?—the understanding be the recipient of such ideas—the balance in which they are weighed—the measure in which they are meted—the mortar in which they are decomposed or com-

pounded?—the judgment compare them?—the reason decide? May not this be—nay, is it not the cause why men differ so widely in opinion upon the simplest points, because all ideas enter into and proceed from the mind through the media of the imagination and the fancy?—the cause or occasion why any one word conveys, perhaps, to no two persons the same identical idea? No two persons behold the same iris at once. To reason belongs only the third idea, and that is produced from the two furnished by the imagination or the fancy. It is a common observation, that no one can see with another's eyes, and the mental vision is always intended by the observation. It is granted, that the functions of enlarging, subtracting, combining and adding, endowing and modifying, may not literally belong to the natural eye, but artificially they may be superadded by means of lens and magnifying glasses. And what the natural sight of man can acquire from art and science, why may not his intellectual vision possess in itself, being, as it is, so superior to the former, and of which that is but the instrument (so says Paley), since, without the agency of mind, those artificial helps could not be appropriated to the use of the natural eye. This analogy having so far assisted us to illustrate faculties existent in fancy and imagination, which almost amount to a power of creation, and which might be, by no extravagant hyperbole, so denominated, we will venture to instance another faculty of the eye, of which ourselves have had ample experience, but which we will, nevertheless, call in a witness to prove. This witness is the celebrated Opium-eater; and the following extract is from his Confessions:—

"I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions—to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

"The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy was from the re-waking of a state of eye generally incident to childhood or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness all sorts of phantoms: in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye—others have a voluntary or semi-voluntary power

to dismiss or to summon them } or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, 'I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come.' Whereupon I told him, that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817 I think it was that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp—friezes of never-ending stories—that my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Ædipus or Priam—before Tyre—before Memphis."

We said that of this creative state of the eye we have had ourselves experience; we have inquired of others, and got further evidence of the fact, if the above be not sufficient.

Why may not the mind possess the same faculty, and, as being the seat of intelligence, the power to command this creation?—this creation be of ideas (as of what else can it be?), and that power genius, born in the nature, and predominant over all the operations, of mind, prescribing their direction and their end?

This creation of the natural eye consists of images of *antecedent* objects. They take that shape from association, without which they would be indistinct shadows without any determinable form—and so they indeed sometimes are—vast masses of unutterable figures, to which there is no real resemblance in nature or art. Indeed, every exertion of the imagination implies the assistance of fancy, who is the chief agent in all acts of association. So it is in poetry: and what if this creation of the mental vision have reference to the "shadow-land of pre-existence?" the belief in which is adopted by Wordsworth, in his Ode,

"That crowning glory and great miracle" of his transcendent genius, called "Entimations of Immortality from the Recollections of early Childhood," in which he affirms, that

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;"

and supposes that the new-born has recollections of its origin—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

As this world intrudes on us, the other recedes. The boy still travels further from the east, but impenetrable shadows,

crowd upon the man, not to be cleared away till he forsakes the "prison-house" altogether. Why may not, then, these images be glimpses of a former and a better state? why may they not be faint reminiscences of pre-existence, precognitions of immortality?—and they are so! Plato ascribes to the mind the power to "beget gods;" and to the productions of imagination the world once bowed, adoring them as deities, and still reveres them as evidences of the divine nature of man. "By our own spirits are we deified!" We parcelled out our minds into divinities, and attributed deity to the elements of nature. Idolatry itself is an unfathomable mystery. It implied a consciousness of spirit—it bespoke a belief in a higher and purer state of being. Even the monsters of its worship were emblematic of the mysteries of religion—mysteries that in themselves were truths which the world has not since mended. It had its birth and its being in the spirit of man—and man bowed to them because they were spiritual—his spirit bowed to them because it felt that they were of it and from it. The images of its worship were links which joined together earth and heaven, heaven and earth, and by which man judged of happiness and purity. In the visions of the poet they were spoken into existence, and in the image of his idea they were created.

Locke's well-known comparison of the mind to white paper, on which ideas (so to speak) are written, which the impressions of outward objects, chance or design, suggest, appears to labour under this inconvenience,—that it makes the mind material, and matter spiritual. External objects are the active and operant intelligence, the mind but the passive subject of their operations—the clay in the hands of the potter. This, surely, is reversing the order of things; the animate and inanimate cannot be so interchanged, without all distinction between them being confounded and lost. The analogy of D'Israeli to the different soils of the earth answers his purpose, but not ours so well as the analogy of the eye, as before stated, which has actually, by its own operant and intelligent power, as it were, the faculty of portraying the image of any object or objects whatsoever on its retina. This visual tablet, we repeat, is, in every respect, more analogous to the ima-

gimative processes of the mind, so far as they are consistent with the above reasoning.

And in what, save in degree, differs this act of human creation from the Divine?—of the poet from His who is the great Archetype of the poet, the Author of the volume of nature? Whence was his creation? Was it a modification of existing elements?—an evoking of each from a chaos—and a new combination of all? So from all elements—from nature—from art—from science—from pre-existing ideas—and of ideas which, like human souls, it is doubtful if they ever existed before—from this universal chaos of things, and shadows, and apparitions, which were not, the poet evokes, modifies, and combines the wonderful creations which the world once deified, and still reveres as evidences of the divine nature of man. Was it an endowing of substances with new characters and offices? Even so imagination gives what qualities and actions it will to whatever subject or object it embraces—and the winds become deities, and the ocean dilates into

a god—inanimate matter is quickened with life—trees are inspired with spirituality—the earth utters a voice, and is the general mother of all living. Was it a giving form to the formless, and fulness to the void? Even so the imagination prescribes shapes and beauty to the indefinite fantasies of the mind, and the no less indefinite ideas derived from impenetrable sources. And finally, the hardest question still, the extreme analogy of all,—Whence were the elements of this chaos? From nothing! Even so are those of which the imagination creates its ideas. Where were they before?—whence came they?—who can tell? The same answer only which does for the one will do for the other. Those elements were pre-existent in the energy of the Divine—these of the human mind.

Such reflections as these may, perhaps, suffice to defend the propriety and appositeness of the term “creative genius,” which is the fountain of all poetry and art, upon which good critics insist so much, and whereof bad philosophers understand so little.

ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN AND DECORATION.

THAT we may furnish the reader with some preliminary clue as to the scope and purport of our article, we think proper to commence by saying, that, while our taste in architecture is not a little fastidious, our principles are exceedingly latitudinarian. Enthusiasts, but at the same time decided free-thinkers, we are of opinion that the confined views entertained by the majority of its professed admirers have operated fully as much to the disadvantage of architecture as have the indifference and ignorance of those who barely rank it among the fine arts. If our creed, too, be not exactly orthodox, it is at least most comprehensive and catholic, since, unlike those whose very transports must be directed by authority,—who, before they admire, search out for a precedent to sanction their approbation,—we are ready to recognise beauty, whether the form in which it manifests itself belong to Greek or Goth. Nor, on the other hand, is our censure to be averted by splendid epithets and imposing names. We swear not by Vitruvius; neither enrol we the name of Palladio in our calendar; nay,

worse still, we do not even subscribe to the doctrine of the infallibility of the Greeks themselves: our devotions are paid to a higher power—not to the ministers in the fane—not even to the high priests, but to Art herself, who is, professedly at least, the worshipped, although not always the inspiring deity. It is hardly necessary for us to add, that we do not belong to—or, rather, entertain no small antipathy towards—that class of system-mongers who, while they affect a solicitude for her interests, would absolutely desecrate Art, endeavouring to level her to their own standard of fitness, and subjugate her to a certain set of mechanical rules; or, to speak more correctly, we ought to say, that they attempt to substitute specific rules for general principles. In the genuine spirit of pettifoggery, they are most scrupulous on trifling points, and far more attentive to the letter than to the spirit of criticism. Whatever be not in their “bond” they obstinately refuse to tolerate; yet, although in morals casuistry is highly dangerous, in art, and more particularly in the one of which we are speaking, it is indispensable;

for, unless we admit a liberal modification of forms according to circumstances, may demand, architecture becomes a *cast-iron* style instead of being plastic and a congeries of architectural phrases is substituted for architectural style. Art does not deal in nostrums; it has no universal drugs that, like those of quack-doctors, are compounded of the same ingredients, and administered in exactly the same form and dose on every occasion. This, however, or something very much resembling it, has been the practice of the Italian school and their followers ever since what is generally termed the revival of the art; which revival, by the by, has been but a very imperfect business, the patient having been ever since in a rickety, sickly state,—subject, moreover, to frequent fits of lunacy. It certainly was not the cauldron of Medea that was employed to reanimate the disjointed members and lifeless limbs; but rather some such process as that by which Frankenstein created his human monster:—at least the result has been more akin to that which attended the labours of the man-maker; nor do the two fictions themselves to which we allude differ more from each other in point of taste and imagination than does the architecture of Greece from that of modern Italy.

It is time, for us, however, to quit these general and rather desultory remarks, and to proceed, without further preface, to the object of our present paper; which is, to expose a few of the fallacies, contradictions, and absurdities, that have been handed down from one writer on the subject of architecture to another; not that we entertain the hope of being able to cleanse this Augean stable from the accumulated rubbish of ages—certainly not in the expectation of receiving the thanks of those who have lodged themselves in it, and whom we may perchance incommode, in turning up the prejudices on which they so comfortably repose.

— If the reader has ever looked into any treatise on architecture, he has doubtless learnt that there are *five* orders;—that these constitute *regular* architecture, being the alpha and omega of the art;—that they are, moreover, the *ne plus ultra* of perfection, human ingenuity never having yet been able to devise a *sixth*,—no, not even in this age of invention, when every day brings forth some miracle to amaze the world.

He will also have been entertained with sundry gentle comparisons between ladies' curls and Ionic volutes, and have gleaned a number of namby-pamby anecdotes, which have been most carefully transmitted from one sagacious compiler to another: to all which must be added an abundance of that self-complacent logic which can find a satisfactory reason for every trifle; albeit many of the said reasons, when confronted together, plainly contradict each other.

That restless spirit of innovation, however, which alters all human institutions, and so frequently upsets in an instant the neatest theories, has been at work here; for it has of late been discovered—most wonderful to relate!—that there are only *three* orders. The discovery itself, indeed, is no very stupendous one; yet in its consequences it may turn out to be more important than seems at first sight to be apprehended, as it proves how long the world has been imposed upon by merely arbitrary distinctions; and if it has been so easily blinded in this respect, may it not also obstinately shut its eyes in many others?—We at least think that it does.

Thanks to Vignola, and others of his stamp, who treated art pretty much in the same manner as a drill-sergeant does his recruits, the orders of architecture had been subjected to such a course of mechanical training, and had been so thoroughly disciplined, as to retain nothing of their original spirit. It is true, we are now discarding the barbarisms of the Italian school, and begin to wonder how our fathers could admire such puny Doric, and such inelegant Ionic columns; how they could bestow the epithet of Grecian on the edifices of Jones and Wren, and utter vituperations against the Gothic style, as being barbarous and discordant in comparison with the former. For, even at that time of day, it was the fashion for people to prate of the exquisite simplicity and harmony of the ancient orders, when all they knew of them was derived from buildings utterly destitute of either character—buildings, the authors of which, while they were, so to speak, hybrids in architecture, affected to feel indignant at the idea of there being any mixture of Gothic contamination in their composition. It is truly ludicrous to read the invectives of some of these gentry against a style in which

some of the most magnificent monuments of art, ever produced by the hand of man, were erected; which they could censure for their meanness, their littleness of character, their redundancy of petty ornament, their want of propriety of decoration, and their defective proportions, while their own designs were most incoherent jumbles of petty patchwork and masses of tawdry insignificance, constructed in direct violation of the fundamental principles of the style they professed to have restored.

All modern writers on architecture have taken great pains to define with the utmost precision the characters of the different orders, which they have done in nearly the same sort of spirit as our compilers of school geographies decide on national character, and apportion out to each people its particular vices and virtues. Unfortunately, however, their critical prism is exceedingly imperfect: it exhibits but three hues—not gradually melting into each other, but separated by gaps that effectually prohibit any intermixture. Neither is their palette more richly furnished: there are unbroken colours, but no tints—no gradations of tone;—they admit no discrimination between the lightest pink and the deepest scarlet, or, rather, they exclude both, confining themselves to the general colour, red. Thus, in attempting to reduce each species of column to a uniform standard, they have contrived to banish all individuality of character, and substituted mere mechanical routine in lieu of that power of inventing, or at least of modifying, what is found already invented, without which no artist can adequately express the sentiments he intends to convey. Such was not the practice of those whose works are now recognised as standard models; for the ancients admitted such a great latitude in this respect, that, unvaried as was the general arrangement of their temples, scarcely any two exhibit a perfect similarity in the proportions and details of the same order. With great probability, therefore, may we conjecture that each architect followed his own taste in this respect, observing only certain general proportions. It is true that the earliest examples of the Doric are far more massive than those of any succeeding period, and that this variety is, consequently, in a great degree, to be attributed rather to the fluctuations of taste, and the gradual progress of

art from rudeness to refinement, than to the cause we have assigned. There is, nevertheless, sufficient discrepancy between buildings of the same age to warrant our supposition; neither do we think any satisfactory reason can be given wherefore it should be that in columns alone an exact conformity should be required with existing specimens, however beautiful such specimens may be in themselves. Fortunately, no one has ever thought of classifying the forms of vases and candelabra according to orders, and prescribing for them certain specific forms. What an infinite diversity is observable in works of art of this description, even where the general contours are nearly similar! Where, too, the contrast is the greatest, it is not always easy to decide to which of the two forms the preference ought to be given; nor does it appear that the latitude allowed to the artist has been attended with injurious consequences. But there seems to be something not a little mystical attending the doctrine of the orders; we are gravely told there can be but three distinct orders of columns, because there can be but three distinct characters in building—viz. strength, elegance, or richness. We must confess that we are not exactly satisfied as to the correctness of the doctrine, or to its being consonant with philosophical principles, on the which so much stress is laid by those who contend for it. At all events, it must be taken *cum grano salis*. Wherefore, we would inquire, should the character of strength necessarily exclude that of richness? The structures of Egypt certainly do not convince us that the two qualities are incompatible. Or wherefore, again, should extreme richness be invariably necessary for a lighter style, since cases may frequently occur where lightness of contour with very little embellishment may be desirable? As to the medium between the two, the term *elegance* does not seem to be of sufficiently definite import, to indicate any specific character; it being, in fact, frequently applied to either of the other orders. We see no good reason why there should not be intermediate gradations; or we might rather say, such gradations actually exist; since, may not the Ionic of the temple on the Ilissus very fairly be considered as being, in every respect, a decided species between the Doric, on the one

hand, and the more florid Ionic of the temple of Minerva Polias on the other? Antiquity furnishes us also with various other specimens of this order, each possessing its own distinctive character; and all differing sufficiently from each other to convince us that there may be numerous modifications of the same generic form. We also meet with examples in which the Doric and Ionic may be said to be amalgamated, the triglyphs characteristic of the former order being introduced into the frieze of the latter. This may be said to be mere caprice, or ignorance; yet surely, if we look to the *philosophy* of the matter, these members, which represent the ends of the beams or rafters, belong as properly to one order, as to another. We ourselves, however, do not profess to be so strictly philosophical as to wish to see the above-mentioned practice generally adopted. Of the Corinthian, the varieties are still more numerous, and more dissimilar; except in name, there is very little resemblance between that of the monument of Lysicrates and the example of the same order exhibited in the Roman Pantheon; which, again, differs nearly as much both from the Tivoli specimens and from that of the supposed temple of Jupiter Stator. We might instance many other modifications of this same family, but these will suffice for illustrations, as they present far more strongly marked differences than that produced merely by the ingrafting of the Ionic volute on the Corinthian capital, or than what is observable between the latter and many of those combinations which have been designed as new orders.

This last remark brings us to the consideration of a very important question; namely, whether it be possible to invent an entirely new order,—one that shall be entirely distinct from the others, yet complete in all its parts. Hitherto the question has been answered in the negative; and certainly, if we look at the monstrous abortions produced by all those who have essayed to accomplish this task, we need not be very much surprised that they should form such a conclusion. The problem is, we admit, one of very great difficulty, and has hitherto baffled every attempt to solve it. Let us, however, before we pronounce it to be utterly beyond the stretch of the human faculties, consider whether we ought to be very much

astonished at the unsuccessful result that has hitherto attended every effort of the kind, or ought therefore to deprecate any similar attempt being made. It appears, then, to us, that those who have undertaken to devise a new order have never sufficiently reflected on what are the distinctions necessary to constitute one; for they have either produced little more than modifications of the Corinthian capital and entablature—substituting other and frequently most incongruous ornaments, such as are in themselves utterly inapplicable to architectural purposes—or they have deviated so extravagantly from the character of the existing orders, that, even had their compositions been beautiful or tolerable, they would have constituted not other orders, but other styles, totally dissimilar from that, to which the orders belong. Such being the case, the question is reduced within a considerably narrower compass; since they who have hitherto made the experiment adopted a course that could not possibly conduct them to the object of their research. Independently of this, we may be permitted to doubt whether any thing like success was to be expected from the persons who manifested such incompetency for the task. Had any of them ever displayed in their other works such refined taste, such an intuitive feeling for beauty, and such a thorough acquaintance with its principles, as to convince us that, where they failed, no one else might ever hope to succeed?—most assuredly not. That the premiums offered by Louis XIV. for a new order should have been able to elicit nothing better than the tasteless compositions intended to emulate the antique, excites in us not the least surprise: great, indeed, might have been the astonishment of the world if the age of the Monsards—the reign and the nation, in which millions were lavished on such a structure as Versailles—could have produced aught worthy of a moment's comparison with the remains of ancient art. For ourselves, we should as soon expect to meet with the rivals of Ictinus and his contemporaries among the Hottentots. As far, therefore, as regards the mere circumstance of the rewards offered by the *Grand Monarque* having been unable to inspire his subjects with creative genius, that stands, with us, for absolutely nothing. They were too completely French in all their

ideas and tastes; and genuine Gallic taste, whatever else it may be, is certainly the very *antipodes* of that of Greece: not even all their tragedies à la *Grecque* can convince us to the contrary.

It may, perhaps, nevertheless, be said, admitting all this, that the boundaries of the art are fixed, as far as the orders are concerned; it is, consequently, hopeless to expect ever to behold any thing that shall rival those productions, it being impossible to conceive any thing more perfect. That each of the ancient orders may justly be pronounced perfect in its way, and that, therefore, to attempt to improve any one of them appears to be equally vain and useless, we shall not attempt to deny; but we do not think so meanly of the powers of art as to imagine that she has exhausted all her resources, and is now become utterly effete. In those arts which copy immediately from nature, there is a point of perfection which cannot be passed: future sculptors may rival, but can never excel Phidias, unless, indeed, nature herself should create a new race of human beings endowed with forms more exquisitely beautiful than she has yet revealed to us. With architecture the case is widely different: there the artist is at liberty to form new combinations, as he recognises no positive standard of beauty fixed by nature herself. Nay, so far are we from seeing any reason for despair because we have not yet rivalled the ancients in producing any thing that can compete with their works, while still retaining the same generic character,—for rivalled them we certainly have in another and very dissimilar style,—that the very failures we have alluded to serve only to confirm us in our opinion that success is possible.

This may appear not a little paradoxical; but we trust that we can satisfactorily explain it in a very few words. If, then, it be positively in the nature of things that there are only certain particular forms, (namely, those employed by the ancients,) admissible in this style of building,—if, amidst thousands of combinations, these, and these only, can possibly be beautiful,—how happened it that, when these forms had fallen into oblivion, and were, as it were, lost,—how happened it, we ask, that they, who were searching for other forms than those then known, did not *re-invent* some of those beautiful

compositions, which have since been brought to light, and whose excellence is now universally admitted? According to our view of the matter, this question is so very important, that it appears to us almost to decide the long-disputed point at once, let the answer be what it may. For, if it be replied that, at least some remains of pure Greek architecture may possibly have been known to the architects of the seventeenth century, although never copied by them,—what opinion ought we to entertain of their taste, or wherefore need we any longer wonder that they should have produced the most extravagant conceits? If, on the other hand, they were completely ignorant of them, and if, as is asserted, architecture admits of no other forms equally appropriate and beautiful with those adopted by the Greeks, it would seem to follow, as an almost inevitable consequence, that they must have been detected by some of those who were striving to produce new combinations from the elements with which the art supplied them. It is true, we may account for the ill success of those notable experiments, even without abandoning the doctrine so stoutly contended for; since it may have happened that the persons who made them did not possess the qualifications requisite for such an undertaking,—a suspicion, by the by, that is, in no small degree, confirmed by the specimens they have left of their creative talents; or else, they did not prosecute their researches sufficiently long.

Is it not, therefore,—we will not say possible, but highly probable, that there may be various other untried modes of beauty — untried, because they have never yet revealed themselves to the human mind? To deny this, seems to us to be very much like setting up our own limited knowledge as the utmost boundary of the region of art, beyond which all is a chaotic void. Art is not like mathematical science, whose truths are determinate and fixed; these, if known at all, must uniformly present themselves in precisely the same form. Here it will, probably, be objected to us, that our argument makes against our own theory, inasmuch as architectural beauty is neither self-evident nor capable of demonstration, but depends as much upon our association of ideas as upon an intrinsic quality: consequently, we can never produce

any thing equally beautiful with the established orders, because, whatever be the merits of the compositions themselves, their very originality must deprive them of one of the most powerful causes of the emotions such objects are intended to excite,—namely, the influence they derive from the authority stamped upon them by their antiquity. Before we attempt to repel this objection, which we admit to be of far greater weight than any other that can be advanced on the same side of the question, we must be permitted to observe, that it tends to detract from the high encomiums lavished on the Grecian orders, as being intrinsically beautiful in themselves, both for their symmetry and embellishments, and independently of any other considerations. If such be actually the case, it should appear that it is very possible for beauty to be recognisable as beauty, without any authority derived from association. We do not pretend to deny the force of the prejudices with which an innovator has to contend; for, whatever support he may derive from those whose deference to established fashions is more than counterbalanced by their admiration of what is new, by his brethren he will be regarded with a jealous eye, and stigmatised as a corrupter of the art: and these must ultimately prevail, as their resistance will be more pertinacious than the favour of the others. The chances of success, then, are desperate indeed: not absolutely desperate either; the difficulty is great, not insuperable. In art, as in warfare, he who is determined on conquest must sacrifice to the end, he has in view all scruples as to the means by which he is to attain it: regardless of prejudices, theories, and systems, he must press on; if he pauses to contemplate the havoc he creates—to listen to the outcry he has raised against himself—he is lost. The artist who is ambitious of signalling himself by his originality ought to be well assured within himself that he can impart to his creations such a degree of intrinsic beauty, and such a unity of character, as shall satisfy us that, however they may differ from the forms to which we are accustomed, they are based upon the essential principles of art in general, considered without reference to any specific modes. It should carefully be borne in mind, that originality of invention is very opposite to caprice: nothing is more easy than

to deviate from what has been already done,—to transpose and re-arrange. Architecture is not exactly such a toy as the myriorama, where, by merely shuffling the different slips, we produce new combinations; although, judging from the practice of most who belong to what is considered the legitimate school, we might fairly conclude, that it consisted in nothing else than in endless transpositions of the same features, joined, but not connected. He who innovates must be able to assert his legitimacy by his power,—in other words, his success; for that alone constitutes the authority against which there is no disputing. This is the patent of Shakespeare's—of Byron's legitimacy in poetry, and it must also be that of the architect who ventures to deviate from the beaten track.

One of the arguments adopted by those who deprecate any attempt to innovate upon the models transmitted to us by the ancients, is, that there is not the least occasion for attempting any addition to the orders, as another would be quite superfluous, those already in existence being fully adequate to express every variety of character that can be required. That such is the case we are far from being convinced; we grant, however, that the doctrine is both a comfortable and convenient one, inasmuch as it saves at once a great deal of trouble and perplexity, and furnishes a number of honest gentlemen with a most conscientious excuse for their indolence. We are not aware that it has ever been considered advisable to restrict art to the merely necessary, and to limit her means, instead of furnishing her with all the appliances that can be placed at her command. Superfluity is her essence—her element. It may be possible, however, that there are critics in the world who conceive that we might have been contented with our old literary modes and fashions, and that we are, consequently, little indebted to the authors of *Waverley* and *Childe Harold*.

With regard to the apprehension entertained, that if innovation, in any shape, be once tolerated, we break down the dyke which has hitherto prevented the art from being inundated with extravagancies of every kind, we will not attempt to deny that some mischief of this sort might ensue. If we allow architects to give free scope to their ideas, there certainly is great

danger of their frequently producing monstrous deformity; just as there is danger of a man's writing great nonsense when he sits down to indite poetry. Yet, although we might have much more positively bad architecture, we should, doubtless, obtain, at the same time, much more than we do now, that would be positively excellent—and this is a paramount consideration in art. Our apprehensions, too, ought to be considerably lessened when we reflect that, even upon the present system of routine, where mere copying is substituted for originality, we have, nevertheless, not a few buildings quite as absurd and incongruous as any thing that the most irregular fancy could devise. Nay, we are inclined to be of opinion, that it is this strict adherence to arbitrary rules that has introduced and sanctioned so many violations of true principles and correct taste. Quite excluded from the possibility of obtaining originality in one direction, architects have endeavoured to obtain it in another, indulging in the most fantastic whims; while the violation of all classical taste in one respect is ill atoned for by a slavish conformity to its minutiae in others. Nevertheless, it is but justice to the architects of the present day to observe, that this remark applies, by no means, so much to them as to their predecessors; least of all to one or two distinguished artists on the continent, whose works we have read with pleasure. Of Schinkel it may truly be said, that, while his buildings evince an intimate acquaintance with the purest models of antiquity, they are very far indeed from being copies, since, even in those which approach most nearly, in their general form and disposition, to the edifices of the ancients, there is a striking character of originality: he conceives in the spirit of the ancients, without reproducing their ideas. There are some others whom we could eulogise in terms of equal praise; but there remain many points of architectural criticism on which we have to advert.

If, on the one hand, a blind admiration of the orders has been productive of servile and monotonous imitation, so has the habit of trusting principally, if not exclusively, to them for effect, proved hardly less injurious on the other. Like charity, they are employed to cover a number of sins, and to atone

for every other deficiency. They are used both in season and out of season; for it should seem that the world has yet to learn, that columns no more constitute fine architecture than versification does poetry. It is very possible that all that relates to the order itself may be very good, considered abstractedly, and, nevertheless, the whole building be flagrantly bad, without character, unity of design, or any other quality whatever to entitle it to commendation. How frequently do we perceive porticoes stuck up against buildings with which they have no other connexion than that which the stone-mason has given them! How many churches might be pointed out, the exteriors of which seem to have been designed purposely with the charitable intention of holding out a warning against indiscreet and ill-sorted marriages! Such, however, are the things pointed out for admiration by those excessively good-natured, but not particularly critical, publications termed "Pictures" and "Guides." It has never yet been our good fortune to discover any of that extraordinary beauty attributed to St. Martin's church: the portico, indeed, if the columns and their pediment are to be considered as forming the whole of it, is unexceptionable; not so the hideous doors and windows which disfigure the rest of the front and the other sides of the building. The portico itself, too, is but an imperfect copy of that attached to the Pantheon at Rome, consequently no other merit belongs to Gibbs than that of adopting it; yet, whatever pretensions to good taste he might have been allowed to claim for his selection of this feature as a decoration to his structure, he has completely forfeited them by the absolute barbarism of the church itself, including the steeple. Since we have thus begun to do violence to the feelings of those readers who, on the authority of such works as those we have just alluded to, have been accustomed to place implicit faith in the architectural majesty of Gibbs, we may as well reveal at once the whole extent of our enormity, by unblushingly avowing that we are diametrically opposed to those who have bestowed such unqualified commendations on the steeples of Wren. If the verbal jingle may be excused, we should say, that they are both mean and unmeaning. Of his two most celebrated ones—those of Bow Church

and St. Bride's—the wonder of Cockney-land, the former strikes us as being more remarkable for the incoherency of its parts than for any other quality;* and the latter, we are afraid, must be content with being considered merely as a tolerable attempt at imitating a Chinese pagoda: if its resemblance to one be merely accidental, it shews more strongly how much akin the taste of the architect was to that of the artists of the celestial empire! It has, nevertheless, most strange to relate, been compared with the spires of Gothic churches; yet our obtuseness is so great, that we have still to learn in what respect, for we see no similitude in the design, much less in the taste.

To endeavour thus to impugn the reputation of one so celebrated as Wren, will, doubtless, be considered by many as merely the effusion of ignorant temerity; we, on the other hand, are of opinion, that the overstrained zeal of his admirers, and the indiscriminate praises they lavish upon him, rather evince their own want of taste than prove his superior merits. If, indeed, the mechanical science of construction be the principal and paramount consideration in architecture, Wren is, doubtless, entitled to a foremost rank among the moderns: this, however, is a doctrine to which we cannot subscribe, since to admit it would be to confess, that the pursuit itself has but little pretension to be reckoned one of the Fine Arts. That architecture has its origin in our physical necessities, and is not, like painting and sculpture, exclusively an ornamental art, by no means militates against our view of it. In proportion as it is limited to mere utility, so will it be deficient in those qualities that constitute art: there is no doubt that

prose is infinitely more useful and indispensable as the medium of communication in the ordinary affairs of life than the finest poetry ever produced; architecture, likewise, has both its prosaic and poetical form; in the latter of which, beauty, or, in other words, the power of exciting and gratifying the imagination, is to be regarded as the primary object of the artist: to this utility and convenience are subordinate; they are not, however, to be either disregarded or sacrificed to, but combined with it. Unfortunately, this is not exactly the doctrine inculcated by writers on architecture. The majority of these affect to hold in supreme contempt those to whom they are pleased to apply the reproachful term of mere designers on paper; and more than insinuate that, so far from being an advantage, it is actually injurious to an architect to indulge in the feeling of a painter. We do not pretend to say that an intuitive perception of beauty is sufficient to constitute an architect; still we consider it quite as useful as many of the qualifications insisted upon by Vitruvius; since, without this, let his other talents be what they may, he can never produce those effects which are more attractive than all the pomp of ornament. The history of modern architecture will supply abundant instances of buildings which, in spite of their magnitude and of the lavish expense bestowed upon them, excite no feeling so strongly as regret at beholding durability conferred upon deformity, and at the cost incurred in embellishing what no embellishment can render pleasing. Nay, even as a mere matter of calculation and economy, taste is indispensable in an architect, because it is precisely this that will enable him to produce the

* As little can we concur in the praises bestowed on the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; for, with the exception of the dome itself, and even this feature is not entirely free from the spurious taste of the seventeenth century, there is nothing that deserves commendation. There is an obvious and most disagreeable nakedness in the other parts, that, instead of setting off the columns to advantage, impairs their effect, there being no keeping whatever in the design; and the windows are so far from contributing in any degree to the embellishment of the structure, that they are positive blemishes. There is a strange anecdote related of an Italian architect visiting England for the purpose of viewing this building, and returning again immediately. If it be not apocryphal, it does not imply any very extraordinary compliment, since it might be thought that admiration of this structure would have induced the critic to extend his researches: disappointment, on the contrary, may very naturally have urged his precipitate return. Why will critics insist upon our admiring every thing of Sir Christopher Wren's? His reputation will stand far higher by his being remembered solely as the architect of St. Paul's; none of his other works certainly can add to, many of them must detract from, the fame of the author of that noble pile.

greatest possible effect with the means at his command,—to impart elegance to the simplest designs,—and to add refinement to beauty, and grace to splendour.

Unhappily, however,—for so, at least, many will be apt to think,—a feeling for picturesque beauty is not to be acquired by rules and by the routine of the builder's office. We do not pretend to deny that a certain degree of taste may be picked up in such a way, sufficient to impose upon the vulgar; but by the term taste we do not mean merely that technical tact which will enable a man to distinguish between good and bad models. The taste requisite for a copyist is of a very inferior kind; it is, in fact, little better than negative: it is not the taste which enables a man to draw from the stores of his own mind, and to express original ideas with grace; that is, above all other qualifications, a *sine qua non* in the artist. We are frequently tempted to think, that the ironical advice given by the Roman epigrammatist, "*Præconem facito vel architectum*," has been adopted more literally than was intended; for many a one, with just skill enough to have handled a surveyor's rod and measure up work, has imagined himself an architect, without even so much as suspecting that he may happen to be deficient in the ingredient termed *nous*. We say this without the least compunction, being assured that we shall do no violence to the feelings of those to whom reputation is valuable merely as it helps to bring them practice, and who must hold in supreme contempt all such opinions as ours. The trade—or, not to shock ears polite by so vulgar a term—the profession, is a tolerably lucrative one, a circumstance that has probably seduced not a few to mistake their affection for the important letters £. s. d. for the enthusiasm of genius. Neither is it any wonder that talent should be considered perfectly superfluous when, as has been proved by a recent instance of some notoriety, an architect's blunders, so far from proving detrimental to him, serve to swell the amount of his per-centage.

When once a spirit of mercenary speculation comes to be substituted for that generous impulse which ought to animate the artist, it is idle to expect that his works will present either original conception or powerful feeling.

Secondary causes may have contributed more or less to produce that visible inferiority of character which, with very few exceptions, marks all the architectural works of nearly the last three centuries,—that is, from the period when the indigenous style of the middle ages was exchanged for one that professed to be a revival of the antique; but the principal cause is to be sought for in the vitiating influence of mechanical routine. They who consider the latter all-sufficient, might, with about equal reason, conceive that poetry may be manufactured by means of a grammar and rhyming dictionary. We do not undervalue the necessary preparatory studies in the education of an architect; but we do hold it to be a very fatal error to regard these studies as supplying the place of native talent, to which they are merely auxiliary instructions. In this, as in the other arts, little more than application is necessary to enable any one to acquire the elements of it, and that technical knowledge which is undoubtedly indispensable, but which neither constitutes, nor can supply the place of talent. Considered in this point of view, architecture can no more be taught than poetry; yet, as it operates with more tangible materials, and as it requires some mathematical and practical knowledge, it seems to be the general opinion that it depends chiefly, if not entirely, upon these, and that imagination is, if not altogether superfluous and perhaps mischievous, at least of very secondary importance. A knowledge of grammar and versification is necessary to a poet—anatomical skill, and a knowledge of the laws of perspective, equally so to a painter; no one, however, will pretend to assert that these are sufficient, since the experience of every day convinces us of the contrary. The difference between the most clever academical figure, and a *Madonna* by *Raffaël* is immense: a well-practised hand is competent to produce the former, but the latter emanates from the mind; it is the sentiment which the artist has so powerfully conceived and so felicitously expressed, not the manual dexterity, that captivates the beholder.

Still, while we contend that this intellectual power, which is entirely distinct from practical skill, and in itself incommunicable, is as necessary to the production of a superior work in architecture as in any of the other arts, we

will not be so extravagantly absurd as to say, that mediocrity is as contemptible here as in them. As merely providing for our wants and administering to our comforts, the builder has no more pretension to the title of artist than any other mechanic: houses are manufactured like other articles of commerce, and, like them, they gradually improve in taste and convenience: nay, it requires no greater effort of the imagination to draw the pattern for the front of a church with a portico, than to design a new pattern for a carpet; and yet the fabricators of the latter species of manufacture, whatever be their taste or ingenuity, are more modest in their pretensions than those of the former. Then only can architecture justly aspire to the rank of a fine art when it addresses itself principally to the imagination, and when it exhibits creative powers. Undoubtedly we may have very exact copies of the master-pieces of antiquity, in like manner as we have casts of the Venus and other celebrated statues, and, so far as regards the things themselves, we may admire them; but their merits belong to those from whom we borrow them, not to us who merely reproduce them, and who are so far merely the transcribers of their ideas. It will be said, perhaps, that we are somewhat unjust in attaching so much importance to beauty—in other words, to effect, and in allowing so little credit to what, after all, forms no inconsiderable share of an architect's positive merit, namely, his skill in construction. This department certainly requires much study, judgment, and science; but, unless he can captivate the imagination as well as satisfy the reason, the builder must be content with the praise due to him as a man of science only. It avails little that the utmost excellence be displayed in construction, if the structure itself have nothing to excite admiration; for this species of excellence is altogether independent of beauty. *An anatomist may contemplate with wonder the internal fabric of the body, as he perceives how every part is adapted to some peculiar function; but it is the gracefulness of the external form—the expression of the countenance, that captivates the artist. No one will venture to say that a steam-engine or spinning-jenny can be termed beautiful, admirable as either piece of machinery is for the ingenuity and science,

manifested in its construction. Convenience may enhance and utility supersede beauty, but they do not constitute it: each quality may be more or less combined with others that produce those pleasing emotions in the mind, in consequence of which we characterise the object possessing such qualities by the epithet, beautiful.

By adopting the orders and the other ornamental details of ancient architecture,—and that not merely as studies by which to form their taste, but as permanent and immutable signs belonging to the language of their art,—modern architects have excluded themselves from one source of originality. Another, however, is still open to them, which, were they to avail themselves of it to the full extent, would afford inexhaustible variety. We certainly cannot accuse the moderns of not having exercised their fancy in producing new combinations; indeed, they may rather be censured for having too frequently sacrificed unity of design to complexity and variety; nevertheless, it will be found, upon examination, that, amidst all this seeming fertility of ideas, there is very little that is really original and novel, the changes being merely variations of one or two themes. We entirely dissent, therefore, from those who are of opinion that the combinations of which architecture is susceptible have been long ago exhausted; that it is rather desirable to banish much of what has been introduced, than to attempt to introduce more; and that, abandoning a practice which has been productive of so much deformity, we ought henceforth to content ourselves with that chaste and modest beauty which affords more durable gratification to the eye of taste than the sickly conceits of novelty. We, too, would readily accede to this opinion, did we conceive that originality, which we so strenuously advocate, was nothing more than novelty; but, unless we be utterly mistaken, and our whole theory founded upon a delusion of our own, no two qualities apparently so much alike—or, rather, identically the same,—can be, in fact, more dissimilar. Whatever is done for the first time is novel, but it does not therefore follow that it is original: to attain novelty, an architect has only to adopt the first whim that presents itself, but to be original demands either profound study or the most felicitous conception. When

we say of a writer that his works exhibit great originality and power of invention, we hardly mean to imply thereby that his ideas are totally different from those of every one else—that the incidents he relates are unlike any thing that ever occurred:—no, we mean that he possesses the power of setting in a new light what was apparently hardly worthy of notice,—of eliciting effect from objects that had been passed over by others,—and of giving an air of verisimilitude and unity to the whole of his composition, however discordant the elements of which it may be composed. It is precisely this power that constitutes originality in architecture: the imagination must be captivated, but the judgment must also be satisfied. However we may be struck by the novelty of the idea presented to us, we must be still more charmed by the propriety and happiness of its application; and wonder not so much that it is now produced, as that what is apparently so obvious should not have been adopted before.

Unfortunately, architects seem more ambitious of displaying mere ornament, and relying upon that both for effect and variety, than studious to produce originality of character in the principal forms and masses; neither do they sufficiently attend to light and shade, to perspective, or to novelty, in the arrangement of their plans, so far as the latter regulate the exterior of their designs. It would rather appear to be their object to save themselves as much thought as possible in this last-mentioned respect, by conforming to established precedents. Hence that monotony which pervades our architecture in spite of the efforts to produce novelty. Notwithstanding, too, that minute attention which is paid to details—the scrupulous exactness with which a moulding, or the base of a column is copied from some ancient example—there is little of real study exhibited; otherwise we should not meet with such incongruities and palpable blemishes,—such evident want of unity in the *ensemble*,—as to convince us that the architect does not understand the style he professes to follow. How many buildings could we point out that seem little better than sketches in stone and mortar: there may, indeed, here and there, be some beautiful parts and a good idea, but these are neutralised by the rest,

or serve only to render its poverty and bad taste more conspicuous; and it becomes difficult to persuade ourselves that the architect could have looked a second time at his design; for, many structures, which a little alteration might have rendered graceful and pleasing, are, in their present form, calculated only to awaken our regret at beholding the opportunities they afforded utterly thrown away. Not unfrequently, too, have we perceived hints unconsciously thrown out that, by abler minds, would have been matured into beautiful inventions;—we say unconsciously, because it has been but too evident that these were mere accidents, positively of no advantage to the design where they occurred, or in the form in which they were presented, although capable of being rendered highly effective. Paradoxical as it may sound, it is owing fully as much to their want of imagination and invention as to any other circumstance, that so many of the moderns have fallen into the most abominable extravagancies, and indulged in all the freaks of perverted fancy. If, however, our readers will recollect the distinction we attempted to lay down between originality and novelty, this seeming contradiction will, we hope, be sufficiently intelligible. The Borromini school offers the most notorious examples of this apparent fruitfulness, but real sterility of talent: unable to strike out new trains of thought, and imagining, as it should seem, that ornament must of course constitute ornamental architecture,—imagining, too, that no more study was requisite for a design than what a confectioner bestows on his edifices of pastry,—they rendered their buildings unmeaning conglomerates of the most incongruous details and barbarous conceits, distorting every member, and disguising, not decorating, the essential forms. The Italian architecture of that period was, in fact, most wretched and trivial; yet Italy was the country to which the rest of Europe resorted for its models, and their pernicious influence extended far and wide. The epithet Italian was considered synonymous with elegant; although it might more justly have been applied in a directly opposite sense. In truth, the Italians are often below zero, so puerile in their conceits, so utterly devoid of all feeling and taste, that it might be thought they had attained the *ne plus ultra* of the

bathos, had not the French contrived, with their usual ingenuity, to find "within the lowest depth a lower deep." The only merit that can be ascribed to what may be termed *pure* French architecture—that is, the style in which no trace is to be discovered of the Grecian or Roman—is, that it was, at least, highly characteristic of the nation with which it originated—of the nation whose refined taste gave the ton, and with the ton their patches, paint, and periwigs, to the whole civilised world. Strenuously avoiding that vulgar thing called nature, they made their gardens full of straight lines, and their buildings of zig-zags; while abroad all was uniformity and formality, within doors all was irregularity; the legs of the same table were of different patterns, and one side of a looking-glass frame exhibited a contrast to the other. Their architecture, too, was full of freaks, and, withal, of excessive dullness; for its extravagance was not that of a bacchante, in whose very contortions there is grace, but might more aptly be compared to the grinning of a buffoon, or the hideous writhings of a bedlamite.

To what are we to attribute that influx of barbarism under the name of revived architecture that, until about the middle of the last century, covered Europe with huge baby-houses worked in stone—with Escurials and Versailles, together with other examples of costly deformity?—to the absence of all feeling for art, and entire ignorance of its principles, on the one hand; and to blind submission to authority and pedantic bigotry, on the other. That the so-called restorers of the antique had no genuine relish for beauty, is evident from their vituperations of a style to which we are indebted for some of the noblest monuments of architecture that the world has ever beheld. But it was Gothic—it had arisen in times comparatively barbarous; they were, not, therefore, content with rejecting,* but they must abuse it. It was pronounced to be devoid of harmony and proportion, grotesque in its embellishments, and overloaded with petty ornaments. The columns, forsooth, were too slender!—and so, indeed, they were, if measured by their Procrustian standard, yet certainly not if considered with relation to the other forms. With regard to harmony and proportions, we do not know where they are to be found,

if not in the buildings of which we are speaking. It is absolute nonsense to say of a Gothic cathedral, "the effect is certainly very fine, nor can we contemplate it without emotion: there is something sublime in the loftiness of its vaulted roof; nevertheless, it is out of proportion." This would be to condemn a thing for the very qualities for which we admire it: to extol the effect, but to censure the cause to which that effect is owing. What, too, we would ask, is harmony, except that perfect unity of character in all the parts, whereby each contributes its share towards the aggregate impression made upon the beholder? Equally unfounded is the objection against the multiplicity and minuteness of the ornaments in the more florid species of that style; the embellishments being kept subservient to the general masses, so that, although they produce great richness of surface, they neither distract the eye by their variety, nor injure that breadth of effect so essential to architecture. Nay, we contend that nature herself furnishes a precedent in her own works: elaborately as each leaf, each bud, is finished,—minute as these parts are, compared with the tree which they adorn,—they do not detract from its majestic appearance: their intricacy produces no confusion; their number is not destructive of unity of effect.

After all, did those who decried the architecture of the middle ages, display in their own works that harmony of proportion, grandeur of conception, and propriety of character, which they looked for in vain in those uncouth structures? precisely the reverse. They retained Gothic forms of arrangement and Gothic ideas in a style where they became quite incongruous; so that their *soi-disant* classical taste very much resembled the latinity of macaronic poets, or of those writers who dream that they are using the language of Cicero, while employing modern idioms, and words with Roman terminations. In one sense those buildings were not Gothic, for they merely transferred to their own edifices all the vices they imputed to that style. Swayed merely by fashion, and destitute of that feeling which would have led them to penetrate into the spirit of those wonderful fabrics,—to admire, if not to imitate them,—perhaps not unwilling to disparage what they had not the ability to rival,—they pronounced them mon-

strous abortions. Seemingly laying it down as a principle that beauty reveals itself but in one form, they conceived, that of styles so opposite, if one was beautiful the other must necessarily be the reverse; yet, as well might we say that a bird is an imperfect creature, because it is not a quadruped, or that an oak is not to be admired because it does not bear roses.

That those who first directed their attention to the remains of ancient architecture should endeavour, by comparing them with the writings of Vitruvius, to fix precise rules whereby they might produce faithful copies of them, was not only pardonable but meritorious. Their error, or the error of their followers, consisted in this, that they contented themselves with copying piecemeal, without striving to seize the spirit of the originals. Like verbal commentators, they were most scrupulous as to unimportant minutiae, while they utterly disregarded what ought to be the primary consideration, the effect resulting from those means. The breadth of a fillet was a momentous point; the exact quadrature of the metopes of a Doric frieze was an affair that demanded the greatest study to accomplish it; here they would not concede a hair's breadth, but they felt no compunction in twisting the shafts of columns, in stiling them upon ugly pedestals, in breaking pediments and entablatures, in piercing the latter with windows, and in loading every feature with excrescences mis-called embellishments,—for instances of which see Palladio, Serlio, &c. *passim*. Truly might they be likened to the giant in Rabelais, who could devour a windmill at a meal, but was at last choked by a pound of butter. In this, however, he is observed, both he and they are much like the rest of the world, all of whom can swallow windmills with far greater facility than the other substance.

Among the prejudices that we are attacking, there is one that deserves some consideration, because it involves no less important a question than the propriety of our copying Grecian architecture at all. There are those who contend that this style is utterly unsuitable to our climate, and that consequently, however it may gratify the eye, it can be, at the best, but an elegant absurdity and a graceful incongruity. Those who hold this opinion maintain, that as this mode of building was in every

respect admirably adapted to a southern climate, the very qualities that recommended it there, must render it ineligible for so much higher a latitude, and so much colder a country, as ours. The objection is plausible enough: let us see whether it will stand the test of examination. The old school fable of the Satyr and the Man might, had we nothing better to depend upon, aid us here, by shewing that what serves to cool may also be employed to warm. We will, however, select an equally familiar and more appropriate illustration, namely, that well-known apparatus which had its origin in a sultry climate, where it is used to defend the traveller from the rays of the sun, but which is here applied to a very opposite purpose—to fence him from the rain. Undoubtedly, in both Greece and Italy, the colonnade and portico are not only ornamental but of real utility, as affording shade,—still, as what produces shade also affords shelter, they have equal propriety to recommend them in more northern latitudes; and those who scorn to yield up a doctrine to a comparison, ought at least to shew their consistency by getting wet to the skin, rather than make use of an umbrella, which, as its very etymology imports, was originally designed as a screen from the sun.

An ambulatory formed by columns, may be termed open, as compared with a space entirely surrounded by walls; yet it may also be considered enclosed, as compared with one that is uncovered: when, therefore, it is objected to colonnades, that they are too exposed, it should also be remembered that they are not to be regarded as galleries without walls, but as platforms or areas, protected from the weather by a roof: and as in a warm climate the circumstance of their excluding the sun and admitting air renders them luxurious appendages to a building, so likewise in a cold one does the circumstance of their affording a shelter from rain and wind render them equally luxurious, although for a different reason. Far, therefore, from such a mode of building being unsuitable for a country subject to moist and unsettled weather, it seems expressly contrived for it. Nay, we even find it adopted in that style which is extolled for its perfect congruity with our climate; for what else is the cloister of our cathedral and collegiate edifices than the portico or

xystus of the ancients? That the colonnade may be misapplied or misplaced, or be, as we too often find it, merely an ostentatious embellishment, is assuredly no argument against its utility; neither does it recommend itself merely as a shelter against the inclemency of the weather, since even beneath our watery and uncongenial sky it is hardly less desirable as a protection from the sun. To hear some persons, we might really imagine that we dwelt in a land of eternal mist and fog, like that of the Cimmerians; and that English ladies had no more occasion for fans and parasols, than the inhabitants of Asia for stoves or fire-places. Such articles, however, they do use; besides which, if we may judge from the precautions adopted to exclude sunshine, it is sometimes considered by us to be an unwelcome intruder. Do we not fortify ourselves against it by all the complex apparatus of blinds, window draperies, shades, Venetian shutters, and verandas? The three latter of these can hardly be termed ornamental, since so far from contributing to elegance of appearance, they positively detract from it. The veranda, in particular, being the invention of a still more sultry clime than that of Greece, is still less adapted to ours, both from its excluding a greater portion of light than a colonnade, and from its being of a character totally dissimilar from the other features of the buildings to which it is attached.

After all, it is not solely because columns themselves are regarded as obstructions, and the shelter they afford as very inadequate, that this style of architecture has been objected to, but it is contended that Corinthian capitals and other ornamental parts soon lose all their beauty by exposure to the atmosphere, and their carvings become filled up with soot and dirt. If this objection be worth any thing, it proves that we ought to banish exterior decoration altogether, and that our ancient English style of architecture, with its sculptured parapets, niches, string-courses, portals, &c. is quite as ineligible in this respect as any other. This is indeed mortifying; still, on reflection, it may be doubted whether a perfectly white hue be the best tint for a building. We, at least, do not think that either St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey would be at all improved by looking as if newly white-

washed. To the eye of an artist, irregularity of colour is hardly a defect; while on a sunny day the blackened surface assumes that rich mellow tone, intermixed with gray and brilliant touches of pure white, to which our buildings are indebted for so much of their picturesqueness, independently of form. In a November fog, it must be confessed, they look dismal enough; yet so also does the prospect from Richmond Hill. Of this we may be assured, that if we are to have nothing but that which can be enjoyed equally at all seasons, the catalogue of our luxuries will not require to be abridged by sumptuary laws; for of what use is a garden in the depth of winter, or a hot-house in the dog days?

Our critics are never at a loss for some theme of complaint, some occasion that calls forth a display of their apprehensions, and of their rather singular solicitude for architecture. Formerly we used to hear of the monotonous dulness of our London streets, of their exhibiting merely two ranges of brick-wall, with holes cut in them for windows: now that we are beginning to abandon that bald and insipid manner of building, a fresh source of disquietude has arisen. Columns and bas-reliefs, it is discovered, are now prostituted to the vile office of decorating shop-fronts and common dwelling-houses, the consequence of which will be, that they will become vulgar, and lose the value hitherto attached to them. Then, again, we are exhorted to imitate the moderation of the ancients, who reserved such ornaments exclusively for their temples and public buildings:—if so, however, either their buildings consisted entirely of public edifices, or our artists err most egregiously in their conceptions when they represent Greek cities as one entire mass of columns and towers. The complaints of our ingenious self-tormentors appear to us to bear no small affinity to the lack-a-daisical lamentations of another set of exceedingly well-intentioned persons, whose aristocratic feelings are shocked to perceive, that for want of due distinction in dress, it is impossible any longer to discriminate between a peer and an apprentice, or between a lady and a lady's-maid. Whether it be because peers are become so vulgar, or apprentices so polished in their manners, they do not inform us; but, if the latter be the case, there is assuredly

more room for congratulation than regret. Whimsical as it may be deemed, this comparison is by no means irrelevant to our present subject; for if, and it will frequently so happen, the fronts of private buildings display merely abortive or caricature copies of the nobler features of architecture, so far from degrading other edifices, they will only serve to set off their chaster beauties and more refined taste. The art of Raffaele is not degraded by its alliance with sign-painting; nor that of Homer by what passes for poetry in ladies' albums. If, on the other hand, good taste should ever become universal, and the most ordinary buildings should display real elegance in their decorations, it would be sheer perverseness to make this a subject of complaint. We extol the refined fancy of the ancients, who bestowed the most graceful forms on their commonest utensils; and shall we be so inconsistent as to pretend, that a similar diffusion of a taste for embellishment must, among ourselves, prove either derogatory from the dignity, or prejudicial to the interests, of art? It may more reasonably be anticipated that the public will, by becoming more familiar with ornamental architecture, pay greater attention to the subject; that they will learn to discriminate and appreciate; and not, as hitherto, consider a building a prodigy of art, because it may happen to be decorated with columns. To architects, this growing taste for embellishment cannot but be favourable, since, if they possess any talent, opportunities will not be wanting for the display of it.

From the general tenour of what we have said, the reader will probably conclude that we are not disposed to allow any merit to modern architects. So far, however, from this being the case, we consider the art to have made considerable advance during the present century, and perceive, with no small satisfaction, that some of our architects are endeavouring to emancipate it from those trammels with which it has so long been fettered. Unfortunately, we must not estimate this progress by what is actually executed, because many of the finest designs have never been realised, but are doomed to be buried in portfolios. Great, indeed, would be our concern could we for a single instant imagine, that the talent of this country could not have produced a more

august and palatial fabric for the residence of the sovereign than the dowdy building in St. James's Park, the taste of which is not a degree above that of Regent-street. We, at one time, hoped, that the beautiful portico of Carlton House, certainly the very finest specimen of the kind in the metropolis,—would have been permitted to have formed the façade of some other edifice; we now deem it fortunate for the architect of the new palace that it has been removed.

Whatever be the sins of modern architecture—and they are neither few in number nor inconsiderable in themselves, there is at least one department of it to whose merits the moderns may lay an undivided claim—we mean domestic architecture, more particularly all that relates to the arrangement and decoration of interiors. It may seem, at first sight, that this is the most limited and most mechanical part; and to say the truth, notwithstanding the superiority of our architects in providing every convenience and luxury that might satisfy the most fastidious Sybarite, they seem rather to have been content to adopt obvious beauties, than solicitous to attain those which result from picturesque forms and combinations. In this respect, a wide field is open for study, and instead of contenting himself with following the beaten track, the intelligent architect will find numerous opportunities of producing far more striking effects than can be obtained by mere decoration. Here the Palladian school, and that of their English copyists, are sadly defective; for not only are their best-contrived plans very objectionable in point of convenience, but abound with strange violations of symmetry. At the best, a series of rooms opening one into the other, and nearly all alike as to plan, neither displays any ingenuity, nor leaves anything to the imagination. There are no points of view that unexpectedly present themselves to the spectator; no contrasts to break the insipid monotony, and, by diversifying the whole, to add to apparent extent. Still less do we find any attempt to diversify the effect of the architecture by the mode of admitting the light, while as for shade, that seems to be held in as great abhorrence by the architect, as it is by a Chinese painter. Indeed, were it not for the casual obstacles that sometimes compel the builder to deviate from his chess-

board system, we doubt whether any one of this school would venture upon a new idea. So little can be said in favour of the taste displayed in decoration, which had not much either of propriety, or character, or of grace; so that one might almost have been tempted to imagine that columns, cornices, &c. instead of being designed for their particular situations, had been supplied from some manufactory where they were produced by wholesale.

We have already attempted to shew, that what is generally alleged, as to the unsuitableness of Grecian style for our climate, is unfounded; and it is to its severity, as compared with the temperature of the south of Europe, that we are indebted for that superior accommodation which characterises the interiors of our residences. By the aid of a material for the want of which the houses of the ancients must have been, in many respects, exceedingly uncomfortable, and they must have felt the vicissitude of the weather in a far greater degree than ourselves,—we are enabled not only to obviate positive inconveniences, but to obtain the most splendid effect. It is hardly a poetical exaggeration to say, that glass has furnished us with the means of rendering our walls transparent; neither shall we do justice to its utility if we consider it merely as excluding wind, cold, rain, and dust, since it contributes hardly less to the comfort of our apartments by excluding sound. The plan adopted both by the Greeks and the Romans in their private houses was, in fact, as much the result of necessity as of taste, since they had no other means of securing any tolerable degree of either privacy or quiet.

It is not till very lately that we ourselves have begun to avail ourselves of glass as an article of luxury and decoration; for, that stained glass might be employed with equal advantage in any style of building, that it ought not to be considered as a characteristic of Gothic architecture, but only as a material to be fashioned into whatever form the artist required,—appears to have been a truth too abstruse for the comprehension of those who conceived it to be part and parcel of a mode of building they had abjured as barbarous. Tinted glass gives us the power of creating another atmosphere, as it were, and to throw that rich, glowing light on our walls which is so grateful to the eye,

and which, so far from producing gaiety, tones down, mellows, and blends the local colours of every object.

One great step towards breaking through the dull unvaried system that hitherto prevailed, has been to unite the conservatory to the house, so as to be separated from the drawing or dining-rooms only by glazed doors. By this approximation, both the conservatory itself, and the apartments with which it is connected, acquire an additional charm, as they mutually tend to set each other off to advantage; the former is rendered always accessible, and the beauties it contains become permanent objects of admiration; while the apartment which opens into it acquires almost all the cheerfulness that could be derived from an external parterre. Yet although, even in its present form, the conservatory is a most desirable and elegant appendage to the mansion, it is capable of being carried to a very great pitch of improvement, so as to be rendered both in arrangement and extent a real garden, with a genial atmosphere of its own. Those who have visited the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, will not doubt the practicability of such a plan,—not that we consider the conservatories there as altogether realising our ideas. One great recommendation of such a spot would be, that it might, in the evening, be lighted up with gas (externally), and be appropriated to promenading, dancing, music, or any other of the amusements of a fête.

The preceding hints have been somewhat discursive from our immediate subject, as they more properly regard the formation of external scenery, considered with regard to the house, than what belongs to the decoration of the apartments; we will, therefore, return to the latter, trespassing but for a short time longer on the patience of our readers. Among the various modes resorted to for the embellishment of rooms, no one is, in our opinion, less deserving to be imitated, than that of entirely covering the walls with a continued landscape, since, however skillfully executed, the illusion must necessarily be very incomplete; and even could the deception which is aimed at be rendered ever so perfect, it would still be a great solecism in taste. Besides, to say nothing of the absurd appearance of chairs, tables, and other pieces of furniture, in contact with trees and rocks, or of the impossibility of con-

cealing the angles of the walls, should the room be any other form than circular, it is only from the opposite side of the room that any portion of the painting can produce its due effect. Even a panorama, admirable as it is for a mere exhibition, would, by no means, be eligible for an apartment; but there is another contrivance lately invented, which, while it possesses all the illusive power of the panorama,—or rather exhibits that power still more forcibly, is expressly adapted to interior decoration, and that not exclusively by its striking pictorial effect, but also by its real utility, inasmuch as light may thus be obtained in situations where windows would be objectionable. The name by which the inventor purposes to designate this novel application of the principle of panoramic painting, is the TELEORAMA, a term compounded of the Greek words *τελε*, at a distance, and *οραμα*, a view, and denoting that the representation is beyond the walls of the apartment it serves to embellish. It is not the least recommendation of this novelty in architecture, that it admits of being put into a great variety of different forms, that the effect may be rendered more particularly brilliant by artificial light, and that while it sets off the architectural features of a room, it does not interfere with them. There is nothing, as in

both the panorama and diorama, to destroy the illusion, the boundary of the picture being completely concealed, without the least apparent artifice. Few things of the kind can be imagined more luxurious than a boudoir thus fitted up, where we may look out through an open screen of columns, or through a treillage overhung with vine leaves, upon an extensive sunny prospect—on the bay of Naples, the shores of Constantinople, or whatever other scene of enchantment may be raised by the magic of the pencil; without any thing to remind one of English gloom and English weather, save it happen to be the rain pattering against the window. Another advantage which the Teleorama possesses over either of the two species of representation we have just named, is that, as in a real view, the eye takes in more or less of it according as the spectator advances or recedes, or, in fact, as he changes his position in any direction. We do not feel ourselves at liberty at present either to name the inventor, or to describe the invention itself more particularly, and shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that it bids fair to introduce a new era in the decorative arts, and to found a more intimate and appropriate alliance between painting and architecture than has yet taken place.

HORÆ GALICÆ.—NO.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

A Tragedy in Five Acts by M. Ancelot.

EVERY one must have heard of the fierce contest in France between the classicists and romanticists. The *Othello* of Alfred de Vigny is a specimen of the latter faction; and this is to be followed by the *Hernani* of Victor Hugo. We have a *penchant* to the doctrines of this school, and we, therefore, wish its partisans the most unquestionable success. M. Ancelot, however, is a supporter of the first-named faction, though the drama which we are about to handle is not constructed strictly according to the unities.

The plot of the tragedy, as may be assumed from the name, has an historical foundation; but the author has

wholly failed in taking that advantage of the personages, condition, and incidents of the period, which would, without doubt, have produced an excellent drama. But this could hardly be done by a cultivator of the unities, and the failure is to be lamented. The exhibition of suffering sovereignty on the stage always constitutes a good lesson for less conspicuous mortals; for it shews that, under all circumstances, weakness, care, misery, and woe, are the sure penalty of our kind; and the more elevated the individual, the more obnoxious is he to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. All the political circumstances of the time are passed

over in silence, all the conspicuous personages, both amongst the enemies of the intemperate favourite, and amongst the partisans in his madly-projected rebellion, are unmentioned—with the exception of Robert Cecil and Sir Walter Raleigh. For Lord Southampton, M. Ancelot has substituted as a friend the very man who was Essex's bitter and implacable foe, Lord Nottingham. The time is immediately after the general's return from Ireland; and the story of the tragedy may be comprised in a few lines. The Earl of Essex having been disgraced, was confined to his own house. While the parliament were about to examine his case, Nottingham obtains the queen's consent to an interview with his friend. The meeting takes place—but Essex failing to speak of love (he has an amour with his friend's wife, Lady Nottingham!), Elizabeth becomes suspicious of a rival in the case. They at length part—she to give vent to her stifled fury—he to visit his mistress—when, at her request, he gives her a ring presented to him by the queen—with a promise, that if ever in trouble, and he transmitted this pledge, she (the queen) would stand his friend under the worst circumstance. On leaving Lady Nottingham he is arrested, and finally condemned and beheaded.

The creating an intrigue between Essex and Lady Nottingham, particularly as her husband is represented his best and most virtuous friend, is a gratuitous piece of mischief. Essex, doubtless, was notorious for his gallantry, and an intrigue might have actually existed between the parties—but then the husband was the active enemy of the earl. If guilt must needlessly be introduced on the stage, it might have been done after this second fashion, and then there would have been a little of romance in the incident. Lord Nottingham, too, after eliciting our approbation for his honesty during the first acts—raises our disgust by his brutality in the last, by preventing his wife from

pleading his quondam friend's pardon before the queen. If a chivalrous-minded man wanted personal satisfaction of his wife's paramour, he would surely seek it with his own good sword, and not rest satisfied, like a cowardly beast of prey, with licking up the blood which had been shed by a vile executioner. Yet such is my Lord Nottingham's procedure.

The great fault of French tragedy is observable in this instance of M. Ancelot's performance—i. e. the manners of France have been substituted for those of the country whence the fable is supposed to originate. We have here the daughter of bluff Harry, old Queen Bess, talking with all that namby-pamby, milk-and-water fineness, in immemorial usage in the *rueilles* of the Fauxbourg St. Germain—and Essex, a courtier of the first water—and Nottingham belying the roughness of those camps and hardy fields where he says he had passed his youth, and dealing in sugared phraseology—and his Sarah—his gentle Sarah, a *Parisienne* of the most delicate colouring. The spirit of Versailles has enervated every character with its softening influence—Essex, too, is made to be adjudged by the parliament—the parliament!—in the time of Elizabeth, when courts of high commission, and the Star Chamber, and martial law, were matters of ordinary life!

However, it is time that we proceed to our account of this drama. The first scene represents an apartment in the palace at Westminster, and discovers the Duchess of Nottingham, the Countess of Suffolk, the Duchess of Rutland, and the other ladies of honour to the queen. The first of these good dames has a very woful cast of countenance; and being questioned by her friend, the countess, about the reason, she alleges it to be the story of the Fair Rosamond, which she has been perusing. Upon this answer her good friend observes (in most poetical terms, it must be admitted):

“*Avec nous dans Southwark pourquoi ne pas venir
Du bon William Shakespeare admirer les merveilles?*”

We neither like Southwark nor Westminster in a line of poetry; yet Voltaire has the latter in his *Henriade*. Now, hear the puritanical *Duchesse de Rutland*:

“*Vous vantez beaucoup trop de profanes ouvrages
Dont l'esprit de Satan souille toutes les pages,
Comtesse de Suffolk. Si nos sages avis
Naguère par la reine avaient été suivis*”—

To which the other replies—

“ *Anna*. William n’écrit plus, je le sais ; mais la reine
Blâma de vos conseils la rigueur puritaine,
Et Shakespeare, échappant à votre austerité,
Enchantera son siècle et la postérité ;
Malgré vous, de nous plaire il a le privilège,
Il est l’ami d’Essex, la reine le protège,
Son théâtre à Southwark ne sera point fermé,
Et les ours de Pinnit ont en vain réclamé.” (†)

To them enters Elizabeth, with attendants, &c. &c. ; and to her again enter *Sir Raleigh* (Sir Walter Raleigh), Lord Cecil, the Duke of Nottingham, and members of parliament ; and of course there is much talk about the *Lord Count Essex*. At length Essex himself comes on the scene ; and all others being motioned away, the following dialogue takes place between the tottering favourite and his Queen :—

“ *Eliz.* And now, my lord, what plea hast thou to urge ?
A tardy-paced year hath wing’d its course •
Since last we saw thee present at our court ;
And was not Essex sunk in wild despair
Lest we should never deign to see him more ?—
Had I, alive alone unto my wrath,
Been still the Queen—thou ingrate !—thou wert lost
Under the sentence of deep ignominy :
But rank is banished— I am here to serve thee !—
In brief consent, I yielded to thy friend,
And deigned to see thee— Answer me, my lord -
Why hast thou aided traitorous Tybone,
And sought to pluck my crown from off my brow—
And, truckling to vile, popular applause,
Essayed to drive me from my sovereign throne ?—
Have I done aught to merit your revenge ?

“ *Essex*. Believe them not — I seek to harm my Queen !—
When, at my wrongs indignant, my rash friends
Arrayed their numbers in the city’s walls,
Repulsed I not their mad, impetuous course ?
Since the dark hour I was disgraced by thee,
And forced to bear my rivals’ contumely—
And stood a felon in the haughty circle
Of my own peers—have I not o’er my wrongs
Hugg’d me to struggling silence—bow’d my head
Without a murmur to thy chastisement ?
But now the axe is raised— the block’s prepared :—
Speak but one word !

“ *Eliz.* And who suspends thy fate ?—
Ere thou wert forced to answer to thy peers,
Did I condemn thee to our fatal Tower !—
And art thou not—all guilty as thou art—
Living in freedom in the home I gave thee ?
Thou speak’st of scaffolds and of mortal doom
See there—where on thy crime-intentioned hand
Sparkle the jewels of the ring I gave thee,
When honour call’d thee to the Hispanian wars !
Thy soul, then yielding unto puny fear,
Despondent sunk—until my breath gave life
In words like these :— ‘ If Essex e’er should anger
His Queen, or e’er offend our biting laws,
Let him but send to me this secret pledge,
And I will pardon e’er his worst offence—
And raise him from the dust where low he lies !’
Such were my words of comfort—Dost thou heed me ?

“ *Essex*. (*falling on his knees.*)
Oh yes !—my memory doth attest the fact

“ *Eliz.* (*raising him.*)
The balance, then, of thine own life thou hold’st.

" *Essex*. Why should I live when they have dared to brand me? —
Welcome the worst of deaths—to rank disgrace!

Why should I 'count to thee my history—
The perils of my youth and fearful battles—
Since I am branded a convicted traitor?
Cadiz, and Rouen, and the chiefest city
Of Lusitania, will reply for me!
Or must I, needs, point out my many scars*—

" *Eliz.* (*aside*.) Will he not speak of aught save scars and battles?
Well I remember all your high exploits!—

" *Essex*. Then grant fresh proof unto my well-tried valour,
That I may strike my base accusers dumb!
Where shall I give thy standard to the breeze?
Speak but my Queen—and instant at the word
A hundred argosies, of Spain are hers!
The fleets of craven Philip quick shall flee
Far from the banks of Ganges and of Ind—
Oh! that a path were offer'd to my course!—

" *Eliz.* (*aside*.) Not yet one word of love . . . But do not fear.
Yet, if I yielded to thy warlike wish,
Would not thy absence, cause some secret tears?
Some youthful beauty, in her lone retreat,
Would break her tender heart—from keen despair!

" *Essex*. Ha!—what say'st thou?

" *Eliz.* Surprised at last!

" *Essex.* My Queen—

Could she believe, then—

" *Eliz.* (*apart*.) Oh! to read his heart!—
Raleigh suspected truly:—He is false!—

" *Essex*. Yet—who should weep for me?

" *Eliz.* Thou askest me?

" *Essex*. She lives not—

" *Eliz.* Then I pity you, my lord.
Hearts in this world will seek responsive hearts:
To soothe our woes, and smile with us, in joy—
To grant our wishes—yield us sigh for sigh!
This was the longing of my aching bosom!—
How oft denied to those that wear a crown!
But once I madly thought that gracious Heav'n
Would grant me what I valued more than life!
A man—all worthy of my deepest love—
Cherished the growing passion in my breast,
Till we were conscious that the other felt
Equal devotion unto ourselves—Oh God!
He soothed me when the coil of troublous life
Maddened my spirits—we were blest indeed—
I was his wholly—and forgot the Queen!
That time is long since passed!"—

To proceed with the scene would occupy too much space: however, *Essex* is still cold, and at length retires; and the Queen soliloquises:—

" He hath repulsed all memory of my grace,
And found no theme for converse, save his glory:
Stagnating in unconcern and levity,
Within our presence, he would hide the past.

* In the original the line runs thus:—

" Vous faut-il aujourd'hui montrer mes cicatrices?"

Rather an odd request by a gay gallant to his lady-love. Our readers will, perhaps, remember an odd scene between Cardinal Mazarin and the beautiful Anne of Austria, as described by the writers of the period—and, latterly, in the *Memoirs of the younger Brienne*, published by the laborious M. Barrère.

I feel it here!—Perchance some other love
 Hath ta'en his soul in bondage—Doth she live—
 The woman!—Hath he from my courtly throng
 Chosen some beauty for his secret suit?
 I know not—though sometimes methought the slave
 Cast glances that were treasonous to me . . .
 Ha! if thou breath'st the air, thou daring minion,
 That hath despoiled me of my lover's heart,
 Take heed—thy bliss is of a short-liv'd date!"

The act concludes with an order to Cecil for the favourite's arrest. We will not go through the long scene of love between the Duchess of Nottingham and her paramour, with which the second act commences, and in which she begs and detains the precious ring bestowed on Essex by his Queen. When her lover departs, and the lady has had some talk to herself *secundum artem*, the Duke comes forward. He is sunk in sorrow for the condemnation of his friend, of which he duly informs his lady; then suddenly, as it were, wiping his eyes, he gives that peculiar turn to the conversation which is so truly French—for sorrow with us, in this our "*pays classique du rosbif et plum-pudding*," is stubborn and uncourteous in shifting its place. When we grieve, we do so in earnest; but our mercurial neighbours can in an instant go from

" Grave to gay—from lively to severe."

Witness the Duke of Nottingham—he is *abimé*'d, as the phrase goes, at the misfortune which has befallen his friend, yet he breaks out with

" En cessant de t'aimer, je cesserais de vivre!
 Tu ne peux soupçonner quel doux plaisir m'enivre
 Lorsqu'en silence et seul j'admire tes appas.
 Hier, je te contempiais; tu ne me voyais pas;
 Tu paraissais ici travailler avec joie;
 Tu main faisais courir l'or à travers la soie . . .

" La Duch. Vous étiez là!—

" Notting. Pardonne! . . . Invisible témoin,
 Je n'osais approcher: je reconnu de loin
 Une écharpe azurée, ou, sous ta main agile,
 L'or jouait l'émeraude et la perle fragile . . .
 Ce travail, qui a surpris mon regard indiscret,
 Pour ton époux, peut-être, était un secret?"

This scarf the Duchess had, in truth, been preparing for her lover, and had, just before, given it to him in exchange for the ring. The Duke is sent for by the Queen, and the second act closes.

" Eliz. This night—this night—he pressed her to his heart—
 Dost hear me, Nottingham?"

" Notting. They'd palter, Queen—

" Eliz. Silence! and hear me. Of his guilty passion
 The proof's at hand—take heed of what I say—
 This very night, from her whom thus he loves,
 He hath, in gift, a scarf. (She is about to take the scarf from the table.)

" Notting. Ha!

" Eliz. Look up and see—

" Notting. (recognising it.) Ha!"

" Eliz. Art doubtful still?—Thou tremblest—look, my lord,
 On these mysterious cyphers—wot I well
 They are the pledges of their hated love!

" Notting. (aside.) Oh God!

" Eliz. Now would I give my throne
 To know whose hand hath traced them . . . How is this?—
 Thy sense, perchance, hath probed the mystery—
 Thou'rt pale, Lord Nottingham—thou know'st her.

" Notting. No!

" Eliz. How would a double vengeance joy my soul!

"Notting. (*aside.*) I breathe again—Ha! tears—I will not weep—
I must have blood——

"Eliz. Thy pleading tongue is mute
In vaunting still his fame and noble worth!

"Notting. Queen—if, for thirty years, to English knights
I've been a pattern for deep faith to thee;
If, whilst I've lov'd a soldier's life to courts,
For thee and for King Henry I have been
All prodigal of life;—if, on this trunk,
This old and gnarled trunk, the many scars
Bear attestation to my loyal service,
I ask the recompense——

"Eliz. Speak boldly—How?

"Notting. Sign his release—~~but~~ for one short hour—
I must speak with him—see him front to front!

"Eliz. My heart can ill accord him thy request—
To give him joy would lessen my revenge.
The caitiff shall not see a single friend—
Though ghostly succour we deny him not!

"Notting. (*aside.*) A friend!

"Eliz. (*who has signed the sentence.*) 'Tis done—and thou hast earned
it well!—

Look here—the traitor's sentence!

"Notting. (*aside.*) Ha!—and shall
His heart's blood be denied unto mine arm?——

(*Aloud.*) Madam—I cast myself before your feet—

Grant him one moment's freedom——

"Eliz. Hence—away!

"Notting. (*rising.*) I will no longer pray——

"Eliz. What hop'st thou, then?—

"Notting. In face of Heaven will I behold him still!"

She then hands the sentence to Sir Walter Raleigh; and, turning to the lords, tells them to meet again, for the purpose of pronouncing her lover's doom, who shall hear on his bended knees the words of fatal condemnation. Thus ends the third act.

The scene in the fourth act discovers the Duchess of Nottingham, the Countess of Suffolk, the Duchess of Rutland, and ladies of honour, who are busy in examining and assorting various jewels and silks. The Duchess of Nottingham is pale and care-worn, and entreated by her friend the Countess to impart her secret affliction. She, however, evades the question, and inquires into the nature of her companion's occupations. The reason is altogether of a French nature. Says the Duchess—

"Quels sont ces travaux importants
Qui de votre loisir occupent les instants?"

Answers her friend—

"Silence!——

Replies the first lady—

"Qu'est-ce donc?——

Rejoins her friend—

Crains d'éveiller la reine.
Ne te souvient-il pas que sa fête est prochaine;
Et que, selon l'usage, il nous faut, tous les ans,
Déposer à ses pieds nos vœux et nos présents?"

The ladies depart, on a motion from her Grace, who remains and soliloquises;—then enters to her the Queen, disturbed from her repose, and agitated in mind. This she takes care to tell her friend, in lines by no means well fitted for her tragic situation:—

"Démosthène et Sophocle à mes regards distraits
De leur nobles écrits offraient en vain les charmes."

When the mind is violently moved, particular matters of the kind there alluded to are as little thought of as favourite monkeys or little puppy dogs. Our great novelist has painted the very same queen under deep excitement, in a very different manner. However, let that pass. From this commencement of the fourth act, in the hands of an expert dramatist, the plot might have been turned to admirable account. But the rhyme-shackle of French verse will defy the strength of even a giant. Look at Dryden, the man who, next to Shakespeare, perhaps, knew the uses of his language better than any other three poets put together—and even he broke down in his rhyming plays—which, with small fragmented exceptions, are complete failures. And look at Shakespeare, the true and thorough artist as well as poet—and count how often he uses rhyme in his purely tragical parts. If the specimens are scanty there, they are altogether absent in his tragedies of the passions. The French language is excellent for purposes of wit, of persiflage, of comedy; but for lofty sentiment, or very elevated movements of the mind, it is not adapted. Not that in France first-rate characters in every way have not lived; but what share had the Montmorencies, the Bayards, the Duguesclins, and the Napoleons, in the formation of their Gallic idiom? Every language in its essence is typical of the character of the people. The French writers of tragedy took the Greek theatre for their model, and have therefore failed. Excellence will never accompany tame imitation. The Spaniards have been wiser in their generation; and hence the bold, manly, romantic, enthusiastic enactments of Calderon, and Lope de Vega, and Moreto. The genius of Germany worked a passage for itself; and lo! the manifold perfections of Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing. The intellect of England disdained the vile trammels of the schools, or of an exploded antiquity; and are there not (to say nothing of him who stands by nature aloof, and is incomparable—Shakespeare) Marlow, and Middleton, and Ford, and Marston, and Massinger, in attestation of our pre-eminence? They, with their followers, however, worked under favourable auspices; the country that they owned as their birth-place was the clime of freedom, in which thought roved freely where it listed, and on expanded wings

wanton'd from clime to clime, gathered the most precious gifts of the earth, and then laid them up in store where enjoyment was secured, and existence pleasurable and without alloy. That there were commotions in the country, is without doubt; but they were excited between the monarch and the aristocracy of the highest order, while all other ranks and classes were left in comparative peace. The model observed by the tragedy-writers of France, that is to say the Greek theatre, is consistent with itself. The ancient Greek character is conspicuous for lofty pretensions and dignity, a staid demeanour, and a deep philosophy. Hence, in the selection of their subjects, the writers always affected characters and personages most conspicuous for their moral elevation or their mental superiority. Look to the dramas founded on the woful incidents in the houses of Atreus, or of Laius, or the Philoctetes, or the Ajax Mastigophoros, or the Prometheus Desmotes, or the Medea, or the Hyppolytus Stephanophoros. This was the natural consequence from their gloomy religion, whence Hope, the sweetest of the gifts of heaven to man, was entirely banished, and where Fear was the gloomy lord of the ascendant. Human happiness, to the Grecian thinker, depended less on individual virtue or moral excellence, than on the mad, crocketty, and incalculable caprices of destiny. The Greek drama, therefore, bears no contradiction in itself:—but it is far otherwise with that of France. The darkness of the Ethnic creed passed away—and Christianity established her empire. The new revelation scoured from the eyes of man the thick cloud of darkness which had enshrouded his vision and cramped his senses. He was then awakened, and became conscious that the flame of reason burnt within his soul, and that it would burn in spite of the threats of fatalism, or the chilling, nipping, influences of fear. But then, at the same time, he was aware, that the due cherishing of that flame depended on his own vigilance; and according to the greater or lesser degree of care bestowed upon it, the fire would assume an intense or a duller ray.

Thus had the nature of man become altogether changed—thus had his aspirations assumed a different hue, and his passions a varied character. And was it not incumbent on the modern

dramatist, whose great perfection consisted in the ability which he possessed to portray those passions — to accommodate himself to the exigencies of the season? Instead of that, the French, in their obstinate conceit, stuck fast by the Grecian faith, and they have failed, as they deserved. Of this a woful instance is at hand in the very play which we are analysing. As we said at the commencement of this line of observations, a most excellent opportunity has been lost. The plot in the latter half of “Elizabeth,” we again repeat, might have been turned to most admirable contrivance. But M. Ancelot has failed altogether. All his personages (it is the vice of all his brother dramatists) seem to be actuated by one sole principle; consequently there is no play of the passions. There is never any thing like double motive, or complicated purpose, or mental machinery, or impulse without impulse — one, indeed, more powerful than the other, but the more moderate, however, auxiliary to, or qualifying the full working or elaboration of the more impetuous. Yet is not this in the order of human nature, from the simplest savage to beings of the most refined order?—Again, the single feeling is, for the most part, kept in a state of subjection. This may occasionally be with minds of Herculean mould (although Polypheme, the Cyclop, is represented as roaring from intensity of pain), but with weaker minds all feelings will out and work their way. A Machiavel might dally with the inward pain that was devouring him—a Talleyrand might smile in gentle conciliation, though his heart’s blood were raging with a tempest of hidden passion—or a Castle-reagh, in his place in Parliament, might, to all appearance, be dozing in half-conscious tranquillity, while invectives and scurrility were being levelled at his head; but they would be indifferent characters in a tragedy. Every personage must be introduced to effect some climax, either in himself, or, by his instrumentality, in another. He must either be a perfect individuality in himself, or be instrumental towards the perfection of the individuality of another. They must all, therefore, speak and act according to the greater or lesser importance of their end. In the play before us, however, there is not a single perfect character. For the Queen is represented as confessing her weak-

ness to her subject, *without any reason*—that weakness being love for a man young enough to be her son—and that queen being Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry the Eighth! In the best scene, and that is the one which we have last given, our readers will immediately recognise the poor quality of the emotion. In the hands of a perfect master, there would have been given more latitude for *hy-play*, and for the representation of the differently modified emotions of a proud queen before a subject, and of a soul-stirred and haughty subject before his queen. Then, too, the weakness of the woman would have been more broadly shadowed forth in the one—but a weakness of the commingled elements of fierce love and implacable hatred—while the other would have expressed, in phrases of greater eloquence than can possibly be conveyed by mere monosyllables—the agony of his wounded confidence and his horror at the treachery and infamy of him who so lately was amongst men, and as a friend, the best beloved of his heart. Still less is the Duchess of Nottingham a highly-wrought personification, or one complete within itself. Then as to the language put into her mouth, it is by no means of the first order. As an instance, only let our readers see the speeches set down for her mouthing in the most important scene in which she is concerned, viz. where the Queen lays open her griefs to the agitated Duchess, explaining to her that she had signed the sentence for their mutual lover’s execution, having discovered his criminal amour with an unknown female of her court. The Duchess’s part, then, in this important scene, is comprised in the following sentences:—“Madame—” “Il . . . mourra!”—“Sans espoir de pardon!”—“Qui, madame?”—“Vous pensez?”—“Peut-être?”—“Quel tourment!”—“A son ambition quels biens offrirait-elle?”—“Comment!”—“Un anneau?”—“Dieu! si c’était . . .”—“Sans doute!”—“Ciel!”—“Ah! c’en est trop!”—“(We think so too).—“Me délaigner!”—and “Exit.”

Now we would ask any person of the commonest sense, whether the cleverest actress that ever lived could make any thing of such stuff and nonsense. All the grimace and contortion, and drawing up of the shoulder until it touches the ear, will fail to bestow the faintest vigour to the enactment. And

yet M. Ancelot, the author, is, by his countrymen, rated as being by no means destitute of talent. But the truth is, that dramatic writers with them attend more to pointedness of expression than to pointedness of character; they would rather have a soft mellifluous line, than a rough-hewn exclamation of intense suffering—they would

clap their hands in jubilation at an epigrammatic turn, and pass with unconcern such a passage as that one in *Romeo and Juliet*, by her delivery of which, Miss Fanny Kemble, the wondrous formation, makes the house nightly echo to thrice-rounded ap-
paise—

“*Juliet*. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

“*Nurse*.

From my soul, too ;

Or else beshrew them both.

“*Juliet*.

Amen !

“*Nurse*.

To what ?—

“*Juliet*. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.”

Here we fancy we can see our friend, the Frenchman, shrug up his shoulders in despair, and cry, bah ! like a throttled sheep. But such a passage as the following would make him cry bravo ! till all the breath was fairly out of his body.

“*J’ai gouverné sans peur—et je m’abdiqne sans crainte.*”—*Sylla*.

“*Eh bien ; punissez donc une épouse coupable ;*

Ne voyez que sa honte, et non pas son remords !”—*Elisabeth*, p. 58.

or as—

“*Je veux être une reine, et ne suis qu’une femme !*”

“*Superbe—magnifique*”—cries the stupified Frenchman ; and away he goes to his repose, *au cinquième*, with the utmost satisfaction.

In further illustration of what, a female heart should be, under excitement, we much wished to have adduced the characters of *Juliet*, and *Lady Constance*, and *Monimia* : and even the young lady in *Miss Mitford’s* late tragedy of *Rienzi* might be adduced in exemplification of our views : but we should greatly exceed our limited space. Suffice it, then, to say, that every individual actually bearing on the plot, should not be a passive but an active personage ;—that in her hours of repose a woman should be full of softness and confiding love,—modified, however, according to qualifying circumstances ;—but that in her moment of passion she should speak forth in unsubdued energy. Woman cannot control her feelings, whether she be of high or low degree,—the majestic *Cleopatra*,—or *Emilia*, the waiting woman to the gentle *Desdemona*.

Nor yet are *Essex* or *Nottingham* completed characters : every one would naturally suppose that the former was a rôle capable of being brought into very strong relief :—it is, on the contrary, most sparsely and scantily done. The lover, in fact, only appears in two scenes. Of all the personages in the tragedy, *Nottingham* appears to be the most perfect representation ; though we can assure our good friend the reader that this is but lame and halting praise.

But to return to our analysis. After the Queen has left the Duchess in a state of perplexity, and just as she has read a letter secretly conveyed to her from *Essex*, who is confined in the Tower, and in which he beseeches her to present the ring to the Queen, and demand his life, the Duke joins his lady, and prevents her exit. She is still anxious to go to the Queen, where her duty calls her ; and the following laconic but emphatic dialogue takes place between the guilty fair one and her angry lord :—

“*Notting*. Cherchez-vous à me fuir ?

“*La Duchesse*.

Qu’avez-vous dit ?

“*Notting*.

Eh bien !

Ne me refusez pas un moment d’entretien.

“*La Duch*. Mais, je vous le répète, un devoir . . .

“*Notting*.

Qui vous presse ?

“*Comme vous êtes pâle !*

Asseyez-vous, Duchesse.

“*La Duch*. Mylord—

“*Notting*. (*la forçant de s’asseoir*) Asseyez-vous !

“*La Duch*.

Oh, mon Dieu !”

At length the Duchess sees that her husband is fully aware of her guilty passion; and having cast herself at his feet, she exclaims—

“*Duch.* Strike here!

“*Notting.* Ha! strike thee—aye—when he is dead.

“*Duch.* I am a wretch—and shrink not from the blow:
Hence with all softness! strike—for thine own honour!

And I will kiss thine hand that brings me death—

For that will be less cruel than thy mercy!

Oh! had'st thou known the pangs of this base heart,

Even in the moment when impetuous passion

Fevered my brain—ran riot through my blood!—

Thou, whom I basely sold, didst gently use me—

Thy love, unfading, wondered at my tears,

While every look of tenderness would pierce

Far worse—more keenly than a scorpion's sting!—

To restless nights succeeded hopeless days;

Whilst I, accursed wretch, invoking death,

Hated my crime—yet sunk more deep in sin!

“*Notting.* Fool that I was to wed—

“*Duch.* Aye—cast upon me
Foulest reproaches—so I only die!

“*Notting.* So—truly.

“*Duch.* Aye, strike this proffered breast;
But let my blood propitiate thy wrath—

For I alone am guilty.

“*Notting.* Would'st thou shield
Thy thrice base paramour; but he escapes not:—

Before the congregated lords shall he—

The traitor—hear his doom—and thou again

Shalt see that face in fear's pale livery clothed!

“*Duch.* And shall he fall a victim, whilst I bear

The pledge of life and pardon. Let me hence!

“*Duke.* No! he shall die.

“*Duch.* Oh God! he shall not die; for I will fly thee.

“*Duke.* Less speed, I prithee—(holding her.)

“*Duch.* Do not bar my passage.
The deep remorse from one crime is enough;

But thou would'st have me, also, cause his death!

Oh loose your hold, and let me seek the Queen.

But think not that I would escape your vengeance;

I will, anon, return, a willing victim,

To die—so help me, Heaven, at thy feet!

“*Notting.* Each word that's utter'd by those poisonous lips

Adds to the fever of my fierce revenge!

Even in the moment of thy wildest anguish,

Thy guilty love is manifest; and know

That every tear that trickles down those cheeks

Bears a fresh evidence unto thy guilt!

Pollution!—would'st thou save him from his doom—

On whose bemangled corse thou soon shalt gaze.

“*Duch.* I will redeem him.

“*Notting.* Thou shalt not.

“*Duch.* Oh God!—

“*Notting.* Hush th' asseveration of that holy name—
Thou shalt not pass.

“*Duch.* In pity hold me not,
But let me snatch him from his bloody fate!

“*Notting.* Look, there—

“*Duch.* What gaze I on.

“*Duke.* Thy lover's form!”

Through the windows, at the back of the stage, Essex, surrounded by soldiers, is seen to pass. The Duchess falls lifeless at her husband's feet, while the curtain drops.

The fifth act opens with a representation of Elizabeth's oratory, where she is discovered amidst her ladies, in the attitude of prayer, seated on a pile of cushions. The Countess of Suffolk is reading the service, while the Queen is impatient at

her lover's delay in sending the secret token bestowed on him by her majesty. The whole of this scene is written with considerable power and effect. At length the Duchess of Nottingham rushes in, pale, and with dishevelled hair; when, casting herself at the feet of the Queen, she exclaims—

Ah ! de grâce, arrêtez ! S'il en est temps encore,
Qu'on épargne ses jours !
“ *Eliz.* Que vois-je ?
“ *La Duch.* Il vous implore.
Votre anneau . . . le voilà ! C'est moi . . . c'est moi . . .
“ *Eliz.* Grand Dieu !
Cet anneau dans vos mains ! A quelle heure, en quel lieu,
Vous l'a-t-il donc remis ?—

The Queen immediately despatches a page to arrest the execution; but the saving message is too late: and Nottingham, at the head of all the personages of the drama, comes exultant before the Queen, and announces the death of his late treacherous friend.

“ *Eliz.* Dead ! (*to the Duchess.*) But thou—name the title
That made thee guardian of his days and mine ?
Thou could'st have saved him from the axeman's clutch,
Thou base-born slave ! And what detained thy steps ?
Why wert thou leaden-paced, — speak boldly forth ;
For by yon Heaven I do suspect —
“ *Notting.* (*advancing*) My Queen !
“ *Duch.* (*throwing herself between the Queen and her husband.*)
Hold ! — no one, my Queen, hath staid my tardy pace —
I am his murderer ! I wished his death !
“ *Queen.* Thou ! Oh what a world of horrors ! Where to turn,
That some appalling crime strike not my sight !
And did'st thou hate him ? —
“ *Duch.* I ? —
“ *Eliz.* Thou lov'dst him, then.
“ *Duch.* Oh God !
“ *Eliz.* Aye, God above may pardon thee ; but I —
Ha ! never — never. Hence — quick — prepare ;
The keenest torture —
“ *Duch.* Stay — thou art avenged !
The hand of death is on me.
“ *Eliz.* Drag her hence !
“ *Notting.* Thou hast been deeply wronged ; but hold awhile,
There yet remains a guilty one to punish.
Thou'dst know, my queen, who barred her near approach
To thy most gracious presence. It was I ! —
“ *Eliz.* All-merciful Heaven ! —
“ *Notting.* Then pause not in thine anger :
Essex is shorter by the head. Strike home,
For mine is bloodless. —
“ *Eliz.* Hence ! — This woman still
Infests me with her person.
“ *Duch.* Oh, I die !
“ *Eliz.* Drag hence the carrion from mine eyes !
(*They lead out the Duchess.*)
And thou —
Thou hoary murderer — go, get thee gone —
Drive hence the miscreant !
“ *Notting.* Ha ! drive me hence ! —
I ask no mercy — give me instant death.
I have avenged my wrong, and spare me not.
Strike an old warrior — wronged far more than thou !
“ *Eliz.* Accursed monster — is thy ravenous fever
Of hatred slaked in blood so noble ? Hence —
Away — in mercy. —

[Exit Nottingham, followed by guards.]

The Queen sinks into her chair, overpowered by her emotions. At length Cecil addresses her in remonstrance; and she replies—

To whom speakest thou of glorious sovereignty?
 Look on me, Cecil. Doth my mien convey
 The secret awe inspired by majesty?
 My doom is come,—depart—I have no subjects;—
 What are to me your treaties—wars—exploits?
 Here is my throne—the Tudor's reign hath past.

THE HURONS.—A CANADIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR ANDREW WYLIE."

At the head of lake Ontario, a long, narrow strip of land separates its clear waters from a smaller expanse, generally known by the name of Burlington Bay. Along the northern part of the beach, as this strip is called, close under the residence of Brant, the Mohawk chieftain, a number of detached, picturesque trees, grow upon the sand, curiously festooned with gigantic vines interwoven among their branches; and in the ground beneath, at short intervals, are many square artificial hollows, the remains of a fortified camp of a party of the Huron Indians, who resisted the original invasion of their hunting grounds, when the French first attempted to establish military posts in that remote wilderness.

At first sight, it seems strange that the Hurons should have advanced so far to meet the enemies of their independence; but a cursory inspection of the map will serve to shew, that in taking this advanced position they were guided by a military eye of no common perspicacity. The country on their right and left was covered with a forest penetrable only by Indians; rude ascents and steep precipices rose in the midst of it, presenting a vast rampart of great extent against access from the low country.

It is evident, from the choice of their position, that the Hurons expected the French to arrive in boats; and to prevent them from penetrating into Burlington Bay was, without doubt, the motive which induced them to prefer it. Whether they were ever attacked in that position is no longer remembered, but an adventure of a party of them during the time they were encamped at this place is not excelled by any demonstration of resolution in the records of ancient heroism.

The French had in the mean time constructed Fort St. Louis, at the mouth of the river Niagara, at which the Indians became alarmed, and sent out a strong detachment, who intrenched themselves on the rising ground of the opposite bank, where Fort George is now situated.

In taking this new position, which evidently demonstrated courage and defiance, the Hurons did not sufficiently consider the superiority which the French possessed in their boats. It was easy at any time for the garrison of Fort St. Louis to attack the Indian intrenchments; but the Hurons had no engines capable of disturbing the embattled walls and sheltered quarters of their enemies. The few rude canoes which they had formed on the spot were unfit for warlike purposes.

What was wanting to these brave people in the machinery of war was supplied by their ingenuity; they employed their canoes in fishing, and the sentinels on the walls of the fortress were frequently found pierced with arrows. This annoyance from the canoes inflamed the garrison; and it was determined to dislodge the Indians.

The night appointed for the enterprise was at the change of the moon, when no light, save that of the stars, could shine upon the adventure. The command was given to the Chevalier La Porte, a young officer of aspiring bravery, and beloved by all the garrison. The boats belonging to the fortress were collected, torches were prepared, and grenadoes, together with many other instruments of combustion, to fire the stakes and fences of the Indian fortification. The enterprise was against warriors who were never known to have yielded.

The Hurons had no intelligence of these preparations; but their natural

sagacity apprised them that they could not expect to remain long in their strong hold unmolested. While their enemies were concerting the means of their destruction, they were no less active in augmenting their defence. In this crisis the incident took place which we have now to describe.

While the preparations for the expedition were going forward, the wife of La Porte was induced by the beauty of the weather to embark with her child for a sail under the walls of Fort St. Louis. The wind happened to blow strong from lake Ontario, and she in consequence directed her pinance to be rowed, in the lee of the high banks, up the river. In the course of this little excursion the boat was drawn into one of the whirlpools; and though saved from the vortex by the dexterity of the rowers, was thrown over towards the Canadian shore, and captured by some of the Indians, who were fishing near the spot.

La Porte, on learning the misfortune of his lady and child, became impatient to rescue them, and to revenge the insults which he conceived his wife must have suffered. Accordingly, it was determined that the attack on the Indian camp should be made on that night; and soon after dark the troops were embarked. It was a gloomy night—the sky was overcast—the wind was gusty—the waters of the lake were muddy and troubled—and the heavens and the earth were ominously darkened, as if fate frowned on the expedition. But, nevertheless, the gallant Frenchmen reached the Canadian shore, and approached in silence towards the palisades of the Indian encampment.

The Hurons, in the joy of having taken prisoner the wife of their most intrepid adversary, had spent the fore part of the evening in revelry and gladness; but, tired of their feasting, when the French approached, were in a profound sleep, and, dreadless of danger, were without their usual watch. But there was a faithful dog among them; and the soft footing of the enemy's advance could not be concealed from his vigilant ears. As they drew near he began to bark—first at intervals; but his alarm gradually became louder and louder, until he had roused the Indians from their fatal security. While they were rallying, La Porte advanced his troops close to the palisades, and poured a shower of fire and

lead through the apertures. The Indians, notwithstanding their surprise and confusion, made a desperate resistance. They mounted their assigned posts, and, with heroic resolution, defended themselves against their enemies, who, having scaled the enclosure, advanced upon them sword in hand, cutting down all who opposed their progress.

In the meantime, La Porte, anxious to rescue his wife, frequently called her aloud by name; and at last she heard his voice, and replied with an exclamation of joy.

The Indians, on hearing this, believed she was the object of the enterprise, and formed a rampart around her and the infant she held in her arms. The French attacked them with the animation peculiar to their character; but it was in vain. The Indians repulsed them with their spears, and raised a wall of the slain before themselves. La Porte, almost distracted, commanded the torches and combustibles to be lighted, and the wigwams in which the squaws and papooses of the Indians were lodged to be set on fire. The flames spread with appalling rapidity—the shrieks and screams of the burning victims pierced the hearts even of the infuriated Frenchmen; but the Indians stood in their places like adamant, with a constancy of purpose that the adventures of European war have never surpassed. By the light of the flames, the Indians were enabled to make a fearful retaliation—they bent their bows and drew their arrows from their quivers, and in the first shower of their shafts every arrow bore a billet to the heart of an enemy. Another such desolating volley had destroyed the French: but at this crisis one of the sachems, fixing his eye on La Porte, called on his Indian companions to stay their arrows for a moment; and placing one of his own on his bowstring, he levelled it at the breast of the intrepid Frenchman.

The sachem was standing at the time beside Madame La Porte, and by that circumstance he was protected from the muskets of the assailants. On both sides there was a pause—the fate of La Porte seemed inevitable—when his lady, with heroic presence of mind, as the bow was drawn to its full bent, snatched a burning brand, and dashed it at the hand of the sachem,—the harmless arrow dropped at his feet.

The French raised a shout,—La Porte rushed on the sachem, and sabred him to the ground. This decided the conflict for a time. The Indians made no further resistance, but fled from their encampment, and abandoned all to their enemies.

Here the curious sagacity of the Indians in this desperate condition of their affairs, shewed itself. On escaping from the entrenchments of their camp, instead of scattering themselves, they all instinctively ran, as if they had been directed by a command, to the spot where the boats of their enemies were lying, and cut them adrift. They then planted themselves under the bank, and, with bent bows and fixed arrows, waited the return of the French. La Porte, when he found the camp abandoned, mustered his men, and led them back to where they had left the boats, with the intention of re-embarking. The Indians heard them coming, and suppressed their breathing. The French drew near, and went straight to embark: those who were foremost gave the alarm, that the boats were gone. In the same moment a shower of the Indian arrows made dreadful havoc among them. La Porte was standing with his wife and her child leaning on his arm, when this terrible ambuscade so suddenly burst upon his men. But possessing that presence of mind which qualified him to undertake the difficult enterprise in which he was engaged, he directed his wife to lie down with her child; and calling to such of the soldiers as had torches and combustibles, to light them, and to plant them on the ground, he charged the Indians in their lurking places under the bank, and before many of them could escape, he was their master again. The contest was now unequal. The Indians, however, rallied on the top of the bank; and the torches illuminating the shore, enabled them to take perfect aim at the French. La Porte, though he escaped himself, saw with dreadful feelings his men falling around him one by one.

By this time the garrison of Fort St. Louis, anxious spectators, had discerned by the lights on the shore that the boats were thrown adrift, and justly apprehending from that circumstance that their comrades had the worst of the conflict, manned the two or three boats which remained at the garrison, and went to their assistance. They arrived

at the critical moment when the Chevalier La Porte and his few remaining companions were exhausted with fatigue, and their ammunition nearly all expended. The reinforcements cheered the French and dismayed the Indians, who, nevertheless, with the constancy of their fearless nature, maintained themselves upon the top of the bank; and the heavens having by this time cleared up, their tall forms, darkly seen by the star-light, presented conspicuous targets, as it were, to the aims of the French: thus, in their turn, they fell as fast as the soldiers of La Porte, whom they had so nearly destroyed. Victory being now decidedly with the French, La Porte was anxious to re-embark his few remaining men; but as the Indians stood firm, the honour of the French would not permit them to listen to prudent counsels, and with one voice they declared their determination not to retreat.

In the meantime, Madame La Porte, who, with her child, had continued lying on the ground, to escape the arrows of the Indians, during a short pause in the battle raised herself, holding her child in her arms, to see the aspect of the conflict: while in this position she was discovered by an Indian, and almost in the same moment the infant was pierced with an arrow. She felt him shudder—and then he was dead, but she clung to the lifeless body, and again stretched herself on the ground.

At this moment, La Porte seeing that the firmness of the Indians was not to be overcome by attacking them in front, despatched a few of his men under the bank of the river to attack them in rear. This manœuvre was successful. The Indians finding themselves between two fires, uttered a wild shout and again fled; but it was not the flight of defeat. They rallied in the darkness, and before the French could reach them they were descending towards the landing-place, through a narrow path which wound through the bushes towards the bank where the boats lay. Here they found Madame La Porte lying on the ground, still embracing her lifeless infant; and one of them was on the point of despatching her with his tomahawk. It happened, however, that among the French who had fallen there was one who, though severely wounded, was able to use his right hand, with which he still grasped his sword. Seeing the peril of the lady, in the same moment

that the Huron raised his tomahawk, the wounded man, with a desperate effort, plunged his sword into the heart of the savage. By the exertion he in the same instant expired.

At day-light the two bodies were seen as they died. The Indian's, holding the tomahawk, was still in the position, though he lay upon his back, in which he had raised his arm; and the Frenchman's sword stood in the heart of the Indian, grasped with seemingly the same energy with which it had been fixed there.

During this conflict on the shore, La Porte, who had hurried up the steep bank with his men, in quest of the fugitive Indians, not finding them, returned to re-embark, satisfied with his victory; but when he again reached the top of the bank, and saw, by the gleam of the morning, which now began to dapple the east, the Indians in possession of the boats and the landing-place, with his lady besmeared with blood, he was for a moment struck with consternation: it was, however, only for a moment. The undaunted courage, and the bold expedients with which the unconquerable Hurons had fought and circumvented him, fired his French emulation, and he determined not to leave the field while a single Indian remained. A few words told this resolution to his men. They shared his

pride and spirit, and with a unanimous voice they cried, as if inspired simultaneously by the same instinct, "Let each take his man!"—and rushed down upon the Indians, of whom as many as there were Frenchmen almost in the same instant fell beneath their swords.

Only three of these determined warriors now remained. Yet these three stood as resolute in stern sublimity as if they were still surrounded by their heroic companions. They fixed their arrows to their bow-strings, and were on the point of taking aim, when two of them were pierced with as many bullets. Such unsurpassed heroism moved the admiration of all the French, and La Porte ordered that last warrior to be spared. But the Huron would not accept the boon. His arrow was ready in the bow—he raised it—took aim—and it quivered through the heart of La Porte. He himself sunk at the same time under the swords of every Frenchman who was near enough to inflict a blow.

So ended this intrepid adventure. The bodies of La Porte and his child were placed in one of the boats, and, with Madame La Porte, were slowly conveyed to the garrison. The bodies of the slain were next morning buried by the French where they lay.

WEST INDIAN SKETCHES.—NO. I.

ADVENTURE WITH A PIRATE.

IN the year 1825, as nearly as I can recollect, Captain Sloat, of the American armed schooner *Grampus*, stationed at St. Thomas', captured a celebrated pirate, that had been outlawed for some years, in the following manner. The name of the pirate I cannot now remember.

Captain Sloat, having heard that the pirate was somewhere along the south side of Puerto Rico, purchased or hired a small sloop that had just arrived at St. Thomas', from thence, loaded with tobacco and coffee. As soon as she had discharged her cargo, he put two lieutenants and thirty-five men on board, well armed, with four or six small 6-pounders, with orders immediately to proceed to the same place she would have returned to had he not

engaged her, retaining one or two of her former crew as pilots. On her entering the small harbour, the pirate discovered and knew her, and made all possible sail to prevent her communicating with the shore before he captured her; expecting to find specie or dry goods, in return for the tobacco and coffee that she had taken to St. Thomas'.

As he approached the sloop to nearly a short parallel distance, he shewed symptoms of suspicion on discovering the guns (all the hands were concealed but the pilots): he then had too much headway to escape, which he attempted by wearing; but the sloop got outside of him, and gave him a discharge of musketry, which was kept up with all the vigour possible, killing eleven of

his crew; the remainder laid flat down, and refused to assist in either fighting or navigating the vessel: their sole anxiety was to escape from the shower of balls that was passing over them. Under these circumstances, the pirate displayed the most astonishing coolness and indifference to his life, which called forth the unqualified admiration of the officers and men opposed to him. Lieut. McGruder, the second in command (the first was Lieut. Prendergast), informed me that he saw the pirate, alone on his legs, steering his vessel (a small sloop or schooner), occasionally running forward to get up the square-sail, haul it up a little, then return to his helm, get the vessel's head right, put the tiller between his legs, load his fusee, and fire it; again run forward, get up the square-sail a little more, return to his helm, load again, and so on, until he got up the sail, and discharged his gun fourteen times; when he at last succeeded, unassisted, in outsailing his opponents and running his vessel on shore, when the surviving seventeen of his crew leaped overboard. Some of them were killed and wounded before they reached the shore. I am not certain whether the 6-pounders were fired or not, but the pirate escaped unhurt.

The firing alarmed the country; the magistrates ordered out the militia, and had them stationed, as quickly as they assembled, to assist in taking any of the pirates that might land. The Americans soon followed, and succeeded in taking or killing all but the chief, of whom, for a short time, they lost all trace; until they fell in with a herd, in great distress, complaining of a man with a curious hand, three fingers growing together, having compelled him to exchange clothes, and to give him up the charge of his cattle, which he was now driving towards the interior, in his assumed costume. The pursuers immediately knew this to be the one they were in search of, and recollected having more than once passed him, without suspecting who it was; so well did he act his part, and such unconcern did he shew. In a short time, they again discovered the pretended herd. Two or three of the foremost in the pursuit attacked him. He made a wonderful defence. One or two attacked him with swords for some little time; while a third, seeing how obstinately he fought, fired his

blunderbuss, loaded with slugs, at him, which took effect in his shoulder and knee. He nevertheless continued to fight with his other hand, until the one who fired at him struck him with the butt-end of his blunderbuss on the ribs, a most severe blow, which brought him to the ground. They even then had difficulty in securing him.

He and the other prisoners were sent to St. John's, the capital of Puerto-Rico, to be tried. The Americans returned to St. Thomas', after being in great distress, from the leaky state of the old sloop, and the heavy rains that fell during this expedition. The deck, as they expressed it, leaked like a riddle. After their return, Captain Sloat determined to visit the pirate, and sailed to St. John's, Puerto-Rico. He was admitted to the *cachot* where the pirate was confined, thirty feet below the level of the sea, in the Mora Castle. He found him quite composed, and busily employed in taking all the possible care he could of his wounds, although he was then under sentence of death. Captain Sloat informed him that he visited him in consequence of the account his officers gave him of his dauntless courage and cool presence of mind under danger that had appalled all his companions, and also his wonderful exertions in working his vessel alone, as he had done. Captain S. expressed his regret that such qualities should have been so badly applied. The pirate said he had been so long accustomed to be fired at, it never gave him the least concern. He had a firm conviction on his mind that he would not be touched. He mentioned further, that that consciousness kept him always cool and collected in action. He once determined on quitting his mode of life, and becoming a citizen of the United States; but that, a few days after he had sailed from St. Domingo with that intention, he was wrecked on that island, in the hurricane of 1819. He was the only one saved on board; but he lost the vessel, cargo, and specie, of great value, which was his all. This reduced him to a very low and desperate state, obliging him to associate with a few lawless characters like himself. They embarked in small vessels or boats, and captured whatever vessels they could. He mentioned having killed above four hundred persons with his own hands, during the preceding eight years that he had

been outlawed; but he declared that never, to his knowledge, had he killed a native of Puerto-Rico, his birth-place. He appeared touched by Captain Sloat's sympathy, and declared he had created feelings in his breast he thought never could have existed. He made an unreserved confession of all that he had done himself, but would give no information that would lead to the detec-

tion of others, although he had himself in a manner been betrayed, the particulars of which I cannot recollect. When he was taken out to be shot, there was not the least concern visible on his countenance. He fell without a struggle; and all the companions of his lawless life who had been taken were similarly condemned, and underwent the same fate.

MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S "SATAN."*

WE have been bothered and stunned with the bawling and braying of Arcadian nightingales, in praise of the sacred poetry of young Montgomery. It may all be very fine, we dare say—only the beauties are not manifest to our opaque vision. That youthful gentleman commenced his literary career by writing a satire against all the world, in language by no means smacking of the most elevated standard. He then brings forth some hundred lines "On the Omnipresence of the Deity," and then another satire, "On the Art of Puffing"—forgetting, the while, the means by which his own poem had been made to succeed; and this is followed by a volume containing an odd collection on Hell, Damnation, the Day of Judgment, and other inflammatory subjects; though even their fiery materials failed to give any thing save a feeble glow-worm light to his versified conceits. And now the gentleman has taken hold of Satan by his horns, as undauntedly as an Indian juggler would handle his

"Painted basilisk or spotted snake."

And the herd of wonder-stricken jackasses amongst the devout and the ignorant, vociferate *papa!* and wonderful! and astonishing boy! and surpassing sanctity! Of the sanctity enshrined within the young gentleman's heart we will not say one word; God forbid; for amongst the most gratifying, nay, glorious sights, which mortality can behold, is "youthful devotion"—that devotion, indeed, which, inducing an indifference to worldly vanities, makes us hunger after an everlasting redemption in heaven, through the discharge of all the essential duties incidental to this our sublunary existence. It is to

be hoped that Mr. Montgomery is thus happily circumstanced. But true devotion, in our humble opinion, is inconsistent with vanity; and what but this indifferent motive could have induced such a mere stripling to set himself up as a corrector of abuses, and a satirist of his age? Perhaps he thought, that as Byron had done something of the sort, why should not he be allowed to follow the example? Is not this pure, unadulterated, genuine vanity? All the puffing and straining of the frog, however, will never bloat him to the size of the ox; and that which was pardonable in the author of *Childe Harold* is inexcusable in the piping bard of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*;—not on account of any super-excellence in the one when compared with the other, but simply because of the difference in their motives. Byron's was the retaliating blow of a high-minded, passionate young man, to revenge what he conceived a gross insult, and to gain, if he could, a malicious triumph! God knows, he never boasted of devotion; and if he had, all the world would have taken his word for an attempted pleasantry, and therefore have laughed heartily at him. Byron, however, was afterwards so sorry on account of his angry effusion, that he suppressed it. But Mr. Montgomery came forward with determination *prepen*se, and thought that a satirical flagellation on the world would be the surest way to make himself heeded. And certainly he laid it lustily about him—a very Quixote amongst muleteers and windmills, and to as little purpose, and productive of as insignificant effects. After this he certainly begged the pardon of those most respectable individuals whose backs he

to belabour with stripes; and he got into favour, and condescended to take advantage of the advocacy and friendly services of those very men whom, in the previous moments of his superabundant pride, he would have admonished and instructed. There was in all this very little evidence of devoutness of heart, or of that equable, undeviating, upright-minded, all-enduring spirit breathed into the heart by pure religion. Shortly after he had sung the praises of the Deity, and manifested, as his advocates alleged, a wonderful degree of devotion for so young a person, he took in hand again the satirical rod, in order to teach his betters. The attempt again proved abortive, and he was again forgiven by his kind-hearted critics, though the devil had seduced him from the contemplation of spiritual matters, to the examination of the low, petty, piddling matters of bookselling by means of puffing. What but vanity prevailed in this youthful champion of religion to drop down to this cold clayey earth, and lay aside the pleasing, prosing, ten-syllabic concoctions suggested to his fancy by the spirit of new revelation? Then came the volume dealing in the infernals; containing, if we remember rightly, a certain portrait of the spiritual bard, with dark and side-turned ringlets sweeping over the right temple, and bare neck, and broad open shirt-collar falling over the shoulders, and eyes up-raised to heaven, as though he was engaged in mental prayer. And we ask fairly, was this small matter the result of piety, and zeal for God, and heart-felt devotion? or was it the puny, sorry indication of a most contemptible vanity? Let his warmest friend answer us, in sincerity, aye or no. Perhaps they will say it was the thoughtless act of a very young man. This we deny; for even a greater man than ten thousand Montgomeries in a heap, had been laughed at, sneered at, for a similar piece of folly. Had not Mr. Montgomery heard these sneers?—had he not joined in them? Then why, in the name of true and holy devotion, did he suffer himself to be daubed forth *à la* Byron? All this is evidence of the unsettled state of the young man's mind. Let him be assured that no religion finds a resting-place in the bosom actuated by the slightest leaven of vanity. Poor Henry Kirke White, in his days of levity, "had supposed," says Mr.

Pigott, "that morality of conduct was all the purity required; but when he discerned that *purity of the very thoughts and intentions of the soul*," also, was requisite, he was convinced of his deficiencies, and could find no comfort to his penitence but in the atonement made for human frailty by the Redeemer of mankind, and no strength adequate to his weakness, and sufficient for resisting evil, but the aid of God's Spirit, promised to those who seek it from above in the sincerity of earnest prayer."

True genius is solitary and meditative. It shuns observation, and feeds its craving and appetite where eye cannot witness its actions, nor yet can ear hear the faintest articulations of its untamed fancies; and it will never visit the haunts of men until it is certain of a favourable reception—sure of gaining an auditory—sure of being listened to with attention. By observation, by deep reflection, by severe study, by painful recollections, it will heap up knowledge for itself; that when it shall speak, it may do so from the exuberance of matter, and not through the effort of running after, and catching hold of, thinly-scattered ideas. Now, this last is evident in all Mr. Montgomery's writings; and he has come forward a half-educated young man, and one, consequently, but crudely constructed in his mind, to speak to us, and instruct us in the high duties enjoined us by our religion—the high themes of Revelation, of First Sin, of Atonement, of Redemption, and a Future Life. To do fitting honour to these, are there not required the most exalted knowledge, and the keenest sense—the deepest learning, and the subtlest reason? Has Mr. Montgomery these? or, if he possess them, has he given evidence of that possession? Could Milton have produced his *Paradise Lost*, or Dante his divine Comedy, unless all the learning of their age had been engrafted on their minds? Mr. Montgomery and all his admirers are woefully mistaken, if they suppose that learning is not just as much an essential for poetry of the highest class, as imagination, or taste, or knowledge of the language in which we write.

Again; no youthful instructor is ever listened to by mankind. Even in the economy of our blessed Saviour's life, the prejudices of the world were consulted; and he came not forward

to teach, to instruct, and to redeem, until his form had been clothed in the fulness and majesty of manhood. The devout Mr. Montgomery comes forward and inflicts his crude elaborations on the world at the age of two or three and twenty! And the wonder-stricken admirers of the youthful bard have noted this down also to the already sufficiently extended list of his manifold perfections. We could have wished to have entered more deeply into this matter, had we space. As it is, we will give some specimens from his last poem, premising that we mean to put it to a test, which, if genuine, pure, and undoubted, it will very easily withstand.

Here is a passage, which we will place in prose lines; and we beg to assure our readers, that they constitute a very favourable specimen of the poem.

"The night hath drownded, the
is o'er, and nature wooes me.
like a shining sea, advances through the
orient heavens. Enormous phantasies of
waking light, as foam from a volcano's
fiery lips, now welter forth around in rich
transcendency of beams (!!!) For, lo! the
surfaced moon, arranged in clouds of
crimson bloom, comes gliding o'er the
waves that billow dancingly to wear her
smile (!) and veils the world with
glory. Rocks and hills salute her with
magnificence (!!!) With their greenest
pomp the woods and plains are mantled,
and night tears glisten in her rosy
beams (!) But in yon valleys, where
from bosomed (!) cots, like burning incense,
wreathy smoke ascends. How
beautiful the flush of life! The birds
are winged for heaven, and steep the air
in song (!) : while, in the gladness (!)
of the new-born breeze, the young leaves
flutter; and the flowerets shake their innocence
(!) and bloom. And ye bright
streams! ye woodland vagrants, humming
to the wind in vine-like flexure!!!!!!
how ye rove along on mead and bank,
where violets love to dwell in solitude
and stillness: All is fresh and gaysome!
Now the peasant, with an eye bright as
the noon-ray sparkling through a shower,
comes forth and carols in thy warming
beam, thou sky-god, throned in all thy
wealth of light; sure, airy painters have
enriched thy sphere with regal pageantry;
such cloudy pomps adorn the heavens, a
poet's eye would dream his ancient gods
had all returned again, and hung their
palaces around the sun!!!!!!"

Now, we appeal to any competent
judge, high or low, learned or unlearn-

ed, so only he have some slight idea of
composition, and we ask, Is such a
passage to be tolerated? Let not Mr.
Montgomery or his advocates imagine
that we are dealing unfairly by him, in
thus printing his ten-syllabic divisions
as prose lines. True poetry can stand
this test. Take a passage of Byron; or
of Milton, or of Wordsworth, or of
Southey, or of Shakespeare, or of John
Wilson, or of Shelley, and write them
down as you will, transpose the words
as you will, preserving always gram-
matical order, and it will still be
pure, unadulterated poetry in essence,
though wanting the outward garb,
the musical cadence, and the rhythm.
Take, again, a passage from glorious
Jeremy Taylor, or Edmund Burke, or
Milton's prose works, or Bourdaloue,
or the ordinary speech of a simple, un-
tutored, and tattooed savage, — and
there, again, in essence, you have pure,
unadulterated, beautiful, heart-stirring
poetry. Gold is still precious, and re-
tains its pristine value, beat it into any
form you please, — convert it, if you
will, into an emperor's diadem or a
Persian culinary utensil. But true
genius is always sure of the prey it
pursues. Its imagination fastens on
the object of its desire, and makes it its
own. Its possession in that object is
distinct, definite, undivided, and whole.
But it is otherwise with individuals of
weaker, or half capacity. They may
lay hold; but they cannot retain: they
may attempt; but the opposing force
will offer such opposition as only to
leave a solitary and poor fragment in
their hands.

Let our readers, or Mr. Montgo-
mery's advocates, con the passage which
we have transcribed, and let them
conscientiously answer us, Is there any
thing but false or imperfect imagery,
monstrous tropes, ignorant use of lan-
guage, emptyrodomontade, and prodig-
ious bombast, conspicuous from one
end to the other? A schoolmaster ought
to be whipped by his own scholars if
he not only did not reprehend, but se-
verely punish, any boy who laid before
him such bombastic and insufferable
nonsense.

Mr. Montgomery, however, has a
feeling above his critics, past, present,
and to come, — and means to treat them
with total disregard. We are sorry for
this evidence of a self-sufficient feeling;
for if the adage be true, that "no one is
too old to learn," how much more will

the *spirit* of the adage apply to the suggestions of a friendly adviser. He, however, fancies that every critic must receive instruction, and listen to the be wrong—and a liar to boot.

" Approving smiles from such *as these* (!)
Would be the sunshine of my fame ;
What brighter wreath can Glory see,
Than that entwined in *Virgine's* name ?

" One heavenward thought, one high desire,—
If such have felt my fancy's aid,
How'er the cold may scorn my lyre,
It's darkest woes are all repaid.

" The words that many a heart have wrung,
The vengeance of the dull and vain,
The arrows of each lying tongue,—
They shall not reach my heart again."

Mr. Montgomery is, withal, very angry with us, poor, wretched writers as we are :—

(DIABOLUS loquitur.)

" And ye, my chosen crew, especial race,
Whose vile artillery of noisy words
Unceasing rattles in deluded ears
What ignorance adores,—no hell-taught shape
Among mankind let loose, could blast them more
Than ye, vicegerents of infernal power,
By that undreading fool, Philosophy. (!!)
How glorious is the race you run ! Though worn,
Life-weary, dull, or savagely endow'd ;
With eyes, on which the universe hath flash'd
No meanings (!) beautifully link'd to love,
Or fellowship, with the creative whole ; (!)
And hearts where Genius owns no spark divine,
That fancy loves, of feeling can adore,—
Without one impulse of impassion'd truth,
Ye sit in judgment on the good and wise,
Supremely charm'd with ignorance, and power.
To cloud the bright, and lie away the pure,—
To wrench, distort, and misapply,—to scorn
The sacred, or the flippant tongue endow
With all that Passion pleads, or Pride admires,
Is your high task :—and nobly is it done !"

The passages marked in *italics*, we defy gods, men, and beasts—nay, even the great devil himself—to unravel and understand.

Even the printers and the printers' devils are not spared. Listen, all ye catamarans, rapscallions, and tatterdemallions, from Dan even unto Beersheba ;—from Ebony and Ballantyne of Modern Athens, even unto thee, most sapient, though youthful Fraser, happy publisher of this our Magazine—and thou, Moyes, from thy den in Took's

Court :—Hear, ye printers—and ye printers' devils—of what kind, or quality, or degree, or colour,—whether black, or white, or gray—Listen, ye sons of confusion, to the words of Robert Montgomery—for he is speaking to you through the mouth of your larger prototype—Satan—the great horned and long-tailed devil—ye ragamuffins and sinners as ye are !

Thus doth Sathanus speak of the press ye live by :—

" That mighty lever that has moved the world,
The Press of England,—from her dreadless source
Of living action, here begins to shake
The far-off isles, and awe the utmost globe !
SHE IS A PASSION, POUR'D INTO MANKIND,
Dark, deep, and silent oft, but ever felt ;
Mixed with the mind, and feeding with a food
Of thought, the moral being of a soul ;
Or, SHAPING SOLEMN DESTINIES FOR TIME,

And dread Eternity. Terrific Power!
 Thou might'st have half annihilated Hell,
 And her great denizens, by glorious sway:
 But now, so false, so abject, and so foul
 Become,—no blasting Pestilence e'er shed
 Such ruin from her tainted wings, as thou
 May'st carry in thy circulating floods
 Of thought and feeling, into human hearts.
 One wrecks the body,—thou dost havoc souls,
 And who shall heal them? Let thy temples rise,
 Britannia!—*they are but satiric piles*
Of sanctity, while poison in thy press
Is pour'd, and on its lying magic live
Thy thousand vulgar, who heart-famish'd seem,
When Slander feeds not with her foul excess
Their appetite for infamy."

We never knew before that the planet called the earth was the queen of the universe; but rather, that it was like as a grain of sand cast upon the sea-shore, almost as a cipher in the great scale of creation. It was this feeling that made Sir Isaac Newton amongst the

meekest of men, for he was deeply aware of the hollowness and rottenness of our mortal pride. Mr. Montgomery, however, having studied astronomy, gives us a very different notion of our importance. He says of the earth:

"Then roll thee on, thou high and haughty world,
 And queen it bravely o'er the universe!"

In another part of his poem the author personifies Mount Ararat, placing the winter as a hat or a cap on his head; and were it not for the word "*laughing*," we should suppose that he put the summer to the unworthy purposes of a foot-stool. But as it is, we suppose, summer is intended to be a pretty little infant. However, even this straining will not help the writer from the horns of the dilemma where he has placed himself: where he evinces the halting pace of an ignorant grammarian. The antithesis is not complete. If summer be a personification, so should winter be; and if winter is intended to be a personification, in the name of Mr. Montgomery's own devil, what should he or she do, squatted on the head of Mount Ararat? Here are the lines:—

"He thrones a Winter on his awful head,
 And lays the Summer laughing at his feet!"

The idea, after all, is borrowed; but with Mr. Montgomery's bungling and usual ignorance. Mr. Moore has made use of it; and though in the shape of a conceit, yet it is a very pretty one, prettily expressed, and *grammatically* perfect in all its parts and members. Here it is:—

— "Lebanon;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet;
 While Summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

Here, it will be observed, summer and winter are not in juxta-position, nor have they met in antithesis.

With these remarks, it is time to lay aside Mr. Montgomery's book; wishing him, in the meantime, and with the greatest sincerity, a speedy and a lasting improvement.

ANNALS OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGNS.*

THE war of the Peninsula, viewed in whatever light, contains for man a far greater degree of instruction than can be given by a thousand volumes of mere abstract argument. It is a spirit-stirring lesson for the philosopher and philanthropist, who love to witness the great actions, the proud energies of human nature; it is a kindling lesson for the peasant, for he will see that his class at certain times and seasons have extensive scope for noble achievements, and that ample destinies are sometimes given him to accomplish; it will not be lost on the nobleman, for he cannot but be convinced of the high order of duties which birth and rank impose upon him,—duties which, if properly fulfilled, will in the most absolute manner induce the happiness and prosperity of the commonalty. But what does it say to monarchs? It says, Choose, oh! kings of the earth, fitting and trustworthy ministers; men who are enlightened, and wise, and calm in temper, and moderate in all desires appertaining unto Self. Let them not be headstrong; for then will they, in the damnable conceit of their own hearts, follow their own devices, turn, with a look of scorn, from the advice of their fellow-councillors, act according to the suggestions of their own folly, and run the vessel of state amidst shoals and quicksands. Let them carry some semblance of respect for the institutions of their God, whatever may be the inward and secret workings of their own minds, otherwise the establishments appertaining unto your churches, however venerable from antiquity, however holy by the blood of martyred saints, however well answering the different purposes of their institution, however efficacious in inducing desirable ends, will be wiped away like so many unmeaning, valueless ciphers from the great account of the state. It says, moreover, Oh! kings of the earth, fulfil the several oaths which ye have yourselves sworn in the presence of your people, and at the footstool of God. Listen not to evil-minded, ignorant, bigoted, upstart, knavish, sycophantic, or tyrannical ministers, lest ye excite the contempt and scorn of your people; and

two unto scorn and contempt, for of these have sprung manifold and fearful evils. Use, too, discrimination in the selection of your ministers; mistake not the different capabilities of different men, and find for each a fitting and appropriate place!

Had wise and enlightened monarchs been born to the Peninsula of Spain,—had able and consummate politicians succeeded each other at the helm of state,—had institutions been modified according to the popular spirit as manifested at different periods, Spain would have escaped the horrors of the Buonapartist war, and been, perhaps, more advanced than she at this moment is in the road of mental enlightenment. However, the affliction and the purgation may not have been unworthily bestowed, though the wholesome blood has taken a long period in circulating through the body politic. Instead of sending mad expeditions across the waters of the Atlantic for the re-conquest of a fancied *El Dorado*, had Spain looked a little more closely into the condition of her own establishments at home, she would have been an infinite gainer. The hundreds of ducats and doubloons expended by Barradas would have been better bestowed in opening canals and making roads, and establishing schools and colleges in the mother country. While ignorance lies like an ugly monster of the night on the mind of the people, little or no good can be effected. With greater knowledge, however, would come greater wants. The eyes of the people being awakened to the true condition of good and evil, they would become dissatisfied with their own position, and would ask for innovations and latitudinarian institutions. What good reason is there for denying the boon; especially as that which would be thankfully accepted as a favour now, will in due process of time be menacingly demanded as a right? For the period of the Inquisition has passed away—never, never more to return. The Inquisition was the natural consequence of the Spanish wars of religion. When the Moors had been finally subdued, under Ferdinand and Isabella, after a struggle of seven

* Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, &c. &c. By the author of Cyril Thornton. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

long and weary centuries, it was very natural that the chivalrous enthusiasm of the Peninsula should be tainted with religious bigotry,—that bigotry which, in process of time increasing, established the most accursed institution which it has ever fallen to the ingenuity of man to devise. The ministers of religion, therefore, by a most easy translation, became ministers of the Most Holy Order. Thus situated, every opportunity was afforded them for acquiring the completest mastery of public opinion, from the prince to the peasant; and hence it was, that for many years the politicians of Spain were chosen from the book of the Inquisition.

The first thing a spirited monarch of Spain should accomplish for his country is to set at defiance that influence over her church which the bishops of Rome have arrogated to themselves. Rome has, time out of mind, enriched herself from the very fatness of the Iberian peninsula. The fees paid to his Holiness by Spain, for bulls and matrimonial dispensations and confirmation of bishops, would pass all credence. The metropolitans of that country, too, with their suffragans, were and are obliged to take that oath of vassalage to the Pope which finds place in the Roman pontifical; whereby the *curia* has most cunningly contrived to make the subjects of another and a foreign power the humble ministrants and slaves to its own dark purposes. No sovereign can be truly independent if he be not the head and front of his own church; otherwise, the blackest treason may lurk and machinate at his very threshold, until he sink a victim, without any capacity for defence. For, while the Pope continues the head of a foreign church, the ministers of that church will most surely look to the Vatican for every nomination to preferment: and, besides, they will rather obey their spiritual than their political master,—in the former case obedience being a point of conscience; in the latter, an ordinary inefficacious transaction of common life.

The next thing to be done in Spain is the regulation of the riches of the church. These are so abundant, that the priesthood have the fullest command over the herd of the people, and are, on that account, more powerful than the aristocracy, which, unless it truckles to its despots, is as nothing in the balance of parties. A despotism

would be the very best of governments, if sufficient guarantees could be given for the right acting and just dealing of the autocrat. But monarchs, owing to the weakness and liability of human nature to temptation, are so much more frequently bad than good, that constitutional checks have been ever productive of blessings in every country in which they have been established. Of all the mischiefs, however, incidental to despots, there is none greater than the selecting favourites. In the empire of Rome, have we not innumerable instances of the truth of this position? Do not Italy, and France, and England, furnish sufficient examples? In Spain, why need we go beyond the thrice-infamous Godoy? The limitation of the kingly power would mainly contribute to national improvement. To this measure, as inevitable corollaries, would succeed two chambers of nobles, and priests, and representatives of the commonalty. This is the only kind of government whence true and permanent blessings can flow on a country.

Spain, without doubt, spite of all the impediments which her unnatural children have cast in her path, is yet destined to be great. A high, a moving, and a glorious career, awaits her. Yet all her sons have not been unnatural—witness the energetic and the virtuous Jovellanos. Had others risen like unto him, Spain would not be in her present prostrate condition. He gave a true and faithful exposition of the evils under which she laboured, in his *Report to the Royal and Supreme Council of Castile*. It is a pleasure to us to extract the concluding words of advice from so excellent a subject.

“ Pero si es necesario tan grande y vigoroso esfuerzo, tambien la grandeza del mal, la urgencia del remedio, y la importancia de la curacion le merecen y exigen de la sabiduria de V. A. No se trata menos que de abrir la primera y mas abundante fuente de la riqueza pública y privada: de levantar la nación á la mas alta cima del esplendor y del poder, y de conducir los pueblos confiados á la vigilancia de V. A. al último punto de la humana felicidad. Situada en el corazon de la culta Europa, sobre un suelo fértil y extendido, y bajo la influencia de un clima favorable para las mas varias y preciosas producciones: cercados de los dos mayores mares de la tierra, y hermanados por su medio con los habitantes de las mas ricas y

extendidas colonias, hasta que V. A. remueva con mano poderosa los estorbos que se oponen á su prosperidad, para que gocen aquella venturosa plenitud de bienes y consuelos, á que parecen destinados por una visible providencia. Trátase, Señor, de conseguir tan sublime fin, no por medio de proyectos quiméricos, sino por medio de leyes justas: trátase mas de derogar y corregir que no de mandar y establecer: trátase solo de restituir la propiedad de la tierra y del trabajo á sus legítimos derechos, y de restablecer el imperio de la justicia, sobre el imperio del error y las preocupaciones envejecidas; y este triunfo, Señor, será tan digno del paternal amor de nuestro soberano á los pueblos que le obedecen, como del patriotismo y de las virtudes pacíficas de V. A. Busquen, pues, su gloria otros cuerpos políticos en la ruina y en la desolacion, en el trastorno del orden social, y en aquellos feroces sistemas, que con título de reformas constituyen la verdad, destierran la justicia, y oprimen y llenan de rubor y de lágrimas á la desarmada inocencia; mientras tanto que V. A., guiado por su profunda y religiosa sabiduría, se ocupa solo en fijar el justo limite, que le razon eterna ha colocado entre la proteccion y el menosprecio de los pueblos."

For those sons of Spain who may be disposed to despair, we must quote a few more words in their native language. They carry consolation—and should be treasured in the heart of hearts of every sincere and fervent Spaniard:—"Un hombre, una nacion no deben jamas creer que su fin haya llegado. La perdida de los bienes temporales puede su reparada, otras perdidas pueden olvidarse por el tiempo, y solo hay un mal que no puede tener remedio, que es el hombre que desespera de si mismo!"

But Spain has acted, once already, on the principle of this piece of genuine philosophy; for never did Grecian, or Egyptian, or Indian sage, in the moment of inspiration, utter a more golden sentence than that given in the few Spanish words above quoted. Had despair seized upon Spanish hearts, the beautiful valleys of the Peninsula would have been soiled by the polluting footsteps of her Gaulish dominators. Despair, however, was cast to the winds, and fierce resolve and intrepid valour achieved a conquest over a tyrant foe, even on the very spot

"Where Charlemain with all his peerage fell

By Fontarabbia."

Let tyrants and reckless conquerors consider this last example of heroic devotion in a nation; and let them learn, that crush man as they may, load him with fetters, chain him to delve in mines, bury him amidst interminable Siberian snows, do what they may, the spirit of man will yet arise from its momentary prostration, and, conscious of its Divine origin, will yet assert the privileges of its nature, will yet strike a blow—a most fearful blow—to sever asunder its enthrallment, and work out its own earthly redemption. Of this, examples may be found in both ancient and modern times. Aristomenes, the Wallace (as Dr. Gillies calls him), of ancient Messenia, repulsed with many shameful defeats the rank tyranny of the Spartans, although

"Tyrtæus mares animos in martia bella
Exacuit."

Have we not Arminius, and the heroes of Marathon, and Palayo with his heroic Asturians, and the conquerors at Morat, and the Tyrolean Hofer, and the chivalrous Palafox of Spain? These are the true heroes for the pen of an enthusiastic historian; for the memorial of their transactions will contain the essence of true instruction, giving, as it needs must, the precept and the example together!

But there is another generous nation to share, and in a most eminent degree, the three-fold honours achieved by Spain. That nation is England. And if all the memorable records of our past glories were to be cast into the sea,—if our manifold victories were to be forgotten,—if every vestige of our extended domination and our greatness were to be erased from the map, and our very names and our very country to be lost in oblivion,—still, what remains of our name and our fame, as mixed up in the annals of the Peninsula, would not only obtain for us the thanks, but win for us the golden opinions of posterity. With this conviction the transactions of the Peninsula have been a favourite subject with us Englishmen.

To write a philosophical history on the subject, perhaps the best-fitted man has been Mr. Southey, both on account of his talents and his information. Sir Walter Scott could, without doubt, describe the battles in a much more spirit-stirring manner; but he does not possess the excellent and pure style of the Laureate, nor yet his deep philosophy.

Col. Napier's book is full of paradoxes and blunders, through obstinacy. Lord Londonderry's quarto is thin, milk-and-watery trash from beginning to end. Mr. Southey's history will last as long as the English language endures, and will find a place on the shelf of every library. But, then, it is by far too ponderous ever to become a popular work. There is, then, still wanting a history of our Peninsular campaigns for the popular reader; and, from the specimen of his powers given in his late excellent novel of *Cyril Thornton*, every one was led to suppose that Captain Thomas Hamilton was the very man to supply the desiderated article. But, upon perusal, we have been disappointed. His style is too ambitious, and too florid. Laxity of phraseology and inflated sentences are not the things wanted in a popular work. The narrative, for the purpose of general readers, cannot be couched in too concise terms, and the reflections of the writer cannot be too short.

Instead of that, here is an almost interminable passage, puffed out nearly to bursting with inflation. It describes the surrender of the French army under Dupont at Baylen.

"Never did the chivalry of France receive a deeper tarnish than in the surrender of Baylen. Occurring in such circumstances, and at such a period, it could not fail to exert a powerful influence on the character and events of the war. All hope of speedy conquest was at once overthrown. Baylen was one of those disasters which the sophistry of Napoleon could neither varnish nor disguise. Eighteen thousand of the French army had laid down their arms, before men whom they had uniformly derided as an undisciplined and cowardly rabble. A blot had fallen on the proud escutcheon of France, which eloquence could not deepen, and certainly could not erase.

"Intelligence of this proud achievement flew with the speed of lightning through every quarter of the kingdom, stirring the hearts of the people like the blast of a trumpet. They had now practically learned the animating truth, that the French were *not* invincible; that even by men undisciplined and inexperienced in war, the soldiers, before whose prowess the world had bent in awe, might be encountered and overthrown. The projects of the enemy had not only been foiled, but that enemy

had been humbled into submission. The Andalusians felt that they had not only conquered the soldiers of France, but stamped disgrace upon her arms; and it would be too much to expect, from such a people, that they should reduce their vanity within due limits, and apportion, to the ignorance and vacillation of the leader whom they had subdued, their real share of the exploit. Could those who beheld an army of eighteen thousand French soldiers submit to the ignominious ceremony of depositing their arms, and afterwards march tamely into captivity, amid the jeers and insults of a triumphant and indignant people, retain from that hour any vehement and pervading terror of the arms of France? The plumage of those eagles which, in other lands, had soared victoriously over fields of blood and battle, they beheld soiled in the dust. Against the spoilers of their beautiful country,—against the men who had not hesitated to support the cause of usurpation by massacre and outrage,—who had trampled, in the insolence of power, on all they held dearest and most sacred, the heart of every Spaniard was naturally animated by sentiments of indignant hatred; but fear, at such a moment, did not, and could not, mingle in their feelings. The terrors of the French arms, for a time at least, were gone. France would require many victories to efface the memory of that solitary and disgraceful defeat.

"It must be confessed, however, that, to the Spanish cause, the consequences of the victory of Baylen were not wholly beneficial. It contributed to inspire the people with a degree of self-confidence altogether unwarranted by the circumstances of the nation, or the power and character of its invaders. It is well, in such a struggle, that the people should feel confident of victory; but they should likewise be impressed by the necessity of powerful, consentaneous, and persevering exertion. The self-esteem of the Spanish nation, their vague and dreamlike reliance on their own prowess and resources, required no Baylen to rouse them into due influence and activity. Constitutionally addicted to form an exaggerated estimate of their own powers, it became doubly dangerous to undervalue those of their enemy. Of this fault they cannot be acquitted; and of its injurious influence on the subsequent fortunes of the

war, the progress of this narrative will afford abundant illustration.

"The feelings of Napoleon on receiving intelligence of the defeat and surrender of Baylen, may readily be conceived. On their return to France, Dupont, and all the generals of his army, were seized and imprisoned. The former, it has been asserted, died by poison in a dungeon. But why should Napoleon have been guilty of a crime to rid the world of a man like Dupont? To all the nobler purposes of existence he was already dead. He had become a thing for the finger of scorn to point at. The forfeit of his life was not necessary either for the purpose of example or retribution. To such a man death was a refuge, not a punishment. In dying, Dupont would have encountered but the common lot of humanity, the fate alike of the proudest as of the humblest of mankind; but in continuing an inglorious existence, amid the scorn and contempt of his fellow-creatures, he stood forth the marked and solitary object of a terrific retribution.

"Every effort of the French government was exerted to veil from public notice the disastrous circumstances at Baylen. All discussion on the subject was prohibited in the public journals; and it was only after a lapse of four years that a military court was assembled for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances of the capitulation. What the result was, is unknown; but shortly afterwards an Imperial decree appeared, by which the punishment of death was denounced on any general who should hereafter become party to a capitulation by which the troops of France should, in the open field, be made to lay down their arms."

All the work, however, is not after the same misconceived and false fashion. The following passage will describe the condition of Spain previously to the entrance of the armies of France:—

"While France had thus become the theatre, not only of a political, but of a mighty moral revolution, and was exercising an irresistible control on the destinies of Europe, Spain had partaken in nothing of the intellectual vigour and advancement which had long exerted a silent but powerful influence on the surrounding nations. The moral energy, the proud and chivalrous gallantry, the spirit of heroic

enterprise, by which, in the better and brighter ages of her history, her character was so strongly marked, had, for centuries, been gradually on the decline; and the Spanish people, long habituated to despotism both political and religious, were still surrounded by an atmosphere of bigotry and darkness, which the light, dawning in the intellectual horizon of other nations, had been unable to penetrate. In the case of Spain, ignorance and misgovernment had produced their natural effect; and, notwithstanding the formidable magnitude of her physical resources, she had gradually fallen from the prominent station she once held in the foremost rank of European nations, to that of a secondary power.

"During the greater part of the reign of Charles the Third, the government of Spain had followed the true policy, dictated at once by her geographical position and her deficiency in offensive power, in withdrawing, as much as possible, from all participation in the contests in which the other nations of Europe were embroiled. Bounded by France on the north, and on the east and south by the sea, the acquisition of Portugal and Gibraltar were the only projects of European aggrandisement to which the ambition of her rulers could be rationally extended; and, in the execution of such schemes of conquest, she could not but be aware that the whole maritime and military force of England would be exerted in opposition to her views. England, therefore, she had been accustomed to regard as the chief obstacle to the success of her ambition; and, actuated by dislike, heightened perhaps by difference of religion, commercial jealousies, and the great naval superiority of Britain, the government of Spain had been uniformly more prompt to engage in hostilities with that power than any other with whom, in the occasional jarring of interest or policy, she might be brought into collision. France, on the other hand, was naturally indicated, by her power and proximity, either as the most powerful ally of Spain, or her most formidable enemy. Through France alone was the Spanish territory vulnerable to the rest of Europe; while no alliance with other powers could afford protection from her hostility.

"Under the ministry of Florida Blanca, Spain, instigated by France, had taken part in the war between

Great Britain and her colonies, and made a vigorous attempt to regain the fortress of Gibraltar. In this she failed; and after a protracted war, in which her best energies had been exhausted with inadequate effect, she at length retired from a contest, of which the only favourable result was the restoration of Minorca and the Floridas.

"Immediately before the breaking out of the French Revolution, Charles the Fourth, by the death of his father, had succeeded to the throne of Spain. Alarmed, in common with other sovereigns, at the new and startling doctrines, both political and religious, of which the revolutionary government proclaimed itself at once the partisan and the apostle, Charles acceded to the general confederacy then forming in Europe, and declared war against France. In the hostilities which followed, Spain was eminently unsuccessful, and compelled to act only on the defensive. The army of the Republic crossed the Pyrenees, reduced the fortresses of San Fernando de Figueras and St. Sebastian, and, after defeating the Spanish force in several engagements, became masters of the Biscayan provinces and the kingdom of Navarre. Charles, who saw with dismay the whole northern portion of his kingdom already in possession of the enemy, hastened to supplicate for peace. The prayer of the Spanish monarch was granted by the Republic; and, by the treaty of Basle, Charles was again restored to the sovereignty of his conquered provinces, on condition of his relinquishing to France the Spanish portion of St. Domingo.

"Once more at peace, and relieved from the fear of present invasion, the government of Spain lost no time in disbanding her armies, and resigning herself to the enjoyment of an insecure and defenceless repose. While the whole population of France were training to the use of arms, the Spanish monarch, by a sort of inexplicable fatuity, was depressing the military spirit of his people, and depriving himself of all means of prompt and efficacious resistance to future encroachment or invasion. No measures were taken to strengthen his northern frontier, or to repair the fortresses which had become dilapidated by the operations of the late war; and all the precautions necessary for the future security of his kingdom were neglected. The dreamy

tranquillity of Charles, however, was not destined to be of long duration. Having placed himself at the mercy of France, he was speedily called on to take part in the war which that country was again waging against England. The consequence was, that the naval power of Spain was encountered and overthrown, that her commerce was ruined, her treasury drained of its resources, and the intercourse with her colonies rendered precarious and uncertain."

We have already alluded to Godoy, the queen's minion and the witty king's favourite. He was an upstart, an idiot, and the curse of Spain. But, will he be the last of the court favourites of Spain? Alas! for human nature, would that we could answer in the affirmative! But there is no safeguard against the evil until a constitution shall have been fashioned for the men of the Peninsula. Godoy negotiated the treaty of Basle with France, and proved himself to be an "imbecile" of the first magnitude. That act, however, obtained for him the proud title of the "*Prince of the Peace*." Like all ignorant upstarts who gain power and pre-eminence easily, he had no solidity even of affection or gratitude to the individual to whom he was indebted for every thing but life, but without which, life, to his womanish soul, would have been without a charm. The base wretch had actually consented to betray king and country, in the hope of gaining a participation in the spoils of Portugal. It has been said on his behalf, that he was not a traitor but a dupe; that Napoleon had no prize worthy his acceptance in exchange for what he actually possessed; and that his share of the spoils in Portugal was by no means commensurate with his quality in Spain, for, though nominally prime minister, he was virtually sovereign. He was, notwithstanding, a traitor to his trust when he listened to any offer from the enemy of his country and his king. Amongst all the vile miscreants who have, from the first ages of the world, rendered themselves infamous, and whose names will smell rank and fœtid in the nostrils of posterity, the name of Godoy will be with the most conspicuous.

The following passage on the termination of the minister's and king's political course, is excellent and striking.

"Under the deepest cloud of his

misfortunes, it is impossible to compassionate Godoy. The whole efforts of his public life had been directed towards the single object of promoting his own personal enjoyment. Never was a more ignoble purpose more perseveringly pursued, and never was there a failure more signal and complete. Disappointed in all his endeavours to secure the permanent enjoyment of his wealth and honours, his hopes were at length narrowed to passing the remainder of his life in some obscure and tranquil retreat. He already meditated the resignation of his public offices, and was restrained only by the consciousness, that by the loss of power he would be deprived of his only safeguard from the violence of an indignant people.

"Amid the wreck of his hopes in the Old World, the views of Godoy were naturally directed to the New; and still anxious to escape the perils by which he saw himself environed, he proposed to Charles to consult the tranquillity of his declining years by transferring the seat of sovereignty to his transatlantic dominions. Charles, exhausted by infirmity, and hopeless of relief from the assistance of Napoleon, acceded to the advice of his minister, and, with all possible secrecy, preparations were set on foot for the departure of the court. The army of Solano was recalled from Portugal, and directed to march for Seville. Troops were stationed along the road by which the royal travellers were to pass, and the body guards were ordered to march from Madrid to Aranjuez.

"These preparatory movements, however, did not pass unnoticed by the people, whose fears were strongly excited by the prospect of the departure of their sovereign. Their discontent became clamorous and obtrusive; and a proclamation of the king, in which he denied being influenced by any intention of quitting the kingdom, had not the effect of restoring public confidence and tranquillity.

"The indignation of the populace was still further excited, by the circulation of reports, that, notwithstanding the assurances contained in the royal proclamation, preparations were still in progress for the evasion of the monarch. Among those who gave currency to such intelligence was the Prince of Asturias. Relying on the protection of Napoleon, whom he considered fa-

vourable to his views, Ferdinand had openly declared his aversion to the project of emigration, and this coincidence with the national feeling had the effect of still further increasing his popularity.

"Time brought new confirmation to the suspicions of the people, and the demonstrations of public discontent became daily more violent and tumultuous. On the 17th of March, Aranjuez was surrounded by a multitude of peasants from the neighbouring villages, in a state of violent excitation. In the palace they found every symptom of preparation for a journey; and goaded almost to frenzy by this proof of royal duplicity, they seized arms and shouted for vengeance on Godoy. The life-guards were drawn out for the defence of the palace, and the people rushed in tumultuous confusion to the house of the favourite. The servants of the Infant Don Antonio, and the Count de Montijo, were the first to raise the cry of '*Death to Godoy! the king for ever!*' In a moment it was simultaneously reverberated by many thousand voices. A squadron of the prince's guard advanced to protect their leader; and, in the execution of this duty, were furiously assaulted by the mob. The brother of the favourite, Don Diego de Godoy, then came up with his regiment of guards, and directed them to fire on the multitude. The troops refused to obey; and uniting with the populace, struck and insulted their colonel, and joined in the onset. The doors of the house were burst open, the furniture broken to pieces, and the splendid contents of the mansion subjected to unsparing havoc. In the meanwhile, Godoy had escaped; the Princess de la Paz, terrified and trembling, ran out into the street; yet so little was that injured lady the object of popular aversion, that she was escorted to the palace with every demonstration of respect.

"This alarming exhibition of national feeling produced the desired effect. Godoy was instantly removed from his offices of generalissimo and high admiral; and Charles declared his resolution of assuming personally the command of his forces, both naval and military. At Madrid events of a similar character took place. Intelligence of what was passing at Aranjuez had no sooner reached the capital, than the cry of '*Death to Godoy!*' was echoed through all the streets and squares of

the city. Crowds assembled round the houses of the Prince of Peace, his mother, his brother, and his sister. They were attacked and plundered, the furniture was thrown into the streets and burned, and all their inmates subjected to insult and abuse. The greater part of the garrison had been withdrawn to Aranjuez; and the few remaining troops were found altogether insufficient to preserve order. The riot continued for two days, during which no restraint was attempted to be imposed on the violence of the people. Tranquillity was at length only restored by the proclamation of the king declaring the deposition of Godoy.

"Notwithstanding the deposition of the favourite, the appetite of the people for vengeance was yet unsated. The simple privation of that power which he had so flagrantly abused, appeared, in their ideas of retributive justice, to be a punishment altogether inadequate to his deserts. Nothing less than the gibbet or the block would satisfy the excited craving of the populace, who thirsted for his blood. The escape of Godoy was no sooner known, than pursuit was made after him in every direction. On the morning of the 19th, he was found concealed in a garret at Ocana, where he had remained without food for nearly two days. The populace dragged him from his hiding-place; and he would inevitably have fallen a victim to their fury, had not the Prince of Asturias, with a body of life-guards, appeared to his rescue. The popularity of Ferdinand saved the life of Godoy; and the multitude, on receiving the promise of the prince, that the object of their hostility should be given up to justice, quietly dispersed.

"The support of Charles was at last broken. Godoy, in spite of the favour of the monarch, was in the power of his enemies; and Charles, in his declining years, at length knew himself to be friendless and alone. Suffering from the united inroads of age and infirmity, he felt

— That like a column left alope,
The tottering remnant of some splendid
fane,
'Scaped from the fury of the barbarous
Gaul,
And wasting time, which has the rest
o'erthrown,
Amidst his house's ruins, he remained
Single, unproped, and nodding to his
fall.

"In the person of Godoy, the real, though vicarious sovereign, had already been dethroned, and the crown at once fell from the brows of the shadow which had hitherto worn the semblance of a monarch. On the evening of the day following, Charles notified, in a public decree, his abdication of the throne. 'The habitual infirmities,' he said, 'under which he had long laboured, rendered him incapable of supporting the heavy burden of government; the enjoyment of private life, and a climate more temperate than that of Spain, had become necessary for the restoration of his health; and, in these circumstances, he had resolved on abdicating the crown in favour of his beloved son. He, therefore, by this decree of free and spontaneous abdication, made known his royal will, that the Prince of Asturias should forthwith be acknowledged and obeyed as king and natural lord of all his kingdoms and dominions.'

No account of the siege of Zaragoza, by whatever author, and in whatever book, should be passed over in silence. With Captain Hamilton it is amongst the happiest of his descriptions.

"By the end of July the city was entirely invested, and its defenders had already suffered severely from want of provisions; but the spirit of the people did not flag. Frequent sorties were made with the view of re-opening the communication with the country; and, emboldened by the arrival of the regiment of Estremadura, which had found its way into the city, an attempt was made to regain the Torrero by assault. This failed; and the inhabitants, despairing of success in any external effort of hostility, determined to remain within the walls of their city, and perish, if necessary, in its ruins.

"On the night of the 2nd of August, and on the following day, the French bombarded the city. An hospital, containing the sick and wounded, caught fire, and was speedily reduced to ashes. Every effort was made to rescue the sufferers. Men and women distinguished themselves alike in this work of noble humanity; and, rushing amid the flames, braved all danger in the high excitement of the moment. It is pleasant, that the annals of war and bloodshed may be occasionally redeemed by the record of events like these.

"The efforts of the besiegers did

not slack, though their progress was retarded by the daily sorties of the garrison. On the 4th of August, at day-break, they began battering in breach, and by nine o'clock the troops in two columns advanced to the assault. One of these made good its entrance near the Convent St. Engracia, the other by the Puerta del Carmen, which was carried by assault. The first obstacle overcome, the French took the batteries in reverse, and turned the guns on the city. A scene of wild havoc and confusion ensued. The assailants rushed through the streets, and endeavoured to gain possession of the houses. The convent of St. Francisco and the general hospital took fire, and the flames spread on all hands. Many cast themselves from the windows on the bayonets of the soldiers; and the madmen escaping from the hospital, added to the horrors of the scene, by mingling with the combatants, — shouting, shrieking, or laughing, amid the carnage.

"Wherever the French penetrated, they were assailed by a dreadful fire from the houses, all of which had been barricaded. Dismayed by a resistance so obstinate and destructive, towards evening they lost courage, and retreated in confusion to that quarter of the city which remained in their possession. The terrible events of the day had thinned the ranks of the assailants. Of their number above fifteen hundred had fallen, including several generals.

"In such circumstances it was, that the French general summoned Palafox to surrender, in the following laconic note: —

Quartel General—Santa Engracia
LA CAPITULACION.

The answer immediately returned was—

Quartel General—Zaragoza.
GUERRA AL CUCHILLO.

"The morning dawned, and brought with it a renewal of the dreadful conflict. The French had penetrated to the Cozo, and occupied one side of the street, while the Spaniards were in possession of the other. In the centre, General Verdier was seen giving orders from the Franciscan convent. Here a contest, almost unexampled, took place. War was waged from every house; the street was piled with dead, and an incessant fire was kept up by both parties. The batteries of the Zaragozans, and those of the French, were frequently,

within a few yards of each other. At length the ammunition of the city was nearly expended; yet even this circumstance induced no thought of surrender. As Palafox rode through the streets, the people crowded round him, and declared that if ammunition failed, they were ready to resist the enemy with their knives. Towards sunset, however, their hopes were cheered by the unexpected arrival of Don Francisco Palafox, the brother of their heroic leader, with a reinforcement of three thousand men.

"Eleven days passed, during which this murderous contest was continued, and new horrors were gradually added to the scene. The bodies of the slain, which were left unburied in the streets, had become putrid, and tainted the atmosphere with pestilential odours. This was partially remedied by securing the French prisoners by ropes, and pushing them forward into the streets, in order to remove the bodies for interment.

"On the 8th a council of war was held in the garrison, and in that assembly no voice was heard for surrender. It was determined to maintain those quarters of the city, still in their possession, with unshaken resolution; and should the fortune of war be eventually unfavourable to their cause, to retire across the Ebro; and, destroying the bridge, to perish in defence of the suburbs. There is a moral sublimity in the courage of the unfortunate, in that patient and unshrinking fortitude of the spirit, which enables the sufferer to stand fearless and unsubdued amid the fiercest storms of fortune. The devotion and patriotism of the Zaragozans had been tried by fire, and they came forth pure and unsullied from the ordeal.

"The resolution of their leaders was communicated to the people, and received with loud acclamations. The conflict was continued from street to street, from house to house, from room to room, and with renewed spirit on the part of the defenders. They gradually beat back their opponents, and regained the greater portion of the city. In the meanwhile, Verdier being wounded, had retired from the command, and Lefebvre received orders from Madrid to raise the siege, and take up a position at Milagro. On the night of the 13th a destructive fire was opened by the enemy from

all their batteries, and many parts of the city were set on fire. The church of St. Engracia was blown up, and that venerable fane of ancient religion was levelled with the dust: but the night of terror was followed by a dawn of joy. In the morning the inhabitants beheld the distant columns of their enemy retreating discomfited, from one of the most murderous and pertinacious struggles of which history bears record.

"Thus concluded the ever-memorable siege of Zaragoza; and thus was achieved the brightest and most honourable triumph of a people struggling for freedom. 'There is not,' says Mr. Southey, in a strain of eloquence worthy of the occasion, 'in the annals of ancient or of modern times, a single event recorded, more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore, than the siege of Zaragoza. Will it be said that this devoted people obtained for themselves, by all this heroism and all these sacrifices, nothing more than a short respite from their fate? Wo be to the slavish heart that conceives the thought, and shame to the base tongue that gives it utterance! They purchased for themselves an everlasting remembrance upon earth,—a place in the memory and love of all good men, in all ages that are yet to come. They performed their duty; they redeemed their souls from the yoke; they left an example to their country never to be forgotten, never to be out of mind,—and sure to contribute to, and hasten its deliverance.'

"Let it not be said," observes General Foy, speaking of the defenders of Zaragoza, 'that it would have been better to preserve themselves, because at a subsequent period they were forced to yield. Leonidas also died at Thermopylæ, and his death was certain before he went into battle. The glory of Zaragoza is of a similar kind. There, too, burst forth that religious fervour which embraces the present and the future,—the cradle and the tomb; and which becomes still more holy when it is exerted against

foreigners and the oppressors of our country. There also was exhibited that sublime indifference to life and death, which thinks of nothing but obedience to a noble impulse; and there the triumph of moral over physical nature was signally achieved."

"The retreat of the besieging army left the Zaragozans in a state of extreme suffering and exhaustion. Yet the privations of their situation were borne without a murmur. Many there were who had been reduced from opulence to abject poverty. Parents had to lament their children, wives their husbands; orphans were cast shelterless upon the world. Yet the voice of wailing was not heard in Zaragoza. Private sorrows were not suffered to disturb the glory of the public triumph. The time of trial and excitement had passed away; yet the fortitude of the brave and devoted Zaragozans remained unshaken.

"Measures were immediately adopted to preserve the city from infection. The streets and ruins were cleared from their dead. Ferdinand was publicly proclaimed, and rewards were bestowed on those who had distinguished themselves in the struggle. The undaunted Augustina was distinguished by peculiar honours; and Palafox, in the name of his sovereign, granted to the inhabitants of Zaragoza the exclusive privilege of being perpetually exempted from disgraceful punishment for any cause, save treason or blasphemy."

Captain Hamilton's reflections on the retreat of the French army to behind the Ebro, are also written with great discrimination, and a full knowledge of the subject.

"Thus, after a short but fierce struggle, had the Spaniards, by their own unaided valour, succeeded in freeing nearly their whole territory from the presence of the invaders. This success had been achieved against the first army of Europe, commanded by the greatest generals of the age. At the commencement of hostilities, we know that the French forces in Spain

* "After these writers it is almost painful to quote Colonel Napier. 'It is manifest,' he asserts, 'that Zaragoza owed her safety to accident, and that the desperate resistance of the inhabitants was more the result of chance than of any peculiar virtue.' CHANCE! Such is the melancholy extremity to which a writer, so talented as Colonel Napier, is driven, in denying the heroic devotion of the Zaragozans; and the hypothesis has at least the advantage of being one not likely to encounter refutation."

amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand men. These, by the energetic courage of the people, had been driven back and discomfited. Not a foreign bayonet had been drawn in their cause. Whatever honour may attach to so splendid an achievement, must exclusively be given to the Spanish people. It is theirs, and theirs only. Let this be the answer to those who accuse the patriots of lukewarmness in the cause which they so gallantly and perseveringly maintained. In truth, considering the disadvantages under which they laboured, the wonder is, not that they did so little, but that they achieved so much. It was manifestly impossible that a body of undisciplined levies, miserably armed and equipped, without experienced leaders, and deficient in the arms of cavalry and artillery, could successfully contend with the French armies in the field. No sophistry, therefore, can be more gross than that of those reasoners, who argue that the Spanish people were indifferent to the cause of freedom, because their armies were frequently defeated in the field. The memory of Baylen, Valencia, Zaragoza, Bruch, and Gerona, will bear imperishable record of the national ardour and perseverance, and give the lie to those who would basely injure the cause of freedom, by vilifying the character of its defenders.

"Yet he would judge erroneously of the character of this memorable struggle, who should form an estimate of the amount and vigour of the hostility of the Spanish people, by an exclusive reference to the operations of their armies. These, in truth, formed but a small part of that widely-extended system of destructive warfare by which the French were encountered in the Peninsula. Wherever any detachment of their armies could be overpowered by the peasantry, they were attacked and massacred. All stragglers perished. The motion of large masses was continually required, to keep open the communication of the different corps, and protect their convoys. The expense of life, by which the invaders were enabled, at any period, to hold military possession of the country, was enormous. Throughout the whole contest there was a spirit of fierce and unmitigated hostility abroad, in every quarter of the kingdom; an enmity which never slumbered nor slept—which was in continual and almost

universal action, and which wasted, like a pestilence, the strength of the invaders.

"Though the Spaniards owed much of the success which crowned their efforts to their own zeal and courage, it must be confessed that some portion of it is attributable to the blunders of their opponents. The French were evidently unprepared for the degree and character of the resistance which they encountered in the Peninsula. They regarded the people with contempt, and were consequently led to attempt important objects with inadequate means. Defeat was the penalty of these ignorant miscalculations. Something of gratuitous tarnish, something even of dark and memorable disgrace, may have been cast on the national arms, by the misconduct and timidity of those intrusted with command; but it is unquestionable that the disasters in which their operations so often terminated, are greatly attributable to those who directed the conduct of the war. Objects of vast importance, which, by an effort of competent magnitude and vigour, might have been secured to the invaders, were lost; and all the moral consequences of failure were hazarded with an imprudent rashness, of which the subsequent details of this narrative will abundantly display the results."

The author now brings the great hero of the war, *Sir Arthur Wellesley*, on the field of action. This he has done in the following graphic manner:—

"On the ninth of August the advanced guard of the army moved onward from the Mondego, and reached Leiria on the tenth. On the eleventh it was followed by the main body, which on the thirteenth advanced to the neighbourhood of Batalha. Before proceeding further, it may be well to give a slight sketch of the distribution of the French army, at the moment when hostilities with a new and more formidable enemy were about to commence.

"When intelligence first reached Marshal Junot, of the landing of a British army, he anticipated that its first movement would be on the Zézere and the Tagus, in order to effect a separation between the corps of Loison and the capital. General Delaborde, therefore, was immediately detached from Lisbon with two brigades of

infantry, about six hundred cavalry, and five pieces of artillery, with directions to proceed by Villa Franca, Rio Mayor, and Condieiros, with a view to watch the motions of the British general, and cover the advance of Loison, with whom he was directed to effect a junction. Learning, however, that Loison had already crossed the Tagus without opposition, and that Sir Arthur Wellesley was advancing by the road along the coast, he proceeded to Alcobaca, with the view of retarding as much as possible the progress of the British army.

"Loison, with a force of about eight thousand men, was advancing rapidly from Abrantes, in expectation of effecting a junction with the corps of Delaborde at Leiria. The sufferings of his army during his march through Alentejo are described to have been dreadful. Wherever they went, the towns and villages were deserted. The heat was unusually great, and numbers of the soldiers sank exhausted, from privations which it was found impossible to supply. All stragglers were destroyed; and many, suffering from excessive thirst, died of drinking stagnant and unwholesome waters,* to which the natives had directed them. The occupation of Leiria by the British had disappointed the calculations of the French generals; and Loison was obliged to make a considerable *détour* before he could effect his intended junction with Delaborde, who, remaining unsupported in front of the enemy, was liable to sustain the attack of his whole force.

"Junot was at Lisbon, with such force as he deemed sufficient to control the inhabitants, busied in making every practicable provision for the defence of the capital. The garrison was ordered to be withdrawn from Setubal, and instructions were issued for the immediate abandonment of all the French ports to the south of the Tagus, with the exception of Palmela.

"Such was the relative position of both armies, when Sir Arthur Wellesley had to encounter new difficulties in the conduct of the Portuguese authorities. Before the army commenced its march from the Mondego, it had been demanded by General Bernardin de Freire, that the force under his orders should be furnished with supplies by the British commissariat—a proposal most unreasonable in itself,

and one to which, in the circumstances of the army, it was impossible to accede. It was therefore met by Sir Arthur Wellesley with a strong remonstrance, and the unreasonableness of the demand was represented to De Freire in its true colours. For some time there was reason to hope that the explanations of the British general had been received with tacit acquiescence. But this was not so. When the army reached Leiria the demand was renewed even more peremptorily than before, accompanied by the threat, that unless it was complied with, the Portuguese forces should instantly separate themselves from the British, and advance to Santarem, by way of Thomar.

"Sir Arthur Wellesley did every thing in his power to change the resolutions of De Freire. He represented the strong impolicy of withdrawing himself from the British army, and the dangers to which he must necessarily expose his troops by adhering to his projected scheme. He urged him to relinquish it by all that was dearest and most sacred to a soldier and a patriot, and conjured him not to compromise his own honour and the safety of his country, by violating, on so flimsy a pretext, the engagements into which his government had already entered. In part only were these remonstrances successful. De Freire consented to remain safe, though inglorious, at Leiria, instead of prosecuting his original design of advancing to Santarem. This, at least, was something gained; yet it cannot be questioned that the presence of the Portuguese army would have carried with it a moral influence and support, perhaps in such circumstances even more valuable than a large accession of mere military force.

"The truth we take to be, that at the period in question the zeal and heartiness of England in their cause were the object of considerable doubt with the patriots of the Peninsula. She had not then impressed on the continental nations the character she has since borne of a great military power. On land, her warlike operations had generally been undertaken for some limited and petty object, and conducted on a small and inadequate scale. It was imagined, too, by the allies of England, that her interference in their behalf proceeded rather from some underhand motive of individual

advantage, to be secured by their co-operation, than from hearty and zealous adoption of their cause, or disinterested anxiety for their liberation. They knew, that should adverse circumstances occur, the English could always find—and they doubted not their intention of seeking—a refuge in their ships. It was familiar, too, as a proverb in the mouths of all Europe, that the English were a great maritime power, but insignificant on shore. The truth of this aphorism has since been tested; yet we should take but a partial and imperfect view of the difficulties which Sir Arthur Wellesley, at the very outset of his operations, was called on to combat and surmount, were we to pass unnoticed the moral impression of our character and objects, which induced the patriots to receive our offers of assistance with jealousy and distrust."

The affair of Roliça is shortly passed over, and the celebrated action of Vimiero is thus described:—

"At nine o'clock the action commenced. Marshal Junot had formed his army in two divisions. The first of these, consisting of about six thousand men, was commanded by General Delaborde. The second, under Loison, was nearly equal in amount. The reserve, composed of four battalions of grenadiers, was commanded by General Kellerman, and acted as a connecting link between the two principal divisions. The cavalry, under General Margaron, was stationed partly in rear of the reserve, and partly on the right of Delaborde's division.

"The two divisions continued their advance, across the rough and wooded country in front of the position, towards the plateau in the centre. On approaching the scene of action, however, each division separated into several minor columns, which commenced nearly simultaneous attacks on different portions of the British line. The most vehement was that headed by Delaborde in person, who first came in contact with the brigade of General Anstruther, which occupied the left of the plateau and the village of Vimiero. During its advance, this body was exposed to a destructive fire of artillery, which it bore with great steadiness and gallantry, and rapidly forced back the skirmishers who had been stationed in the woods on either flank. A check,

however, was soon given to the progress of the assailants, who, having reached the summit of the plateau, were met by a destructive volley from the fiftieth regiment, which afterwards rushed on to the charge, and drove them in confusion, and with great slaughter, down the face of the hill. The attack on General Fane's brigade was no less decisively repulsed; and a regiment, which was advancing on the village by the church, was opportunely attacked in flank by the brigade of General Acland, then moving to its position on the heights. A most gallant charge, by the small body of cavalry led by Colonel Taylor, completed the discomfiture of the enemy in this quarter. They fled in utter confusion, and were vigorously pursued by Colonel Taylor and his squadron for nearly two miles; when General Margaron, who commanded the French cavalry, observing the small number of the assailants, advanced to the charge; and the remnant of this brave band were compelled to retreat, with the loss of their leader. General Kellerman, having rallied the fugitives, made a last effort with the reserve to retrieve the fortunes of the day. A column, strongly supported by artillery, was again sent forward to gain possession of the village of Vimiero. In advancing by the road, it was encountered by the forty-third regiment; and, after a short, but desperate struggle, was driven back. No farther attempt was made on this part of the position; and the enemy retired, leaving seven pieces of artillery, and a great number of prisoners, in possession of the victors.

"While these events were passing in the centre, an attack, no less resolutely supported, was made on the left of the British, which occupied the heights on the Lourinha road. In that quarter, General Ferguson, whose brigade had been moved from the right to the left of the line, had scarcely taken up his ground when he found himself assailed by a strong body of infantry, supported by cavalry. The engagement was fierce, and resolutely maintained on both sides. The troops of Ferguson remained immovable under every effort to dislodge them; and, on the coming up of the eighty-second and twenty-ninth regiments, the enemy were charged with the bayonet, and driven back in confusion. The French cavalry endeavoured to retrieve the

misfortune of the infantry by several charges, but in vain. They were uniformly repulsed with unshaken steadiness by the brigades of Ferguson and Nightingale, and at length ceased from farther attack.

"The fruit of this achievement was the capture of six guns; and General Ferguson, leaving the seventy-first and eighty-second regiments to guard these honourable trophies, was in full pursuit of the discomfited enemy, when the brigade of Brenier, suddenly emerging from the ravine, attacked the two battalions, and for a moment succeeded in retaking the captured artillery. But the regiments instantly rallied; and, by a desperate charge with the bayonet, at once drove back the brigade of Brenier into the ravine, and remained masters of the guns. In this charge General Brenier was made prisoner.

"Affairs were in this situation on the left, when General Ferguson received an unexpected order to desist from the pursuit. His corps was accordingly halted; and the enemy, taking advantage of this unlooked-for supineness of their opponents, were rallied by General Thiebault, and withdrawn, under protection of the cavalry, to a position in rear of Toledo. In the subsequent retreat of the army to Torres Vedras, it was reinforced by the junction of two battalions, which had not come up in time to be of service in the action.

"The results of this brilliant victory were, the capture of a general officer and several hundred men, thirteen pieces of cannon, and twenty-three waggons loaded with ammunition. The total loss of the enemy in the battle has been estimated at three thousand. Generals Foy and Thiebault do not admit it to have exceeded eighteen hundred. But, considering all the circumstances of the action, the latter calculation will probably be held to be as much below the truth as the former is above it.

"With regard to the relative numbers of the armies, there exists also much difference of statement. There can be no doubt that the British army was numerically superior to its opponent; but Foy and Thiebault, in estimating the amount of the French force at only nine thousand two hundred men, are, unquestionably, not entitled to credit. A French order of battle, found on the field, gave a total of fourteen thousand men present under

arms: and this amount accords too accurately with other estimates, and also with observations made at the time, to leave any doubt of its authenticity and correctness.

"While the battle was yet in progress, Sir Harry Burrard arrived on the field; but, from motives of delicacy, declined assuming the command till the enemy were repulsed. Towards the close of the action, when the ultimate success of the British arms could no longer be considered doubtful, Sir Arthur Wellesley was naturally anxious to reap the full fruits of his victory, and represented to his superior in command the importance of following up, with vigour the advantages already gained. But to this measure, Sir Harry Burrard, actuated by an unfortunate dread of responsibility, refused his consent. It was urged to him, in vain, that the enemy, severely beaten and discomfited, had already commenced a hurried and confused retreat; that one half of the British army had borne no part in the action, and was, consequently, in a condition to follow up the pursuit with vigour and effect; that the road to Torres Vedras being already in possession of General Hill, it was now in our power to anticipate the enemy by the occupation of that important pass, and even to reach Lisbon before him. But these arguments produced no beneficial consequence on the resolution of Sir Harry Burrard. With the caution of an aged commander, and the diffidence of an inexperienced one, he declined encountering the risks attendant on the brilliant scheme of operations proposed for his adoption, and declared his determination of awaiting, in the position of Vimiero, the arrival of Sir John Moore."

The author then proceeds to describe the terms of the celebrated convention of Cintra, the recall of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, and the subsequent Board of Inquiry at Chelsea. The report, too, of the board is given. That report was unsatisfactory; it was recalled and re-assembled. Orders from government desired the members (Sir David Dundas, Generals Craig, Lord Moira, Lord Heathfield; Lieuts.-Generals Lord Pembroke, Nugent, and Nichols,) to declare whether the armistice was advisable in the relative situation of the two armies on the 22d of August; and if

to, whether the terms were such as ought to have been agreed upon; and whether, when all the British forces were landed, it was advisable to form a convention; and if so, whether the terms were such as ought to have been agreed upon. The members of the court were, however, of different opinions on the matter. Six generals approved of the armistice; while Lord Moira was dissentient. Four generals approved of the convention: Lords Penbroke, Moira, and General Nichols, regarded it in an unfavourable light. The author then reviews the campaign itself, and follows this up by an examination of the policy of the armistice and convention. Into all this we have not time to follow him, but proceed to other portions of his work. He thus describes the second report of M. Champagny, the minister of foreign affairs, as laid before the French senate.

"The second report—of four months later date than the former—was of similar import, and was intended to establish the same conclusions. It justified the conduct of Napoleon in regard to Spain. The disturbances in that country had been excited by English gold. Would the Emperor permit England to say, 'Spain is one of my provinces. My flag, driven from the Baltic, the North Sea, and the Levant, and even from the shores of Persia, rules in the ports of France.' No, never! To prevent so disgraceful a consummation, two millions of gallant soldiers were ready to scale the Pyrenees, and chase the English from the peninsula. If the French fought for the liberty of the seas, it was first necessary to wrest Spain from the tyrant of the ocean. If they fought for peace, it could not be attained till the fomenters of war had been driven from the Spanish territory. If they fought for honour, they must inflict prompt and signal vengeance for the outrages committed against the French name in Spain. At last the English would be made to feel those evils which they had so long inflicted on others. 'They will be beaten,' said M. Champagny, 'destroyed, dispersed; or they will fly, as they did at Toulon, at the Helder, at Dunkirk, and in Sweden,—wherever the French armies have been able to find them! Their expulsion from Spain would be the ruin of their cause; it would exhaust their resources, and anni-

nihilate their last hope. In this contest the wishes of all Europe would be with France!'"

After recounting Blake's repeated discomfitures before Suchet, and his final retreat into Catalonia to re-organise his army, Captain Hamilton gives the following account of the rise of the *Guerillas* :—

"It was at this period that the system of Guerilla warfare, which had spontaneously sprung up in different parts of the Peninsula, became so widely extended as to exercise an important influence on the character of the contest.

"When the French first attempted the subjugation of Spain, so pervading was the hostility of the natives, that it was found necessary to divide their armies into small bodies, in order to procure subsistence, and maintain subjection in the towns and villages. Inferior officers were thus raised into commanders; and, restrained by no feeling of responsibility, plunder, cruelty, and oppression, on the one hand, were followed by hatred and desire of vengeance on the other. Thus strife, of the most deadly and inveterate character, was daily waged between the invaders and the native population. Many of the latter, rendered desperate by the destruction of their property, fled to the mountains, where they remained, unless when compelled by necessity to descend to the neighbouring villages in search of provisions. When at these times they chanced to encounter a small party of the enemy, an irregular fight ensued. No quarter was given on either side, and the bloody character of these contests tended still further to increase the feelings of animosity on both sides. The French, indignant at the slaughter of their countrymen, by men whom they at once feared and despised, continued to wreak their vengeance on the defenceless inhabitants. These were driven, in greater numbers, to join the desperate and lawless bands in the mountains; and thus arose that general and extended system of warfare, which carried with it results far greater and more important to the cause of Spain, than the greatest successes which her armies had been able to achieve.

"The augmented atrocities of the invaders tended only to deepen the hatred of the nation, and to impress

more indelibly the necessity of resistance. Unity of sentiment and purpose brought with it a certain unity of action in the undirected efforts of the people; and to regular warfare succeeded a system of war in detail, — a species of organised disorder, — of petty but ferocious contests, at once suited to the circumstances of the country, and the fierce and untamed spirit of its population. These bands, in their character and objects at once predatory and patriotic, were joined by active and enterprising men of all classes. Intelligence of their successes, exaggerated by frequent repetition, spread like wildfire through the country, stimulating the hopes and increasing the confidence of the people; and the French soon found themselves assailed by an instrument of tremendous power, to which no efficacious resistance could be offered.

“The Guerillas were without uniform and without pay. Having a perfect knowledge of the country, they assembled or dispersed at pleasure; and thus, while they were always prepared to co-operate for the destruction of such bodies of the enemy as approached their district, they in a moment became intangible to any superior force detached in pursuit.

“In the different provinces, leaders of distinguished talent and enterprise occasionally arose, who gave to this desultory warfare additional vigour and effect. The names of men who contributed so powerfully to the liberation of their country, merit record. In Old Castile the Guerillas were commanded by Juan Diaz Martin, better known by the title of the *Empecinado*. In Asturias, the chief of this body was Juan Diaz Porlier. In Navarre, Don Mariano de Renovales, who had distinguished himself by the defence of the Convent of St. Joseph during the siege of Zaragoza, collected a band of mountaineers, and occasioned much annoyance to the enemy. High offers were made, in hope of inducing him to join the French service; but the patriotism of Renovales was inflexible.

“Last, not least, was Xavier Mina. This celebrated leader brought the system of Guerilla warfare to its greatest perfection. In the northern provinces he occasioned the most important losses to the enemy, by his boldness and perpetual vigilance. The most strenuous efforts were repeatedly made to sur-

prise and annihilate his force, but in vain. His band was like the Giant in Ariosto, whose limbs, when severed by the sword of Astolfo, again united, and presented an antagonist whom the most powerful efforts of hostility could not subdue.

“In the year following, Mina was taken by the enemy, and sent prisoner into France. His uncle, Espoz y Mina, succeeded him in command; and by that leader the system of desultory warfare was carried on with undiminished vigour and success.”

After describing the battle of Talavera, on which occasion the policy of the allied generals is very much reprehended, and observing “that but a small part of Lord Wellington’s military reputation will be found eventually to rest on the campaign of Talavera,” the author dwells on the policy of the commander-in-chief at the end of the campaign of 1809.

“In the mean time, it was obvious that defensive war was the only one which could be waged with any prospect of success. It was the policy of England to protract the contest; to lead the enemy to divide his forces, by distracting his attention; and thus to subject him to the full operation of that petty but pervading hostility which was ever wasting his numbers. For the present, therefore, Lord Wellington determined to confine his efforts to the defence of Portugal, yet to stand prepared, on the occurrence of more favourable circumstances, again to widen the sphere of his operations, and advance into Spain.

“On crossing the Tagus, he moved his head-quarters to Vizeu; and the army went into cantonments, extending from Coimbra to Pinhel, while the corps of General Hill remained at Abrantes and its neighbourhood. In this position the troops remained for some time inactive, in order to recover the effects of the preceding campaign, and the sickness which had been engendered by the unhealthy station to which they had subsequently removed.

“At this period, Marshal Soult, with an army of about fifty thousand men, was preparing to advance into Andalusia. The Junta, blind to the approaching danger, felt secure that the giant range of the Sierra Morena would oppose an impenetrable barrier to the progress of the enemy. The passes of

these mountains had been fortified with care, and a force of about twenty thousand men, under Arisaigo, was posted for their defence. But on the twentieth of January the pass of Despena Perros was forced, with but little resistance from the troops, whose spirit was depressed by the remembrance of Ocana. In order to distract the attention of Arisaigo, Soult divided his army into three columns, which advanced simultaneously on the three principal *débouchés* of the Sierra. The right, under Victor, by Almaden; the centre, under Mortier, by the road from Madrid; the left, under Sebastiani, by Villa Nueva. Several mines had been placed by the Spaniards at the narrow parts of the defile, but the explosion of these produced little effect. On the twenty-first, Soult's head-quarters were at Baylen: and on the twenty-ninth, the corps of Victor effected its junction with the army before Seville."

This is followed by an exposition of the state of public feeling in England.

"Under such reverses, the enthusiasm of the British nation had begun to subside. The bright and glowing colours, which in their eyes had beautified the prospect, gradually faded into fainter and more sober hues. True, indeed, the voice of England was still for war; there was no flinching or faintness of heart among her sons; but it was not, as heretofore, for sudden, desultory, and ill-judged operations,—for hasty advance and precipitate retreat,—for profuse expenditure of blood and money in pursuit of '*British objects*,'—objects, indeed, generally so truly British, that no other government on earth would have thought them worth the expense and hazard of pursuit.

"Thus the blunders and incapacity of the ministry had, in a great measure, lost them the confidence of the country. Even their warmer partisans, those who exonerated the men, did not venture to vindicate their measures. The government had to encounter a strong and vehement opposition both in parliament and in the country. The policy of withdrawing our army from the Peninsula, of husbanding the resources of England till time and circumstances should be more favourable for their efficacious exertion, found many advocates among the greatest and most enlightened statesmen of whom England could boast."

"But party spirit was abroad in its violence; and the doctrine of opposition, though generally salutary, was scarcely applicable to the crisis at which England had arrived. At all events, it was carried too far. Pertinacity on one side had generated exaggeration on the other. Prudence is not a popular virtue; and the tame doctrine of temporary inaction, though supported by a considerable body of the nation, was but little in harmony with the pugnacious appetite of the majority. The Whigs were distrusted and disliked; and many who condemned the ministry were still anxious to retain them in power. In parliament a trial of strength took place on the debate on the Walcheren expedition, and the Tories triumphed. The government, aware of the necessity of retrieving the disgrace of former failures, determined to prosecute the war with increased vigour. At the expense of nearly a million sterling, the Portuguese subsidiary force was augmented to thirty thousand men, and all the troops immediately disposable were sent out to augment the army of Lord Wellington."

The battle of Salamanca is given in detail, as it should be. It was the most important event of the whole war; for, in a moment, it completely changed the aspect of affairs.

"Before daylight on the morning of the twenty-second, both armies moved into position. That of the allies extended from the Tormes to two steep and rugged heights, which, from their similarity, the natives generally distinguished by the name of the sister Arapiles. The position of the French was covered by a thick wood, and embraced the heights of La Pena, and the hamlets of Calvarasso de Ariba, and Calvarasso de Abaxo. In the morning a good deal of skirmishing took place. Detachments from both armies endeavoured to seize the Arapiles heights, and the French succeeded in gaining possession of the external and more distant one.

"The occupation of one of the Arapiles by the enemy occasioned some changes in the position of the allied army. The right was extended *en potence* to the heights behind the village of Arapiles, which was occupied by light infantry; and General Pakenham,

with the third division, and Portuguese cavalry, was directed to cross the Tormes, and take post at Aldea Tejada, to lend still further support to the right flank.

"The morning passed in a series of manœuvres on the part of Marmont, from which no conclusion could be drawn with regard to his ultimate intentions. Lord Wellington, therefore, contented himself with keeping an accurate observation on all the movements of his adversary, ready at any moment to assume the offensive, and equally so, should sound policy require it, to retreat.

"There can be no doubt that Lord Wellington considered the latter alternative as by far the more probable; and every preparation had been made to carry it into effect. It was unquestionably in Marmont's power, by turning the right of the allied army, to have rendered its position untenable. The baggage and commissariat, therefore, had already quitted Salamanca; and even some of the divisions had commenced a retrogressive movement.

"About two o'clock, however, a sudden and decisive change took place in the character of the enemy's demonstrations. Under cover of a heavy cannonade, and a skirmish along the whole front of his line, Marmont advanced his centre, making at the same time a movement to his left, as if intending to encircle the position of the allied army, and cut them off from the road, to Ciudad Rodrigo. His line, thus unduly extended, was necessarily weakened; and the favourable opportunity of attack, thus presented, was immediately seized by Lord Wellington. The following was the disposition of the army at the moment of attack. The first and light divisions were on the left of the Arapiles, and formed the extreme left of the line. The fourth and fifth division were posted in a double line, in rear of the village of Arapiles, with the sixth and seventh divisions, and the division of Don Carlos d'Espana in reserve. On the left of the fourth division was the Portuguese brigade of General Pack; on the right of the fifth was that of General Bradford. The third division, with the main body of the cavalry, formed the extreme right. While these arrangements were in progress, the enemy made repeated attempts to gain possession of the village of Arapiles, occupied by a detachment

of the Guards; but no important change took place in their general dispositions. The third division was then ordered to advance obliquely to its right, to turn the left of the position, while General Cole's and General Leith's divisions should attack it in front.

"The arrangements being completed, the third division, led by General Pakenham, moved on to the attack. The division advanced in column of battalions, and was in the act of ascending the ridge occupied by the enemy, when the skirmishers were driven in by a large body of cavalry, who in a moment came sweeping along the brow of the ascent, on the right flank of the division. Fortunately, the retreat of the light troops had given intelligence of their approach; and Colonel Campbell of the ninety-fourth, who commanded the brigade, had time to throw back the fifth regiment *en potence*, which, by a well-directed volley, caused them to retreat in disorder.

"General Pakenham no sooner crowned the heights on the extreme left of the French, than he formed line across their flank, and, supported by General D'Urban's Portuguese cavalry and some squadrons of the fourteenth, advanced towards the centre, carrying every thing before him. On every favourable point where they attempted to make a stand, they were charged with the bayonet; and with such vigour did General Pakenham follow up his success, that even the colours of the British regiments were often seen waving over battalions of the enemy. Sir Stapleton Cotton with the cavalry charged the enemy in front, and cut to pieces a brigade of French infantry, though not without sustaining a severe loss in General Le Marchant, who was killed at the head of his brigade. The whole left wing of the enemy was now retreating in confusion, and above three thousand prisoners had been made by the allies.

"While the events just narrated were passing on the right of the army, the tide of success had not flowed with equal rapidity in the centre. The repeated attempts of General Pack to gain possession of the Arapiles height occupied by the enemy, were unsuccessful. On the retreat of the Portuguese, a body advanced from the height, and made a gallant and very vehement attack on the flank of the fourth division, while warmly engaged with the

enemy in its front. General Cole had been already wounded, and his division, disconcerted by this sudden attack, was compelled to retire in some confusion. The misfortune, however, was immediately repaired by the advance of a brigade of the fifth division, which, by a change of front, took the enemy in flank, and, subjecting them to a cross fire, forced them instantly to retreat. The fourth and fifth divisions then continued to advance, uninterrupted by any further reverse, and gained complete possession of the crest of the position.

"In the meanwhile the Arapiles was carried by General Clinton; and the third division had advanced from the left, along the centre of the French position, attacking and dispersing the enemy in every encounter. Marshal Marmont had been wounded, and the command of the army devolved on General Clausel, who, with great skill and promptitude, now endeavoured to rally his defeated troops in a new position, running nearly at right angles with the original front. The ground was admirably chosen. Either flank of the position was supported by masses of cavalry; and the artillery was so posted as not only to sweep the whole face of the height, but to command all the ground in the vicinity.

"The assumption of so strong a position caused a pause in the movements of the allies. Lord Wellington having examined it, at length directed the fourth division to dislodge the enemy by a flank movement on the left, while General Clinton's division, supported by the third and fifth, should attack it in front. It was in this part of the action that the loss on the part of the allies was most severe. General Clinton's division, during the whole of its advance, was exposed to a most destructive fire of artillery and musketry, which it sustained with the greatest steadiness, till reaching the summit of the height, it at once charged with the bayonet, and the fourth division coming up, the enemy abandoned the position in great confusion, and fled towards

Alba, where he crossed the Tormes. The allied troops continued the pursuit with great vigour till the approach of night, when the darkness and extreme fatigue of the troops rendered it necessary to halt.*

"The immediate results of this most splendid victory, were the capture of eleven pieces of artillery, two eagles, and of seven thousand prisoners. Three French* Generals (Ferey, Thomieres, and Desgaviers) were killed; Marshal Marmont, Generals Bonnet, Clausel, and Menue, were wounded. The total loss of the enemy cannot be calculated at less than fourteen thousand men.

"The number of killed and wounded on the part of the victors was about five thousand two hundred, including six general officers, one of whom (Le Marchant) was killed; the others (Beresford, Leith, Cotton, Cole, and Alten) were wounded.

"The enemy, taking advantage of the darkness, continued his flight during the night; and, at day-dawn, the pursuit was renewed on the part of the allies. The advanced guard, consisting of Major-General Baron Bock's and General Anson's brigades of cavalry, which joined during the night, succeeded in coming up with the enemy's rear division, strongly posted behind the village of La Serna. The two brigades instantly charged; and the French cavalry, panic-stricken by their recent defeat, fled in great confusion, leaving the infantry to their fate. The whole of the latter, consisting of three battalions, were made prisoners.

"After this disaster, Clausel continued his retreat, by forced marches and in great disorder, towards Valladolid. Being joined, however, by a considerable body of cavalry and horse artillery from the north, he succeeded in crossing the Douro with little further annoyance from the allies, whose march was delayed by the difficulty of bringing up the supplies. Lord Wellington reached Valladolid on the thirtieth; but finding Clausel continued his retreat on Burgos in a state of great disorganisation, on the day following

* "But for an unforeseen circumstance, the victory of Salamanca must have been attended with even greater results. When the enemy took up his second position, the light division was directed to march to Huerta, and the first division to Alba de Tormes, to cut off their retreat. These orders, so far as concerned the first division, were not executed; and the Spaniards having abandoned the Castle of Alba on the approach of the French, the latter were enabled to effect their retreat across the Tormes without impediment."

he recrossed the Douro, and halted at Cuellar.

"Lord Wellington then determined to march against the army of the centre, which, in order to favour the escape of the defeated force, had approached the flank of the allies. Preparations for this purpose were immediately set on foot; and on the seventh of August the army commenced its movement on Madrid, by the route of Segovia, leaving a force under General Paget on the Douro to observe the motions of the enemy.

"Joseph Buonaparte could muster, for the defence of the capital, about twenty thousand men,—a force altogether inadequate to offer any serious impediment to the march of the allies. In Madrid all was confusion. So decisive a movement on the part of Lord Wellington had been altogether unforeseen, and no arrangements had been made for the defence of the capital. Joseph had left Madrid on the twenty-first of July, and marched by the Escorial to join Marmont. In the neighbourhood of Arevalo he received intelligence of Marmont's defeat. He then marched by his right to Segovia, with the intention of drawing Lord Wellington's attention from the army of Clausel. No sooner, however, did he learn that Lord Wellington was advancing against him, than he fell back rapidly on Madrid.

"In the meantime the allied army continued its progress. No attempt was made to defend the passage of the Guadarama mountains; but, on the tenth, an engagement took place with a body of the enemy's cavalry, which had been sent forward to watch the motions of the allies. This force was driven in the morning by General D'Urban, who moved on to Majalahonda, where he took post with his brigade of Portuguese cavalry, Captain Macdonald's troop of horse artillery, and the cavalry and light infantry of the German legion.

"The enemy's cavalry having again approached, General D'Urban ordered the Portuguese brigade to charge the leading squadrons of the enemy, which appeared too far in advance to be supported by the main body. The Portuguese cavalry advanced to the attack, but before they reached the enemy, turned about and fled. By this disgraceful conduct three guns were lost, which owing to the difficulties of the ground could not be removed. The

Germans then charged, and succeeded in checking the progress of the enemy; and Colonel Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry, and a brigade of the seventh division, coming up shortly after, the French burned the carriages of the captured guns and retired.

"On the twelfth the allies entered Madrid; Joseph having abandoned it on the preceding night, and retired to the left of the Tagus, where he took post with his right at Aranjuez, and his left in the direction of Toledo. A garrison of seventeen hundred men were left in the Retiro, in order to check the enthusiasm of the people, and preserve the convoys from plunder.

"The appearance of the allied army was hailed with joy and triumph by all ranks in the capital. All business was suspended; and thousands of the inhabitants, bearing branches of laurel, came forth to welcome their victorious liberators. On the day following the Retiro surrendered. Don Carlos d'España was appointed governor, and the constitution was proclaimed amid the enthusiastic *vivas* of the populace."

The entrance of Ferdinand into his capital was marked by tyranny. He charged the Cortes with violation of the laws, and revolutionary innovations. He dissolved that body by proclamation, ordaining that all who offered opposition to his decree should suffer death.

"Thus did this crowned slave," says Captain Hamilton, "display his gratitude to those noble-minded men, who, by their steadfast loyalty and persevering exertions, had contributed largely to his restoration to the Spanish throne. If the Cortes were irregularly convoked, and elected on principles unknown to the ancient constitution of the realm, it was owing to the circumstances of the times, and to the base and pitiful truckling of Ferdinand himself to the French ruler. That the Cortes were guilty of many errors is undoubted; that their views were generally narrow and injudicious, no one who has perused the record of their proceedings can venture to deny. But when we consider the bold and unwavering front which these men displayed in times of the greatest difficulty and danger, their generous ardour in the cause of liberty and loyalty, under the pressure of every danger and every temptation,—their errors, when weighed against devotion

so pure and so heroic, become but as dust in the balance.

"In a few days after the promulgation of this decree, Ferdinand removed to Madrid. His vengeance was first directed against the members of the regency. The venerable Cardinal de Bourbon was banished to Rome, Agar to Carthagen, Cisgar to a fortress in Catalonia. The eloquent and noble-minded Arguelles was condemned to serve as a common soldier; and all who had most distinguished themselves by enlightened and generous views in

the proceedings of the Cortes were proscribed and punished.

"The whole measures of the government were in barbarous consistency with those we have detailed. The liberty of the press was abolished; the Inquisition, by royal statute, resumed its hateful dominion over the souls and bodies of the people; and the functions of the monarchy were brought into full action, without a single correction of any of the enormous abuses, which, in the lapse of centuries, had crept into every department of the government."

REMARKABLE VISION OF CHARLES XI. OF SWEDEN.

WE know not exactly if we shall escape the appellation of Goths, Huns, or Vandals, when we assert that the march of intellect, in the present enlightened age, is frequently the subject of our melancholy meditations. Start not, reader, at our frank confession; but we cannot help sighing, when we think of the philosophy that in these our modern days has overturned the world of fiction, of romance, of idealty. We heartily despise the miserable predilection for common sense, which prefers the stupid realities of the world around us, to the visionary inspirations of creative fancy: and nothing can equal our dislike for the vulgar prejudice which mopes along, and feels its way through the road of life, poking the contemptible *antennæ* of argument and reason through the mire of material and tangible evidence. With a feeling of veneration and ineffable regret, do we look back to the good old times when dreams and visions were in high repute; for we confess ourselves exceedingly partial to dreamers of every denomination. What is life itself but a long dream? And who amongst us can compare his sad and sober hours of waking reality with the fairy moments of illusion he has spent when "Queen Mab has been with him,"—when the regions of space were but a stride—when the sceptre of empires was in his grasp, and the wealth of worlds at his feet? What poet's delirium ever engendered the strange conceptions, the delightful anomalies, of which "the fancy's midwife" delivers her nocturnal subjects? Can the wildest flight of waking imagination soar to the height of sportive anachronism with which she huddles together,

the past, the present, and the future? What are the dull, cold forms of stately grandeur, compared to the whimsical, delicious disdain of etiquette with which she introduces to each other the distant, the living, and the dead? Can even genius boast the miraculous power of amplification with which she extends a moment into a day, a month, a year? By way of digression, (a license on many occasions extremely useful, and particularly to an author,) by way of digression then, we take leave to mention an anecdote of an eastern potentate, or sage, it matters not which, who made rather a singular choice. One of those beings with whom oriental fictions have peopled the air, and who seem to have established a half-way house between the sky and the ground, had informed his *protégé* that he must make his election between the two following conditions:—he was destined either to be a king by day and a beggar by night; or, if he preferred it, he was allowed to undergo the hardship and poverty of the ragged vagabond by day, with the assurance that, his eyes once closed in slumber, fancy would transform his loathsome bed of straw into the throne of a mighty monarch. The worthy who is the subject of the present anecdote, unhesitatingly accepted the latter alternative. His decision was undoubtedly most wise, for what sovereign ever reigned with such absolute sway, what Croesus ever revelled in such a golden tide of wealth and power, as the slumberer, whose throne is guarded by the great enchanter that subjugates alike the monarch and his meanest subject? Were the same conditions proposed to those who, at the present day,

wield the rod of empire, we fear none of them would be philosophic enough to make a similar choice, how ardently soever their loving subjects might desire it: fortunate, indeed, would it be for some of the kingdoms of this world, did the rulers who sway their destinies but dream of power, and wave an imaginary, instead of a real sceptre.

To resume our favourite theory of dreams, visions, and supernatural appearances, which, in this humdrum intellectual age, seem wonderfully out of fashion; rational people, (how we detest the term!) are in the habit of uttering many wise sayings on such matters. Your Abernethy reasoners, for instance, will talk to you by the hour of optical illusions,—of diseases in the retina of the eye which crowd the air with fantastic visions “in form as palpable” as material creations:—your philosopher will tell you of the force of imagination;—he will cite facts and precedents innumerable, by way of proving that he has the best of the argument. Having classed ourselves amongst visionaries of the first order, it becomes almost needless to state, that we have an innate aversion to any thing like serious discussion. Were we, however, for a moment inclined to descend to so vulgar a practice, we might ask a plain question—What is truth? Truth, it has been said, lies at the bottom of a well; and, in support of the old adage, we might, in our turn, quote many incontestable facts. We shall, for once in our life, stoop to an argument derived from common experience, and attack our opponents with their own weapons. The difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of finding two eye-witnesses of the same fact, who shall report it without variation in their testimony, is matter of general remark. Take, for instance, the most simple transaction of every-day life,—examine into the particulars of the case,—question two ocular witnesses of the fact, each a person of sense and unimpeached veracity, and it will uniformly be found that the evidence of each shall differ on the most essential points. If, then, in cases of the most ordinary occurrence, it be nearly impossible to form a precise conclusion, by reason of the opposite and conflicting nature of the evidence adduced on both sides, who shall pretend to limit the extent of our belief or disbelief in matters which pass the boundaries of our narrow comprehension,

and with regard to which the testimony on each side is equally respectable, and at the same time wholly contradictory?

There, reader! there is reasoning for you! It is really some time since we have ventured upon such a long-winded argument. We now beg leave to lay down the cudgels which we have so gallantly taken up in the defence of the visionary tribe, summing up our logic by the following pithy, or at least startling, conclusion:—there are tales of wonder so well authenticated, that if we refuse to credit them, we ought, for the sake of consistency, to reject almost all profane and sacred testimony. It is more than probable, reader, that you are still unconvinced: for that we are prepared, because we are aware that readers of the present age are affected with the ridiculous mania of reasoning for themselves. We, therefore, may as well drop the argument with a quotation from our illustrious bard:—

“There are more things in heaven and earth

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

And should you be magnanimous enough to pardon the familiarity of our application, we beg to offer you the following singular narrative, the authenticity of which rests upon a *procès verbal* drawn out in form, and attested by the signatures of four credible witnesses. It may be added, that the remarkable waking dream which we are about to relate for your edification had been generally known, and familiarly quoted, long before its forebodings were verified by subsequent events.

Charles XI., the father of the celebrated Charles XII., was one of the most despotic, and, at the same time, one of the ablest monarchs that ever ruled the destinies of Sweden. He restrained within proper limits the overgrown privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the senate, and of his own special authority enacted a new code of laws. In a word, he changed the entire constitution of the country, which, before his reign, had been governed by an oligarchy, and forced the states to invest him with absolute and unlimited authority. History represents him as a brave and enlightened monarch, attached to the religion of Luther, but of a harsh, inflexible disposition; regulating his opinions by positive and tangible facts, and wholly ungifted with imagination.

At the period of which we are writing, death had bereaved him of his queen, Ulrica Eleonora. Notwithstanding the harshness which had marked his conduct to that princess, during her lifetime, and which, in the opinion of his subjects, had precipitated her into the grave, Charles revered her memory, and appeared more affected by her loss than might have been imagined from the natural sternness of his character. Subsequently to this event, he became more gloomy and taciturn than before, and devoted himself to study with an intensity of application that evinced his anxiety to escape the tortures of his own painful reflections.

Towards the close of a dreary autumnal evening, the king, in slippers and *robe de chambre*, was seated before a large fire, in a private cabinet of his palace at Stockholm. Near him were his grand chamberlain, the Count de Brabé, who was honoured with the favourable estimation of his sovereign, and the principal state physician, Baumgarten, a learned disciple of Hippocrates, who aimed at the reputation of an *esprit fort*, and who would have pardoned a disbelief in any thing, except in the efficacy of his own prescriptions. The last-mentioned personage had on that evening been hastily summoned to the presence of the monarch, who felt, or fancied himself, in need of his professional skill.

The evening was already far advanced, and the king, contrary to his wont, delayed bidding the customary "good night to all,"—the well-understood signal, at which his guests always retired. With his head bent downwards, and his eyes fixed upon the decaying embers, that gradually withdrew even their mockery of warmth from the spacious fire-place, he maintained a strict silence, evidently fatigued with his company, yet dreading, though he scarcely knew why, to be left alone. The grand chamberlain, who perceived that even his profound remarks failed to excite the attention of the monarch, ventured to hint that his majesty would do well to seek repose: a gesture of the king retained him in his place. The physician, in his turn, hazarded a casual observation on the injurious tendency of late hours. These significant intudoes were, however, thrown away on Charles, who replied to them by muttering between his teeth, "you may remain—I have no wish to sleep."

This permission, with which the drowsy courtiers would willingly have dispensed, but which was really equivalent to a command, was succeeded by an attempt on their part to enliven his majesty with different subjects of conversation. No topic, however, that was introduced, could outlive the second or third phrase. The king was in one of his gloomy moods; for royalty, with reverence be it spoken, has its moments of merriment and of ill-humour—its mixture of sunshine and of cloud: and be it known to the gentle reader, that ticklish is the position of a courtier when majesty is in the dumps. To mend, or rather to mar the matter, the grand chamberlain, imagining that the sadness which overshadowed the royal brow, proceeded from conjugal regret, fixed his eyes upon a portrait of the queen, hung up in the cabinet, and with a sigh of pathos exclaimed: "How striking the resemblance! who could not recognise that expression of majesty and gentleness,—that"—

—"Fudge!" cried his majesty. Conscience had probably something to do with the abruptness of the exclamation. The old chamberlain had unwittingly touched a tender chord; every allusion to the queen appearing like a tacit reproach to the august and widowed spouse. "That portrait," added the king, "is too flattering,—the queen was far from handsome:"—then, as if inwardly repenting of his harshness, he rose from his seat, and paced the apartment with hasty strides, to conceal the tears that had well nigh betrayed his emotion. He stood in the embrasure of a window, which looked upon the court. The moon was obscured by a thick veil of clouds;—not even a solitary star twinkled through the darkness.

The palace, at present inhabited by the Kings of Sweden, was not at that time finished; and Charles XI., in whose reign it had been commenced, usually resided in an old-fashioned edifice, built something in the shape of a horse-shoe, and situated at the point of Ritterholm, commanding a view of the lake Mæler. The royal cabinet was at one of the extremities, nearly opposite to the grand hall or council chamber, in which the states were accustomed to assemble when a message or communication from the crown was expected.

Just at this moment the windows of

the council-chamber appeared brilliantly illuminated. The king was lost in surprise. He at first imagined the light to proceed from the torch of some domestic. Yet, what could occasion so unseasonable a visit to a place that for a considerable time had been closed? Besides, the light was too vivid to be produced by a single torch,—it might have been attributed to a conflagration; but no smoke was perceptible,—no noise was heard,—the window-glasses were not broken;—every thing, in short, seemed to indicate an illumination, such as takes place on public and solemn occasions.

Charles, without uttering a word, remained gazing at the windows of the council-chamber. The Count Brahé, who had already grasped the bell-cord, was on the point of summoning a page, in order to ascertain the cause of this singular illumination—when the king suddenly prevented him. “I will visit the chamber myself,” said his majesty: the seriousness of his deportment and the paleness of his countenance indicating a strange mixture of determination and superstitious awe. He quitted the cabinet, with the unhesitating step of one resolved to obtain the mastery over himself;—the legislator of etiquette, and the regulator of bodies, each with a lighted taper, followed him in fear and trembling.

The keeper of the keys had already retired to rest. Baumgarten was despatched by the king to awaken him, and to order him, forthwith, to open the doors of the council-chamber. Unbounded was the worthy keeper's surprise at the unexpected intimation. Benign Providence, however, has ordained monarchs to command, and created keepers of keys to obey. The prudent Cerberus, of whom we now make honourable mention (we hope his shade will pardon our classical allusion to the duties of his station), yawned, dressed himself in haste, and presented himself before his sovereign with the insignia of his office,—a bunch of keys, of various dimensions, suspended at his girdle. He commenced by opening the door of a gallery, which served as a sort of ante-room to the council-chamber. The king entered: but his astonishment may be conceived, on finding the walls of the building entirely hung with black.

“By whose order has this been done?” demanded he, in a tone of

anger. “Sire,” replied the trembling keeper of the keys, “I am ignorant: the last time the gallery was opened, it was wainscotted with oak, as usual;—most assuredly these hangings are not from your majesty's wardrobe.” The king, however, had by this time traversed at a rapid pace two-thirds of the gallery, without stopping to avail himself of the worshipful warden's conjectures. The latter personage and the grand chamberlain followed his majesty; whilst the learned doctor lingered a little in the rear; the considerate Esculapius seeming nicely balanced between the dread of remaining alone, and that of exposing his valuable safety to the sequel of an adventure which had so strangely commenced.

“Sire,” cried the keeper of the keys, “I beseech your majesty to go no farther. As I have a living soul, there is witchcraft in this matter. At this hour . . . and since the death of the queen,—God be gracious to us!—it is said that her majesty walks every night in this gallery!”

“Hold, sire,” cried the count, in his turn, “do you not hear a strange noise, which seems to proceed from the council-chamber! Who can foresee the danger to which your majesty may expose your sacred person?”

“Sire,” observed the philosophic Baumgarten, whose taper had just been extinguished by a sudden gust of wind,—“your majesty will at least permit me to summon the attendance of a file of the palace guard.”

“Forward!” replied the resolute monarch, in an imperative tone; and as he stopped before the door of the council-chamber,—“quick! your keys!” said he to the keeper. He pushed the door violently with his foot; and the noise, repeated by the echoes of the vaulted roof, resounded through the gallery like the report of a cannon.

The old keeper trembled;—the air was chilly, and the hour mysterious; it was “the very witching time of night:” the limbs, too, that had borne a veteran through the campaigns of some forty years, at such a moment might well totter under their load. The old man tried one key, then another, but without success;—his hand shook—his sight was confused:—“A soldier, and afraid!” cried Charles, with a smile;—“come, count, you must be our usher,—open that door.”

“Sire,” replied the grand chamber-

lain, stepping backwards, "if your majesty command me to march up to the mouth of a Danish cannon, I will obey on the instant; but you will not order me to combat with the devil and his imps?"

The monarch snatched the keys from the palsied hands of the infirm old keeper. "I see," said his majesty, in a tone of contempt, "that I must finish this adventure;" and before his terrified suite could prevent his design, he had already opened the massy oaken door, and penetrated into the council-chamber, first pronouncing the usual formula, "With the help of God." The companions of his midnight excursion entered along with him, prompted by a sentiment of curiosity, stronger, on this occasion, even than terror; their courage, too, was reinforced by a feeling of shame, which forbade them to abandon their sovereignty in the hour of peril.

The council-chamber was illuminated with an immense number of torches. The ancient figured tapestry had been replaced by a black drapery suspended on the walls, along which were ranged, in regular order, and according to the custom of those days, German, Danish, and Muscovite banners, trophies of the victories won by the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In the middle were distinguished the banners of Sweden, covered with black crape.

A numerous assemblage were seated on the benches of the hall. The four orders of the state—the nobility, the clergy, the citizens, and the peasants—were ranged according to the respective disposition assigned to each. All were clothed in black; and the multitude of human faces, that shone like so many luminous rays upon a dark ground, dazzled the sight to such a degree, that of the four individuals who witnessed this extraordinary scene, not one could discern amidst the crowd a countenance with which he was familiar. The position of the four spectators might have been compared to that of actors, who, in presence of a numerous audience, are incapable of distinguishing a single face amongst the confused mass.

On the elevated throne whence the monarch habitually harangued the assembly of the state, was seated a bleeding corse invested with the emblems of royalty. On the right of this apparition stood a child, the crown

upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand; on the left an aged man, or rather another phantom, leaned upon the throne; opposite to which were several personages of austere and solemn demeanour, clothed in long black robes, and seated before a table covered with thick folios and parchments. From the gravity of their deportment, the latter seemed to be judges. Between the throne and the portion of the council-chamber above which it was elevated, were placed an axe and a block covered with black crape.

In this unearthly assembly none seemed at all conscious of the presence of Charles, or of the three individuals by whom he was accompanied. At last the oldest of the judges in black robes,—he who appeared to discharge the functions of president, rising with dignity, struck three times with his hand upon an open folio. Profound silence immediately succeeded. Some youths of distinguished appearance, richly dressed, and with their hands fettered behind their backs, were led into the council-chamber by a door opposite to that which Charles had opened. Behind them a man of vigorous mould held the extremity of the cord with which their hands were pinioned. The prisoner who marched in the foremost rank, and whose air was more imposing than that of the others, stopped in the midst of the council-chamber, before the block, which he seemed to contemplate with haughty disdain. At the same instant the corse seated on the throne was agitated by a convulsive tremor, and the purple tide flowed afresh from its wounds. The youthful prisoner knelt upon the ground, and laid his head upon the block; the fatal axe, glittering in the air, descended swiftly; a stream of blood forced its way even to the platform of the throne, and mingled with that of the royal corse; whilst the head of the victim, rebounding from the crimson pavement, rolled to the feet of Charles, and stained them with blood.

Hitherto, astonishment had rendered the monarch dumb, but at this horrid spectacle his tongue was unloosed. He advanced a few steps towards the platform, and addressing himself to the apparition on the left of the corse, boldly pronounced the customary adjuration, "If thou art of God, speak— if of the evil one, depart in peace."

The phantom replied, in slow and emphatic accents, "Charles! not under thy reign shall this blood be shed (here the voice became indistinct); five monarchs succeeding thee shall first sit on the throne of Sweden. Wo, wo, wo, to the blood of Wasa!"

Upon this the numerous figures composing this extraordinary assemblage became less distinct, till at last they resembled a mass of coloured shadows; soon after which, they disappeared altogether. The fantastic torches were extinguished of themselves, and those of Charles and his suite cast their dim flickering light upon the old-fashioned tapestry with which the chamber was usually hung, and which was now slightly moved by the wind. During some minutes longer, a strange sort of melody was heard—a harmony compared, by one of the eye-witnesses of this unparalleled scene, to the murmur of the breeze agitating the foliage, and by another, to the sound emitted by the breaking of a harp-string. All agreed upon one point, the duration of the apparition, which they stated to have lasted about ten minutes.

The black drapery, the decapitated victim, the stream of blood which had inundated the platform, all had disappeared with the phantoms; every trace had vanished, except a crimson spot, which still stained the slipper of Charles, and which alone would have sufficed to remind him of the horrid vision, had it been possible for any effort to erase it from his memory.

Returning to his private cabinet, the

king committed to paper an exact relation of what he had seen, signed it, and ordered his companions to do the same. Spite of the precautions taken to conceal the contents of this statement from the public, they soon transpired, and were generally known even during the lifetime of Charles XI. The original document is still in existence, and its authenticity has never been questioned: it concludes with the following remarkable words:—"If," says the king, "all that I have just declared is not the exact truth, I renounce my hopes of a happier existence, which I may have merited by some good actions, and by my zeal for the welfare of my people, and for the maintenance of the religion of my fathers."

If the reader will call to mind the death of Gustavus III., and the trial of his assassin, Ankarstroem, he will observe an intimate connexion between these events and the circumstances of the extraordinary prediction which we have just detailed.

The apparition of the young man beheaded in presence of the assembled states, prognosticated the execution of Ankarstroem.

The crowned corse represented Gustavus III.; the child, his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV.

And, lastly, by the old man was designated the uncle to Gustavus IV., the Duke of Sudermania, regent of the kingdom, and afterwards king, upon the deposition of his nephew.

DRAMATIC TASTE.

THE bankruptcy of Covent Garden Theatre, with the different debates and deliberations which have taken place among those interested in the property, have led us to cogitate a little about the present state of the English drama; and the result of our cogitation is a doubt whether public opinion on the subject be correct; indeed, we suspect it is quite wrong.

For example, it is thought that the taste for theatrical representations has declined in this country, and that the business of the stage has fallen from the high estate in which it was wont to delight and amaze the innocent credu-

lity of our youth; and yet the magnitude and number of theatres and theatres have increased, are increasing, and, the saints say, ought to be diminished. How can such an acknowledged truth be reconciled with the alleged decline in dramatic taste? The capital, the population, and the machinery of the dramatic empire, have been prodigiously augmented since the Siddonian age.

Granted; but there has nevertheless been an overtrading. The same fault has been committed with playhouses as with manufactories; still, that will not solve the question. A greater number

of persons now go to theatres than ever did, at any former period, in this island; so far, therefore, as respects the public, there has been no decay of patronage; and in opposition to such a fact, it is somewhat hold to maintain that the taste for the theatre has declined.

But look to the circumstances of the great theatres; look to the condition even of the best actors; and look, likewise, to the mediocrity of the performers in general, as compared with their predecessors. Can that trade be thriving in which the capitalist finds no return, but only loss, and in which the workmen's wages are insufficient to maintain them as they were formerly maintained?

There is some curious contradiction in the facts and circumstances of the case. Are we not told, that the wealth, the population, and the mechanical powers of England, have been constantly augmenting? that the great sources of her national prosperity are undiminished, notwithstanding the blight which has fallen upon the universal commerce of the world, and particularly on every branch of British industry? There is a puzzling similarity in the present condition of Great Britain and Ireland, to that of Drury Lane and Covent Garden: decay and increase, reduction and multiplication, affect their respective fortunes.

Leaving, however, this branch of the question to the political economists, let us return to the post from which we first started,—the decline of dramatic taste.

It may no doubt be maintained, and with considerable plausibility too, that it does not follow, because the number of playgoers has increased, that their taste has been in proportion improved. On the contrary, as the wise are always in the minority, it is fair to infer, that, as by much the smaller number of those who frequent the theatres have agreed that neither the performers nor performance of these times are equal to those of other days, they must therefore be inferior.

But in opposition to this ingenious sophism, we would observe, first, with respect to the performers, it is positively not the case that they are inferior to their predecessors. The stars certainly are not so brilliant as of old, but the candles are brighter. It has pleased destiny to change the crop of talent occasionally. One age is prolific

of the regular drama; and then we have Siddonses, and Kembles, and Cookes, &c. in tragedy; and Farrens, and Jordans, and Lewises, and Palmers, and Kilgs, &c. in comedy. Another favours the cultivation of afterpieces; and the present is an afterpiece age. Never were such afterpieces, and performers so fit for them. Hark to the singers, and behold the pride, pomp, and circumstance, of the melo-dramas which now occupy the sunny side of the field! The regular drama is, at present, only a stock in a corner, as a seed cabbage is with the gardeners. It preserves the recollection that such things were: when the market requires it, a crop will be cultivated again.

It may be that the votaries of the songs and scenes of the afterpiece are not so fastidious in their taste, so refined in their manners, and so high-minded in their sentiments, as the stiff brocaded ladies, and erect, powdered, periwigged gentlemen, w.l.o., during the dernier five-and-twenty years of the last century, filled the side-boxes with the airs and graces of fashion, as often as the long-predestined countess played Lady Teazle, or the mighty Siddons shewed with what majesty beauty may be united with sensibility.

A play was more a treat in those golden days of the drama; the theatre was not then altogether a place of amusement—it was also a place of exhibition; and as such places have become more numerous, it receives, of course, less patronage. Hyde Park, among others, has diminished the attraction of the playhouse. All the "gentlefolks" see one another there, and may be seen, every afternoon. It is not, therefore, to be expected that they will, so early as the same night, go to look at one another again.

The error, in supposing that the taste for the drama has declined, originated with the players. They imagined, when the fashionables, or, as denominated in the regular drama age, the quality, went to look at one another, that they came on purpose to see them. It never occurs to these vain gentry, that when "people of rank" go to places of amusement, so that they are amused they care but little whether it be from off or from on the stage.

If the audience were attracted to the drama, for its own sake, the players' way of regarding their performances as the all-in-all of the theatre would be

judicious enough ; but notorious as it is that the pleasure of the theatre arises from various sources, of which the performance is but one, it is clearly absurd.

Is any thing more common than to hear that the players do not act well to their houses ; even they themselves say they do not so ;—and why is it so ? Simply because sympathy is more animated when the audience is close and numerous. We are not, however, inclined to believe that before a thin audience the player exerts himself less than before a thick one ; we think, on the contrary, he exerts himself more. But there is a moral electricity that affects a dense crowd more ardently than a small number, and quickens that sympathy which is felt in crowded theatres, at executions, at cock-fights, at horse-races, and at the astonishing exhibitions of Billy the Rat-catcher.

It has been said and supposed, that it would be for the advantage of the legitimate drama, as it is affectedly called, were it performed in smaller theatres ; that it would then become more fashionable, and would, as in the days of Garrick, with his little show-box in Drury Lane, be attended by the fashionable world. We doubt it. Were the theatre small, and yet freely open to the public, it would, even less than at present, be frequented by the elegant and the noble. The playhouse, to become again fashionable, must be what it was formerly :—you must restore the commonalty to their original disregard of theatrical shows, and to their preference to skittles and tea-gardens ; or you must produce, by artificial means, the same effect. The rate of admission will not altogether do this. Something like the laws of the opera-house might do much, if you could persuade the higher class to take boxes by the season ; but still, while money can procure admission, no entertainment in London can be select. This affects the opera of late very seriously. Grown-up people go not to the theatre merely for such amusement as the stage prepares ; they consider the performance but as a medium of attracting the gay together, who will find the rest of the recreations for the night among themselves. •On this account, to obtain a fashionable audience, you must make access difficult.

What makes an Eleusinian Almack's such a mystery, but the difficulty of admission ? Is there anybody to be met

with there that may not be seen in every other place of fashionable resort ? Is there a woman or beauty to be fallen in with there, that is not as well known to every one—nay, as common as Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park ?

Let a theatre be got up upon the same exclusive system, and you shall have every height of performance—that is, twice a week—it must not be oftener—the most gorgeous audiences that ever any London theatre contained. It is not the stuffs of the banquet that constitute the attraction of the entertainment ; it is not the character of the company that makes the ball desirable,—it is because the admisses are supposed to be the elect of the land.

Now, as to the performances. Except young people, and the rosy progeny of the holydays, few, as we maintain, take much pleasure in the theatre for its shows ; for if the stage be the mirror of nature, it is, as the calm sea is to the landscape—she is shewn upside-down, bottom uppermost ; and it costs more trouble to trace the resemblance than is consistent with pleasurable ease.

But, although we contend that the taste for the drama has not declined, still we are obliged to admit that dramatic literature has sadly fallen from its ancient dignity. There is no doubt of that. What can it be owing to ? To the tasteless ignorance of those who regulate the performances. In the great times of the stage, in Shakespeare's age, the management of the theatres was in the hands of some of the most intellectual men that ever lived. In Garrick's time, when Shakespeare was revived, there was himself, living with the choicest spirits of the time, and himself a bright one, at the head of the management. In his period the best of our modern dramas were produced ; and when Sheridan and Kemble ruled the stage, we had also a few good things. But what can be expected but vulgarity from a Dowton and a Wallack ?

It may be retorted,—And what did Lord Byron and his squad of refined managers do ? Just as much good as was reasonably to be expected from any executive committee—nothing. There was not, moreover, a poetical man of business among them ; and a theatre is a little state of itself, inhabited by a singular race, who require not only a monarch, but a sultan, to

rule them. The idea of making a republic of Drury Lane Theatre was truly amusing; almost as judicious as the Turk's idea, who said, if the sultan died without heirs, he thought the Ottomans would make a republic. It is not, however, by ruling the performers properly that elevation in the performances is to be obtained. It is not until the managers are made sensible that they must consider the public intelligence high above their own, which their vain ignorance is ever unwilling to allow, that dramatic literature is to be revived. The managers must learn modesty enough, to fear that the public may be more intelligent than they are.

What author, of any reputation in literature, is at present connected with the theatres, even as a prologue writer? True—admitted; because the public does not care about intellectual works.

It is not true. The supposition is as absurd as the opinion which prevailed formerly respecting novels. It was thought no talented author would write novels, or, if they did, their labours would not sell; but what has been the effect of the manly and masterful novels of Sir Walter Scott? The whole trash, even with the Minerva press to boot, have perished from off the face of the earth, and the booksellers' counters.

The notion, too, of stock-pieces, and the everlasting repetition of good things, till even Shakespeare has become stale, is another error of the players. It is as if the booksellers were to decline all modern novels, and stick to reprints of Smollet's, and Fielding's, and—God

save the mark!—Sir Charles Grandison, and Clarissa Harlowe; each of the latter was equal in size to twenty-four volumes of those of Sir Walter. We can scarcely place the folly of the stock-piece system in a stronger light.

It would be a meritorious speculation of one of the managers to try, for an entire season, a series of plays which had never been performed. Let him engage the most eminent authors of the day to write dramas, adapted to the powers of his company, and they will soon see that the public taste is not so low as His Majesty's poor servants the players flatter themselves. Nor will it be long till the language and the genius of the land of Shakespeare are vindicated. A theatre formed upon the principle of exhibiting only new pieces, and even the best only for a limited number of nights, could not fail to succeed. And if such a theatre were upon the exclusive system, it would succeed still better; for the select character of the audience would insure a patient hearing to the end. Thus, both performers and authors would obtain justice, the audience an attractive spectacle, and the managers a sure supply to their treasury. Look to this, ye theatrical proprietors! make your boxes private. Shut up your Paphian saloons, and keep less of "a bawdy-house." Divide your pit, as the Opera House has found it necessary to do; seek more to satisfy the understanding before the curtain; and then you will be surprised how the taste for the drama will

[The Sheet of Miscellaneous Matter, usual in Magazines, must be delayed till
our next Number.]

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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. II.

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Vol. I.

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M.DCCC.XXX.

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MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.*

" Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Byron,
Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit."

SHAKESPEARE.

WE like Mr. Moore much : our esteem for him is large. There is not, in all England, a gentleman of the press who lifts the foaming pewter that will dash you off the life of a friend in a better style ; and, what is more to the purpose, will keep his faults better out of view, and shew his merits with more clever portraiture, than Mr. Moore. His *Life of Sheridan*, to be sure, was not quite perfect : it had some unpleasant pretinences in it, and he took more liberties with foibles than was exactly amiable in a fellow partisan. Considering how much life, light, and joy, Sheridan was wont to shed amidst the dull dim galaxy of Whig wits and worthies, we were sorry that Mr. Moore could not have been more charitable to his unfortunate memory. For ourselves, we were quite disinterested in the matter. We always thought Sheridan's celebrity was lamp-lighted, — that there was more of the *rouge* than of the *rose* in the beauty of his genius. He was lighted up from *below*, like the players in the presence of the stage-lamps. Still, in his day he was a luminary,

and was esteemed a much more considerable personage than his biographer has made him. But, while we say this, we do not deny that there may have been a great deal of truth in Mr. Moore's account ; only, considering all things, we have some doubt if much of what Mr. Moore has said might not, for pity of his disastrous end, have been withheld. It may, however, have been expediently said to extenuate the neglect of those who, having enjoyed his light until it was burnt to the snuff, deserted him in the socket.

This has not been the case with Byron. Gods ! there never has been such a saint, as that same lord in the calendar of Parnassus ! Can Mr. Moore think that Byron's unmannerly passions and coarse selfishness are to be concealed by his thick painting ? We acknowledge that he has managed his theme ingeniously. He styles his work "*Letters and Journals*," &c. ; and he brings the most egotistical of God's ballad-mongers to speak of himself as often as possible in his own per-

* Letters and Journals of Lord Byron ; with Notices of his Life by Thomas Moore. Vol. I. London, John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1830.

son; and thus Mr. Moore escapes the blame of lauding those things and transactions which perhaps he might have found himself obliged to condemn.

To be serious: The sketches by Mr. Moore of the early life of Byron are unquestionably managed not only with delicacy, but uncommon beauty. There can, indeed, be but one opinion of the excellence and taste displayed in this part of the work. He has made us feel—what was not the case—that the little lame malignant was a prankful, playful child, as if the “silent rages” of the imp had nothing ever of malice or revenge in them. He has shewn, however, less than his wonted gallantry for the character of Mrs. Byron than, considering how she was used among the Byrons, he ought to have done. It is very true that she was neither beautiful nor wise; but still she was a victim, and many of her faults were owing to that circumstance. Verily, Mr. Moore, the Byrons were a strange set; and perhaps you would have done your friend as much justice, had you considered this more, and exerted less microscopic power to discover the diamonds on the back of the scarabæus.

Without question, Lord Byron was an interesting man; and he was not only one of the most successful but one of the most fortunate of authors. His success, however, was not altogether owing to his rare endowments. The good fortune which obtained for those endowments so early their full value in renown, was not less remarkable than the greatness of his talents. Circumstances which, in the fate of other men, would have been deemed calamities, and sent forth by their biographers to awaken sympathy, were contributory to the diffusion of his fame, and attractive to the merits of his genius.

His hereditary rank secured for him, as a poet, a distinguished place among the candidates for literary eminence. He was at once admitted to the very front of the hustings. No canvass of the booksellers was necessary to bespeak their suffrages; no search among the obscurities of private life, to ascertain his connexions, was imposed upon the critics. He was a lord.

But, even as a lord, there were family circumstances which drew the eyes of the world towards him. Sprung from a race notorious for violent passions,

and inheriting a name which had recently glowed with the lurid gleams of adventure, profligacy, and crime, something dark and dreadful, eclipse and disaster, was expected from him almost as a matter of course. The character of his immediate predecessor in the title, especially in connexion with the circumstances of his acquittal, were still remembered as they deserved to be. The adventures of his grandfather, “the hardy Byron,” were in every body’s hands; and his father was as well known as polynom Wellesley, and for merits of the same sort. His own house supplied the elements from which he formed his poetical phantoms. Mr. Moore appears to have been as much struck as we were with the extraordinary concentration of the qualities of his ancestors, both near and remote, in the individual Lord Byron. “It cannot fail to be remarked,” says his partial biographer, “how strikingly he combined in his own nature some of the best, and perhaps worst qualities that lie scattered through the various characters of his predecessors.” But we do not agree with Mr. Moore, that his lordship was prouder of being a descendant of those Byrons of Normandy who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, than of having been the author of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred*; for it was not in his nature to be so. To have valued himself on his ancestors was a degree of disinterestedness of which Byron was incapable. He was certainly not vainer of his ancient descent than those who have but that quality to brag of: his whole heart was bound up in himself, and he was prouder of *Manfred* and of *Childe Harold* than of all the honours of his pedigree, merely because they made him not only famous in the world, but the greatest in all his line. Every thing connected with his literary ambition manifests the secret solitary zeal with which he worshipped distinction. Look at the corrections, the suppressions, the additions, that he made to his first publication, and the solicitude with which he sought for the opinion of others concerning it when he gave the copies away. It must be acknowledged, that when he did venture to send the work forth for sale, nothing was assumed on the distinction of his rank. It was printed at an unknown.

provincial press ; it came timidly forth, modestly soliciting indulgence, in the title-page, for the non-age of the author ; and its humble garb and mendicant cheapness were assurances to the public that the smallest donation of applause would be thankfully received. The whole adventure was odious with affectation. When noble lords aspire to the dignity of poets, elegant works are expected from them, as far, at least, as type and paper go. But Byron's *Hours of Idleness* was not without publicatory enticements. We have a first copy adorned with a cut of a view of Harrow—a sad specimen of art. Probably it may now be found on the cover of some urchin's attempts at strokes and pot-hangers. The poetry, however, was not without merit : it had indications of a strong and peculiar mind. We, therefore, do not ascribe the playful malice of Mr. Jeffrey's critique of it to any sincere belief in that gentleman of its worthlessness : it was the puff "a minor" that provoked his wit. Nor, perhaps, has the world cause to blame Mr. Jeffrey for his severity, as his criticism unquestionably had the effect of firing the indignation of Byron, and instigating him to that retaliation which he so spiritedly inflicted in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and which first procured for him the notice of the public as a poet.

It is amusing to compare the respective characters of Lord Byron and Mr. Jeffrey, as they are estimated by the public, now that the one is dead, and the other dormant. The voice of all the age acknowledges his lordship as the greatest poetical genius of his time ;—Mr. Jeffrey is occasionally recollected as having been the editor of a Scottish periodical.

The problem never can be solved ; but few doubt if, without the provocation of that criticism, Lord Byron would have so soon demonstrated his power. The revenge was as just as it was well merited. But Mr. Jeffrey might have been a little spared : for, would he have taken so much pains to "tickle his Lordship's catastrophe," had the "minor" been less than a peer ?

Mr. Moore speaks indulgently of Lord Byron's conduct previous to and about the time of the publication of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. It would have been better had he said less ; for although, in the

caprice of the moment, but oftener to mortify than to favour, Lord Byron sometimes evinced the generous spirit of a young man, yet much of all he did was without reference to any other object than the gratification of his green sickness for notoriety. At that period, he was just beginning to glitter a little about town. He was too poor to do comet ; but he did fire-fly with some brilliancy, and he possessed a clever tact in the choice of methods for gaining renown—in the *Morning Post*. The famous affair of the scull was unique.

In repairing Newstead Abbey, his Lordship found, in a secret niche in the walls, the scull, it might be, of some incontinent monk, or of one of his own ancestors, or of some victim to the sullen race. This scull was converted into a goblet, masquerade dresses were provided, and a *fête à la démon* was celebrated in the abbey, at which the scull flushed the guests with Burgundy for blood. Mr. Moore alludes to this Odin-like banquet. Why did he not tell us all about it, and who enacted Devil ? But, whoever it was, let him look for his reward hereafter.

After challenging all the bards of England, and all the reviewers of Scotland, to single combat, his Lordship went abroad.

We recollect an epigram with reference to his wanderings :

"With title, rank, and genius blest,
 Fantastic Byron knows no rest.
 From clime to clime he flies in vain,
 Nor finds a refuge from his pain.
 Is love—rejected love—the cause ?
 Perfidious friendship, or the laws ?
 Or does the moon control his blood ?
 Ah, no ! What then ? His book's
 review'd !

Mr. Moore speaks with his wonted good taste of that silly challenge ; but we do not believe a single individual thought of accepting it but himself : and if Mr. Moore would allow us to joke with him on the subject, we would say, that the part he played in addressing Byron was a clever *ruse* to make the eccentric lord's acquaintance. We are very willing to admit, that, considering how far Mr. Moore was, at that time, from years of discretion, less could not reasonably have been expected from him ; but we have seldom seen a more gentlemanly account of an affair of the sort, than the frank, we

would almost say magnanimous, statement which he has given of the subsequent transaction by which his end, if he will permit us to say so, was attained. But was not Byron acquainted with the existence of the first letter from Mr. Moore being in the hands of his agent, before he received the second?

His Lordship did not make much noise in Spain. We have heard, indeed, of some sort of a row that he had with an elderly maiden lady in Seville; and also, how queer he looked with his feet dangling, as he sat on a lofty tripod stool, in the counting-house of his agent at Gibraltar. At Malta, there was a sad tale of how he was beguiled of his yellow diamond ring; and he has told us himself of his visit to Ali Pasha, that "energetic old man," as Sir Sidney Smith would have called him,—when Ali, being skilled in man-gesh, discovered his Lordship's noble blood by the smallness of his hands and ears. The smallest member for Westminster was present on the occasion; but it is not recorded that the sagacious Turk saw any points of nobility in his appearance.

Lord Byron's travels in Greece are described in the pilgrimage of *Childe Harold*. Of his life and adventures, after he returned home, we have many full, true, and particular accounts. Knowing something of the man, whatever Mr. Moore may say to the contrary, of all the different catchpenny sketches of his lordship, purporting to be *Lives* or *Conversations*, we are much inclined to think Leigh Hunt's work the truest and the best. In its literary merits it is not to be compared with Mr. Moore's; but if Mr. Moore had not made the egotist speak so much of himself, we are inclined to suspect, from our confidence in the discernment of that gentleman, that he would have given us something more like Mr. Hunt's account of Byron's character than he is likely to do.

Doubtless, until *Childe Harold* had drawn upon Byron the eyes of the literary world, he was shy and bashful. Modesty he never had one grain of: but he burned for eminence; and the fear that he might not attain it gave him a degree of *mauvaise honte* that was not unlike the blushing diffidence of humble merit.

On his return from Greece, his ar-

rival, as a matter of course, due to his rank, and to the celebrity he had acquired in quenching Mr. Jeffrey, and treading out so many other wicks, in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, was particularly noticed in the newspapers;—in one instance, somewhat remarkably. If our memory serves, it was in the *Morning Post*, by a quaint paragraph, announcing that he had returned from an excursion into the interior of Africa. His own style was happily imitated in the paragraph,—a curious circumstance, considering that his prose was then unknown, except in his epistolary correspondence.

Of his subsequent career as an author it is needless to speak. It was rapid beyond all parallel; but, considering the facility with which fame may now be spread, it was not more so than the superior merits of his productions deserved. Happy had it been for him, had his "ravenous maw" for notoriety been content with fame; but it craved coarser fare. It was a foul appetite; and, to gratify it, he forgot the purity and the evanescence of the glory he had to preserve. We shall speak freely on this woeful dilapidation of the sublime monument, "more durable than brass or marble," which he had so superbly constructed.

When men marry, good taste requires that they should let down the curtain, and wheel the sofa round, as soon as the honey-moon is over. But it was not so with Lord Byron. His marriage attracted attention: it was regarded as eminently prudent, and was supposed honourable to his discretion and judgment. It was, however, scarcely consummated, when whisperings began to spread, and heads were shaken, and mystical innuendoes uttered, by the oracles of scandal. The first tale (mark the character of it, as indicating the quarter from which it came!) was a rumour of Lady Byron's father being sordid in the payment of her dowry. Then arose other gossiping, which averred that his Lordship was much to blame—was unfaithful, pettish, and unmannerly. While every tongue was wagging with this theme, down went the cards, and heavenward the hands and eyes, of every diamonded dowager, club bachelor, heartless spinster, and shovel-hatted dominie, round the whist-tables of the three parishes, at the shocking news of a thousand-

and-one executions being in a certain house sacred to Apollo in Piccadilly.

The 'larum was now rung, and continued sounding until "the separation." Which of all his lordship's works brought to him half the *éclat* of that affair, crowned as it was with the gallant correspondence with Lady Byron's father of "bonny Jem of Aberdeen," the late red-haired editor of the *Morning Chronicle*? How far, up to the epoch of that coarse and impertinent meddling, Lord Byron was himself a party to the exposure of his domestic mysteries, we know not; but if not guilty himself, what sort of personages enjoyed his confidence, that matters so delicate should have been so obnoxiously obtruded on the disgusted public? The world should not be allowed to forget that no taint was imputed to Lady Byron; nor has her ladyship even yet come before the world with any complaint. But can Lord Byron be acquitted of having assisted to direct the popular feeling against his wife? When we reflect on the currency which was given by himself to the verses he wrote on the occasion, it is impossible to acquit him. The verses are certainly beautiful specimens of the art of the artist; but, both in their matter and in the mode of their publication, they betray the malice of a cold and calculating heart. We acknowledge that they were as true to nature, in pathos and in scorn, as the most energetic passion exhibited on the stage, and they were probably composed under feelings as truly sensitive as those of an actor studying his part; but it is no longer necessary to soften the fact that Lord Byron was afflicted with the leprosy of the heart, and was in consequence agreeably compensated for all the pangs of the separation, by the celebrity which the *Fare Thee Well*, and the fiendish anathema on the same occasion, at once so widely obtained.

We are not writing the life of Byron. We are but noticing incidents which would have made him, had he never written a line, a remarkable character. His passion was not for the incense of renown; but for the coarse reek and fume of notoriety. Nor had his name been spread so widely abroad by his genius alone. His fame, buoyant and bellying as it is, owes no inconsiderable share of its inflation to something different from his merits as a poet. He would not have risen so high, so sud-

denly, nor moved in such magnitude before the eyes of the world, but for the fetid vapour which augmented the volume of the purer gas. When he exiled himself from England, his ruling passion was put under no restraint. He did not, with the quiet reserve of a man zealous to achieve the reward of merit, content himself with retirement and patient study: his sequestration was ostentatious; he affected solitude; but his solitariness was that of a statue on a column in a market-place.

When gallantry, absurdity, and the Muses could do no more for him, luckily for his *crave*, the Greek Will-o'-the-Wisp shewed its fiery tail; and forth he strutted, armed cap-à-pié, a bold recruit in the wake of the phantom. And what did he for the Greeks? Recapitulate the feeble and fraudulent endeavours of that degraded race, and then say what Lord Byron did for them. Colonel Stanhope, going about the Morea with a printing-press on his back, like a pedlar with pious tracts among the heathen, did them manifold more service. What service, indeed, could Lord Byron render to them? Let any man acquainted with his innate indolence, selfishness, and sedentary habits, honestly answer. What did he more for the Greek cause than lend to it a title from the ~~English~~ peerage? How much was the sterling of his contribution to the Greek loan?

It was expected, when he went to Greece, — nor was the expectation unreasonable with those who believe poetry and passion to be of the same element, or heat and pine-apples one substance, — that his fine enthusiasm would prompt him to undertake some heroic enterprise. But the premises were erroneous: never was a particle of enthusiasm in the body or soul of Lord Byron. He was a mere artist. He could describe high actions, we allow; but he possessed not within himself the energies which produce them. Any gifted son of the brush or the chisel, who paints heroes on canvass or carves them in stone, is as likely to be a hero as he that makes them with words. If Lord Byron is hereafter noticed in Grecian story, it will be as the chief of no achievement, and the statesman of no measure. In camp and council his genius was a — Velluti.

The world has chosen to believe, that, independently of being a great

poet, Lord Byron, in other faculties of the mind, was no less pre-eminent; and Mr. Moore labours with the ardour of friendship to prove this. But when the lyre was out of Byron's hands, he was not only a "pestilent fellow," but "a 'bacco eater." We have heard him described as a shattered porcelain vase, mended with clay. There was some propriety in the simile; but it would have been more correct to have described him as an earthenware pitcher, inlaid with fragments of looking-glass and china: the coarse of his character much exceeded the refined and ornamental.

Mr. Moore may tell us of the variety of his early reading; and we are not disposed to dispute the fact. But the accomplishments of Lord Byron were of an inferior order. He affected, at times, to speak Latin; but it was unintelligible to the monks who addressed him in that language. He knew a little Greek; and if he could read French, the vocal language so ill accorded with his lisp, that he seldom employed it. Latterly, he read and spoke Italian passably, and he had a traveller's knowledge of the Romaic. We believe he also was an adept in the Arabic, as far as the A, B, C; but in none of all these bits and scraps had he made any such progress as to justify the appellation of *learned*. Of all science he was singularly ignorant. He may have possessed a schoolboy's knowledge of arithmetic, and in mathematics, having been at Cambridge, he may have heard of one Euclid. He knew as little of geography as a miss who has sewed the map of Europe for her sampler. In music, though he possessed a voice and ear, which, cultivated, might have pleased, he was equally uninstructed. His style of singing was rodomontade flourishing, like that of a crack swell in a flash house.

The world has heard enough of the liberality with which he was said to have bestowed the copyright of some of his works on needy friends; but in no instance was that ever done until he had been saponaceously propitiated. It may be the case that he was not mean. So he thought of himself; but his own account of the manner in which he treated Leigh Hunt was, without mincing the matter, despicable in spirit. If Hunt required his assistance, could any thing be

meaner than to blow the trumpet of the palms he bestowed? Knowing what we do know of Lord Byron, we can readily believe, that if he gave Mr. Hunt the bit, he gave him also the buffet. Spare us, Mr. Moore, from the nauseous theme of any thing susceptible of the interpretation of high-mindedness in such a self-worshipper as Byron. This we say not from any other feeling than what is prompted by the knowledge of his character: nor should the truth have been stated so plainly, but for the injudicious endeavour of an amiable man to write into respectability one who had never a real feeling that entitled him to be regarded as a jot better than a common *roué* of the town. Make him as brilliant in that respect as you can; but go no farther.

When Byron made his *début* in the House of Lords, his *crave* and his vanity so far deluded him, that, without one qualification for the undertaking, he attempted to obtain distinction as an orator; but after three endeavours, he prudently desisted. Indeed, nothing can explain the absurdity of that speculation but his inordinate appetite for notoriety; for he could not but know that he neither possessed historical nor political information to justify him to take a part in the deliberations of the legislature. In one respect, certainly, he resembled Demosthenes—he had a lisp.

Mr. Moore speaks of his declamatory powers when he was a boy; but that is on Byron's own authority; and he deduces from the variety of his Lordship's early reading that richness of language and allusion which shines in his works. We are surprised at the lack of philosophical knowledge betrayed in the remark. Mr. Moore is himself a poet of sufficiently considerable powers; and he ought to know that it is not reading that makes poetry. Look at the works of Burns, and see if there is any want of fitness or of appositeness in his occasional allusion to bookish matters. It is the outward world and the inward man that constitute the poet's library; and to build any thing honourable to Byron's genius from the few and far-between allusions in his works to learned or recondite matters, is to detract from its originality. Shakespeare has ever been considered an author of ordinary literary acquirements; but how bald and

arid are the pages of Byron, in respect to learned allusion, compared with the glorious profusion and rankness of his!

But, to turn from the senna and cassia of Byron's personal character to the ambrosia of his genius, we shall endeavour to speak with equal freedom, confessing, however, that we feel the perfumed air deluding us into reveries that, but for the enchantment of their influence, the judgment in a clearer state would condemn.

We do think, in the midst of all our admiration of his power and his originality, that there has been an artificial exaggeration of his genius, as well as that meretricious augmentation of his fame, which, it will be thought by many, we have treated too roughly. Excellence in talent, as in every other thing, is comparative; and we freely admit that, in energy of expression and liveliness of imagery, Byron had no equal in his own time. Doubts may be entertained if even Shakespeare himself was, in these great qualities, his superior. But if his worshippers say, in his own language, that he has

“Rivalled all but Shakespeare's name below,”

how immeasurable is the distance between them! The dog-star is the brightest of the heavenly host,—the beam of the sun itself is not brighter; but who will compare the eye of God with the ineffectual lustre of the little gem?

We are not disposed to think, with some of those who rate the genius of Byron almost as supreme, that he has shewn less skill in the construction of his plots and fables than might have been expected; for we are of opinion that he has accomplished in them all he intended. He could not have made the morose and meditative Harolde so darkling and excursive, so lone, exhausted, and misanthropical, had he treated him as the hero of a scholastic epic, and placed him amidst perils and adventures.

His power in such creations lay in the magnificence of his diction, and in the felicity with which he described the feelings of his characters, in relation to the aspect of the scenes through which they were conducted, and the reminiscences with which the scenes were themselves associated. To all his best works the observation applies. Why, then, it may be asked, if this be

so well done; if language and plan be so excellent, do you hesitate to assign to him that pre-eminent niche in the temple to which merit so extraordinary seems to be so indisputably entitled? Simply because, with all the life and beauty of his style, the force and truth of his outlines, the vigour of his descriptions, and the boldness of his conceptions, Lord Byron was but imperfectly—we should say erroneously—acquainted with human nature. He looked but on the outside of man—on the visible phenomena of character: the depths and metaphysics, the ossicles and the vasa, were hidde from his penetration. No characteristic action distinguishes his heroes; nor is there much dissimilarity in the sentiments of them all: they have no individuality. They stalk about in mist and gloom, grim, ghastly, and portentous, more like the mysterious entities of some twilight region than things of flesh and blood. They remind us of the shadowy semblances of humanity that gleam and glare through the *chiaro scuro* of Fuseli's dark designs.

In power, we acknowledge the vastness of Byron's talent; but power is not genius. It is, however, the great effective faculty of the intellect; but the possession of it does not imply that its productions should be distinguished either for genius or originality. It is a huge rather than a fine endowment—a manufacturing capacity, that can work with all sorts of materials, and adapt them to the wants and wishes of the world. It is seldom connected with originality, but often with genius; for it is the singular characteristic of the inexplicable gift of genius that it possesses both power and originality, though it may not be always in uniform quantities. Byron unquestionably was richly endowed with all the three. But before we proceed to the consideration of his most eminent quality, having described what power is, we should explain our notions of the other two, at the hazard, perhaps, of being deemed somewhat common-place.

Every one recognises originality of mind as the talent by which things and qualities, not previously described, are discovered and exhibited, or, if familiar, are shewn in new lights. It is, as we have just remarked, rarely united with power; for it is a slow and studious faculty; but when com-

bined with genius, it is often mistaken as the peculiar element of that remarkable energy. It is, however, to genius and power what the clouds and veins are in the opal—genius is the internal golden flame.

As an ingredient of mine, genius is more easily described by its effects than by its qualities. The term imports that it is something extra and additional to the common attributes of human nature. We all hear and see much alike; but there is an undefinable and wide difference between the ear of the musician and the eye of the painter, compared with the hearing and seeing organs of ordinary men. Genius is in that difference. We likewise all reason, recollect, and imagine much in the same way; some of us more perfectly, it is true, than others; but genius is distinct from every degree of that difference. It is as the perfume of the rose, independent of the freshness and beauty of the flower; as the light on the cloud; as the dream in sleep; and as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious, until the influence of the charm has been seen in the enchantment of others.

Combined with vast power, Lord Byron possessed, beyond all question, the greatest degree of originality of any poet of this age. His *poems* also was of a high order—the highest of all of his time; but it is by his power and his originality that he has been principally distinguished. The history of literature affords no examples superior to those of the rapidity with which Lord Byron sometimes composed, and with so much excellence in his haste. The *Bride of Abydos*, one of the most finished of his works, was written in four days, and *Beppo*, it is said, within twenty-four consecutive hours. The variety, also, of his productions presents a prodigious display of extraordinary intellectual power. In his short career, he has entitled himself to be ranked in the first class of the British poets, for quantity alone.

By *Childe Harold*, and his other poems of the same mood, he has enlarged the scope of feeling and reflection: he has made us acquainted with new trains of association, awakened sympathy for sentiments with which few had suspected themselves of possessing any affinity, and he has laid open darker abysses in the bosom than

were previously supposed to exist. The deep and dreadful caverns of remorse had long been explored, and what the spirit suffers there as powerfully described; but the bottomless pit of satiety he was the first to visit.

The delineation of that Promethean fortitude which defied conscience, as he has shewn it in *Manfred*, is his greatest achievement. The terrific fables of Marlowe and of Göthe, in their respective versions of the legend of Faustus, had disclosed the utmost writhings which remorse, in the fiercest of its torments, can display. But what are those Laocoon agonies to the sublime serenity of *Manfred*! In the power, the originality, and the genius of that unexampled performance, Lord Byron has surpassed Milton. The Satan of the *Paradise Lost* is animated by motives and dignified by stupendous enterprises: he hath purposes of infinite prospect, and ambition without limit. *Manfred* hath neither purpose nor ambition, nor any desire that seeks gratification: he hath done a deed as unpardonable as the apostasy of Satan; he acknowledges no contrition for his inexpiable guilt to bespeak commiseration; he feels no stings of revenge for the doom he hath incurred to inspire sympathy for his awful heroism; he is like the spirit of one who, after crimes, having committed self-slaughter, stands calm in the bucket by which he is to be lowered down the hatchway of hell.

The creation of such a character is in the sublimest degree of originality; to give it appropriate thoughts and feelings required powers worthy of the conception; and to make it susceptible of being contemplated as human, and even with a strange and dark delight, places Byron above all his contemporaries and antecedents in originality. Caliban, the most original conception of Shakespeare, is as a turtle, delicious to aldermen, compared with this immeasurable kraken of the mists and mysteries of the pole! Milton has described in Satan the greatest of human passions, animated with supernatural energies directed to immortal intents; but Satan is only a dilation of man. *Manfred* is greater and worse than Satan: he has conquered punishment. He has been guilty of enjoying forbidden pleasure; and the remembrance of the unutterable enjoyment makes the penalties of hell seem nega-

time;— he feels that, whatever they may be, he has a surplus in the thought of what he has enjoyed that will unvenom their torment. There is a fearful mystery in this conception: it is only by solemn study, and by questioning the spirits that lurk within the dark metaphors in which Manfred expresses himself, that the hideous meaning of the poet can be conjectured.

But although, in intellectual power and in creative originality, we would assign to Byron the loftiest pre-eminence, his verse is often so harsh, and his language so obscure, that, according to our conception of genius—the power of delighting,—he is far from being a poet of the first class. He had all the talent requisite to embody his conceptions in a manner worthy of their might and majesty ; but he possessed not the instinct, in any eminent degree, to guide him in the selection of the things necessary to the inspiration of delight. He could construct the plant, dress it with leaves, and deck it with blossoms ; but to bestow the living freshness and the fragrance was beyond the reach of his art.

This opinion may seem to be inconsistent with the gaiety of *Don Juan* and *Beppo*, and we confess ourselves at a loss how to reconcile the comic humour of those lighter works with the *lugubre* of the others; and yet they are so characteristic of Byron's peculiar mind, that when *Beppo* was first published anonymously, we discovered it to be his before we had read two-thirds of the first stanza. It has also been said, that Lady Byron was of opinion that his *forte* would ultimately prove comic; and certainly this prediction has been in a great degree verified in *Don Juan*. We have endeavoured to account for the contrariety, but have never been able to find a better explanation than by referring to the simile of the shattered porcelain vase. Some curious metaphysicians have said, that the characteristics of *Don Juan*, as a composition, were but the bright side of the same sort of thoughts and imagery of which the dark and the shadows were delineated in his other works. It may be so. And we do not doubt that there is much similarity between them, especially when we consider that all the pranks and adventures of the hero himself are what good citizens would think very much like sins and vices.

However, we wish to dwell no longer on the faults and defects of Byron. Without doubt, something of the reckless joyousness of profligacy may have dictated *Don Juan*; but as to any intention on the part of the author to loosen the rule of morality, we do not believe. The whole faults and felicities of the poem we ascribe to his ruling passion. He had exhausted his means of description and tragedy; he but turned his hand to shew his capability in another class of literature.

We have spoken harshly, it will be said, of Byron, but we have spoken truly; and had Mr. Moore not evinced too great an anxiety to represent him as an amiable and loveable personage, our pen would have lain quiet. That Lord Byron was an interesting man—that he possessed some companionable qualities, and was deserving of no ordinary deference on account of his talents, cannot be disputed. Nor, considering the attachment which Mr. Moore professes to have cherished for him, are we inclined to blame, as far as respects himself, his partiality. The spirit of the times has run strong against Byron as a man; and it was natural—it was almost noble, that Mr. Moore should attempt to stem the tide; but it is not to be endured that the mind which was capable of conceiving some of the works of ~~the~~ Byron has written, should ~~be~~ be thought to have been all innocence and purity, or felt the divine enthusiasm of heroic martyrdom. It is to insult ordinary human nature to represent an affectionate and generous heart capable of doing many things which Byron is said to have done. In fine, we cannot but extol the good fortune of the illustrious poet and selfish man as extraordinary in all particulars. The mellifluous Thomas Moore has undertaken the vindication of his defects as a man—the age itself has bestowed an ample meed upon his merits as a poet in universal applause. But while we say, let all that is splendid shine to the rising and the setting sun upon the lofty pinnacles of his monument, let airy mists and softening shadows veil its coarser and baser parts, still let not posterity be deceived. No, Thomas Moore: keep your eulogiums for the poet—the man was what we have ventured, even against you, to describe; and though you paint an inch thick,

“To this complexion he must come at last.”

We had some idea of verifying the severity with which we have presumed to animadvert on the character of Lord Byron, by extracts from his own correspondence, and by incidental expressions in his *Journal*; but, on second thoughts, we concluded that perhaps our task was already ungracious enough; and, therefore, we shall only here give a few extracts illustrative of the beauty and indulgent spirit which pervades Mr. Moore's work:—

"Having landed the young pilgrim once more in England, it may be worth while, before we accompany him into the scenes that awaited him at home, to consider how far the general character of his mind and disposition may have been affected by the course of travel and adventure in which he had been for the last two years engaged. A life less savouring of poetry and romance than that which he had pursued previously to his departure on his travels, it would be difficult to imagine. In his childhood, it is true, he had been a dweller and wanderer among scenes well calculated, according to the ordinary notion, to implant the first rudiments of poetic feeling. But though the poet may afterwards feed on the recollection of such scenes, it is more than questionable, as has been already observed, whether he ever has been formed by them. If a childhood, indeed, passed among mountainous scenery, were so favourable to the awakening of the imaginative power, both the Welsh among ourselves, and the Swiss abroad, ought to rank much higher on the scale of poetic excellence than they do at present. But even allowing the picturesqueness of his early haunts to have had some share in giving a direction to the fancy of Byron, the actual operation of this influence, whatever it may have been, ceased with his childhood; and the life which he led afterwards, during his school-days at Harrow, was, as naturally the life of so idle and during a schoolboy must be, the very reverse of poetical. For a soldier or an adventurer, the course of training through which he then passed would have been perfect: his athletic sports, his battles, his love of dangerous enterprise, gave every promise of a spirit fit for the most stormy career. But to the meditative pursuits of poesy these dispositions seemed, of all others, the least friendly; and, however they might promise to render him, at some future time, a subject for bards, gave assuredly but little hope of his shining first among bards himself.

"The habits of his life at the University were even still less intellectual and

literary. While a schoolboy, he had read abundantly and eagerly, though desultorily; but even this discipline of his mind, irregular and undirected as it was, he had in a great measure given up after leaving Harrow; and among the pursuits that occupied his academic hours, those of playing at hazard, sparring, and keeping a bear and bull-dogs, were, if not the most favourite, at least perhaps the most innocent. His time in London passed equally unmarked either by mental cultivation or refined amusement. Having no resources in private society, from his total want of friends and connexions, he was left to live loosely about town, among the loungers in coffee-houses; and to those who remember what his two favourite haunts, *Simmer's* and *Steven's*, were at that period, it is needless to say, that, whatever else may have been the merits of these establishments, they were any thing but fit schools for the formation of poetic character.

"But, however incompatible such a life must have been with those habits of contemplation by which, and which only, the faculties he had already displayed could be ripened, or those that were still latent could be unfolded,—yet, in another point of view, the time now apparently squandered by him was, in after days, turned most invaluably to account. By thus initiating him into a knowledge of the varieties of human character,—by giving him an insight into the details of society, in their least artificial form,—in short, by mixing him up thus early with the world, its business, and its pleasures, his London life but contributed its share in forming that wonderful combination which his mind afterwards exhibited of the imaginative and the practical, the heroic and the humorous, of the keenest and most dissecting views of real life, with the grandest and most spiritualised conceptions of ideal grandeur.

"To the same period, perhaps, another predominant characteristic of his maturer mind and writings may be traced. In this anticipated experience of the world which his early mixture with its crowd gave him, it is but little probable that many of the more favourable specimens of human kind should have fallen under his notice: on the contrary, it is but too likely that some of the lightest and least estimable of both sexes may have been among the models on which, at an age when impressions sink deepest, his earliest judgments of human nature were formed. Hence, probably, those contemptuous and debasing views of humanity with which he was so often led to alloy his noblest tributes to the love-

liness and majesty of general nature. Hence the contrast that appeared between the fruits of his imagination and of his experience—between those dreams, full of beauty and kindness, with which the one teemed at his bidding, and the dark, desolating bitterness that overflowed when he drew from the other.

“Unpromising, however, as was his youth of the high destiny that awaited him, there was one unfailing characteristic of the imaginative order of minds—his love of solitude—which very early gave signs of those habits of self-study and introspection by which alone the ‘diamond quarries’ of genius are worked and brought to light. When but a boy, at Harrow, he had shewn this disposition strongly, being often known, as I have already mentioned, to withdraw himself from his playmates, and, sitting alone upon a tomb in the churchyard, give himself up for hours to thought. As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the distractions of society, to enable him solitarily and freely to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all-important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then, indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom from the intrusion of other thoughts which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first ‘glimpses of his glorious mind.’ One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his memoranda, was, when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters, and lost in that sort of vague reverie, which, however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterwards, in his pages, into those clear, bright pictures which will endure for ever.

“Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that hung round the first steps of genius, this growing consciousness of his own power, these openings into a new domain of intellect, where he was to reign supreme, must have made the solitary hours of the young traveller one dream of happiness. But it will be seen, that even yet he distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the height to which the spirit he was now calling up would grow. So enamoured, nevertheless, had he become of these

lonely musings, that even the society of his fellow-traveller, though with pursuits so congenial to his own, grew at last to be a chain and a burden on him; and it was not till he stood companionless on the shore of the little island in the *Ægean*, that he found his spirit breathe freely. If any stronger proof were wanting of his deep passion for solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, in his own written avowal, that even when in the company of the woman he most loved, he not unfrequently found himself sighing to be alone.

“It was not only, however, by affording him the concentration necessary for this silent drawing out of his feelings and powers, that travel conduced so essentially to the formation of his poetical character. To the East he had looked with the eyes of romance from his very childhood. Before he was ten years of age, the perusal of Rycaut’s *History of the Turks* had taken a strong hold of his imagination, and he read eagerly, in consequence, every book concerning the East he could find. In visiting, therefore, those countries, he was but realising the dreams of his childhood; and this return of his thoughts to that innocent time gave a freshness and purity to their current which they had long wanted. Under the spell of such recollections, the attraction of novelty was among the least that the scenes through which he wandered presented. Fond traces of the past—and few have ever retained them so vividly—glimpsed themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and as among the Highlands he had often traversed in fancy the land of the Moslem, so memory from the wild hills of Albania now carried him back to Morven.

“While such sources of poetic feeling were stirred at every step, there was also, in his quick change of place and scene, in the diversity of men and manners surveyed by him, in the perpetual hope of adventure and thirst of enterprise, such a succession and variety of ever fresh excitement as not only brought into play, but invigorated, all the energies of his character. As he himself describes his mode of living, it was ‘to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house;—this day with the pacha, the next with a shepherd.’ Thus were his powers of observation quickened, and the impressions on his imagination multiplied. Thus schooled, too, in some of the roughnesses and privations of life, and so far made acquainted with the flavour of adversity, he learned to enlarge, more than is common in his high station, the circle of his sympathies, and became inured to that manly and vigorous

cast of thought which is so impressed on all his writings. Nor must we forget, among these strengthening and animating effects of travel, the ennobling excitement of danger which he more than once experienced, having been placed in situations, both on land and sea, well calculated to call forth that pleasurable sense of energy which perils, calmly confronted, never fail to inspire."

The following extract is interesting, as descriptive of Lord Byron's state of feeling in the noon of his renown.

"On my rejoining him in town this spring, I found the enthusiasm about his writings and himself which I had left so prevalent both in the world of literature and in society, grown, if any thing, still more general and intense. In the immediate circle, perhaps, around him, familiarity of intercourse might have begun to produce its usual disenchanting effects. His own liveliness and unreserve on a more intimate acquaintance would not be long in dispelling that charm of poetic sadness which, to the eyes of distant observers, hung about him; while the romantic notions, connected by some of his fair readers with those past and nameless loves alluded to in his poems, ran some risk of abatement from too near an acquaintance with the supposed objects of his fancy and fondness at present. A poet's mistress should remain, if possible, as imaginary a being to others, as in most of the attributes he clothes her with she has been to himself; the reality, however fair, being always sure to fall short of the picture which a too lavish fancy has drawn of it. Could we call up in array before us all the beauties whom the love of poets has immortalised, from the high-born dame to the plebeian damsel, from the Lauras and Sacherissas down to the Cloes and Jeannies, we should, it is to be feared, sadly unpeople our imaginations of many a bright tenant that poesy has lodged there, and find, in more than one instance, our admiration of the faith and fancy of the worshipper increased by our discovery of the worthlessness of the idol.

"But whatever of its first romantic impression the personal character of the poet may from such causes have lost in the circle he most frequented, this disappointment of the imagination was far more than compensated by the frank, social, and engaging qualities, both of disposition and manner, which, on a nearer intercourse, he disclosed, as well as by that entire absence of any literary assumption or pedantry which entitled him fully to the praise bestowed by Sprat upon Cowley, that few could ever discover he was a great poet by

his discourse.' While thus by his intimates, and by those who had got, as it were, behind the scenes of his fame, he was seen in his true colours, as well of weakness as of amiableness; on strangers, and such as were out of this immediate circle, the spell of his poetical character still continued to operate; and the fierce gloom and sternness of his imaginary personages were by the greater number of them supposed to belong, not only as regarded mind, but manners, to himself. So prevalent and persevering has been this notion, that, in some disquisitions on his character published since his death, and containing otherwise many just and striking views, we find in the professed portrait drawn of him, such features as the following:—'Lord Byron had a stern, direct, severe mind, a sarcastic, disdainful, gloomy temper. He had no light sympathy with heartless cheerfulness; upon the surface was sourness, discontent, displeasure, ill will. Beneath all this weight of clouds and darkness,' &c. &c.

"Of the sort of double aspect which he thus presented, as viewed by the world and by his friends, he was himself fully aware, and it not only amused him, but, as a proof of the versatility of his powers, flattered his pride. He was indeed, as I have already remarked, by no means insensible or inattentive to the effect he produced personally on society; and though the brilliant station he had attained since the commencement of my acquaintance with him made not the slightest alteration in the unaffectedness of his private intercourse, I could perceive, I thought, with reference to the external world, some slight changes in his conduct, which seemed indicative of the effects of his celebrity upon him. Among other circumstances, I observed that, whether from shyness of the general gaze, or from a notion, like Livy's, that men of eminence should not too much familiarise the public to their persons, he avoided shewing himself in the mornings, and in crowded places, much more than was his custom when we first became acquainted. The preceding year before his name had grown 'so ripe and celebrated,' we had gone together to the exhibition at Somerset House, and other such places; and the true reason, no doubt, of his present reserve in abstaining from all such miscellaneous haunts, was the sensitiveness so often referred to on the subject of his lameness—a feeling which the curiosity of the public eye, now attracted by this infirmity to his fame, could not fail, he knew, to put rather painfully to the proof."

The following reflections are, we think, impressive, and they are neatly

expressed; but we are not disposed to acquiesce in them, nor to adopt the philosophical theory on which they are founded.

"At the beginning of the month of December, being called up to town by business, I had opportunities, from being a good deal in my noble friend's society, of observing the state of his mind and feelings, under the prospect of the important change he was now about to undergo; and it was with pain I found that those sanguine hopes with which I had sometimes looked forward to the happy influence of marriage, in winning him over to the brighter and better side of life, were, by the view of all the circumstances of his present destiny, considerably diminished; while, at the same time, not a few doubts and misgivings which had never before so strongly occurred to me with regard to his own fitness, under any circumstances, for the matrimonial tie, filled me altogether with a degree of foreboding anxiety as to his fate, which the unfortunate events that followed but too fully justified.

"The truth is, I fear, that rarely, if ever, have men of the higher order of genius shewn themselves fitted for the calm affections and comforts that form the cement of domestic life. 'One misfortune,' says Pope, 'of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them.' To this remark there have, no doubt, been exceptions. And I should pronounce Lord Byron, from my own experience, to be one of them; but it would not be difficult, perhaps, to shew, from the very nature and pursuits of genius, that such must generally be the lot of all pre-eminently gifted with it, and that the same qualities which enable them to command admiration, are also those that too often incapacitate them from conciliating love.

"The very habits, indeed, of abstraction and self-study to which the occupations of men of genius lead, are, in themselves, necessarily of an unsocial and detaching tendency, and require a large portion of allowance and tolerance not to be set down as unamiable. One of the chief sources, too, of sympathy and society between ordinary mortals being their dependence on each other's intellectual resources, the operation of this social principle must naturally be weakest in those whose own mental stores are most abundant and self-sufficing, and who, rich in such materials for thinking within themselves, are rendered so far independent of the external world. It was this solitary luxury (which Plato called 'banqueting on his own thoughts') that led Pope, as well as Lord Byron, to prefer

the silence and seclusion of his library to the most agreeable conversation. And not only, too, is the necessity of commerce with other minds less felt by such persons, but, from that fastidiousness which the opulence of their own resources generates, the society of those less gifted with intellectual means than themselves becomes often a restraint and burden, to which not all the charms of friendship, nor even love, can reconcile them. 'Nothing is so tiresome,' says the poet of Vauclose, in assigning a reason for not living with some of his dearest friends, 'as to converse with persons who have not the same information as one's self.'

"But it is the cultivation and exercise of the imaginative faculty that more than any thing tends to wean the man of genius from actual life, and by substituting the sensibilities of the imagination for those of the heart, to render at last the medium through which he feels no less unreal than that through which he thinks. Those images of ideal good and beauty that surround him in his musings soon accustom him to consider all that is beneath this high standard unworthy of his care, till at length, the heart becoming chilled as the fancy warms, it too often happens that, in proportion as he has refined and elevated his theory of all the social affections, he has unfitted himself for the practice of them. Hence so frequently it arises, that in persons of this temperament we see some bright, but artificial, idol of the brain usurp the place of all real and natural objects of tenderness. The poet Dante, a wanderer away from his wife and children, passed the whole of a restless and detached life in nursing his immortal dream of Beatrice; while Petrarch, who would not suffer his only daughter to reside beneath his roof, expended thirty-two years of poetry and passion on an idealised love.

"It is, indeed, in the very nature and essence of genius to be for ever occupied intensely with self, as the great centre and source of strength. Like the sister Rachael in Dante, sitting all day before her mirror,

'mai non si smaga
Del suo ammiraglio e siede tutto giorno.'

"To this power of self-concentration, by which alone all the other powers of genius are made available, there is, of course, no such disturbing and fatal enemy as those sympathies and affections that draw the mind out actively towards others; and, accordingly, it will be found, that among those who have felt within themselves a call to immortality, the greater number have, by a sort of instinct, kept aloof from such ties, and,

instead of the softer duties and rewards of being amiable, reserved themselves for the high hazardous chances of being great. In looking back through the lives of the most illustrious poets, the class of intellect in which the characteristic features of genius are perhaps most strongly marked, we shall find that, with scarcely one exception, from Homer down to Lord Byron, they have been, in their several degrees, restless and solitary spirits, with minds wrapped up, like silk-worms, in their own tasks, either strangers or rebels to domestic ties, and bearing about with them a deposit for posterity in their souls, to the jealous watching and enriching of which almost all other thoughts and considerations have been sacrificed.

“ ‘To follow poetry as one ought,’ says the authority I have already quoted, ‘one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone.’ In these few words is pointed out the sole path that leads genius to greatness. On such terms alone are the high places of fame to be won; nothing less than the sacrifice of the entire man can achieve them. However delightful, therefore, may be the spectacle of a man of genius tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon him the yoke of the social tie, and enlightening, without disturbing, the sphere in which he moves, we must, nevertheless, in the midst of our admiration, bear in mind that it is not thus smoothly or amiably immortality has been ever struggled for or won. The poet thus circumstanced may be popular—may be loved, for the happiness of himself and those linked with him: he is, in the right road, but not for greatness. The marks by which Fame has always separated her great martyrs from the rest of mankind are not upon him, and the crown cannot be his. He may dazzle, may captivate the circle, and even the times in which he lives; but he is not for hereafter.

“To the general description here given of that high class of human intelligences to which he belonged, the character of Lord Byron was, in many respects, a signal exception. Born with strong affections and ardent passions, the world had, from first to last, too firm a hold on his sympathies to let imagination altogether usurp the place of reality, either in his feelings or in the objects of them. His life, indeed, was one continued struggle between that instinct of genius which was for ever drawing him back into the lonely laboratory of self, and those impulses of passion, ambition, and vanity, which again hurried him off into the crowd, and entangled him in its interests; and though it may be granted, that he would have been

more purely and abstractedly the poet had he been less thoroughly in all his pursuits and propensities the man, yet from this very mixture and alloy has it arisen that his pages bear so deeply the stamp of real life, and that in the works of no poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, can every various mood of the mind, whether solemn or gay, whether inclined to the ludicrous or the sublime, whether seeking to divert itself with the follies of society or panting after the grandeur of solitary nature, find so readily a strain of sentiment in accordance with its every passing tone.

“But while the naturally warm cast of his affections and temperament gave thus a substance and truth to his social feelings, which those of too many of his fellow-votaries of genius have wanted, it was not to be expected that an imagination of such range and power should have been so early developed, and unrestrainedly indulged, without producing at last some of those effects upon the heart which have invariably been found attendant on such a predominance of this faculty. It must have been observed, indeed, that the period when his natural affections flourished most healthily was before he had yet arrived at the full consciousness of his genius, before imagination had yet accustomed him to those glaring pictures after gazing upon which all else appeared cold and colourless. From the moment of this initiation into the wonders of his own mind, a distaste for the realities of life began to grow upon him. Not even that intense craving after affection which nature had implanted in him, could keep his ardour still alive in a pursuit whose results fell so short of his ‘imaginings,’ and though from time to time the combined warmth of his fancy and temperament was able to call up a feeling, which to his eyes wore the semblance of love, it may be questioned whether his heart had ever much share in such passions; or whether, after his first launch into the boundless sea of imagination, he could ever have been brought back, and fixed by any lasting attachment. Actual objects there were in but too great number, who, as long as the illusion continued, kindled up his thoughts, and were the themes of his song. But they were after all little more than mere dreams of the hour; the qualities with which he invested them were almost all ideal, nor could have stood the test of a month’s, or even week’s, cohabitation. It was but the reflections of his own bright conceptions that he saw in each new object, and while persuading himself that they furnished the models of his heroines, he was, on the contrary,

but fancying that he beheld his heroines in them.

"There needs no stronger proof of the predominance of imagination in these attachments than his own serious avowal in the *Journal* already given, that often when in the company of the woman he most loved, he found himself secretly wishing for the solitude of his own study. It was there, indeed, in the silence and abstraction of that study, that the chief scene of his mistress's empire and glory lay. It was there that, unchecked by reality, and without any fear of the disenchantments of truth, he could view her through the medium of his own fervid fancy, enamour himself of an idol of his own creating, and out of a brief delirium of a few days or weeks, send forth a dream of beauty and passion through all ages.

"While such appears to have been the imaginative character of his loves (of all except the one that lived unquenched through all), his friendships, though, of course, far less subject to the influence of fancy, could not fail to exhibit also some features characteristic of the peculiar mind in which they sprang. It was a usual saying of his own, and will be found repeated in some of his letters, that he had 'no genius for friendship,' and that whatever capacity he might once have possessed for that sentiment had vanished with his youth. If in saying this he shaped his notions of friendship according to the romantic standard of his boyhood, the fact must be admitted; but as far as the assertion was meant to imply, that he had become incapable of warm, manly, and lasting friendship, such a charge against himself was unjust, and I am not the only living testimony of its injustice."

Mr. Moore in this certainly flatters his own vanity.

"To a certain degree, however, in his friendships, the effects of a too vivid imagination in disqualifying the mind for the cold contact of reality were visible. We are told that Petrarch (who in this respect, as in most others, may be regarded as a genuine representative of the poetic character) abstained purposely from a too frequent intercourse

with his nearest friends, lest from the sensitiveness he was so aware of in himself, there should occur any thing that might chill his regard for them; and though Lord Byron was of a nature too full of social and kindly impulses ever to think of such a precaution, it is a fact, confirmatory at least of the principle on which his brother poet, Petrarch, acted, that the friends, whether of his youth or manhood, of whom he had seen least through life, were those of whom he always thought and spoke with the most warmth and fondness. Being brought less often to the touchstone of familiar intercourse, they stood naturally a better chance of being adopted as the favourites of his imagination, and of sharing in consequence a portion of that bright colouring reserved for all that gave it interest and pleasure. Next to the dead, therefore, whose hold upon his fancy had been placed beyond all risk of severance, those friends whom he but saw occasionally, and by such favourable glimpses as only renewed the first kindly impression they had made, were the surest to live unchangingly, and without shadow, in his memory."

This article has already extended so far beyond all reasonable limits, that nothing but the importance of the subject can extenuate the offence; we shall, therefore, briefly remark in conclusion, that there is one very great fault in the book, besides the general loose phrases of Mr. Moore's peculiar style—we allude to the disregard of personal feelings with which living individuals are treated by name, save in those instances where his own friends are spoken of, and then every objectionable passage, both from Byron's *Letters and Journal*, is carefully emasculated. Much, too, of Byron's fulsome yearning for the great might have been reserved for posterity. A prudent narrative would, we are persuaded, have been more acceptable, and the subject required it,—still the work is a valuable addition to English literature; and it contains lessons, both as to character and metaphysics, not only curious in themselves but interesting as studies.

A HARD HIT FOR A DAMSEL.

Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue,
 That are thus fondly suing,—
 Why, Rosa, why, will they thus sue?
 Have been my heart's undoing!
 Their soft, enthralling loveliness,
 Deep rapture here inspires;
 But, Rosa, who, oh! who could guess,
 They were such wandering fires!

Those rosy lips, those rosy lips,
 That know full well to woo,
 Bright as the bud the bee-bird sips,
 With all its fragrance, too!
 The serpent, coil'd your heart beneath,
 Hath left its flowery lair;
 And, gliding soft in many a wreath,
 Hath breath'd its poison—there!

SONG.

"Oh! I could whisper thee a tale."

~~"Oh! I could"~~ "Oh! I could whisper thee a tale,"
 That to thy cheek might bring a blush,
 Did I but know it might prevail!
 Not Music's gush,
 With all its moving wilderment,
 Hath in such thrilling rapture sent!

But thou art like the star, whose light
 Shews radiant from yon azure sky;
 Yet, type of thee, it beams too bright
 For mortal eye:
 Such of thy beauty are the rays—
 I dare not speak, and—can but gaze!

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB-HOUSE.

AMONG the many effects which have manifested themselves by our association with our foreign neighbours, perhaps none were more striking than the formation of the Clubs at the west end of the town, which of late years have attracted so much attention.

Their advantages in bringing persons of power and ability into contact are no doubt a great desideratum in a country like England, whose domestic manners prevent that general intercourse among all classes of people which is so much more the characteristic feature of continental society.

Here, if a man entered into what is called society, his evenings were generally spent in walking through the formal quadrille, squeezing himself among the crowded company of a drawing-room, or, disgusted with the heartlessness and flippancy which but too much predominate in such meetings, seeking refuge in the more exciting and dangerous amusements of the card-table or the dice. Thus would nights roll away, one after another; those who were rich spending their money in endeavouring to outvie each other in their extravagance; and those who partook of it, too poor to return the compliment paid, received with envy the entertainment which ostentation bestowed; while others, too proud to accept that which they were too poor to return, found themselves entirely excluded.

The first Club which was established soon convinced the world how easy it was to unite the advantages of good society with economy. The hint was taken: men, known by their influence, their connexions, and attainments, formed themselves into committees, and, by a judicious selection of members, other Clubs were made; persons equally distinguished by their literary or scientific acquirements were no longer separated by the gulfs which riches might have placed between them,—the orator and the mathematician, the peer, the painter, and the poet,—all met on an equal footing; while the babbling trifler was excluded, and taught to seek his passport to society in the improvement of his mind, and not to trust to the tie of his neck-cloth, the cut of his coat, or the polish of his shoe. Such were the effects

which the establishment of many of the Clubs were hoped to produce; and they have in a great measure succeeded.

The United Service was soon after followed by the University, the Travellers', the Athenæum, and many others. Men distinguished by their valour, their learning, or the acquirements obtained by foreign travel, were thrown into masses, where an interchange of ideas might add to the general stock of knowledge, and stimulate others to follow their example, or remain excluded altogether. These circumstances naturally led to the erection of Club-Houses; and the opening of the new street offered a fine field for the architect to raise up structures which might remain lasting monuments of public spirit, which would indicate the state of public information and judgment in matters of architecture, and which should have been monuments of beauty and good taste.

We have been led into these remarks by the building of the last-mentioned Club-house, the Athenæum, which occupies so conspicuous a figure among what are generally termed "the new improvements," and now that its scaffolding is cleared away, stands forth on the site of Carlton House, which has been swept off to make room for its foundations, "rearing its proud head," and challenging the critic's examination.

The Club, whose future meetings are destined to be held within its walls, was established, if our information be correct, for the purpose of bringing together those who had power and patronage with those who were distinguished by their professional skill. The soldier who meets the soldier, and the divine who associates with the divine, cannot be supposed to take a very deep interest in architecture; but this Club, where the patron and the artist are supposed to meet together—where the former would seek the advice of the latter, and the latter the encouragement of the former, led us to expect, when we heard of its proposed erection, a building worthy of the high-sounding name which had been assumed. We had hoped that that tissue of cast-iron and whitewash which reaches from Pall

Mall to Portland Place* would, at one end at least, have had a redeeming spot to have balanced the absurdity standing at the other, but too strongly stamping the character of the whole, and making a fit *finis coronat opus*, and looking like what it is, the extinguisher of good taste. We had flattered ourselves that, for once at least, "proportion and propriety, solidity and elegance," those four cardinal virtues of architecture, would have found "a local habitation;" but we have been disappointed. Why we were disappointed remains to be shown. We need not tell our readers that the architect, with the plates of Stuart in his possession, with casts and examples without number of the pure style of the Athenians before his eyes, has thought proper to have recourse to the "*seicentoists*;" that he seeks his models in the revival, not in the perfection of the art; that he looks for his examples among the Italians, who learned from the Romans, who were taught by the Greeks; that, in fact, he is a copyist of copyists of copyists. If this be the direction which public taste is now to take,—if Vignola and Scamozzi are to be preferred to Cetinus and Callicrates, by the same rule Michael Angelo will bear away the palm from Phidias; nay, ere long we shall have the frittered friezes of Bernini, who is "projections projecting from projections." Borromini, too, will be revived in all his glory,—the Palazzo Spada become a model of pure taste, and pictures in plaster, and palaces built in perspective, will be made the order of the day.

The ground story, as it is nearest the observer, must form the first object to which our remarks apply. It is what is called "rusticated." The object of rustics is strength, their origin an imitation of those large Cyclopian-like masses of stone which distinguish the works of the Tuscans, and are found in the remains of the early edifices of Rome; it is, therefore, when properly applied, in the lower stories of houses, being next the foundation; but here this is not the case, as it rises from a plain, smooth, plastered basement story. Neither is its characteristic feature of boldness consistently kept up: the too large and too frequently repeated joints in the rustics destroy the effect of their

accompanying mouldings. The architraves which surround the windows, instead of being what their name implies, and compensating by their strength for the space which they encompass, are cut away, and made to look weak and liny,—an object quite unnecessary, as the straight arch above (the very worst form a rustic arch can assume) seems ready to sink with its own weight, and crush the window it was meant to protect. The cornice over them is of a piece with the work beneath; it supports a balcony which we have heard censured as too light, but that, if any thing, is a fault on the right side. The Minerva on the porch (we cannot call it portico) is good, and in character: the *bassi rilievi* above, which we believe to be a restoration of the Panathenian procession of the Parthenon, is also very apposite; it is wrong only in its situation—it should have been placed within, not on the outside. No person who reflects for an instant on the soaking, drizzling rains and sudden sharp contracting frosts with which our wintry atmosphere is blessed, but must be aware that the stone, after having, like a sponge, absorbed the water, which by a sudden change had become contracted and congealed into ice, then burst open by a sudden thaw, will, ere many winters are over, crack, flake off, and destroy the slightly relieved outlines, which will be besmeared and blackened by the sooty streaks that mark the tricklings of the thaw.

Who that remembers the "noseless block" called Queen Anne's statue, which a short time since graced, or rather disgraced St. Paul's Churchyard, but must be convinced of the absurdity of exposing delicate sculpture to a climate like ours. Here are not the dashing passing thunder-storm of Greece, or the warm, dry, and preserving climate of Egypt. Nature must be consulted, or the consequences of the neglect be suffered. Among the Greeks, the sculpture (we are speaking of *bassi rilievi*) which was exposed in their entablatures was in some degree protected by the cornice from any accidents which might arise from the weather; the shadow of its lower member, however, was of still greater service than that, as it assisted materially in what is technically

* The County Fire Office and the Junior United Service Club House are exceptions to this remark.

termed "*making out*" the subject, by the dark edge of its shadow, which, as it passed over the figures, marked the rounded limbs and deeply indented folds of the drapery. In this building the cornice is too high up to give much protection from the weather, or much shadow to the figures; and even if it did cast any, the profile of the modillions breaking in upon the shadow which the lower member of the cornice casts, would confuse the outline it was intended to render distinct.

The building is finished with a balustrade. Without wishing to be too severe on the architect, we are compelled to notice this also as a defect. A balustrade,

as every one knows, is a protection which is required to prevent passengers falling off a staircase, a terrace, or, in short, any situation where it may be supposed that people are in the habit of walking; its fitness of application in guarding against a fall into the area, or its use in the balcony, are evident; but who would ever think of promenading on the roof, unless it were entirely flat? We thought, on first viewing it from Pall Mall, that such was the case; but the roof, which is visible to any one passing down Regent Street, destroys the illusion, and too clearly shews the defect of which we complain.

ON HUMAN PERFECTIBILITY.

It is proposed, in this paper, to discuss the important question, Whether we have any reason to conclude, from the nature and history of mankind, that the human race continually advance to a more perfect state of social being.

Many great names and high authorities might be adduced in support of the affirmative; but it is not the intention of the present essay to avouch the opinions of others, but to state our own;—not to adopt deductions, but to form conclusions for ourselves.

"The proper study of mankind is man," says the poet. Man is the subject of the investigation proposed in this essay—man, his nature and his history;—a maze, indeed, in which we may be most easily lost, and extricated but with difficulty. "What go we out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind!"

Such, indeed, is man!—The most exalted is but a reed upon the mountain top, only the more exposed to the blast of circumstance, the tempest of event, and the whirlwind of passion. If it be true that temptation is irresistible where the motives are the same, man, placed in such a situation of peril, and naturally ambitious for arbitrary sway,—bent to the same purposes, induced by the same interests, and ruled by the same motives, which by nature appear to be almost the inevitable concomitants of such a state,—must arrive at the same end, and advance to the same consequences; and in evidence of this, it is said that History has but one page!—

"This is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past—
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Has but one page!"

"O agony! that centuries should reap
No mellow harvest!"

"There is no hope for nations! Search
the page
Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
'Th' everlasting to be which has been,
Hath taught us naught or little."

Each line is the same—all her volumes are alike. There is no distinction in eras, or in ages. There is nothing new beneath the sun. It would, indeed, be a novelty, would our adversaries, and the adversaries of man, say, if the question in which the writer has engaged could be answered in the affirmative.

Again—"What go ye out into the wilderness to see? A man clothed in soft raiment! Behold, they who wear soft raiment are in kings' houses." They are—in the very place where other than soft raiment is needed: armour of proof—the breastplate and the mail—the helm and the shield—are fitter for the situation. But here Luxury, the siren, reigns—and when the rude gale comes, it finds the perfumed violet where it expected to meet the gnarled oak. It is surely ill-judged to advance the lily of the valley to the hill-top. Nature is consistent in all her operations but in the world of man. For man makes a boast of forsaking her, and, in her stead, enthrones a specious art and worships it, which at

length strips him of his defence, and provokes his destruction to come upon him.

Let us push our inquiries farther. "What go ye out to see? A prophet?" Ay, the everlasting to be which hath been—the past is but an anticipation of the future—Nay, "more than a prophet!"—Man, past, present, and to come! Stand by and see him pass. This is the representative of the human race!—whose claims to perfection we have now undertaken duly to appreciate. What see you—but the manifest wreck of a once noble vessel? with banner and with tackle torn, unequal to the wind and tide, yet striving with the vast ocean and the sombre sky! Still the spent and weary pilot struggles at the helm. The mind of Reason still makes essay, and shews of what it were capable with better means and more advantages. Look again—there are the materials of greatness about it—though now a wreck, its original fashion and manufacture were perfect and complete. Its Builder was a good workman, and the work was worthy of his hands. It did him honour—it was a masterpiece. Oh! when he launched it, it was a finished creation, beautiful and glorious! Behold it now—six thousand years it hath been struggling thus—six thousand years the helmsman has been contending with the elements—sometimes sleeping from weariness, sometimes roused to supernatural energy, sometimes catching glimpses of the port, but never reaching it; and, alas! hopeless is its state, and lost its condition, until the storm be past—until the tempest be over—until the skies be appeased—and it at length arrive at some near harbour, and the great Architect restore it to its original majesty and strength. And he shall restore it—Oh! for a voice from this high philosophic point of prospect to raise a universal shout, which the highest heaven should reverberate! Man shall be restored—he shall continually advance towards perfection—he shall conquer the goal! His millennium is at hand—his eternity cometh!

Not only our own, but the mythology of the ancients, acknowledged the fall, and anticipated the recovery and restoration, of the human race. Thus the sublime Plato describes the primitive state of the world:—"God was then the Prince and common Father of all; he governed the world by him-

self, as he governs it now by inferior deities. Rage and cruelty did not then prevail upon earth; war and sedition were not so much as known. God himself took care of the sustenance of mankind, and was their guardian and shepherd; there were no magistrates, no civil polity, as there are now. In those happy days men sprung out of the bosom of the earth, which produced them of itself like flowers and trees. The fertile fields yielded fruits and corn without the labour of tillage. Mankind stood in no need of raiment to cover their bodies, being troubled with no inclemency of the seasons; and they took their rest upon beds of turf of a perpetual verdure. Under the reign of Jupiter, Saturn, the master of the universe, having quitted, as it were, the ruins of his empire, hid himself in an inaccessible retreat. The inferior gods, who governed under him, retired likewise; the very foundations of the world were shaken by motions contrary to its principle and its end, and it lost its beauty and its lustre. Then it was that good and evil were blended together. But in the end, lest the world should be plunged in an eternal abyss of confusion, God, the author of the primitive order, will appear again and resume the reins of empire. Then he will change, amend, embellish, and restore, the whole frame of nature, and put an end to decay of age, to diseases, and death." Such were the anticipations in which Plato indulged, that lively hope which is an immortal instinct of human nature. Looking to the source whence that instinct came, who so dull as not to perceive that the perfections of Deity are involved in this question? The more perfect the creature, the more perfect the Creator. Man is a palace, a temple—the Deity the architect. Exposed to chance and change, and subject to the domination of Time, the architecture decays beneath the tyrant's touch, and gradually becomes a ruin. Genius loves its own creations—it is careful of its fame: Genius is the standard of the human, as moral perfection is of the Divine mind—and, properly considered, there is an intimate connexion between Genius and moral order. Would the Genius of the human mind, had it the power to preserve its handiwork from imitation and decay, or to restore it to its original stability and perfection, be careless of the child of its creation—be so unmindful of its

own renown as to suffer it to become a heap, and lose for ever the manifestations and evidence of that skill which it was once so anxious to shew forth and eternise? Would the creative energy of the Divine mind, which doth possess the power—and is not, can not be, subject to mutation—he thus capricious, thus regardless of that masterpiece which he framed after the most perfect model, namely, his own image, and breathed into it a portion of his own spirit?

We will proceed to examine evidence. We will see whether what is rationally to be hoped for, is likely to be effected. We will investigate the nature and history of man:—

“What a piece of work is man—how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and motion how express and admirable! in action how like an angel—in apprehension how like a god!”

Such are the lofty terms in which the bard of Avon characterises the race of which he was so excellent a representative. It will, however, be well to add to this description one by another poet, the philosophic author of *the Essay on Man*, who portrays man as

“Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic’s pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err.”

It is confessed, though assimilated to angels and allied to Deity, yet that, in what relates to his animal economy, man is no less kindred to the brute. He must say to the worm, “thou art my brother,” and to corruption, “thou art my sister.” Many of the faculties which he possesses are possessed by the inferior animals. Sensation and volition are common to them and him. Even an oyster may lay claim to imagination, and the ant and the bee have genius and aptitude. But how infinitely more exquisite the mechanism by which his sensations are made available—how much more extensive the dominion over which his imperial will

presides! Who shall say of what his imagination is not capable—of what it may not be percipient? of what combinations it may be inventive—of what ideas it may be creative? The genius or native aptitude of the inferior animals is common to every individual of the same species; they may, they do, differ in degree—in kind they are the same. Individual instances of superior excellence in degree are but as those of Shakespeare and Milton among poets, of Locke and Newton among philosophers. But with man—we individual is, as it were, a species in himself; we are not all poets, all philosophers—each man is a separate problem, distinct not only in degree but kind. It is observable also, that the brute is the same now that he was four thousand years ago—man has made gigantic strides. But this is anticipating the argument.

Genius outstrips the age in which it flourishes—it is always a century beforehand—and the succeeding age arrives to its standard, and is equal with it. Is it not harder now for a man to set up as an original genius than it had been in the days of Homer? And wherefore? “Because,” as Voltaire says, “there is so much light, so much cultivation.” But minds which would have been deemed prodigies in an ignorant and adoring age are but on a par now with their neighbours and friends. The number of cultivated minds, abounding like trees in a thick and flourishing forest, prevents any single individual from raising his head far above the rest. It is a question whether Homer or Shakespeare would command that admiration and wonder with which we are accustomed to contemplate them, were they now to begin the strife with no more positive and personal advantages than they possessed in their own times. Yet we always have genius flourishing and exalting its head above the general standard, and asserting the supremacy of the human mind. Still it burns forward to the new and the unknown. The discoveries of science and the operations of art will assist its progress and urge its efforts; and we may look forward with a well-grounded hope that the efforts of genius will far exceed the sublimest labours of antiquity, in poetry, sculpture, painting, and music. That philosophical genius is rapidly advancing to perfection, who

can doubt? The mind acquires strength by exercise, and knowledge is to it as power. The improvement (says D. Stewart) which the faculty of memory acquires by mere exercise, is an evidence that all our powers, both of mind and body, may be strengthened by application to their proper purpose. The phenomenon is resolvable into this ultimate law of our nature. The writer is happy to perceive that the philosophy of the human mind is likely to become a general object of study; and by its influence, the education which is now general, promises to be conducted upon proper principles,—principles conducive to the improvement of the species. What must be the effect of educating the lower orders? It must place them on a level with the higher ranks—it must tend to the establishment of mental equality—it will put them in possession of the means to raise themselves in society—and they who would retain their present relative situation must advance in the scale of intellect. The base of that pyramid, which is society, must be infinitely enlarged, and in proportion to its enlargement must the apex of the structure ascend, till it become not only neighbour to the sky, but pinnacled in the heavens. Knowledge is allied to wisdom—wisdom is identified with virtue: these are self-evident propositions. Let knowledge increase—conceive for a moment that the increase of any knowledge should tend to wisdom, to truth, and we arrive at that consummation which is so devoutly to be wished. The history of the sciences bears evidence to the assertion. In consequence, for instance, of the gradual improvement which takes place in language as an instrument of thought, the classifications both of things and facts with which the infant faculties of each successive race are conversant, are more just and more comprehensive than those of their predecessors. Indeed, amongst some of those who enjoy the advantages of early instruction, many of the most remote and wonderful conclusions of the human intellect are, even in infancy, as completely familiarised to the mind as the most obvious phenomena which the material world exhibits to their senses. “Those elementary truths of geometry and of astronomy,” says an eloquent writer, “which in India and Egypt formed an occult science, upon which an am-

bitious priesthood founded its influence, were become, in the times of Archimedes and Hipparchus, the subjects of common education in the public schools of Greece. In the last century, a few years of study were sufficient for comprehending all that Archimedes and Hipparchus knew; and, at present, two years employed under an able teacher carry the student beyond those conclusions which limited the inquiries of Leibnitz and of Newton. Let any person reflect on these facts: let him follow the immense chain which connects the inquiries of Euler with those of a priest of Memphis; let him observe, at each epoch, how genius outstrips the present age, and how it is overtaken by mediocrity in the next: he will perceive that nature has furnished us with the means of abridging and facilitating our intellectual labours, and that there is no reason for apprehending that such simplifications can ever have an end. He will perceive, that at the moment when a multitude of particular solutions and of insulated facts begin to distract the attention and to overcharge the memory, the former gradually lose themselves in one general method, and the latter unite in one general law; and that these generalisations, continually succeeding one to another, like the successive multiplications of a number by itself, have no other limit than that infinity which the human faculties are unable to comprehend.”

The long reign of error in the world, and the influence it maintains even in an age of liberal inquiry, far from being favourable to the supposition that human reason is destined to be for ever the sport of prejudice and absurdity, demonstrates the tendency which there is to permanence in established institutions, and promises an eternal stability to true philosophy, when it shall once have acquired the ascendant, and when proper means shall be employed to support it, by a more perfect system of education.

Let us suppose this era were arrived, and that, instead of contracting those prejudices which the philosopher almost finds it impossible to encounter and destroy, childhood and youth were imbued with prepossessions to support the pure and sublime truths of an enlightened morality. How susceptible is the tender mind of deep, of permanent impressions! The character, the happi-

ness of individuals, depends on the casual associations formed in childhood among various ideas, feelings, and affections. If it be possible to interest the imagination and the heart in favour of error, it is at least no less possible to interest them in favour of truth.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that these warm anticipations are a little damped when we turn to ancient history, and contemplate the rise and fall of Greece and Rome. It seems as if a limit were put to the improvement of society, to which, when it arrives, it immediately retrogrades, declines, and falls,—

“First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.”

But the nations of antiquity were in a very different situation from those of the present time; nay, the human race was in a different condition. The use of writing was then considerably more limited,—a use and a habit that induces another upon the natural memory, that preserves the recollection of the relations among different physical events, and the connexions among different relations, thus leading us on, gradually, easily, and surely, to the discovery of general laws. The art of printing, also, disseminating and perpetuating truth, throwing that light upon tyranny and superstition which is their destruction, and producing that vital atmosphere in which freedom breathes and lives, was to them unknown. From the want of these appliances and means to boot, the old states arriving at their altitude were enervated by luxury, and fell,—luxury which, under other circumstances, would have strengthened and established. Indeed, that indulgence which enervates, as it soon loses the character, is improperly called by the name of luxury, which is the possession of the most means of happiness available in a certain age and country, to individual indulgence. So long as pleasure attends this indulgence, it is luxury; if it be pursued till the qualms of the conscience, or of the stomach, ensue, it is the abuse, excess—it requires another name. That knowledge which is wisdom, that wisdom which is virtue, will correct the abuse, and confirm the utility. The press will come in to correct the license, and establish the liberty; and as these operations

combine and become effective, men will perceive that the heart and the mind, the feelings and the affections, have their luxuries too, and thus indulgence will be refined until virtue become the chief happiness, as indeed it is, and men esteem no other luxury than that “of doing good.”

It is possible to push this theory yet further, and extend this perfectibility to the corporeal powers. It is said that knowledge maketh the face to shine; and we know that instruction and intelligence communicate a harmony and beauty to the features,—an expression in which the uninstructed and unintelligent are deficient. Thus the human face becomes indeed divine, and must improve in proportion to the intellectual improvement of man. The effects of early, continued, and systematical education, in the care of those children who are trained, for the sake of gain, to feats of strength and agility, justify, perhaps, the most sanguine views which it is possible to form with respect to the corporeal improvement of the species; and the recent introduction into this country, of gymnastic exercises, it is hoped, will conduce much to bodily strength, health, and activity.

Rejoice, then, O man, in the glorious results to which an impartial examination of thy nature and history rationally leads, that natural and instinctive hope with which every mythology teems, and which so often inspired the harps of ancient Druids, poets, priests, and prophets! Thou art a melancholy being!—melancholy, because degraded! Not a degraded animal, but a degraded spirit. Genius is melancholy. The waters of the soul are disturbed, and it cries out for a more perfect state of being,—a state of which it is reminiscent and anticipant,—a state more congenial to its infinite desires, its immortal aspirations. Thou art a ruin: thy sympathy is with desolation. Antiquity and decay are to thee nurses of delicious feeling, and the food of genius; for the connexion between them and thee is most intimate. But exalt thy prophetic gaze to the infinite sky,—look upon the eternal heavens,—rejoice in the perpetual youth of nature,—enlarge the horizon of the future, and place a golden diadem upon the rejuvenescent brow of time. Behold the arts flourish, and sciences increase. Inhale afresh the gales of Eden. The song of the poet, the creations of the

painter, the groups of the sculptor, the counsels of the philosopher, shall delight and instruct the soul, while the enchantment of music shall suffuse and purify the senses. There shall be peace

at the hearth, and order at the board—truth and liberty shall universally prevail—self-love and social shall be the same; and the most perfect morality shall crown the beatific vision!

THE BIRD-MESSENGER :

A BALLAD FROM THE LIMOUSIN.

A BIRD came winging o'er the sea—a bird of plumage fair—
And sang, “ Oh ! dry your tears, ladye, and be no more so sair ;
The cloudiest sky will clear again, the loudest storm will cease,
And balms will soothe the sharpest pain, and strife give way to peace.”

The lady sat within her bower of fairy workmanship,
Wherein was many a ruddy flower, yet ruddier far her lip ;
The lady's snowy breast did heave, as wave 'neath glooming skies
Ere thunders clash, and lightnings cleave their bonds, and storms arise !

And joy's bright flame glowed in her eyes—her black and stag-like eyes ;
And, “ Bird, my bravest bird,” she cries, “ thy coming much I prize.
My dove of peace, all hail ! for here full sure thou bring'st relief ;
So to the winds all troublous fear, and soul-subduing grief !

“ For well I wot they'd make me kneel right low at Mammon's shrine,
To utter words I cannot feel ; but ne'er shall lips of mine
Turn base apostates to their creed of pure and holy faith ;
And their base tricks shall ne'er succeed—thus Gabriella saith !

“ Then rather welcome torture—gyves, the worst that power may do ;
For while the young Baucicaut lives, how shall I be untrue ?”
“ Now blessings on thee, fair ladye,” thus sang the gladsome bird,
“ Though sore beset, thy constancy hath never swerved nor erred.

“ But as some azure streamlet winds its long and devious way,
And onward lies, until it finds shelter in some calm bay
Of ocean ; so like its blue waters, ladye, thou'lt take thy rest,
The first of Beauty's black-eyed daughters, upon a warrior's breast.”

And hark ! a bugle sounded loud, and tramp of horse was heard,—
A knight dashed off his barb so proud, and shouted forth the word :
“ What, ho ! Sir Warder, hie thee hence, and let my 'hest be told,
And in largess, for thy diligence, take thou this purse of gold.

“ A knight hath come from the Paynim land, the red cross on his breast ;
He hath come to his own Valencian strand ; and Moslems have confess'd
His Spanish blade's and right arm's might ; and here my gage I throw,
And with my falchion will I write ‘ Felon !’ on thy lord's brow.

“ False—false is he to knightly truth : within his dungeon-tower
He hath immured a lady, sooth, young Beauty's rarest flower !
But flowers aye droop, and never bloom, save in the light of day :
In blood I'll seal false Guzman's doom, and win my love—away !”

Then wrathful rose the castle's lord and buckled on his mail,
Pranced forth his charger at his word, and he trusted to prevail.
And the fight was long on the Xucar's banks ; but traitors prosper never :
And Baucicaut won his lady's thanks, and her heart, and she lov'd him ever !

ON THE MUSICAL MEMNON.

From the Journal of a late Traveller.

THERE are few examples among the numerous remains of antiquity which are better authenticated, and to which a greater interest has been attached by the ancients as well as the moderns, than the musical statue of Memnon, which still majestically occupies its old situation, defying alike the effects of time, and the often more destructive attempts of human power.

Cambyzes, indeed, succeeded in breaking it in two, but, with all his efforts, was unable to have it overturned; it was again repaired, and, springing up, as it were, out of its own ruins, it still faces the sun, whose risings it has witnessed for thousands of years. The habitations of its creators have been swept off, generation after generation has passed away, the conquering and the conquered have both disappeared: yet it survives, one of the very few memorials of the heroes of the Trojan war, more picturesque at least, if not more interesting, than the few scattered tumuli, which now dot the plains of Troy. These having no inscription, no trace to fix any of them as the certain tombs of their reputed heroes, the antiquary and the traveller pace round, doubt, debate, dispute, and decide on nothing; or, if they do come to any conclusion, it is in contradiction to him who preceded them, they themselves being contradicted by those who follow.

To look upon this statue, when you know how many, many of those whose works you are taught to consider as ancient, have come, like yourself, to gaze on and wonder at what to them was an object of antiquity; to see their names scratched over the different parts of the ruin, still fresh and legible, as if a few years only had passed away since they were there; when you reflect that their historians had written, and their poets had sung, of the marvellous tales which rendered this spot so celebrated, you feel you have before you what may truly be termed, "the antiquities of the ancients;" and whatever toil, whatever fatigue, you may have undergone, all are more than recompensed by the pleasurable sensations which this prospect cannot fail to excite. One of the most interesting accounts, that given by Strabo, may perhaps illustrate the foregoing remarks. It is this:—"Of

the two colossi, consisting of an entire stone, and near each other, the one is still preserved; but of the other, the upper part, from the seat, are fallen down, occasioned, as they say, by an earthquake. It is believed that once every day a noise, as of a stroke, but not a great one, is made from the remaining part of the seat and base; and I being on the spot with Ælius Gallus, and many of his friends and soldiers attending him, about the first hour of the day heard the noise; but whether from the base of the colossus, or whether it was made purposely by some one of those who stood round the base, I cannot affirm. On account of the uncertainty of the cause, I am inclined to believe any thing rather than that a sound is now emitted from stones so disposed."

One of our principal intentions, on arriving at Thebes, was to visit this spot "at the first hour of the day;" but so deeply were we interested in our examinations of the tombs, to say nothing of the temples, that three weeks had passed over before we found leisure to pay our long-deferred visit. An hour before daylight, we left the tomb where we had taken up our residence, unaccompanied by any one, that we might not be left in any doubt by the noise of the chattering Arab guides. Arriving about half an hour before sunrise, we clambered up the base, and one seating himself on the foot, while the other stood between the legs of the colossus, and thus, with our eyes fixed towards the east, scarcely breathing, lest we should make any noise, anxiously watched for the appearance of the sun, whose approach was soon indicated by the crimson-capped mists which hovered over the ruins of Diospolis. Gradually the vapours became thinner; the dark massy outlines of the temple at Luxor, with its two spire-like obelisks, could be clearly distinguished on the brightened horizon, and soon after, the sun spread its long looked-for rays over the plain; but, as might be expected, no sound followed, nor was any thing to be heard except the chirping of the sparrows, which had roosted in the crevices of the stone; and some of them had gone so far as to build their nests in one of the immense ears of the statue.

Singular are the reflections which moments, like these, give rise to in the traveller's mind ! A few days before, we had shot a wild cat, in our excursions to the tombs,—an act that, in times gone by, would have been punished with instant death. The jackals, which formerly were an object of worship, we saw stealing away to their haunts in the rocks and ruins ; and the sites

once occupied by the habitations of those philosophers from whom Pythagoras obtained the tenets of his sect, were now overgrown and covered by fields of beans. Days might be occupied in copying the inscriptions which cover the limbs of the colossus. Among many others were the following, most probably by the Roman officers quartered in the neighbourhood :—

AINSTVLEIVS TENAX PRIMI PILARIS LEG. XII.
FVLMINATAE ET CVALERIVS PRISCVS LEG. XXII.
ET L. QVINTIVS VIATOR AVDIMVS MLMNON
ANNO XII. NERONIS IMP.
CLAVDIVS MAXIMVS LEG. XXII. AVDIVI HORA PRIMA.

Other inscriptions were in Greek. We traced the name of "Adrian;" but part of this inscription was obliterated. Among the many means which seem to have been resorted to for the mutilation of the statue, that of fire appears to have been one, judging from the appearance and colour of the stone, which has come off in flakes, and many pieces still remain in part dissevered from the original block. We spent three hours in our examinations, and having resolved to return the next day, mounted the donkeys which the Arabs had just brought down, and returned home to breakfast. One of the drivers, for want of a better substitute, had possessed himself of the thigh-bone of a mummy, which he had broken, and very ingeniously sharpened and trans-formed into an instrument answering the double purpose of a whip and spur. Wonderful indeed are the changes which time works in the world ! The possessors of these bodies, whose principal object during life was to provide a secure and quiet resting-place after death, little imagined that their persons would become a source of livelihood to the succeeding inhabitants in other ages ; yet such is the case. Day after day are tombs forced open, the bodies dragged out of their coffins, and torn into a thousand pieces, in search of papyri, beads, or any trifling ornament with which they may happen to be decked : these are sold to the travelling virtuosi ; and the meals, thus purchased, are cooked over a fire, the fuel for which is supplied by the wooden coffins.

Thousands of bodies have thus been disinterred, and their limbs scattered over the sands ; yet no traveller has ever raised his voice against this wholesale profanation of the grave. If you remark on it, your mouth is stopped by replies such as, "the valuable discoveries

which may be made from the papyri," of which, when found, hardly any can be read,—you are told of "the doubts which the antiquary will have cleared up," "the lights which will be thrown upon history," &c. &c.

The late English consul was perhaps one of the greatest "resurrectionists" that ever existed : he made his fortune, was called a man of talent, had his name celebrated among all the literati of Europe, was considered a great advancer of antiquarian knowledge, and died worth 30,000*l*.

In England, if a man is detected in taking but *one* body out of the tomb, his object in the disinterment being not to gratify an almost useless curiosity, but really to advance the cause of science, and to benefit his fellow-creatures, he is sent to prison, tried like a felon, and, perhaps, transported for life. Mark the contrast : the antiquary, who is the greater offender, is treated with honour and distinction ; the other, with contempt and disgust : such are the anomalies of public opinion !

These two statues are not granite, as has generally been supposed, but a hard grit stone, exceedingly difficult to be worked, so much so as almost immediately to destroy the edge of any steel instrument. This has given rise to the belief that the Egyptians were acquainted with some other amalgamation of the metals, more durable than steel ; in fact, it is much doubted whether they were at all in the habit of using iron. The ornaments on the bases are executed in the most masterly and delicate manner ; and the hieroglyphics on the backs of the statues are cut with a precision and correctness which evidently shew the workmen to have had some powerful means of carrying their designs into execution.

POETRY OF THE MAGYARS.

DR. BOWRING, with many oddities and absurdities, is yet a man of very considerable powers. It is a great pity that there should be drawbacks in any individual possessing undoubted claims to talent; but so it is in the

case of this gentleman. In the first place, he is a disciple, and a favourite one, of Jeremy Bentham, that super-fine and illustrious quack-doctor, of whom Samuel Rogers has so pertinently said,

“ The best of workmen, and the best of wood,
Could scarce supply him with a head so good.”

In the second place, and in imitation of the Great Pan, or Trotting Calf of Westminster, (see Major Parry's book upon Greece), Dr. Bowring is a most conceited coxcomb; for be it known, that conceit is one of the *sine quâ non*s without which your true Benthamite would break down and flounder in the mud. To convict Dr. Bowring of the possession of this ingredient, so indispensable to the existence of a Benthamite, the reader need go no farther than the title-page of the book under our present notice. There we see tagged to the tail of John Bowring the author, LL.D., F.A.S., M.R.A.S., Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, and Member of the Literary Societies of Friesland, Groningen, Paris, Leyden, Leeuwarden, Athens, Turin, Sheffield, &c. &c. This braying forth of hard names and familiar places is in bad taste. If Dr. Bowring choose to tell people with his own tongue that he is a Lofty Leatherheaded Dunce, or a Fellow of the Awkward Squad (of philosophers, meaning thereby, we presume, a Benthamite), or a Member of the Royal Society of Asses, why nobody will be knight-errant and fool-hardy enough to quarrel with the learned pundit for his self-detraction; for every man, we presume, is at liberty to write himself down an ass in the fullest sense of the word, without fear of judge or jury, or action for libel, or the fulminating fury of any big-bellied and snarling Whig attorney-general in the universe. But when the many-tongued Doctor comes to overwhelm us with his mountain of literary societies, we have nothing left for our salvation but to borrow a trick from our little friend Flibbertigibbet of the novel,—give the Doctor the slip by kicking our heels up in the

air, fling a somerset over the gentleman's bald pate, knock, in the flying movement, his sagacious spectacles off the tip of his nose, and send forth a loud-crowling guffaw in token of a successful escape. It is not given to every one to perform the feats of a Hercules; then leave off, Doctor, this attempt at a humbug. What signifies to us this Ossa on Pelion of grand names? You cannot play off your pranks on such old travellers as we are; and you may cut as many capers as you please, you will never make us believe you are an Admirable Crichton. We know right well, my dear Doctor, how these matters are managed on the continent: election, there, to societies of all kinds is the easiest thing in the world, especially for a stranger, and particularly if that stranger be an Englishman; for on the continent learned men and learned bodies, though not Benthamites, are yet conceited enough of their own talents to wish to have them talked of in England, and they will catch, for that purpose, at the slightest straw flying in the air, fancying that the straw will perform the part of a witch's broomstick, and scud in hot haste with its awful burden into this blessed country of unwhigg'd Whigs and untoried Tories. But, my dear sir, you are too clever a man for such confounded fudge and nonsense. Leave such paltry contrivances for exciting the open-mouthed wonder of the ignorant public, to arrant nincompoops like Sonnetteer Richardson and the obstetrical-visaged Man-midwife Granville; for depend upon it, that a clever man may always be satisfied to remain on his own bottom, and that the skins of all the lions ever slaughtered in the wilds of Numidia will never serve to conceal the hoofs, and the tail, and the

* Poetry of the Magyars; preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary and Transylvania, &c. &c. 1830.

ears, and the silly face, of the earnest-gazing jackass.

But, Doctor, we cannot let you go yet: when we get a Benthamite into our clutch we do not like to let him off so easily. "Pull devil, pull baker," is an old story; but devils and bakers have not such an antipathy to one another as we of the old heaven of Toryism have to the followers of that wooden-headed Jerry Bentham. Wo

be to any poor disciple of that broad-shouldered and golden-haired Apollo! for if we get the driveller's head into our chancery, he shall escape with nothing less than having both his day-lights bunged up and his claret-bottle uncorked. But, Doctor, we will use you less rudely; for we have already said that you are a clever man, and we love any thing in the shape of merit—let it come like one of

"Those budge doctors of the Stoic fur
That fetch their precepts from the cynic tub,
Praising the lean and fallow abstinence;"

or like the jolly, red-gilled Cyclop, who trots along like a lumbering calf to the tune of

"Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
Heavy with the joy divine —
With the young feast oversated;
Like a merchant's vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top."

And some heads of philosophic schools there exist in the present day very like, in every characteristic, to the roaring Cyclop described so admirably by Euripides; while others are the very counterpart of a bleary-eyed, salacious Diogenes *at auricular confession*. Does the old philosopher of Westminster understand our meaning?

Dr. Bowring, we are sorry to say that there is something uncommonly like dirty sycophancy in your dedicatory page. Gentle reader, we are honest, just, and upright critics, and would not be thought to bring a frivolous and vexatious charge against mortal man: so read Dr. Bowring's dedication, and judge for thyself.

TO

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE

PAUL ESTERHAZY DE GALANTHA,

GRAND CROSS OF THE ROYAL ORDER OF ST. STEPHEN OF HUNGARY,
OF THE ORDER OF THE GUELPHS, AND OF ST. FERDINAND
OF NAPLES; CHAMBERLAIN AND PRIVY COUNCILLOR OF
HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL APOSTOLIC MAJESTY, AND
HIS EXTRAORDINARY AMBASSADOR TO HIS
BRITANNIC MAJESTY;

WHOSE ILLUSTRIOUS NAME HAS BEEN FOR AGES SO
PRE-EMINENTLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE HISTORY
OF THE MAGYARS,

This Volume

IS, BY PERMISSION, MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS OBDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE TRANSLATOR:

LONDON, January 30th, 1830.

Now mark, most gentle reader: first, we have His Highness Prince Paul Esterhazy. Good and sufficient, for every body knows immediately who is signified. But that is not *sufficient* for our honey-mouthed Doctor; and, as the name must be in full, then we have De Galantha. Well: but then the Doctor must needs set forth the many qualities of the dedicatee, and lo! there is added a multitude of Grand Crosses presented by all the saints in the calendar, with a plentiful sprinkling of Chamberlainships, Councillorships, and Extraordinary Ambassadorships. Even this will not satisfy the obsequious, low-bowing, dirt-scraping Dr. Bowring. (Fie upon it, for a man of talent!) Not any—nor all of the many fine things showered like sugar-plums on the fair head of His Highness Prince Paul Esterhazy de Galantha are found commensurate by the dedicatory to the expression of the quality of the great man's blood; therefore, very appositely, follows the pretty sentence:—Whose Illustrious Name Has been For Ages So Pre-Eminently Associated With The History Of The Magyars.—And now, if any person should be so simple as to ask—

“Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor
hiatu?”

we answer, in the words of Dr. Bowring, “*This Volume Is, By Permission,*

Most Respectfully Dedicated By His Obedient, Humble Servant, The Translator.”

Allow us, good fellow-traveller through the muddy sinuosities of this most lengthy address,—allow us, we say, to ask you if you are a man upon town? If you are, good and well; you are as knowing as ourselves, and we have no information for your ear. If, however, you are a stranger from the country—from the wilds of Yorkshire, or the “Libya deserta” of Scottish moors or Grampian acclivities, or the outlandish places of Cork, or Newmarket, or Tipperary, or Brainhim-with-heshillalooch, in the inhospitable tracts of the sister kingdom, you are the very man for our purpose. Go into the park, and you will presently see a little, fair-haired, gentlemanly, gray-eyed, well-proportioned, well-dressed, smirking, smiling man, seated upon a mettlesome horse, tall enough and with haunches sufficient to stand in unyielding dignity by the side of Messrs. Mathews' and Yates' big Siamese monster:—that individual so seated on the big horse, thus smiling, smirking, fair-haired, and handsome, is—Prince Paul Esterhazy de Galantha! He is a universal favourite amongst the ladies, and unenvied by the men of Crockford's Club, or by any mortal even of that “dreadful band” who

“At White's resume their customary stand,
In that bow-window, Scandal's favourite seat,
The Inquisition of St. James's Street;
Where bilious questioners await their pay,
And dawdling idlers kill the tedious day;
Where wit and fool, where *bel esprit* and bore,
Together congregate at half-past four.”

Quoth Lord Albanley.

Greater praise than this was never bestowed. What are Roman triumphs and ovations? What are crownings at the capital, or the sight of his fair

auditory melted into tears flowing from the ecstasy of true devotion to a fashionable young preacher, (who, with chapels of ease, swarm the city,

“Thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa?”)

What are all these, we ask, in comparison to the being taken by the hand by the choice spirits of Crockford's and White's—to be styled by them an honourable brother of their order—to be allowed to take a stand amidst their glorious and resplendent hierarchy? With this, Commons might be bloated with pride, like a furiously-inflated bladder;—for this, Nobles might erect, in loftier dignity, their nasal promontories to the skies;—by this, Kings

have additional honour placed upon their scutcheon;—on account of this, Emperors might kick their heels to the tune of an Irish jig, like so many tipsified and jolly mortals. What are the praises of such degenerate men as poetaster Southey or poetaster Wordsworth, to the spouted-forth, “Hail, brother! well met!” of poet Albanley or poet Glengall? What would be the panegyric of the resuscitated Voltaire, the *philosophe* and *persifleur* of France,

to the commendation of the actual, living, flesh-and-bone Voltaire of White's Chocolate House, old —, the *philosophe* and *persifleur* of the present day?

Prince Paul Esterhazy de Galantha, then, has received — what is more valuable than his principedom and diplomatic rank, and the thousand achievements of his illustrious sires amongst the Magyars — his admission into the company of the elect of the English metropolis, or, as Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have very happily called them, the "Exclusives." And, after this, will the voice of meaner mortals be heard? Will the small talk and penny-trumpet squeak of all the Dr. Bowrings of the universe be listened to? The thing is as impossible as that Joseph Hume should play harlequin at Covent Garden theatre; or Attorney-General Scarlett become a courtier; or rhinoceros Brougham be lord high chancellor of England; or elephant Ellenborough rise to the pre-eminence of governor-general of India; or namby-pamby Palmerston be stretched out into the dimensions, and lollop on the sofa, as a first lord of the treasury. Why, if Prince Paul Esterhazy de Galantha did such a thing, he would be mediatised in his principedom of

fashion, he would be cut dead upon the spot by his worthy compeers, they would pass him in cool contempt, jibing and sneering at him for his egregious folly. And then what man were Prince Paul Esterhazy de Galantha? A mere nothing. He might pipe, but nobody would dance; he might sing, but no one would give ear unto his sylvan melody; he might ride in the park, but no longer would he be the observed of all observers, and the favourite of the ladies. Oh! unhappy Prince Paul Esterhazy de Galantha, eschew the company of such obsequious gentlemen as Dr. Bowring; for they by their servility would reduce you to the condition of being cut by that circle whose smile is sweeter than manna in the wilderness — whose patronage is as the breath in a man's nostrils. Then would you have to sneak into corners; and, being destitute of friends and acquaintances, and (not having been, by the providence of a virtuous father, and after the fashion of the princes of the house of Hapsburgh, taught the trade of a tinker or cobbler,) be put out of all decent employment; and then would your only way of killing time be to imitate one of Dryden's heroes, who was wont to

Whistle as he went, for want of thought."

But enough of such sheer nonsense and absurdity. Dr. Bowring should not sycophantise. As for the Prince Esterhazy, there is not a more accomplished gentleman, a more universal favourite, a more attentive individual to all the domestic and public duties of life, or a more conscientious and upright-minded man, than the titled individual in question. One thing, however, we must suggest to this princely gentleman, in regard to Dr. Bowring, though the latter has paid him a misplaced compliment in his book on the Poetry of the Magyars, and that is, either to send the editor of the *Westminster Review* a gold snuff-box, encircled by beaming emeralds, or a cable-chain of Caucasian platina, or his own fair face in a miniature, set round with the most immaculate and magnificent diamonds of the East.

Enough of this, indeed: *Paulo majora canamus*. Like the attendant spirit of Milton's *Comus*, we must "to our task."

In the province of song and ballad translation, probably few men have deserved better than Dr. Bowring; not on account of any supreme manifestation of talent in the individual, but simply on the score of industry. He has well denominated his labours "humble;" they are so in every sense of the word: but then the woodland daisy and the wild briar may possess a perfume sweet, and peculiarly their own, though they may not compete with the broader and more cultivated flowers of the garden. For that very reason, the former, to the truly poetic eye, will ever have a greater value than the latter. Nature, after all, is the true fountain of all perfection: from it every object and animated thing has its being and draws its beauty. Art has its perfection; but then it is only, in mimicry, the perfection of nature. Thus one simple floweret, though never so trifling and humble, with its beautiful blossoms expanded to the breeze, and with its innocent eyes of simplicity

and wonder peering upward at the azure vault of heaven, mellowing into May-tide twilight, is worth all the exotics that can be brought together into a hot-bed, and made to germinate and burst into flower by never-ceasing stercoraceous aid. So one wild and native songster in the woods is worth a host of the "finches of the grove," confined though they be in cages of gold, and suspended by silken and silver cordage around the walls of the most splendid boudoir that ever "black-eyed ladye" fitted up for the most fascinating of lovers. What is all the *rouge* which the pale and languid beauty daubs upon her cheeks, save a faint and inadequate representation of the carnation and graduating red planted on the face of the wood-nymph by the health-bearing "breezes of the lea and grove!" "It is the fashion of the day," quoth my Lord Byron, "to lay great stress upon 'imagination' and 'invention,' the two commonest of qualities. An Irish peasant, with a little whisky in his head, will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a whole poem." Say you so truly, my Lord Byron? Then quoth we, Most potent, grave, and worthy Signior, why did you not give evidence of what can be so easily attained? For the truth

is, that every one of your characters is grounded on the same principle of construction; Harolds, Hugos, Laras, Corsairs, Alps, Manfreds, Juans, and Tassos; Mazeppas, Prisoners of Chillon, Dantes, Selims, and Giaours. Pray, my good nobleman, for what was Shakespeare so famous? For fancy and imagination, or for dull, prosing, finely-polished, artificial phraseology? The fact is, Byron was betrayed, by the imperfection of human nature, to commend in Pope those qualities which he most eminently possessed in his own person; and in Dryden he vainly endeavoured to decry what he fain would have given head and ears to possess. But, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Byron was a glorious piece of humanity, even with his hundred imperfections on his head. We admire the native energies of the man, though we do not admit his lame and halting theories. Strange it is, however, that poets, and those of mightiest intellect, should wofully contradict themselves—should contravene their doctrines by their practice: *e.g.* Byron. The very first passage which we have turned up in his volume of poetry (it is the beautiful volume published by the Galignanis of Paris) is the following, from the *Prisoner of Chillon*:—

"A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird:
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful, till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery.
But then, by dull degrees, came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping, as it before had done;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird, of azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!"

This exquisite passage, which describes the breaking of the morning light—the first faint beams of the new-born sun, as it were, struggling through the grayish curtains of the east; and the blithesome and caroling birds; and their wide range of liberty; and the ravishing and all-enthraling sweetness of their songs; and the inward pining and re-

gret of the soul that liberty should be the widely diffused boon of all things on earth, itself alone excepted; and the rising and sinking of human hope from the bosom's reflection on outward objects,—objects presented by *Nature herself*; and the quickly receding waves of anticipated joy; and then, the soul's intercourse having been

abandoned, and itself left wretched and forlorn, by the *only natural object* which it could behold, and from which it could draw consolation in such magnetic communion: this exquisite passage, we repeat, is, *practically*, the production of the very man who theoretically wrote, "I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakespeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them—I would no more say this, than I would assert in the *me-que* (once St. Sophia's) that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

'To rival all but Shakespeare's name below'" (!!!)

Enough of Byron and his follies, and let us back to our subject. All rude nations are endowed with the genius of poetry, whether it be evidenced in the person of a Northern Sea king, a hero of Morven, a bold bandit from the northern mountains of India, a reckless Bedoween of the desert, or a Huron, or a Cherokee, or an Iroquois. All their knowledge has come from the contemplation of natural objects; and the more vivid these are, the more deeply is their image traced upon the tablets of the memory. Of men thus circumstanced it may, indeed, with the deepest conviction of truth, be said,

"To them, the meanest flower that blows
can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears."

A convincing proof of the genuineness of the poetry of nature, as contra-

distinguished from the poetry of art, may be found in the following simple fact, that the more any human being confines his attention exclusively to *mechanical* employments, however varied or ramified they may be, the more deeply engrained a sensualist he becomes (in the genuine and metaphysical sense of the word), even to the very loss of all recollection of religious obligations. Of this a good exemplification may be found in France, from the time of Louis the Thirteenth downward to the breaking out of the Revolution; for France during that unhappy period might, in all consistency, be said to keep its vivifying energies in vitality by the high-pressure propulsion of a mechanical power. Whereas, with all people, whatever their birth, condition, or quality may be, who are not chained down with their faces to the ground by the fatal and fast-binding necessity to accomplish a number of stipulated and ascertained offices, but have free liberty of limb, and free liberty of sight, to delve into the deepest valleys, and ascend the loftiest mountains,—to range, with the quickness of lightning, from object to object,—to view sun and moon and stars, the varying coruscations of the heavens, and the shadowed undulations of the earth,—to see the dimples in the wavelet of the translucent lake, and the lashing strife and fury of the elements in the broad expanse of ocean,—religion is an active principle, and poetry a pervading essence. Fancy with these has sway,—imagination is rife as a wonder-working dream, and they become true enthusiasts. How beautifully has Wordsworth described one of this class!

'O then what soul was his, when on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth—the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being: in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life."

Of this principle Schiller must have been too fully aware when he wrote his *William Tell*, which W. A. Schlegel has so deservedly called the purest and most perfect of his dramatic pieces. Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in his excellent

life of that poet, has expressed himself exquisitely on this same subject. "The first descent of freedom to our modern world,—the first unfurling of her standard on that rocky pinnacle of Europe, is here celebrated in the style in which

it deserved. There is no false tinsel decoration about Tell, no sickly refinement, no declamatory sentimentality. All is downright, simple, and agreeable to nature; yet all is adorned and purified, and rendered beautiful, without losing its resemblance. An air of freshness and wholesomeness breathes over it; we are amongst honest, inoffensive, yet fearless peasants, untainted by the vices, undazzled by the theories, of more complex and perverted conditions of society. The opening of the first scene sets us down among the Alps. It is 'a high rocky shore of the Luzern Lake, opposite to Schwytz. The lake makes a little bight in the land; a hut stands at a short distance from the bank; the fisher-boy is rowing himself about in his boat. Beyond the lake, on the other side, we see the green meadows, the hamlets, and farms of Schwytz, lying in the clear sunshine. On our left are observed the peaks of the Hacken, surrounded with clouds; to the right, and far in the distance, appear the glaciers. We hear the rance of vaches, and the tinkling of cattle-bells.' Is not this the very cloud-land of poetry?

What eye could gaze on such magnificent scenes,—what ear could hear the gushing of waterfalls, the lowing of cattle, and the tinkling of the bells,—what tongue could hold communion with the beings who inhabit this wild land of dreams, and not cast off the slough of worldly selfishness and vanity; and not recall visions of childhood, and infancy, and early youth; and not awake the long-vanished forms of sleeping parents from the grave; and not feel the ice of worldly care and worldly avarice thaw and dissolve within the bosom, giving a free course and channel to all the exquisite affections of humanity; and not be sensible that we were regenerated and born again unto the Spirit, kneeling in the ecstasy of fervent gratitude, and thanking the great God above for surrounding us poor miserable undeserving worms with such manifold blessings in a world so pure and of such exquisite delights!

The opening songs, as Schiller gives them, are exquisite pictures of sweet contentment and deeply-pervading happiness.

“FISCHERKNABE (singt im Kahn).

(Melodie des Kuhreihens.)

“Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum Bade,
Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen Gestade,
Da hört er ein Klingen,
Wie Flöten so süß,
Wie Stimmen der Engel
Im Paradiess.
Und wie er erwachet in seliger Lust,
Da spühlen die Wasser ihm um die Brust,
Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:
Lieb Knabe, bist mein!
Ich locke den Schäfer,
Ich zieh ihn herein.

“HIRTE (auf dem Berge).

(Variation des Kuhreihens.)

“Ihr Matten lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muss scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.
Wir fahren zu Berg, wir kommen wieder,
Wenn der Kukuk ruft, wenn erwachen die Lieder,
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet neu,
Wenn die Brunnlefn fließen im lieblichen May.
Ihr Matten lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muss scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.

“ALPENJÄGER (erscheint gegenüber auf der Höhe des Felsens.)

(Zweyte Variation.)

“Es donnern die Höhen, es zittert der Steg,
Nicht grauet dem Schützen auf schwindlichem Weg,

Er schreitet verwegen
 Auf Feldern von Eis,
 Da pranget kein Frühling,
 Da grünet kein Reis ;
 Und unter den Flüssen ein neblisches Meer,
 Erkennt er die Städte der Menschen nicht mehr,
 Durch den Riss nur der Wolken
 Erblickt er die Welt,
 Tief unter den Wassern
 Das grünende Feld.”*

[“ Die Landschaft verändert sich, man hört ein dumpfes
 Krachen von den Bergen. Schatten von Wolken
 laufen über die Gegend.”]

* FISHER-BOY (*sings in his boat*).

“ The smiling lake tempted to bathe in its tide,
 A youth lay asleep on its green-swarded side ;
 There heard he a melody
 Flowing and sweet,
 As when voices of angels
 In paradise meet.
 As thrilling with pleasure he wakes from his rest,
 Up rises the water—it flows o’er his breast !
 And a voice from the deep
 Cries, ‘ With me must thou go ;
 I lure the young shepherds,
 And drag them below.’

HERDSMAN (*on the mountains*).

“ Ye meadows, farewell !
 And thou sunny-green shore ;
 The herd must depart,
 For the summer is o’er.
 We traverse the mountain, yet come we again,
 When the birds of the spring re-awaken their strain ;
 When the earth with new flow’rets its breast shall array,
 And the rivulet flow in love’s own month of May.
 Ye meadows, farewell !
 And thou green sunny shore,
 The herd must depart,
 For the summer is o’er.

CHAMOIS HUNTER (*appearing on the top of a cliff*).

“ When it thunders on high, and the mountain-bridge shakes,
 Undismay’d the bold hunter his dizzy path takes.
 He daringly strides o’er
 The icy-bound plain,
 Where spring ne’er can flourish,
 Nor verdure o’er reign.
 All under his feet is a wide misty sea,
 Which shuts from his sight where man’s dwelling may be,
 Save when, through a rent
 In the clouds, is reveal’d,
 Deep under their billows,
 The green of the field.”

[“ The appearance of the landscape changes. A dull,
 cracking sound is heard among the mountains. Sha-
 dows of clouds pass over the ground.

This English translation is from the pen of Mr. Pearsall, an English gentleman long resident in Germany. He has published lately a very good translation of the play, with capital descriptive and historical notes.

But listen, reader, for Mr. Carlyle still speaks. "The highest quality of art is to conceal itself: these peasants (the characters in the play of Tell) of Schiller's are what every one imagines he could imitate successfully; yet, in the hands of any but a true and strong-minded poet, they dwindle into repulsive coarseness and mawkish insipidity. Among our own writers who have tried such subjects, we remember none that has succeeded equally with Schiller. One potent, but ill-fated genius has, in far different circumstances, and with far other means, shewn that he could have equalled him: the *Cotter's Saturday Night* of Burns is, in its own humble

way, as quietly beautiful, as *simplex ditiis*, as the scenes of Tell." Poor, ill-fated Burns, we will not speak of thee and thy misdeeds on the present occasion! Amongst all people with genuine feelings, that is to say, where *refinement* has not spread wide its pernicious influence, there is given the same electric response to the voice of Nature. That the Magyars were of this number, the following specimen from Dr. Bowring's volume will bear testimony. They, too, like all true children of dame Nature, are a poetical people; and poetry with them, it would seem, works a genuine purpose invigorating the soul of man, and making him a more harmonised being.

THE ENTHUSIAST AND PHILOSOPHER.

"*Enthusiast.* Is't thus?

And if not thus, say how?

For a wild fire is burning in my bosom,
Which I can quench not—which I cannot guide,
I strive to build the fair—to build the fairest
Upon the wise—as thou would teach me; I
Would blend my spirit and my heart in one,
Making my hymn both beautiful and strong,
That it may teach—and teaching, may transport
With ecstasy. I ask, with prayerful tear,
My way to fame's bright goal: thou hast the crown—
Teach me to win and wear it—I beseech thee,
With passionate longings I beseech thee—say,
Say thus? Ah, no! 'tis sweet, but not successful.
I cannot reach the bourn; and life to me
Is melancholy waste of life!

"*Philosopher.* 'Give thy feelings ample room,

Time shall soon disperse their gloom.

When bound in snows, the wild-stream leaves its bed
Murmuring, and as it maddens, bears along
Rocks, mud, and forest-branches, can'st thou see
Young flowers and the blue heaven upon its face?
Thou turn'st away in sadness from its waves
So troubled; for 'tis purity that charms,
And quiet. Think on this, and be at rest.
The Muse is a soft maiden, whose bright wand,
Whose odorous ringlets, flinging light around,
Thy lips may kiss. She is not wooed by fierceness;
But turns, deep blushing, to her own sweet self,
From the wild turbulent grasp of stormy thought.

"'Glow—but glow not with blind and savage heat;

Approach with gentleness, and she will wake
Her own responses from thy feeling breast;
Her bright eye will enkindle loveliest light,
Thy soul transporting. Gently, gently come,
And she shall press thee to her breast—that breast
So soft, so warm—and gently kiss her lips;
Her breath shall then impregnate thee—her fires
Bear thee aloft above a thousand stars,
And summon from thy soul harmonious songs.'"

If the highest quality of art be to conceal itself (and the fact is undeniable), and thus to draw into as close an approximation as possible to nature, how

much more valuable must that nature be when presented to us in a pure unadulterated form! This will be found to be the case with all people who

possess national ballads. And now becomes more manifest the utility of Dr. Bowring's labours, which have very materially brought, as he says himself, "the poetry of other lands to the hearths and homes of England." He again says, "My mission, at all events, is one of benevolence. I have never left the ark of my country but with the wish to return to it, bearing fresh olive branches of peace, and fresh garlands of poetry. I never yet visited the land where I found not much to love, to learn, to imitate, to honour. I never yet saw man utterly despoiled of his *humanities*." (The Doctor should be more careful of his phraseology: surely he does not mean *grammatical studies* by the term *humanities*: the word in the hands of a Westminster Reviewer, nay, of the editor himself of wooden-sculled Jerry's journal, is monstrous and unpardonable.) "In Europe, at least, there are no moral nor intellectual wildernesses. Let others go forth with me to gather its fruits and flowers."—*Preface*, p. viii.

In the contemplation of the ancient ballads and songs of any people, the pure-hearted man and the philanthropist must experience unalloyed pleasure. We are here speaking of ballads and songs in the abstract. Of course, no man is scarcely cosmopolite enough to give a preference to the productions of other nations to his own. With this love of Self ruling choice, the Englishman will boast of Chevy Chase, the Scotchman of bold Bruce's Address, the Dane of Swend Voned's and Reddar Olles, the Icelandic of his Regnar Lodbrok, the Norman of the Song of Roland, the Spaniard of the heroical measures in praise of the Bernardo del Carpios and the Cids, and the Arab of his Song of Antár. Let any one view the collection of songs and ballads of any people, and he cannot help being delighted at the beautiful picture presented in them of simple manners and manly virtues. It may be said, however, that the ballads of the Cid, for instance, give a frightful portraiture of the barbarity and licentiousness of the times; and that the songs of the northmen breathe of nothing but fire, sword, vengeance, and annihilation. This is certainly indubitable; but is not every thing to be adjudged according to its relative value. Had Pericles and his Aspasia presented themselves at the court of the *Grand Monarque*, what would that superfine and super-amorous dandy of his

age have thought of such worse than Gothish and Hunnish figures? They would have been, in the twinkling of an eye, mobbed out of the presence-chamber by the obsequious courtiers dancing attendance at the palace of the *Capitale du Monde*, taken by their four shoulders and thrust mercilessly, neck and heels, right into the middle of the muddy, filthy, and pestilential streets. If the finest exquisite of the reign of Elizabeth, or King Solomon himself, who, without doubt, was the great dandy of his day, were to-morrow to present themselves at Lady Londonderry's dining-room, just as a party were about to sit down to the kickshaws and dainties of her *artiste*, what a hubbub would be all at once knocked up in the chamber! Mr. Duncombe would call King Solomon a tiger, and Lord Castlereagh would peremptorily order his bearded majesty to be forthwith shewn to the street-door. Every age, therefore, as our readers must needs be convinced by this powerful mode of argument, should be judged, *relatively*, with a previous or a subsequent age, and all countries should be arraigned with the like reservation. If Spain was so remarkable for its brutality and licentiousness, what was the case with France, or with England, or with Germany, at that same period? Again, the code of morals varies with succeeding centuries: the virtues of one age, as civilisation increases, become the rankest vices of another. Theft is forbidden by a commandment, yet the Spartans taught their children to rob, and theft was no crime in Lacedæmon. The glorious song of

Εν μυστοῦ κλαδί σο ἕψος φέρων,

did not, in after times, authorise the murder of the Athenian kings, though the murder of Hipparchus was supposed by their countrymen to have fairly earned for Harmodius and Aristogiton the meed of a happy immortality in the white islands of the blessed, and in companionship with the souls of Pelides and Diomed. So, when "My Gentle Cid" slaughtered and pillaged, and chopped and changed sides, it was really no sin in the person of that firebrand to the Moors. Neither was Regnar Lodbrok, honest man! though a pirate, an inestimable personage: nor yet was Ella, King of Northumberland, a gentleman to be treated with supercilious contempt.

Regnar, to be sure, was flung by his more lucky foe into a dungeon, to be stung to death by serpents; but what of that? The man behaved like a Trojan, kicked off his shoes (or would have kicked them off, had shoes then been an invented commodity), and sang his song like a dying swan on "Arno's silver stream," and ended his days like a decent man, as became him. He gained everlasting renown among his countrymen for his song and his death, the latter having long been with them an incentive to warlike achievements; and the former having served, as long also, to screw up their courage in the moment of conflict to the veritable sticking-place. Ella, too, was celebrated amongst his people for having caught and killed so big a thief and vagabond (the fellow was a sea-king) as Regnar Lodbrog; and as for the small matter of the nest of serpents—pooh—they were thought nothing of, similar pieces of petty vengeance being customary all the seven days of the week.

But we had nearly forgotten Dr. Bowring and his Magyars.

It is not known precisely from whom the Magyars are descended. Dr. F. Thomas (*Conjecturæ de Origine, &c. Hungarorum*, 3 vols. Buda,) supposes them of Egyptian origin. The word *Hungarii* is of Mogol derivation, and its root *Ingur* signified *strange*. They were divided into seven tribes, the most powerful of which was called *Magyar*, and the name afterwards spread over the whole people. Their favourite theory is, that they are Huns; and Von Orlay asserts that there is a tribe, called by the Russians *Ugrichi*, still inhabiting a district of the Caucasus. Dr. Bowring, on sufficient authority it is to be hoped, contradicts the doctrine of their Mongolian or Hunnish (for it is the same) descent. But, whatever it may be, the thing is not made manifest in the Doctor's volume. That they were a warlike people, the following extract will shew:—

"We know little of Etele (Attila), except from testimony which must be received with the greatest distrust. Priscus Rhetor, who was sent by Theodosius the Second to the court of Etele, speaks of the fondness of the Huns for their native language, and of the festal songs in which, after their festivals, the deeds of their heroes were celebrated in so touching a style, that the aged men of the assembly shed many tears. He men-

tions also, that when Etele returned to his castle, he was met by maidens in white veils, who greeted him with Scythian hymns."

And again:—

"Galeotti, the librarian of King Matthias, asserts that his father, the celebrated John Hunyadi, awakened the martial spirit of his master by the hero-songs which he caused to be recited to him. 'At table, too,' he says, 'musicians and cithara players sung the deeds of valiant warriors in their native tongue to the music of the lyre—an usage,' he continues, 'brought from Rome, and which passed from us (Italians) even to the Hungarians.'"

The Magyars, after many conflicts and migrations, finally settled in Hungary and Transylvania.

Simon de Reza is the first of their chroniclers: to him succeeded John de Turocz. The labours of this individual were followed by the *Chronicon Budense*, by an anonymous author. This was in 1473.

Dr. Bowring then says—

"The battle of Mohács (1526) is the 'Dies ira' of the Hungarians, and its story of defeat and humiliation is more melancholy from its so immediately following a period of hope and of brightness. Hungary had been enlightened by the efforts of her own sons, and by the influx of illustrious strangers, as if merely to contrast with the darkness of Turkish oppression. The Reformation, which, soon after this period, broke in upon the land, did much for the language. The spirit of Lutheranism was essentially popular. Its instrument, the vernacular tongue, especially represented in that mighty machine of knowledge and of power, the press, whose efforts have changed and continue to change the character of nations, and which acts as a security against their permanent decline and fall, began to exert its beneficial influences.

"In the 16th century many printing-presses existed in Hungary. The great circulation of the Bible in the vernacular tongue produced a great demand for books. In the cities of Bartfeld, Dobretzen, Várad, Neusohl, Kassa, were printing establishments supported by the public, and the Magnates assisted those of Detrekö, Ujszigeth, Galgócz, Alsóhendra, Némethujvar, and Pápa. In the following century presses were erected in Trentsain, Silein, Senitz, Puchov, Leutschan, and Csessreg. No censorship existed in any shape during this period."

• The authors of *Magyar Land* now "begin to thicken."

Of the earlier writers, Zrinyi seems to be the best. He was born in the same era which gave birth to Shakespeare and Cervantes. He is the founder

of the modern school of Magyar poetry. The following is the only specimen of his effusions presented by the translator:—

SONG OF THE TURKISH YOUTH.

- " O Fortune! I fling no reproaches at thee,
For thou hast been gentle and gen'rous to me;
And ne'er would I echo the slanders unkind,
Which call thee unjust, or vindictive, or blind.
- " Thou look'st on my love with no menacing air,
But would'st help me to win while I worship the fair;
And while joy piled on joy flings delight on my days,
Let thine be the glory, and thine be the praise.
- " The first vernal song, and the first vernal leaf,
And Nature's sweet childhood—so beauteous and brief;
And the nightingale's strain—and the rivulet's fall—
And the light breeze—are thine—music, beauty, and all.
- " And the summer, when cypresses shade me from heat,
And the zephyrs come freshen'd to kiss my retreat;
Where the tent is above, and the wine-cup goes round,
And the flowers smile below—thou, O Fortune! art found.
- " From autumn's rich harvest thou hasten'st to pour
Pomegranates and citrons—a limitless store;
Or lead'st to the chase, when I follow the prey—
The bird in its flight, or wild beast on its way.
- " When winter comes on, with its loud-rolling storms,
And the snow and the ice in their marvellous forms,
Am I wretched? O no! I hang over my fire,
And have more than I want—ay! and all I desire.
- " I have honour and fame, full enough for my lot;
And my gettings still add to the treasures I've got:
My horse is my glory—my sabre is true—
And O, my sweet maid! thou art faithfulness too.
- " O Fortune! thou wearest my fetters—art bound
In my bonds—and I look without terror around:
No evil will chance me—I feel that the chain
But binds thee more firmly to bless me again."

The author of these lines was " the representative of a family of great antiquity, and was the son of that Ban of Croatia who was poisoned by Wallenstein in 1626. It has been said that his sword had been stained with Turkish blood before he was ten years old; and that, in after times, crowds of Osmanlis rushed to see a hero, ' the beautiful, tall, thin hero,' who had been so much the object of their dread. There is an address of Soliman to the Grand Vizier, in which he directs him not to desist from attack until he has captured Zrinyi, ' the author of so much mischief.' Zrinyi fought and won many battles, but was killed by a wild boar on the 18th November, 1664. He had been covered with honours from many of the powers of Christendom, and was as distinguished for his learning as for

his courage. He spoke six languages, and was a master of the literature of ancient and modern times."

The specimen given of Faludi's powers is extremely pretty. He is one of the best of the Magyar poets. He caught the spirit, according to Dr. Bowring, of the Spanish poets, and has translated one at least of Gongora's romances. He would have done better in leaving that one alone. Lilly did not effect such harm to the language and literature of England as Gongora did to that of Spain. With us, Euphuism has long since passed away; in Spain, Gongorism still holds an enthralment over the minds of the people. Cervantes, indeed, laughed at that conceited individual, and justly called Gongora's manner of writing a steam-engine mode of becoming a poet, or

words to that effect. Gongora was merely the merchant, whose staple was bombast and rant—thundering phrases, and words as noisy as the unchained and blustering winds of heaven. And, with all that noise and bother, there was monstrous little sense; which last was like a Gratiano's wit, two grains of corn to two bushels of chaff; or like Falstaff's halfpennyworth of bread to

his whole tun of sack; or like one of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's bills at his favourite hotel near Spring Gardens; or like Pygmalion Hazlitt's quantum of brain, when compared to the size of his head; or like the poetry of that puppy-dog poet of the Tagliaboschi Grove, in the vicinity of Highgate, whose happy fate has attained what he always conceived the true summit of bliss:—

"The greatest treasure that this world has got
Is lovely woman in a rural cot."—*Pimint, a Poem.*

In the specimens of Faludi, however, adduced by the Doctor, we see nothing of Gongorism. The individual who, after the manner of that pompous knave in Terence, Gnatho, gave his con-

founded name to the cockney school of Spain, has not in his whole collection such a pretty piece of composition as the following:—

THE GAY-PLUMED BIRD.

"Thou gay-plumed bird, whose never-bridled flight
O'er field, o'er forest, is one long delight;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, how blest 'twould be!
Thy songs to sing, to fly, to rest with thee,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, thou canst no longer sing!
Thou art imprisoned by the fowler's spring;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not go
Sporting with such delusive treacheries. No!
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, though liberty is gone,
Yet kindness waits thy every want upon;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I still should long
For the free heaven and the wild woodland song,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, thy golden chain to me
Were but a decorated misery!
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I would not fill
Thy gaudy prison, were it gaudier still,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou gay-plumed bird, they bring thee sugar'd meat
Use flattering words, caressing while they cheat;
Were I a gay-plumed bird, that sweetened waste
Were worse than very poison to my taste,
Thou gay-plumed bird!

"Thou luckless bird! Alas! and thou hast lost
That plumage, once thy brightness and thy boast!
Were I a gay-plumed bird, I could not dwell
A prisoner in thy solitary cell,
Thou gay-plumed bird!"

Or these, which rival the touching simplicity of some of our early song writers:

THE FALSE MAID.

"She is born of noble stem,
Fairer than the fairest gem
Which upon her robe doth shine,
Graceful, beautiful, divine.

What avails it all to me?

She is false as false can be!

"She has eyes like damsons black,
Shining like the comet's track;
Mouth of witchery—lightning glance—
Heaven is in her countenance.

What avails it all to me?

She is false as false can be!

Neck of alabaster, lips
Crimson as to a eclipse,
Chin of marble's smoothest glow,
Shoulders piled of purest snow.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!

Fair when distant, fair when near,
Fair her smile, and fair her tear;
Fair when bending, fair erect—
Unadorn'd, or gem-bedeck'd.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!

She has wit, and song, and sense—
Mirth, and sport, and eloquence;
She has smiles of ecstasy—
Grace and beauty's treasury.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!

I have been on Pindus hill,
I have heard her music fill—
Fill with glory heaven and earth—
Ne'er such glorious songs had birth.
What avails it all to me?
She is false as false can be!"

THE ANSWER.

He is of illustrious name,
Free from spot, and free from blame;
Bred as noble minds are bred,
Leading, too, as he was led:
Yet I love him not—and I
Know full well the reason why!

Lustrous are his eyes as light,
And as milk his skin is white;
Never did vermilion streak
Beauty fairer than his cheek:
Yet I love him not—and I
Know full well the reason why!

Wisdom all his forehead arches,
He is tall as mountain larches;
Waving locks of chestnut hair,
Lips as twilight dawning fair:
Yet I love him not—and I
Know full well the reason why!

When he sits upon his steed,
Mars must yield for strength and speed;
Here and there, and to and fro,
Like a Centaur, see, they go:
Yet I love him not—and I
Know full well the reason why!

Witty, wise, and honour'd too;
Tasteful, learned through and through;
Calm, courageous, just, urbane;
Courteous eye; without a stain:
Yet I love him not—and I
Know full well the reason why!

When he smiles, delight is nigh;
Joy salutes him, passing by;
Pleasure in his steps is treading,
And his friendship 'tis an Eden:
Yet I love him not—for I
Heard him call me false—that's why!"

Gideon Raday is the next man of note whom we shall mention. He died in 1792; and exerted considerable influence over his native language and literature. He was educated in Germany. Of him we have two specimens: one denominated "Water, Wind, Reputation;" the other, "The Three Idlers of King Matthew Corvinus, an old Tradition." We give the latter, for a particular reason, with which the reader shall be made acquainted anon.

"There is an ancient saying—Idleness
Is the world's curse: and I have heard a story
Out of old time, instructive.

"King Matthew once, half tipsy, put three fellows—
Three idle fellows—in a house to fatten;
And fate, or forethought, set the house on fire.
'Ah! see, the house is burning!' cried the first;
'If the king want us,' said the second knave,
'Why he will send and save us.' In a rage,
'Your tongue is very glib,' exclaimed the third;
And the house went on burning, and they perish'd.

O there are many idle dogs like these—
Many who open wide their lazy mouths,
And think that roasted ortolans will enter."

Doctor Bowring had the kindness to send us a copy of the volume under review by way of presentation. We are infinitely obliged to him for his attention. Whether, however, he has tried to play a trick upon us we know not, but most certainly, at p. 30 of the work, we have found a half-sheet of MS. as a sequel to the above catastrophe: it runs to the following effect:—

" Not so, do they who sit at Jerry's table ;
 That is to say, they ope their mouths, and cram
 Their maws ungodly with what haps to be
 On Jerry Bentham's board, not very ample
 In length or in expanse, yet covered well
 With tripe and cabbage, and such sort of gear
 As gladdens eye the heart of civic snip,
 Not that Utilitarian Jerry is
 A snip, but all his followers are snips,
 That is to say, are snips in intellect ;
 Save one, who's Wellingtonian Coulson hight,
 And Editor of that same Abend-Zeitung
 That's call'd the 'Varsal Globe :— Oh, happy Coulson
 Then Jerry grows enamoured of his pot
 Of Barclay's best, and opening wide his gullet,
 Like Chops of Channel or Tom Thumb's big giant,
 He gulps down what would full swill Glumdaleclitch ;
 And when his face glows like the setting sun,
 (Spied in Augusta through a gathering fog,—
 When it is red as salamander's fire ;)
 He cries aloud, being quite inebriate :—
 ' Say, all ye sons of— Mammon—asses all,—
 Though ye can hardly tell great B from bull's foot,—
 Say, am I not a devilish clever fellow ?
 Then all the asses, opening wide their gills,
 And looking in wild amazo, when thus address'd,
 E'en Bowring's self, and old and younger Mill,
 And whisker'd Southern, (for whom see Hood's ' Whims,')
 Cum multis aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum est,
 (Here ' longum' means, are tall, and lank, and hungry,)
 Respond—' Great Lama of great Westminster,
 Thou art, in sooth, the damnd'est, cleverest fellow
 We e'er beheld, and fit to set the Thames
 On fire, in spite of frost, and storm, and rain.'
 Then answers Jerry, chuckling like the beast
 Hyæna hight, and found on Afric's soil :—
 ' Say ye then so, my jolly men of wax ?
 Ye do right well to call me clever fellow,
 Or wherefore fill I all your empty guts ?
 So, mark me well : I am in lieu of those
 Who to Dodona and to Delphi's cave
 Drew, erst, all fate-inquiring ministrants :
 And, sure as fate, the world will go to pot,
 Unless it follows all my rules and saws.'
 But there was one Macauley, Thomas Bab-
 ington his names baptismal, and he wrote,
 At the suggestion of one Francis Jeffrey
 (A mean and milk-and-water Whig was he),
 Aided by Mister Macvey Napier,
 The partisan of Jack-Pudding Macculloch,
 Sundry long, flippant papers 'gainst the Jerry,
 At which the world did laugh in muckle glee ;
 And on the world went laughing—and it went
 To pot :— So Calf's-Head prophesied right well !"

Quoth John Bowring, M.D.

In Doctor Bowring's collection there
 is a capital Frog Song and Chorus,
 which we should like much to notice
 had we space, for, by its characters
 constantly harping upon one cracked
 note, it very much reminds us of a
 certain place which shall be nameless.
 We eschew, however, the bearish em-
 braces of Sir James Scarlett, and we
 therefore pass to a production of Fran-
 cis Kazinczi. It is entitled " the Be-

loved," and is overflowing with exqui-
 site and simple imagery, simply and
 exquisitely described. It is of the pre-
 sent century.

" Where the gay streamlet
 Springs from the mountain,
 Laughing and dancing
 Came a sweet maiden
 Bearing a violet,
 Azure and odorous ;
 Smiling she dropt it

Into my bosom ;
 And on my forehead
 Planted warm kisses
 Many and glowing—
 ‘ Breathe through thy harp-strings,’
 Thus said the maiden ;
 ‘ Breathe out the spirit
 I have awakened’—
 Swiftly she vanished.

“ Then came a dovelet,
 Flutt’ring, complaining,
 And a green cradle
 Made of young branches,
 Touching my lips
 With sweet dewy honey.

“ As I grew older,
 Beautiful visions
 Glanced through the foliage
 Of the old oak trees ;
 Near the clear streamlet
 Rising irrisuous,
 Visions of beauty
 Which my song chanted.
 Then did my country
 And her bright children
 Waken its music—
 Then did love’s passion
 Thrill through the harp-strings,
 And the bright eye-balls
 Of that divine one,
 Who in the darkness
 Of the green garden
 Beam’d—and fled smiling.
 Wicked one ! darting
 Into my bosom—
 And then departing.”

Nor must Kisfaludy be forgotten.
 His genius has effected a deep impres-
 sion on his country. His mind was
 cultivated beyond the customary re-
 finement of his countrymen, for he was
 in Italy with the Austrian army during
 the period of that empire’s struggle
 against the culminating genius of Na-
 poleon Buonaparte :—

“ As the suffering hart, confounded
 By the lance that tears his veins,
 Flies in vain—for he is wounded—
 Vainly flies to woods or plains :
 Since thy piercing eye look’d through me,
 So I flee—and vainly flee ;
 Still thy magic barbs pursue me—
 I am wounded, maid ! by thee.
 And the wound but seems the stronger
 As my flight is further—longer :
 Smitten hart ! alas ! thy pain
 Seeks relief or rest in vain.

“ As the zephyrs, gay and airy,
 Glance through nature’s flowery hall ;
 So she glides—a graceful fairy—
 Through the mazes of the ball.

O how stately are her paces !
 O how princely is her gait !
 All her path is led by graces,
 Light and beauty on her wait.
 And those lips that smile so brightly,
 And that breast that heaves so lightly ;
 On how many hearts did she
 Fling the chains of slavery !

“ All the bright world’s charms seem
 brighter,
 All the frowns of grief are gone ;
 Livelier beats my heart, and lighter ;
 Sweeter is my harp’s sweet tone.
 Life’s fresh spring is renovated,
 Bliss finds wings of pride and power,
 Nobler passions are created,
 Beings’ struggles upward tower :
 I, a new-born life possessing,
 Lov’d and loving—bless’d and blessing—
 Darkening thoughts have pass’d away,
 All is new delight and day.”

The next extract is “The Cottager’s
 Song.” Happy land of the Magyars !
 where the upas bane of political eco-
 nomy has not yet crept into existence.
 But, perchance, some day—some fatal
 day, you, too, may have your Peels
 and Huskissons, and Ricardos and
 Maccullochs, exuding their baleful
 doctrines and dogmas, and shrivelling
 into black deformity whatever had
 sought to expand into green luxuriance
 beneath the shelter of their branches,
 even to the smallest flower that kindly-
 intentioned Nature had, with her lavish
 hand, scattered over the wide surface
 of the plain. Where, alas ! are the
 blithesome peasants of Old England ?
 Where the bluff yeoman, full of the
 sweetest affections of which humanity
 is capable, looking, with a contented
 bosom, at his wife and his encircling
 family, straining the first to his love-
 fraught heart, and kissing the dimpled
 cheeks of his merry-eyed and caroling
 children,—then praying for unnum-
 bered blessings on the head of the good
 monarch of his country, and kneeling
 with fervent hope at the footstool of
 his Maker, pouring forth, in such
 manly words as can be prompted by
 the deep workings of an untutored
 heart, his humble offering of praise
 and thankfulness for the daily blessings
 which he enjoyed ? Then, indeed, was
 the time,

“ Ere England’s griefs began,
 That every rood of ground maintain’d its
 man.”

What was the secret then of the hap-
 piness of the peasantry of England ?

It had a competency for the narrow circle of its wants. The day was given to active occupation; for labour was not then so rare as it is at the present crisis of misery, and, consequently, the innumerable desires engendered by idleness had no scope for their destruc-

tive action. But a woful change has come over the aspect of affairs. Hear Mr. Bowles, (a true Vates, or son of song, to whom genius has given to hear some of the ecstatic modulations of the "Melodies Eternal,") in his poem of *Banwell Hill*. He draws the contrast :

" A village then
Was not as villages are now. The hind
Who dived, or ' jocular drove his team afield,'
Had then an independency of look
And heart; and, plodding in his lowly path,
Disdain'd a parish dole—content, though poor.
He was the village monitor; he taught
His children to be good, and read their book,
And in the gallery took his Sunday place,—
To-morrow, with the bee, to work
His daughter walked, content and innocent
As lovely, in her lowly path. She turn'd
The hour-glass, while the humming-wheel went round,
Or went ' a-Maying' o'er the fields in Spring,
Leading her little brother by the hand,
Along the village lane, and o'er the stile,
To gather cowslips; and then home again,
To turn her wheel, contented, through the day. . . .

" Now, mark the change!—
The fuming factory's polluted air
Has stained the country! See that rural nymph—
An infant in her arms! She claims the dole
From the cold parish, which her faithless swain
Denies. He stands aloof, with clownish leer,
The constable, behind—and, mark his brow!—
Beckons the nimble clerk. The justice, grave,
Turns from his book a moment, with a look
Of pity; signs the warrant for her pay—
A weekly eighteen-pence. She, unhash'd,
Slides from the room; and not a transient blush,
Far less the accusing tear, is on her cheek! —

" A different scene comes next:—That village maid
Approaches timidly, yet beautiful;—
A tear is on her lids, when she looks down
Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won—
The wedding-day was fixed—the ring was bought!—
'Tis the same story—Colin was untrue! . . .
. So crime still follows crime.
Ask we the cause? See where those engines heave,
That spread their giant arms o'er all the land!—
The wheel is silent in the vale! Old age
And youth are levelled by one parish law!—
Ask why that maid all day toils in the field,
Associate with the rude and ribald clown,
Ev'n in the shrinking pudency of youth?
To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself.
Parental love is smitten to the dust:
Over a little smoke the aged sire
Holds his pale hands; and the deserted hearth
Is cheerless as his heart!"

This is the language of the amiable clergyman of the parish of Bremhill, and he has had ample opportunities of witnessing what he has so powerfully described. The comforts of our lower orders have been cut to pieces by the pernicious doctrines of ignorant empirics. Our peasantry have been ruined, lost, undone, spite of the truth, which, though powerfully delivered, needed not the graces of

poetry, or other adventitious ornament, to find an introduction into the heart of every sensible man : —

“ Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can—never be supplied !”

But we beg Dr. Bowring's pardon for keeping him waiting while we are employed in “thundering” forth—(vide *Times* newspaper, which always now writes its leading articles to the tune of thunder,)—in thundering forth, we eat, our indignation at those mischievous reptiles who have brought the country to its present pretty pass. We are highly culpable, we admit, in employing our time on a matter of such trifling importance ; so go we at once to “The Cottager's Song,” in the Magyar specimens. It is by Michael Vitkovics, who only died in September of last year.

“ No elegant palace God raised o'er my head,
Rich tapestry gave not, nor silk to my bed ;
But a cottage of peace, and a rude, healthy life,
And, to crown my enjoyments, a brown, cheerful wife.
Together we earn the coarse bread which we eat,
And love makes it taste more delightfully sweet.
When our labours are ended, together we rest,
And each to the other's bare bosom is prest.
The sun rises up—and we rise, full of joy,
Full of strength, to the busy day's wonted employ.
Then the spring dawns in green, and the fields smile anew,
And every fresh flow'et is dripping with dew ;
And the song of the lark pours its melodies sweet,
Like a zephyr of freshness on summer's close heat.
Then comes the gay vintage—the red grapes we bear,
And alike of the labour and recompense share.
The winter puts on its white robes—we retire
At even, and bend o'er our own cottage fire.
My Sari turns round the gay spindle and sings,
And out of our happiness time makes its wings.
I have handicraft labours—and, happy the thought,
For this pay no taxes to Germans—nor ought.
The Sabbath comes round, and in holyday gear
I go to God's dwelling—then quietly steer
To the *kortsma*, where, cheer'd by a wine-loving brother,
We pledge a full glass, and we laugh with each other—
Get warm, and we call on the gipsies to play.
I know of no care, roll the world as it may :
I nothing am owed, and to nobody owe—
Hurting none, none will hurt me—so smiling we go
On the rude path of life—when its labours are past,
Death will find us both ready and cheerful at last.”

The following “Hussar Song” is nearly as good as Körner's Address to his Sword, and quite equal to the *Διῶτι παιδὶς τῶν Ἑλλήνων* of Ritza, or the Minstrel Boy of Anacæon, or (as the *Age* says) little Theighen Moore. It is the production of Gabriel Döbrentei :—

“ Mother ! dost weep that thy boy's right hand
Hath taken a sword for his father-land ?
Mother ! where should the brave one be
But in the ranks of bravery ?

“ Mother ! and was it not sad to leave
Mine own sweet maiden alone to grieve ?
Julia ! where should the brave one be
But in the ranks of bravery ?

"Mother! if thou in death wert laid,
Julia! if thou wert a trencherous maid;
O then it were well that the brave should be
In the front ranks of bravery!

"Mother! the thought brings heavy tears,
And I look round on my youth's compeers;
They have their griefs and loves, like me,
Touching the brave in their bravery.

"Mother! my guardian! O be still;
Maiden! let hope thy bosom fill;
Kirá! and country! how sweet to be
Battling for both in bravery!

"Bravery—ay, and Victory's hand—
Shall wreath my sákí† with golden band;
And in the camp the shout shall be,
O! how he fought for liberty!"

Is not the one entitled "To my Beloved," by Francis Verseggi, nearly equal to the beautiful anacreontic of our own Herrick, "Gather ye roses while ye may?" Verseggi died in 1823.

"Pluck we the roses—let us pluck the roses,
O my sweet maiden! when we find them blooming;
While they are smiling midst their thorny branches,
Pluck we the roses.

"Bright as they seem, the spirit of perdition
Sweeps them ere morning. Shall we lose the transports
Now pressing round us, in the distant dreaming
Future may promise?

"All that we have is blended in the present;
Chances and changes trifle with the future;
Oft 'tis task to mingle in joy's chalice
Drops of dark poison."

Dr. Bowring has given us specimens of Magyar drinking songs, by which it would appear that they are jolly dogs those same people of Hungaria. It has now become a fashionable maxim among the physicians of London, "that water-drinking prolongs life." The dictum is stale. *ἔδωκε μὲν ἀγιστὸν*, says old Pindar. But there is a flat contradiction given to that learned saw in the lately reported case of Captain Evans, the murderer of Hemmings, who murdered the Rev. Mr. Parker. That old blear-eyed ruffian actually lived to the age of ninety-five; and kept up his animal spirits by going drunk to his bed every night during the last twenty years or so of his beastly life. And then what a glorification of mortality was the uproarious Teian! We remember having, in consequence of many reports, taken a thorough dislike to that kind-hearted, excellent individual, Dr. Kitchiner, the "Cook Oracular;" but it all vanished, like dew before the genial rays of the

morning sun, when we heard him, from the top of his long, narrow slip of a table in Warren Street, vociferate the song, "Fill the bumper again—fill the bumper again." And the party did fill until Croly's eloquence waxed powerful as those men of ancient metal who

"Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over
Greece;"

and Robert Pierce Gillies warbled "Kitty Clover" like one of the sweet singers of Israel; and Frederick Mooney cut a curvet like a caracoling stallion over the table; whilst Tom Gent slid down his carcass beneath the table, and, having imbibed four quarts of the Doctor's best port, lay, like Leviathan, created hugest of living monsters, floating, and

"Slumbering (i. e. snoring) on the
Norway foam."

Could Christopher North, *nomen venerabile*, deliver those divine effusions of his fancy, the immortal Noctes, equalled

only by the "Noctes cœnæque Deorum" spoken of, we forget where, or could James Hogg be James Hogg, unless they had respectively swallowed, for the nonce, twenty bouncing tumblers of whisky toddy? The thing is inconceivable. The only time Tommy Moore pleased us was when, after quaffing sixteen glasses of gin and water, he sung the adventures of "Paddy Holloway" as many times. (Gentle reader, you may conceive in what a condition the wee bit monster must have been.) We remember laughing till our sides were ready to split. He was as drunk as an owl in an ivy-bush when he first volunteered to sing. James Mackintosh was there, and he tipped us the wink: the party was drunk, and the national bard of Erin struck up in fine style "Paddy Holloway." When he ended, applause followed; and when that ceased, the shrill of a fellow again perked himself up in his chair, and volunteered another song. We had had enough of his caterwauling, and wanted to drink our liquor in quietness; but Jem Mackintosh tipped us another wink, and the remonstrance on the tip of our tongue retired and laid down behind the *ἰσχυρός* *οδοντων*, like a growling Cerberus. "God bless your noble hearts!" drawled out the bit of a man, with a lisp, a slow stutter, and a drunken laugh,— "God bless your noble and worthy hearts! I can sing: who says I can't? Botheration to those that do! But, Lord love ye! that isn't my best song—though I sing that very well—Hi! ha, ha! hi, hi! I have a hundred others, as you know, and good ones too, for I write 'em all with this identical little fist of mine. But did you ever hear me sing 'Paddy Holloway'?—a devilish good song: I do it better than any other, and I—sing devilish well, though I say it, that

shouldn't—God bless us all!" and he struck up again "Paddy Holloway!"

This same thing was repeated after each tumbler; of which there being sixteen, "Paddy Holloway" was repeated sixteen times by the national bard of Erin—"upon our veracity."

Perhaps, our delectable reader, thou wouldst fain know something of this most pleasant ditty. Thou shalt have every word of it, for it demonstrates the folly of fighting duels, metaphysically considered. Matters of duelling have been rife, of late, in this our land, in consequence of the example shewn by our thrice-glorious first lord of the treasury, immortal Wellington; seconded, as that example was, by the efforts of Sir Skipjack Sugden and our own dear Tom Tough of ultra Tories, Sir Charles Wetherell. Here, our worthy gentleman or lady, is the song. It was given us by pigmy Moore himself, after his sixteenth tumbler as aforesaid. For when he had warbled it sixteen times, without being conscious that he was giving it more than once, we all burst out into a horse-laugh at the drollery of the circumstance; and the little hero began to wax wrathful, and to splutter like a fish in a frying-pan, or a roasting chestnut. We appeased him by protesting that we had just then heard it for the first time, and that it was the choicest of earthly melodies. Thomas grinned like a green-tailed monkey, and insisted on giving each of the company a copy of the song. He called for pen, ink, and paper, and began scribbling odd, queerish figures, which were afterwards found to be meant for old English. He had, however, only time to transcribe it once (we are the owner of that precious holograph), when away slipped the chair from under him, and whack he came on the floor.

PADDY HOLLOWAY.

"O! what a big nose had the brave Captain Norogan!
Paddy Holloway he pulled it, until he made it snore again.

Whack! fol de riddle!

Shoot him through the middle;

Whack! fol de riddle, well-a-day!

Whack! fol de riddle!

Shoot him through the middle,

Kill Paddy Holloway!

"Let us meet by the duck-pond," said the brave Captain Norogan;
Paddy Holloway shall shake for it—he never shall snore again."

Whack! fol de riddle! &c.

" So they chose me for their second, which was odd, I think, in truth, of 'em ;
For he who's second man to two men is no more than third man to the both of 'em.

Whack ! fol de riddle ! &c.

" So the Captain he fired first, but his was not a lucky shot ;
Paddy Holloway he fired afterwards, and a most beautiful duck he shot.

Whack ! fol de riddle ! &c.

" And then 'twas I that forward came, and said, ' Come, let us shake it up ;
For, after all, what is a duel but fire a couple of shots, and then join fists, and
make it up ?

Whack ! fol de riddle !

No more shooting through the middle.

Whack ! fol de riddle, well-a-day !

Whack ! fol de riddle !

A bowl of punch, you divil —

Get drunk with Paddy Holloway."

Indeed, Doctor Bowring, are you tired of waiting, though we have told you
a good story ? Well, then, here's at you :—

DRINKING SONG.

" Out with it ! the knave is a miscreant, and more,
Who behind your back says what he wont say before ;
To the yells of foul slander as little I list,
As I list to the howl of a dog in the mist.
Let his tongue in his mouth-roof to rottenness turn ;
My God shall assist me his slanders to spurn.

" Let the world go to wreck, if the vine-trees be spared,
And their rich ruby drops without culture be reared ;
Our minds to enlighten,
Our spirits to brighten,
Hurra ! and hurra ! and hurra ! to the pledge ;
Dive down to the crystalline deeps from the edge.

" I know of a city, and Buda its name ;
Near Buda flows onwards the Duna of fame ;
In Duna's a fish—'tis the Hartse—o'er all
May the blessing of God's own benignity fall ;
And joy with the honest and excellent be,
While the worthless are given to infamy.

" Yes ! let bliss be with all from God's bounty divine,
And the clouds drop down rain, and the cellar give wine ;
And our garments be free from the taint of a spot ;
Our Magyars rule *Oláh*, and *Német*, and *Tót*."

God give us all blessing,
Wine, ~~meat~~, salt possessing ;
Give oats to the Pole,
To our foes the grave's hole,
To Magyar community
Health, peace, and unity,
Wine and roasted meat beside,
But first a good and lovely bride."

The length to which our lucubrations have run, suggested by these translations of Dr. Bowring, warns us to conclude. We cannot do better than give
" The Tiszian " for our last extract, as a vivid picture of Hungarian feeling :—

" From the smiling fields of Rakosh, on the market-day of Pest,
Lo ! an Over-Tiszian Chikosh in his snowy bunda drest ;
Bunda wearing, bagpipes bearing,
And he seeks the ' Three Cups ' Tavern, where they sell of wine the best.

" There they jok'd the sheep-clad Chikosh — asked him if in Tiszian land
People spoke the Magyar language, and could Magyar understand ?

Or if Tiszians spoke like Grecians ?

So when they had ceased their laughing, thus he answered out of hand :

" ' Our Hungarians out of pitchers drink the overflowing wine ;
Spice their food with rich paprika, and from ancient platters dine ;

Your Hungarians are barbarians,

And the manners of our fathers, scouted by such sons, decline.

" ' Your Danubians — not Hungarians — out of tinkling glasses drink,
Eat their roast from latten dishes, pleased to hear their glasses chink ;

Silly traitors ! — while their betters

Think they are but bastard Magyars, though they say not *all* they think.

" ' We have not a Tiszian hostess — none, but speaks our Magyar ;
Here they prattle out their German — pretty patriots they are !

But if German they prefer, man,

Soon would each wine-drinking Magyar fly from their infected bar.

" ' Priests and preachers 'midst our Tiszians speak our Magyar tongue alone ;
E'en our Rusniakian papas make the Magyar tongue their own ;

Here, Teutonic, or Latzone ; *

Any, any thing but Magyar — and of Magyar nothing known."

The court of Austria has needlessly tried to eradicate the language and manners of the Magyars. This is a work of danger, and will only serve to defeat every effort towards the promotion of popular improvement and happiness. Austria, however, endeavours to counteract these in every possible manner, and it may for many years proceed in this mistaken course ; but nations will, in time, vindicate their own rights, and Austria may, one day, be taught a severe and a memorable lesson.

" Of the historical songs," says Dr. Bowring, " none are earlier than those of the wars of the last Hungarian revolution. Of the oral stories (*Mesék* or *Regék*) of the Magyars, I shall translate Mailath's interesting description : —

" ' The Magyar story-tellers are one of the many evidences of the oriental origin of the people. Like the Night-fablers of Arabia, they go on by the hour — ay, by the night long — without wearying their hearers. These are, for the most part, to be found among soldiers and peasants. The stories which in other lands are preserved only in work-rooms and nurseries to our days, are narrated in the porch, by watch and shepherd fires, and amidst the night labours of the field. The character of the Magyar tale is wholly unlike that of southern lands. The hero is generally a student, a soldier, or a king's son ; his companion, a magic horse called *Tatós*, who is his counsellor and saviour. His enemy is often a dragon with six, nine,

or twelve heads, and the hero must undergo three ordeals ; and this number is the ruling one throughout the story. There is a sharpness and oddity about the conception, and an original development of the plot. The scenery, and the deeds of the principal actors, shew that the stories emanate from a people who lived in elevated places. The narrator sometimes unites two or three stories in one — sometimes divides one into many — elaborates or changes it according to his own caprice or the demands of his audience. It has happened that many tales of foreign origin have been introduced, which have been all nationalised by time. I remember to have heard a celebrated story-telling woman in the Abaujvár district narrate one of Gozzi's best tales ; and the well-known and foreign ' Swan Maiden ' is current all over Hungary. The national may be immediately distinguished from the exotic."

" Of the lyrics of the nation, the collection I have translated will serve to give a fair idea. To advocate their merits as literary compositions is no part of my task. I have given nearly the whole that have reached me, in order to shew what are the songs of the Magyar people. Hungarian towns and villages, and rivers and plains, and hills and valleys, have been painted and described by many. Here are some of the thoughts of those who dwell there. The dresses of Hungary and Transylvania decorate many books, and are the subject of many pictures. Here are some of the adornings of the inward man — here is something of the costume of mind."

As long as a nation preserves its national songs and ballads, it may work out its own freedom. In times of danger the efficacy of songs is felt: they seem to infuse that enthusiasm into the heart of man before the battle, which the trumpet clang never fails to inspire in the moment of the ensanguining fray. With this feeling, then, what Bishop Lowth has said of the song commemorating the valiant act of the tyrannicides of Athens, in regard

to the slaughter of Cæsar, will be as powerfully apposite to the simple and touching effusions of the Hungarian minstrel:—

“Quod si post idus illas Martius à tyrannoctonis quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset, inque Saburram, et fœci circulos, et in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profectò fulset de partibus deque dominatione Cæsarium: plus mehercule valsisset unum *Agadieu melos*, quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes.”

STANZAS.

THEY scorn me when I weep for thee,
 Their scorn I well can bear,
 And treasure up thy memory,
 And cherish my despair.
 Oh God! I could in ceaseless tears
 My very soul out-pour,
 For what hath been in other years,
 And never can be more!

Most blessed Spirit! still I stray
 At evening's holy hour,
 Where we so oft have felt the sway
 Of solemnising power!
 And as, with mournful look upraised,
 I watch the kindling skies,
 I think how gladly once I gazed
 On them—and on thine eyes!

I know that, 'mid the proud on earth,
 When thou wert wont to rove,
 Thou didst not deem their splendour worth
 The poet's boundless love:
 And I will still believe that though
 Near God's bright throne thou be,
 Thou hast some thought of one below
 Whose thoughts are all of thee!

THE THREE GIUSEPPES.

I HAVE been for some time very much distressed for my excellent friend the Honourable Tom Shuffleback. There is not alive a fellow of a more agreeable vein of humour, or so utterly regardless of the rules of the world; yet when I last visited him at his hunting box, the remnant of a baronial property, which has long since ceased to acknowledge him as an owner, I perceived a heart-brokenness about him altogether unaccountable. He possesses the same delicacy of taste and power of digestion which he has always manifested in matters of venison and turtle; and the racy Burgundy and cool Bourdeaux meet with the like homage as heretofore. But yet he is a changed man. I staid an additional week with him on purpose to unravel the mystery, and help him to finish a quarter cask of La Fitte. For a long time I was as unsuccessful in the one as successful in the other. At length I remarked, that, ever and anon, after the third bottle, he carefully removed a volume of manuscript from a cunningly-carved oaken box; and having cast his eye over a few pages, threw back the book, and instantly yielded to wayward moodiness. "More wine in the library," he would say to his butler—a sure sign of wo and thirst.

I was resolved to discover the secret; therefore, one evening after we had picked the bones of a cold turkey and a brace of widgeons (I never saw him more dejected), and emptied a flaggon of home-brewed (on this occasion he scarcely swallowed a drop), I loitered behind; and the instant he disappeared, sprung to the book-case, took down the box, inserted my pen-knife below the edges of the nails of the hinges, and thus, in a moment, foiled one of Bramah's best patent locks—slipped out the volume, hugged it, like my first-born, to my bosom, and, with candle in hand, stalked, like Lady Macbeth, to my chamber. Poor Tom! I heard him desire the butler to bring him a mug of hot wine, with a toast in it. His agony of heart must have been bitter. Grief is, indeed, catching—and, from the bottom of my heart, acutely feeling for my friend—I gave the same order.

The secret soon disclosed itself. I hastily made a copy of the melancholy detail, and, with sunrise, re-deposited the volume, re-screwed the box, and came to breakfast, with a yawn that expressed nothing but "this moment out of bed." I was now obliged to proceed to London without delay, taking a provincial tour in my route. My readers will judge of my astonishment—if they read a little farther—when I tell them that the first intelligence I received on reaching the capital was, that my poor friend, on the very day I left him, had run off with his cook.

I thought this removed all hesitation about giving publicity to my felonious acquisition, especially as I had a hankering after the young woman myself. I therefore present you the extract, as I took it from poor Tom's Diary.

"Roma—O, Roma!"—I find that it is usual, and considered classical, to indulge in a fervid exclamation on entering this imperial city. I forgot that ceremony when I arrived; but it is never too late to be well doing either in morals or taste. If the matter had been left to my own judgment, I would rather have said, "Lady Ellen—O, Lady Ellen Roselle!" she is the most splendid model of nature's workmanship. Canova's chisel fell from his fingers when he looked upon her, and so would Chantry's, if such an enviable moment of contemplation had been given to him. I see her before me. Tall, but not lengthy; a bust heaving with life and warmth; and which, in symmetry, outdoes all the swelling of Parian marble; lips, which close with a smile; glossy hair, jet as the tresses of the daughters of Italy, but not hanging lank and wicky over mahogany shoulders—it curls on her neck, and touches a skin which vies in hue with the snow-flake in mid-heaven; eyes mild and swimming, not ever on the glare, straining to flash like clouds surcharged with summer lightning; but allowing looks of benignity to steal forth, which sink the deeper in the heart because they are not dreaded; and, when her soul is kindled, letting loose a flood of fire, which, to resist or

endure, is given to no mortal man; her carriage dignified—she is connected with the most influential families in England; her deportment polished—she has manors in five counties; her voice harmony—she can command four boroughs; her attitudes perfection—she has a freehold in a ring fence of thirty-two miles; her gait majestic—she has one hundred and eighty thousand pounds in the three per cents.

It cannot, therefore, appear unnatural (I have sold my lands almost to my last acre; and owe more than many a great don was ever worth), that I should exclaim, "O, Lady Ellen—Lady Ellen Roselle!"

Neither can it be regarded as a matter of wonder, that for the same reason I keep a sharp eye on Baron Grosham. He is—but I must be correct—he says, he has a principality near Heidelbergh; but then he is as empty as a drained tun. Our American friend, Dick Schuykill, is of comely exterior and insinuating address; but still, I never saw my Ellen but she shrunk from intimacy with the Virginian savage, as if she had plucked from off the branch an evening slug instead of a rennet. As for Ned Thelusion, he is too much a book-worm to be a redoubtable rival; besides, he has no shoulders—he stoops, and the only colour in his cheeks is the hectic flush of early dissolution—his heel is slipping over the grave's edge, while he thinks, silly fool, that he stands on adamant. Then he is everlastingly contaminating the air with scraps and odds and ends of those knaves who made my early years miserable. To be sure, it is strange how Lady Ellen will listen to him when he speaks of gray turretted castles—rocks smouldered with black pine—valleys alive with the wanton birds, and glittering with the fluttering wings of the red grasshopper—snow masses poised on the precipice's brink—and the contentious stream frozen into bonds at the moment of its most unruly pride. But what is all that but words? So courage, Tom Shuffleback! the day, the manors, the ring fence, and Lady Ellen, shall be thine.

My plan is a very pretty one. Lady Ellen has resolved to steal away to Tivoli, with no other companion than the green-faced Mrs. Toady, and a

short-legged woman of France. I don't take into account the Yahoo who attends as major domo—an accursed thing of six feet by three, and deriving its origin from a barbarous country north of Northumberland, and which Providence is said only to permit to exist in order to give our premier (in power) forty-five votes when they are needed. Now this idea of Lady Ellen immuring herself in a greasy village because it has a brawling waterfall, a grotto, and a few merry-andrew houses, tottering over mouldering, shelvy ledges, is altogether prejudicial to her real comforts and my views. How could a gentleman be expected to leave Rome (where truly the *consommé de perdrix* is admirable, and the quails and kirscher wasser without compare), and go and starve at Tivoli, where buffalo beef, boiled in olive oil, and powdered with a nefarious mixture of pounded garlic and pestiferous *gruyère*, is served up as the *chef-d'œuvre* of cookery, by a monster unshaven, and with his shirt sleeves turned above his elbows? Still, I must not lose the step I have taken in her good opinion. I certainly made a deep impression upon her yesterday. She had ordered her carriage for an hour or two's drive in the neighbourhood. The blockhead of a coachman drove towards the Capo di Bove, which another blockhead told us was the tomb of a lady dead, Heaven knows when! *Dio mio!* as if an old gray ruin rotting under a coating of ivy, alive with every crawling iniquity, rising over the shrivelled skin and parched bones of an old Roman woman, whose non-existence would not have mattered the dropping of a dried leaf, and whose death was of equal importance as crushing a gnat disporting in a sun-beam, was an object meriting a half day's jolting under a sun hot enough to have made a Salamander gasp. It was a foolish whim in Lady Ellen; yet, when I saw her stand, with arms folded over her bosom, and her full black eyes bent on the tower, rising singly in a melancholy mephitic waste, uncheered by habitation, hedge, or tree—my heart filled with a sense of her excellences, and a recollection of her manors and ring fence—I pressed her hand. The green lizard rustled through the grass, and its diminutive friends peeped from the crevices in the wall, as the tiny fly hummed past in false security. Birds

expedition was delayed until to-morrow. It was no great matter.

We again assembled, and repaired secretly to the woods shading part of the ruins, and thence stole down to one of the innermost recesses of the buildings. My valet, in the shaggy garb of a shepherd, carried with him a delicious invention of modern times—a silver pan, with lamp below. In the former we nestled a few dozen of *beccaficas*, and, with the aid of a shower of crumbs and a little larding of Florence oil, and the presence of an anchovy toast, turned out a *déjeuner* which would have made an anchorite's teeth water. I had slept uneasy the night before—I thought Thelluson's conduct so foolish; and therefore, as a bracer to the nerves, slipped into the provision-basket a handful of *eau-de-cologne* bottles, filled with a *liquor* I have ever affected most as a cure for mental and bodily affliction—pure Schiedam. I owe it to the Baron. The ladies of his family, he said, were never without it. As we took our places round an elevated marble slab, whose cracked and splintered surface had secured to it repose in the dungeon where we had collected, the gray light stealing half-way in by the doorway, while the lamp threw a glare on our faces, and the curling smoke wasted itself in eddies along the roof, the interest of the moment became delicious. I thought on the manors and ring fence. As our hearts filled with delight, our appetites increased; and as each individual bird disappeared, a sigh of sincere but irremediable grief arose. I would have despatched my valet for more; but I was afraid he might tell tales, and thus ruin our plans. "Besides," I observed jocularly, "if I were to send him for any thing, it should be for the monarch of the Bovi, one of the largest dimensions. Fellows of our fashion, instead of picking at the pigmy feathered creation, ought to be, amidst oaths and execrations, rending the wing of an ox, crushing between our teeth interminable strings of onions, and quaffing whole oceans of generous wine. By the by, what a pity we had not thought of trussing up my valet here, as an unransomed prisoner, whose ears are about to pay forfeit! Suppose we still give him a slight nick;—it would add much to the reality of the scene, and be to him no particular

detriment. Eh! what say you, Thelluson?"

"Nay," answered Ned, "we do not require any thing further to perfect the picture. I never saw a party of more rascally-looking galley slaves in my life. Indeed—(and he dropped his voice into that solemn earnest cadence which is sometimes so disagreeable)—indeed, I feel very much satisfied that if the *sbirri*, who, I rather believe, are still loitering about, not very far off, in search of a stray ruffian, should happen to stumble upon us, we should make an exhibition on the ladder, with the merciful hangman at our heels, to save us pain, long before we could get any friend to redeem us by vouching for our identity."

"Now, Thelluson," observed Virginian Dick, choaking on a bird, "how can you poison the fleeting comforts of life? Here are we engaged in the most innocent pleasure, and the very last mouthful you force me to gulp down in bitterness. I guess you do it on purpose. Such personal jokes are a bore—Tarnation!"

"Nay," answered Thelluson, "I speak sincerely. Justice, in this country, is apt to be most prompt where the innocent are to suffer. If they do not tie us up, and, when half-dead, shew their skill as marksmen, by firing at our dangling legs, they will shoot us off-hand, and then set our heads on hedge-stakes to dry."

"Hush!" I interrupted. "These observations are most unkind. But, as Providence is all-powerful, who of you whistled? By the saints! I never knew that was one of Lady Ellen's accomplishments." The alarm, however, was speedily removed, or rather, its cause explained. My valet, either disliking my proposition, or disapproving of the view taken by Thelluson, had edged to the door, and was on the point of fugitating, when, seeing Lady Ellen already treading the smooth sward, running in front of our den, his sense of duty returned, and he hastened back to give information by the indiscreet method he chose to select. "Thank God, gentlemen," I said, (for we ought to recognise all our mercies),—"thank God, we know the whistler; and now for action. Cheer up, Baron; Thelluson must have been only facetious."

Thereupon we re-assumed our arms, which we for a moment had laid aside;

and having arranged our garments into the utmost degree of ferocious elegance, and ruffled up our whiskers, and drawn our hats over our eyes, sallied forth. Lady Ellen was seated on a fragment of a reversed column, and was engaged in earnest conversation with Mrs. Toady and the short-legged woman of France; while the Yahoo was busy removing, with a branch which he had torn off a decayed tree, the soil and dust that filled up the crevices of the sculptured capital—the subject, I fancy, of this day's rumination.

As we formed a ring round my lovely enthusiast, I clapped my hands together smartly. Lady Ellen sprang up at the noise, and instantly we enclosed her and her party, and rung our muskets on the ground. I did so with a smartness that reverberated through the vaults; but I plucked Thelluson's arm, that he might be cautious in that movement. I need not, however, have taken that trouble, for he was evidently hanging back, as if he did not like the joke. I suspect he recollected his trombone was loaded. I assumed the banditti exterior as powerfully as I could. Lady Ellen was still standing silent: her face flushed; but she neither fainted nor screamed. I expected either or both. And what surprised me most was, that Mrs. Toady seemed wonderfully placid, and the short-legged woman of France did not run away. For a moment the Yahoo raised the branch of the tree (it was by no means a mere twig,) and I verily expected to have seen the desperate creature wield it aloft in the air, preparatory to an onset; but the monster, with a most insulting mien, threw it down, and sunk his hands in his pockets.

"Who are you?" now inquired Lady Ellen, with a look of hauteur and pride, and some slight sprinkling of contempt: "Who are you that thus unasked intrude into our company?"

"Madam," I answered, moving a step forward, "I am one with whom the word intrude has no place when and where he chooses to appear;" and again I rung my musket upon the ground, and dexterously allowed my jacket to open, and display the radiant hilts of my pistols,—"I am Giuseppe Decesaris!"

As the name passed my lips, a rustling noise was heard in the adjacent brake, and, as Heaven will be my judge, every myrtle and laurel bush grew, as

it were, into life, and forth stalked a gang of armed men. They were dressed in mournful funeral cloaks, gathered together by a bright belt. Their feet were enclosed in unprepared leather sandals, and a gay ostentatious cap and plume sat on their brows. They had duck guns, of a length that was truly alarming. A cross-made saturnine ruffian, evidently the leader, placed a whistle to his lips, and blew a call which cut like a knife through my brain. "I knew not," he said, in the husky tone of one inured to all weathers, "that the blood of Giuseppe ran in the veins of another human creature. Pray, who is he that dares to spoil our house of its name—now its sole wealth, except what the sword—(and he bared a huge Damascus blade)—purchases in contention and strife?" I remained silent. Really the situation was very unpleasant. American Dick and the Baron were evidently watching an apt moment to carry into execution an independent retreat. I was too far forward to be able to extricate myself by the same means. Ned, however, stood firm; but the booby, instead of blazing away with his trombone, and thus, under cover of the smoke, giving us our only opportunity of escaping, had stepped before Lady Ellen, and grounded his gun. "I shall make no resistance," he cried, "if no insult or injury be offered to this lady: allow her safe retreat, and I am your prisoner: or say what ransom you require, and it shall be paid. But hark ye, sirrahs!" and he inclosed Lady Ellen in the hollow of his arm, and plucked one of his double-barrelled rifles from his belt, "whether I fall a sacrifice or not, the first of you who places his hand upon this lady, dies on the spot." As he spoke, his eyes glared, but his cheeks and his lips were bloodless: he must have been deucedly frightened,—and no wonder,—matters were far from comfortable. The crisis was fast approaching. I heard the lock of Thelluson's pistol click as he cocked it. He was, I suppose, keeping the trombone for a *bonne bouche*. "For God's sake," exclaimed Lady Ellen, seizing his hand, "be composed! For Heaven's sake, Mr. Thelluson, as you love me"—(I heard her say the very words!—"listen to me! Spill no blood! Oh, what folly is here, and I the cause!")

"It is folly," answered Ned; "yet our presence here may be of use, when

we only meditated a piece of idle mummery. Shuffleback, Dick, Baron, stand up like men! When Lady Ellen is concerned, shall we act the craven? I shall rather die than yield a foot. By the crest of our house, the felons hesitate! Nay, then, here's for close quarters;" and, changing his pistol to the hand that inclosed Lady Ellen, he plucked his sword from the scabbard.

"Ay," I added, with the most determined air of resolution I could command (for often a great deal is done by the appearance of boldness): "Pray, sir, who may you be, who speak of line and lineage like a king at arms? Pray, sir——"

"Oh, hear me! I entreat you, hear me!" interrupted Lady Ellen.

"Nay, my lady," I resumed; for I felt myself getting very valorous. "Let me deal with the fellow"—(I had Ned covering me.) "Pray, sirrah, who may you be, who thus interrupt a small party of pleasure who had a little joke of their own to indulge in? Lady Ellen, you know us,—you know me—I am Tom Shuffleback; and here are—(ah, gentlemen, no retrograding)—Virginian Dick and the Baron."

"Who am I?" answered the fellow, apparently anxious to come forward, but only treading time with his feet, not liking, I do verily believe (and I don't wonder at it), the cut of Ned's straight blade. "Who am I? Then, know," and he sawed the air with his great arm, "I am Giuseppe—Giuseppe Decesaris!" Scarcely had he spoken but, as I am a living man, and have ever eschewed untruths, and hope to be pardoned for my sins, I saw issue from below a mass of these infernal ruins a fantastic hat, encircled with ribands; then the shock head of a deep chocolate-coloured ruffian, carrying in his hand a musket partaking of the trombone's bore and the duck-gun's length. He crept out with the contortious winding of a serpent, then, springing up, and sending to the heavens a whistle, which made the other fellow's seem the low sigh of a love-sick maiden, a band of the most hang-dog felons that these eyes ever rested on, rose, as it were, out of the earth. "Aha!" he cried. "Aha! Both Giuseppe Decesaris!! A miracle, by our Mother of Loretto. But what say you to a third?—to the Giuseppe Decesaris! He who expects not mercy, and gives none. Let every woman's son of you throw your arms

to the ground, or your lives are at your lips. *Faccia terra!*—I never give that order twice."

It was an awful moment. Oh, that I had been shooting quails among the ripe grapes on the banks of the lovely Arno! But this was no time for unavailing repining. I therefore dropped down, or rather I was upset by the clumsy way in which Virginian Dick and the Baron obeyed the brigand's directions. The first party of banditti, at least as many of them as could escape the grasp of the new comers, had fled, casting away, in their hurry, their hats, cloaks, and wigs; and what was my astonishment, when, as I lay recumbent, I saw in the saturnine knave who had originally alarmed us, the coachman of Lady Ellen, and in his companions the servants of her hotel, who had been disguised, no doubt, with the design of catching us in the snare which we had laid for their mistress? That gipsy of a lady's-maid must have betrayed us.

My head now became quite bewildered. I looked round me. Mrs. Toady had also disappeared. It was afterwards said that she had climbed a tree. I doubt that: she had a stiff knee, which would not have permitted such an experiment; besides, she was a personage of great delicacy of mind, and would not have shewn her legs for the world. I rather think that she crept into a little fenny spot close to us, and there, hidden amidst the reeds and bulrushes, escaped notice. The colour of her face was naturally in admirable concordance with the yellow and green hues of her retreat. The short-legged woman of France had trusted to pure speed, and was seen scampering over the ground, like a milk-white heifer stung with a gad-fly. A shot or two were fired after her, but it only quickened her pace.

In the mean time a bitter contest was raging round me,—I may almost say upon me,—as once or twice I felt myself very much in the situation of Sancho Panza when ensconced in two bucklers, "like a flitch of bacon between two trays," and bearing a horrid fellow on his back, shrieking for fire-pots, and kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil. I heard Lady Ellen cry for mercy, in a tone which the shouts of the combatants could not overpower. "Save him, at least," she screamed, and threw herself before Thelluson, from whom, in the strife, she had been disengaged. "Take my brooch, my

purse, my golden ornaments—send for my jewels: let them be his redemption. I care not for the price—give him but his life."

At this moment I turned more round, and saw Thelluson over and over again making a free space round him. Blood streamed over the faces of several of the assailants; and his own forehead was laid open, and part of his ear hung flapped upon his shoulder. But he neither spoke nor shrunk. He had discharged his pistols, the trombone had been wrested from him, and his sword was red even to the handle. Others of the band had by main force overthrown the Scotch Yahoo. I saw him for an instant, with his knees on a ruffian's breast, and his knuckles kneaded into his throat; but, alas! a heavy blow on the nape of the neck loosened his hold, and a gasp, like the death-rattle, was for a time the only token that he lived. In another direction, some suttling, thievish-looking miscreants, to whom the rest appeared like gentlemen, were occupied in despoiling Virginian Dick and Grosham. My friends lay stock still. Their hats were removed in a trice: their doublets disappeared, as rapidly: their undergarments fled. "Good Heavens!" I thought; "are the reckless gallows-birds going to set poor Schuylikill and the Baron loose to be laughing-stocks to the merry milk-maids and the brunettes of the ever-to-be-execrated Tivoli?" But I was mistaken. The rogues were only acting up to the old adage,—"A fair exchange is no robbery." In an instant Dick and Grosham were adorned with the abominations which their captors had stripped off, to make room for the gorgeous apparel of the captured.

Thelluson was still fighting sturdily. Giuseppe stood with his arms crossed. "Are you going to be foiled?" he said to his followers—"baffled, and beat by a great boy and a girl? Bungling cowards! can't you seize and tie him neck and heel? But take heed how you sully that lovely woman with the impression of your fingers: she is worth a city's ransom. Confound the fellow, will he cut my men to pieces before my face?" and at the instant that Thelluson had lifted his hand to wipe from his eyes the stream of blood which blinded him, Giuseppe stepped within Ned's guard, and, vigorously embracing him, held him, as it were in a vice, until two of the ruffians collared and pinioned

him. Lady Ellen did not speak, and I now saw the reason. She had swooned; and as Thelluson's arm was removed, she fell. Luckily, she dropped upon me. "Repose upon my bosom," I said: "feel, my dear Ellen, how my heart beats: it is through the fervency of my passion for thee!" But I don't believe she heard me; and I had not an opportunity of repeating the address, as one of the insolent slaves began to make me undergo the same treatment practised upon Dick and Grosham. My elegant jacket disappeared. The Turkish-sort of trowsers which I had worn were plucked off, and I was constrained to draw on a pair of tight leathers, which seemed to have been made of a putrid skin, softened into unreasonable pliability by a month's soaking in a ditch. Shakespeare says somewhere, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows." It is the same with small-clothes.

"Tie him tight," said Giuseppe to the two men who held Thelluson. "*Razza di cane!*—have you again forgotten ropes?"

"These are the best ropes," answered one of the ruffians, and he pressed his thumb against the edge of his sword: it seemed uncommonly sharp. "Right, Bruno," continued Giuseppe; "and there's a fellow (pointing to me) who deserves your good offices. He lies so still, that I suppose he means us to carry him." I instantly sprung up, and, pressing my elbows to my side to give the idea of being already in bonds, I took my place in the line of march which I now saw forming. Virginian Dick and the Baron led the way, under escort, but very slowly; for I never saw men more adverse to advance. Two of the brigands hung like bull dogs on each ear of the Scotchman. Lady Ellen, now recovered, was permitted, at her urgent entreaty, and on handing to Giuseppe her enchased gold watch, to have the support of Ned's arm; but I almost thought her object was to support him. I followed, walking, what is vulgarly called cheek by jowl, with Bruno, a rude fellow, whose sole amusement was approaching me with the edge of a sharp stiletto, as if I had been a sulky mule, and needed spurring. The few of Lady Ellen's suite whose heels had not purchased safety brought up the rear, guarded by a bevy of rogues with gallows marked on their foreheads, and

armed with large clasp-knives, like Dutch snigasnees.

Immediately after quitting the ruins, we entered on a path intersecting a thicket of low shrubs. I am told that our way led through another series of old towers, temples, and tombs; and that a rippling stream washed the base of a shrine of the Madonna, rising amidst a grove of white mulberry, laced with ivy and clematis, and rich with wild flowers. But I do not believe it. I only recollect tumbling over a mass of gray *tuffa*, almost into the arms of a country lad attending a few wretched sheep. He took no notice of me, and, I fancy, dared not appear sensible of our presence. Giuseppe now went in front, and, when under the screen of a jutting rock, wheeled round, and beckoning to us to follow, entered a narrow defile, and, pressing through bushes that seemed, from their interlacing, to be impervious, at length halted us in a hollow dell, closely fringed with maple and willow, hanging with vetches and convolvuluses, and topped by gigantic chestnut-trees. It opened at one narrow spot to the country, and there stood a black cross, the memorial of some of the brigands' handy-work. "This is the devil's bowl," said Bruno; and the ruffian never spoke more truthfully.

Here we were obliged to sit, with hands on knees, doubled up like so many half-drunken sachems at a Canadian parley. We were specially informed, that the breath which gave utterance to a whisper would be our last; and the banditti made out of some ozier plants a bundle of withes, which would have enabled them to have carried their threat into instant execution. The Scotchman, however, was still inclined to be restive, and, indeed, was only kept in order by Lady Ellen, who, at my entreaty, lest we might be all strangled through the stupid fellow's perverseness, at length persuaded him to be calm and discreet. Virginian Dick and the Baron sat, with their lips pursed together, straining their eyes on the yawning gap above. ~~Whatever~~ the one did, so did the other. They seemed like two mocking-birds. But these motions were merely mechanical. I do not think my friends were in their right senses. To this hour they deny the existence of the longest and most heavy day I ever passed. All had been a blank to them. Thelluson sat gazing mournfully on Lady Ellen; her arms lay folded across her bosom,

the attitude which she always, unconsciously, assumed when deeply affected. Her eye-brows were slightly knitted, and her eyes were alternately scorched with dry fire, or gushing with tears. The drops were those of agony. "This I cannot endure," muttered Thelluson; "the strength still left to me may yet be of avail." But as the ruffians turned at the sound of his voice, she placed her hand in his, and bending on him a look of earnest expostulation, "Be calm," she said. "In your self-possession rests my whole hope. It would be madness to attempt opposing your single force to the numbers which surround us." "Ah, Lady Ellen!" I was observing, "why count only on one friend?—surely I!"—But Bruno plucked at my skirts. "There are some fools," he said, "whose ears we crop; there are others who have to eat what has been cropped. Take a hint, friend." I did so, and spoke no more.

Dreadfully the hours lagged. Here we lay captives to a handful of felons, and expecting every moment the most ruthless violence. Elsewhere all was peace and tranquillity. The day had become sultry; but occasionally a breeze of wind, loaded with sweets, came in eddies into our retreat. The thrush and dove, from time to time, peeped through the latticed branches, and then, scared with the unusual occupants of their place of repose (I must have presented a very strange figure), flitted away. We heard the jocund voice of the peasants driving their flocks to the river's brink. Even the heavy tread of travellers, perhaps of the very parties in search of us, reached our ears, and yet we dare not mutter a word. I am certain, from a wild look which Thelluson gave, when the sound as of one of our names broke upon the stillness, that he was on the point of shouting for aid, careless of being himself the instant sacrifice; but he saw a sneaking rascal draw forth a pistol, curiously chip the flint's edge, and then, resting that deadly instrument on his knee, direct the muzzle towards Lady Ellen,—and Ned mastered himself.

Giuseppe was walking about utterly unconcerned. He was richly dressed; his waistcoat and jacket hung with filigreed silver buttons. His body and limbs were tightly embraced in blue velvet; and heavy sandals were laced half way up his legs. His shirt was open, and the collar thrown off the

neck. A large silver heart, from which he occasionally took a Virgin and Child, and pressed them to his lips, was suspended from a button. A pure piece of crystal—an amulet in which he was known to put great faith, as having the power of blinding his pursuers (it had belonged to a namesake, a brother rogue, shot some years before)—was suspended so as to be partially concealed in the opening of his jerkin. His people were nearly in the same garb, though less decorated. Some of them were sleeping, others kept watch; one was reading aloud. Suddenly Giuseppe sat down, and plucking pen and ink from his belt, he wrote an order, which I afterwards learned was an injunction upon some unfortunate farmer, to deposit by a time certain, in a place appointed, a supply of clothes and provisions, under pain of death and pillage. "Here, Solomon," he said to a bald idiotic-looking fellow, "stick this with your stiletto into the back of the first contadino you meet; let him be our courier: fix it firm, or the rogue may drop it." Solomon grinned, and pressed his finger on the point of his weapon, as if to ascertain its power of penetration.

As evening arrived, preparations were made for our departure. Latterly, the gang had been fortifying themselves against the fatigues of the coming march, by devouring great gobbets of sodden meat, and washing them down with potent draughts of country wine, contained in a skin, carried by the idiot Solonion. I was offered a lump of black, gritty bread, larded with fearful butter. I declined in as courteous a manner as possible. But I thought I should have fainted when the idiot, with a grin, took out from his wallet a couple of blue shrivelled kidneys, and stringing them on a *lamrod*, asked me if I loved a relish! When evening closed we resumed our march along an antique pavement. It was a magnificent night. The sky was nearly black, and the moon hung in the heavens like a silver shield. A stream of light touched the summit of the trees and edges of the rocks, and, as we passed into an open glade, fell with dazzling splendour on a solitary arched portal, in which was sunk a red tile bearing the image of the Madonna. Each ruffian signed the cross, and raised from his neck his little saint, kissed it, and muttered an invocation. Again we were entangled in dark thickets, and

once more entering a wide expanse, a flood of fire poured on the whole party.

"Curse on the moon," said Giuseppe: "the jade will betray us. I never yet had a good foray, but that infernal lamp burnt as if lighted with all the faggots of hell."

"Ye'll ken mair anent that, I'm thinking," said the Scotchman, with asperity, and squeezing his lips together in the energy of expressing the words.

"Silence, sirrah," answered Giuseppe, striking with a clubbed musket the poor wretch. "Silence, or your life!"

"Ah!" growled out the Scotchman; "it's wonderful valour belabouring a maister'd man—truly, casting water on a drowned mouse."

"Simon! Simon!" exclaimed Lady Ellen, "how can you be so imprudent! You are only increasing exasperation, and adding to our misery. Sir! Captain!" she continued, addressing Giuseppe, and restraining his upraised arm, "I shall answer for my servant—pray excuse him this once."

"Nay, my lady," replied Giuseppe, with a look of sweetness that made him ferociously ugly, "your words are my law. We are rough soldiers; but beauty may, without fear of refusal, dictate to us. You are more charming than the loveliest daughter of Italy—can England boast many such?" and the fellow's eyes sparkled; and he snuffed with his nose, and looked with a look that made Lady Ellen shrick and shudder, as if, in the heyday of mirth and merriment, her hand had suddenly rested on death.

"But, *per Dio*," said Giuseppe, "what noise is that? There should be only silence in these regions."

"It is nothing," answered Bruno, "but the river breaking over the stones. Listen!—It is the blast that brings the roar of the waters."

We continued our route; Giuseppe, however, anxiously watching every sound. "You are right, Bruno," he at length said. "This little *serpente*, that winds at our feet, when it reaches its cage of rocks, makes an uproar worthy of old Tiber itself. Come, let us push on—we shall soon be in our dominions."

"I wish ye were in Satan's," burst forth the Scotchman.

"Now," said Giuseppe, in a tone of unrestrained violence, "one other

word, and I shall set thee on that felled tree which lies across the chasm at thy feet, and then wheel thee into the gulf below."

As he spoke I looked where his arm pointed. We had turned sharply round a corner; and in a moment was disclosed to us a torrent leaping from rock to rock, covering with silver spray the jagged points which impeded its course, then in a sheet of light rushing over a precipice, and burying its radiance in an inky pool: then, again, stealing away in a glittering flow, once more to be broken into vapour, and lost in darkness. "I have," continued Giuseppe, "but to mount thee on that courser, and a kick will send thee to perdition."

"Sure, Captain," I could not help interrupting, "that is not intended for the feet of rational creatures. It is tempting Providence to essay passage by such a twig, when other means of communication are, no doubt, in command."

"Thou art an ignorant jackanapes," answered the impertinent fellow. "For a league right and left I defy any human foot to cross. Aha! he would be an active knave that could stem that current or master these rocks. Try the bridge's footing, Bruno." And, is it to be believed? the graceless villain walked on the slippery tree as if it had been a causeway road, and gave it a shake with his foot, and a stamp with his heel, till the earth crumbled from the banks. "It will serve our purpose," he said, "and the next comer may look to himself. It is not yet our hour to bespatter the rocks with our blood and brains."

"Hush, Bruno, hush!" broke in Giuseppe; "that was not the rushing of the stream. No—it is a whistle—my love's signal. Ah, in a minute all will be right."

"I rather think," observed idiot Solomon, "that the sound comes from Carlo, who went to keep a look out on the road to Poli."

"Is it so? then the sbirri are on our heels—so over—we have no time to lose. Nay, by our holy mother, I was right—Solomon, you are a block-head—it is my love's cry, hastening me home. I shall see my boy too—Ah! *ma bella donna, et cura fanciulla!* Well, but her eyes must not witness my infidelity—Annetta would never pardon me if she knew I pressed another's

red lips." And the monster took Lady Ellen in his arms.

By this time Virginian Dick and the Baron had been led, or rather pushed, along the detestable beam. Bruno had shewn the way. This gave Thelluson a little more liberty; and scarce had Giuseppe been able to sully Lady Ellen's cheeks more than a matter of three times (the fellow was wonderfully 'rapid'), when Ned struck him such a blow with his doubled fist, straight on the mouth, that the rogue, altogether unaccustomed to this mode of expostulation, retreated upon the toes of the party behind him, now, from the nature of the defile, gathered into a knot. The Scotchman repeated the application with such fury as beat Giuseppe to the ground. In an instant Thelluson and Simon carried, or drew, Lady Ellen across. I also got over—but how, I never knew, nor can I well guess. If it were not for the tight leathers and the width of the gap, I should almost think I leaped it. I have some strange vision of feeling myself in mid air—my feet touching nothing, and my eyes bent on the roaring stream below—but I really was much excited, and that is the reason my narrative is little better than a string of shreds and patches. But it is the best I can give—I'm sure it is candid.

Well, as Thelluson reached the other side, he stooped; and while the blood poured from his opening wounds, and, with the exertion, burst from his eyes and ears, he tore up one end of the tree, then, aided by Simon, pushed it from the bank, and let it fall into the hollow. But as Thelluson rose, Bruno, wheeling round, struck him to the earth. Unable to regain his feet, Ned slipped and rolled; and his clenching fingers grappled in vain the yielding grass. The next instant would have been his last, but Lady Ellen seized me by the arm, and, straining forward, caught Thelluson on the very ledge. Bruno's triumph was short. The Scotchman lifted him, as Goliath would have handled a wantling, and hurled him in the air. I saw him straddling and sprawling, in idle hopes of reaching either bank, then drop into the white foam: for a time one arm was visible, stretched above water, like a flag-staff upon a sea-buoy; then he was lost for ever in the deep pool, which boiled in dark-

I had been able to support Lady Ellen by grasping in my turn the Baron, who applied for the same purpose to Dick; but, while in this act of kindness to a distressed fellow-creature, I heard a shrill voice. It was strange to my ears. I at first thought it was the puling whining of the idiot Solomon. I looked up, wondering how he had got over, and expecting that he would soon follow Bruno; but I saw a young woman hastily approaching. I was in too much jeopardy to think long on such matters; but my eye never rested on (always excepting Lady Ellen) such a figure of light. Her floating head-dress had dropped to her feet, and her raven hair streamed in the wind. A chubby, brown-faced, little varlet was keenly clasped to her breast. "Have I lost you, Giuseppe?" she exclaimed; "monsters, have you slain my husband?"

As she spoke, Giuseppe, who had recovered from the blow which had mastered him, and had ranged his men on the very points of the jutting rocks, levelled his musket at us. His gang followed the example. There was no hurry on their part; they took cool and steady aim. Escape was impossible, if their fingers pressed the trigger. One fellow had me covered as if he touched me with the end of a pole. The word "fire!" was on Giuseppe's lips, when Simon, suddenly stooping down, snatched a pistol that had dropped from Bruno on his elevation, and presented it to the young woman's breast.

"Fire, Maister Decesaris, gin ye daur," said the indomitable North Briton (I began to love and reverence the barbarian)—"fire gin ye daur, and yeer wife's blood shall redden the grass, and her flesh feed the bloody craws and the night hawk."

I don't believe Giuseppe understood a word; but the attitude spoke for itself. He grounded his gun—Simon removed the pistol—again Giuseppe levelled the musket, and again the pistol was at the woman's breast. The moon was shining with intense splendour; you could see, in the varying expression of the girl's face, the agitation the horror of the moment excited: but it was speechless agony of heart when Simon, slightly altering the direction of the weapon, turned it against the infant, who, unconscious of the danger, pressed its little fingers round the fearful tube—(I would not have

done so for Tortonia's fortune)—"Spare—spare my child," she at length sobbed with convulsed utterance: "Giuseppe, what are prisoners, wealth, booty, ransom, if our Pietro's dead?—Save my boy!" Then she shrieked, until the awful sound rung and was repeated from the hills.

At this moment Virginian Dick had contrived to loosen the grasp of the Baron, and was stealing away under cover of some long grass. He always afterwards maintained to me, that, being accustomed to bush-fighting in his own country, he was merely going to take up a position best adapted to that species of warfare; but as he was disappearing, the idiot Solomon, averse to part with him so easily, pursued him with the contents of a carbine, and Dick dropped in the foliage of a thicket, riddled like a partridge at twenty feet. Fire flashed from Simon's eyes—he pressed his finger on the trigger—he removed it—"It's a gallant laud bairn," he said; "I'm loth to shed its young blood." And as he spoke, Decesaris threw his gun to the earth, and his men followed the example. "A truce," Giuseppe shouted; "do no injury to that woman or child—they are mine. Depart in peace—I shall not pursue or annoy: but tarry not—I can answer for myself, but not for others."

"Not a moment shall be lost, I assure you," I loudly answered; "I speak, Captain, from the bottom of my heart. Here, Lady Ellen—here is sure footing for you and Ned—Nay, that's kindly, Madam Decesaris," I continued, as the brigand's wife helped to extricate Lady Ellen from her jeopardy, and drew, as it were, into life the almost insensible Thelusion.

"Blessed be the Holy Virgin!" said Annetta to Lady Ellen, "our husbands are safe. Have you a little boy like mine?"

I thought Lady Ellen looked particularly; and I was glad Ned did not hear the idle and indiscreet observation. Simon had been muttering to himself, "It was its sparkling e'en," he said, "and dimple on either cheek; and its wee curling fingers, that saved baith it and you, Madam Giuseppe;" and he patted the infant's head. "It will be a braw callant gin it lives," he continued; "I hope it will tak after a better trade than its forbears—for there's nae mistaking wha its cam o'

I wager, gin ye were to nip it, the deil incarnate wad gie as bitter a gurl as his father."

It is not likely that this address was intelligible to the signora; but she took it in kindness, and pointed out the path we ought to follow to gain the sources of the stream, and thus be able to cross the road leading to a little village not far from Tivoli. I thought Giuseppe's advice to lose no time highly to be prized; so we hastened along, picking up Virginian Dick as we passed. He complained that he could not walk; but it being impossible to carry him over the rugged route we had to pursue, he suddenly found himself able to jog on in very good style. Indeed, on hearing, some time afterwards, very suspicious noises on the other side of the river, his strength became so renovated that he pressed to the very van. I thought he might be lonely there, and therefore joined him. The Baron also, very kindly, did the same thing. But I scarce had been there a moment, when, as we turned round a knot of black pines, I came bolt on a party of armed men. "Oh Lord!" I exclaimed, "are there four Giuseppes?"

Thank Providence for this once, that visitation was spared to us. It was the sbirri, who, on the short-legged woman of France giving the alarm, had spread over the country in search of us. We willingly placed ourselves under their protection, and soon reached Poli. I am told that our accommodation was detestable; yet I never passed such a heavenly night. I hugged the clammy sheets, and kissed the tainted bolster—I swore that the horrid wine, which to look at set the teeth on edge, was true Falernian—and I licked my lips with delight as I knawed a cheese rich with all the perfume of all the goats that ever scratched their ear with the hind foot. " 'Twould spean a foal," said Simon, who was sitting at my side; but I did not understand the fellow. "This is real comfort," I was heard to repeat, candle in hand, I routed a flock of musquitos, and alarmed a myriad of more questionable animals into a precipitate retreat into their fastnesses. "Ged! this is paradise." Next day we proceeded to Tivoli.

It may be supposed that Lady Ellen did not any longer pursue her studies at Tivoli. However, she need not have been afraid that I would again, as a banditti chief, have interrupted her; no, no, there was no danger of that

adventure. She soon went back to Rome; and when sufficient time had elapsed to heal our wounds and make us forget our sorrows, I remembered the manors and ring fence. But when I began to pay my devoirs as heretofore, I found her most unusually and unaccountably shy. It is said, that bearing misfortunes in common creates attachment. This ought to have made Lady Ellen less cold to my suit, independently of other considerations—as to which it would not be becoming for me to speak; but at last she became absolutely unpleasantly repulsive. In vain I sought to win her good graces by every means I could devise: I even essayed reaching her heart through the good offices of her companions. I told Mrs. Toady that Lady Ellen was most fortunate in having so amiable a creature for a friend—I denied that the stiffness of knee was perceptible; and I vowed to the short-legged woman of France that she was taper and graceful as an antelope. It was only throwing away words and time; for one morning (the recollection is dreadful) I called at Lady Ellen's, and on inquiring after her ladyship's health, received the answer, that she had left Rome the day before, the bride of—whom?—by the magnanimous powers! of the pale, silly boy, Ned Thelluson! How can I now sing "O Roma! Roma!" when Lady Ellen is fled, and the manors and ring fence are the property of another? Giuseppe Decesaris! why did you not in mercy terminate my existence? Death would have been to me a blessed relief!—By the by, that is not quite candid; and be my vices and failings what they may, I shall stoop to no guile or deceit. Still it is a *façon de parler*, and therefore justifiable in a diary. I am very unhappy. I shall, for change of scene, go to Florence, to inquire how Virginian Dick is. He cannot stand straight; but stooping is no drawback to bush-fighting. I forgot to mention that the Baron has disappeared, owing me a hundred crowns—and a surtout made by Stultz. He might have taken my leathers—I never see them but my heart sickens. I'll love no woman more—I shall avoid, and eschew the whole sex. Alas! how am I changed! Once my lays were redolent with jest and youthful jollity; but night has obscured the freshness of my morning.

Canto solo d'oror.

Oh Lady Ellen—Lady Ellen Roselle!

SPECIMENS OF IRISH MINSTRELSY.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

No. I.—KEENS.

MR. BEAUFORD, in a communication to the Royal Irish Academy,* remarks, that “the modes of lamentation, and the expressions of grief by sounds, gestures, and ceremonies, admit of an almost infinite variety. So far as these are common to most people, they have very little to attract attention; but where they constitute a part of national character, they then become objects of no incurious speculation. The Irish,” continues that gentleman, “have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them;” and he adds, “It has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation; and at length the Irish cry became proverbial.”

I am not inclined further to follow Mr. Beauford’s elaborate paper, as it is sufficient to refer the curious to it for a musical notation of a *keen* ascribed to the fifteenth century, and the various parts of which this performance is said to have been composed, although it may be remarked, that the construction appears to be extremely artificial for so rude a composition. There, however, can be no doubt that the *keen* was performed by the bards during the period when they flourished; and, on the decline of that order, the *keen* was sung only by women, and instead of a studied, became an extemporaneous effusion of sorrow.

The following *Keens*, which illustrate the modern character of this description of minstrelsy, I have translated from the Irish.

I.

KEEN ON MR. HUGH POWER.

This was obtained from the recitation of a very old man, named Murray, an itinerant surveyor. The author is said to be Edmund Wall; and, to use Murray’s words, “Mr. Hugh Power was one of the brightest men in Munster, and was the champion of all sorts of learning. He lived midway between our times and the times of the Sieges of Limerick, at a place called Knockastocaune (the Hill of the Stake), east of Castle Lyons, and north of the river Bride, in the county of Cork.”

Last night, to my sorrow,
I heard through my dreaming
The voice of the women
Of fate,† sadly screaming;—
Around me they flitted,
With mourning and weeping;
And the loss of my comfort
I knew through my sleeping.

I found it this morning—
My best friend was taken;—
From the stock of the Powers
The best limb had been shaken—
Hugh, the manly in heart
And the princely in spirit,
Who, from lofty descent,
Did these virtues inherit.

* Published in the fourth volume of the Transactions of that body.

† The *Banshe*, an Irish familiar spirit, supposed to give notice of an approaching death in any honourable family by loud screaming and lamentations.

O Death ! you're my ruin,
 My woe and distraction ;—
 You have crushed all my hopes
 By this ~~cruel~~ action.
 As a hive full of honey,
 My heart you have rifled ;
 And within it all joys,
 Like bees, have been stifled.

O Death ! you have robbed me,
 And taken my treasure ;—
 You've made me a bankruptⁿ
 For ever in pleasure ;—
 You've struck down and trampled
 My prop and protection,
 And left me the victim
 Of grief and dejection.

The darning of needles
 Red-hot I'm enduring,
 Through my heart's inward core
 Without hope of curing.
 Through my lungs and my liver
 I feel my disaster ;—
 Where's the doctor can cure it
 With physic or plaister ?

Hugh, the loved son of Pierce—
 Who, for bright conversation,
 All scholars exceeded
 Of this learned nation—
 Seven weeks at one sitting,
 Without thought of tiring,
 I could hear you discourse,
 In silent admiring.

There's grief and confusion,
 Both above us and under,
 In the voice of the Heaven
 That speaks with its thunder—
 In the fall of the waters
 Tumultuously rushing,
 Through their deep-furrowed channels
 So furiously gushing.

The earth that we tread on
 To its centre doth tremble,
 At the cry, ~~that~~ no cry
 Of this earth doth resemble ;
 For the keen of the dwellers
 Of dark Cairn Thierna*
 Has reached Una's palace,
 On misty Knockierna.

With the gust of the night-wind
 So dolefully sweeping,
 To Knocklienah and Cashel
 Is carried the sweeping ;

* The fairies supposed to inhabit Cairn Thierna, a hill near Fermoy, in the county of Cork. Knockierna is a well-known mountain in the county of Limerick, over which a fairy queen, named Una, is said to preside.

Thence onward it travels
 To high Knockahannah,
 Till the accents of wailing
 Reach gray Slievenagranna.*

From her rocky bed starting,
 The hag of that mountain
 With her shrill voice awakens
 Hill-cries beyond counting.
 Loud and long is the screaming—
 The land's in commotion—
 Till the full song of Death
 Is spread over the ocean.

In its caves and recesses—
 For Hugh there is mourning—
 The deep moaning of waves,
 And their heavy returning,
 Comes back on Cairn Thierna
 With mighty sound swelling,
 Where the women of fate
 Have their mystical dwelling.

Then raising their voices
 Beyond all believing,
 They send forth three wild shrieks
 Of uttermost grieving;—
 For Hugh was their neighbour,
 And he would not vex 'em
 By the crossing of straws,
 Or such tricks to perplex 'em.†

Hugh Power was of horsemen
 The best and the boldest;
 He heeded not weather
 The wettest or coldest.
 At the tail of the hounds,
 When the horn ceased sounding,
 Over hedges and ditches
 Away he went bounding.

From their dens and their burrows
 Fox and badger he'd follow;
 No man was his equal
 At giving the halloo!
 To a field of true sportsmen,
 As the view it was cheering,
 To see Hugh's red jacket
 Among them appearing.

Hugh Power was a dealer
 In wine, to small profit;
 For he gave more away
 Than he ever sold of it.
 His house was a refuge
 To the harper and poet;—
 But why need I tell this,
 When all men must know it?

* The Hag's Mountain.

† It was a superstitious notion that two straws put across in the path of the fairies caused them to stumble.

Hugh's death is a great blow
 To science and knowledge ; —
 The Latin he'd construe
 With the head of a college ; —
 The wit of the English,
 Of Irish the sweetness,
 No one understood with
 His critical neatness.

Where now is the music
 That dwelt in his finger ? —
 Which so often has made me
 Delighted to linger.
 From three strings of catgut*
 More sweetness he'd saw out,
 Than from forty † a harper
 Could manage to claw out.

Then the pipes so melodious —
 He made them quite speaking ;
 And not like an old sow —
 Now grunting — now squeaking.
 No churl of his labour,
 Without once refusing,
 He'd play for the asking
 The tunes of your choosing.

Who now will be foreman
 Of Conogh's Quarter Sessions ?
 To visit with justice
 All lawless transgressions.
 The poor man his equal
 Will not find in another,
 Who'd bring in as guilty
 His father or brother.

Many great lords and chieftains
 To him were near cousins ;
 I could number them up
 By the scores and the dozens.
 There was Sarsfield ‡ the valiant,
 Who bade William defiance,
 And the Lord Barrymore
 Of the grand Castle Lyons.

The proud Duke of Ormond
 Of the lofty Kilkenny ;
 Lord Power, and the Roches
 Of Creg and of Renny ;
 The chief of the Barretts,
 With the Smiths of Molanna,
 And the Lord Grandison
 Of the lovely Dromanna.

The Condons of Cloughlea, §
 That was sold || by a piper ; —
 May he caper in hell
 To his tune — the false yiper ; —

* The double bass.

† The Irish harp of this period was strung with wire, and, I believe, had generally three-and-thirty strings.

‡ Lord Lucan, of James the Second's creation.

§ Cloughlea Castle, now in the grounds of Moor Park, the seat of Lord Mountcashel.

|| Betrayed.

Then the honest M'Donough,
 The Lord Cahir, and M'Carties,
 And the Cusheens who bullied
 All men and all parties.

Pierce Power has this morning
 My heart-felt compassion —
 In the hunt with his brother
 Again he'll not dash on.
 Hugh's wife has no husband —
 Her children no father —
 But the corpse round whose coffin
 With loud cries they gather.

Hugh's greatness and glory
 Lies fallen and humbled,
 Like the strongholds of Erin,
 To silent dust crumbled.
 Again can I never,
 For friend or relation,
 Feel anguish so bitter .
 As on this occasion.

II.

THE WIDOW LANE'S KEEN ON HER DAUGHTER.

The following lamentation was composed, about thirty or forty years since, by a poor widow who resided near Bandon, on the death of Betty Lane, her only daughter, a celebrated rustic beauty. The tradition, which, if true, is a melancholy one, states, that a Mr. Henry Beamish paid particular attentions to the unfortunate girl; and, at an interview one morning, spoke to her of marriage, when he offered to pay the rent of her mother's cabin, as is hinted at in the second and third verses. A quarrel appears to have subsequently taken place between the lovers; and, on that every evening, Betty Lane was discovered hanging from a tree in a neighbouring plantation, having probably, under the excitement of strong feelings, committed suicide. However, the popular belief was, that Mr. Beamish had caused her to be murdered, and had bribed his groom with three guineas to decoy her into a lonesome place, and there hang her. This is the circumstance alluded to in the sixth verse.

In the seventh verse, the phrase "guns wrapped in straw" may perhaps require explanation. The Irish peasantry being obliged to secrete their fire-arms, it is a common practice with the possessor of a gun to deposit the lock, which occupies but little room, in some secure place, and then, after greasing the barrel and securing the touch-hole with a small plug, and the muzzle with a cork, to wrap it tightly up in straw or hay-bands. Thus protected, it is buried in the ground, or hid in the bank of a river. Dean Story, the historian of William's Wars, gives precisely a similar account of the manner in which the rapparees, or freebooters of that time, concealed their arms; and I well remember my father describing the capture of a large quantity of muskets, which was made by a party of the 38th Regiment under his command, in the north of Ireland, in 1793 or 94, by carefully prodding all suspected ground with iron rods.

My pet and my darling,
 My gentle housekeeper,
 For whose death, full of sadness,
 I'm this day a weeper;
 Your long yellow tresses —
 'Twas a comb and hot water
 Kept them in nice order,
 My beautiful daughter.

But Henry the faithless,
 'Twas he who betray'd thee—
 'Twas his cruel deceit
 That a lifeless corpse made thee!
 'Twas he who admired them—
 Your tresses so yellow,
 As he spoke of the rent
 To me—the base fellow!

The rent of our cabin,
 'Twas easy to pay it;—
 If you look in the depth
 Of my pocket, you'll say it.
 But what's gold or silver,
 From all we love parted;
 And left weak and lonely,
 To die broken-hearted?

Yet, though weak, there's a strength
 That the feeble may borrow,
 Like the flash of despair
 From the black cloud of sorrow.
 Revenge will I have—
 Should I fail in a halter,
 I'll try a true gun,
 And its aim shall not falter.

Oh, Henry! you black rogue
 • And limb of the Devil!
 The day that you're hanged,
 That day will I revel.
 I'll have thousands to dance,
 And to drink, and be frisky,
 And to speed you to hell
 With huge bumpers of whisky.

My curse on that villain,
 Who took from his master
 A bribe of three guineas,
 To cause my disaster.
 I'll hunt as a ferret—
 His fate I'll determine,
 And hang him, though hanging's
 Too good for such vermin.

Ask ye where are my people—
 The true and the trusty?
 Are their guns wrapped in straw?
 Or their swords are they rusty?
 They but bide for a little,
 And wait for my telling—
 Till they've laid my poor child
 In her last silent dwelling.

Then will follow the season,
 The time of my pleasure,
 When my cup of revenge
 Shall be filled brimming measure,—
 When my friends and my faction
 Around me shall rally,
 And drive the destroyer
 As a wolf from the valley.

The summer is coming,
 And with it is bringing
 Fine crops—God be praised
 For the hemp that is springing!—
 But I pray to His throne,
 That the rope now is making,
 Which, before the year's gone,
 Will be Henry's life taking!

III.

KEEN ON MR. SAMUEL HODDER.

This was taken down from the recitation of Mrs. Leary, a professional keener, in April 1829, at Blackrock, near Cork. According to Mrs. Leary, it was composed about twelve or fourteen years before by Mrs. Mary Hodder, on the death of her husband, Mr. Samuel Hodder, of — (the name has escaped my memory), near Carrigaline, who was generally called Frank, and is so designated in the keen, probably after his father, to distinguish him from some other Samuel Hodder—a name which abounds in that district.

To explain the circumstances alluded to, it may be necessary to state, that Mr. Hodder was killed by a fall from his horse at the fair of Carrigaline, a small village in the county of Cork; and that Mrs. Hodder having gone there soon after, with the intention of joining him, made her way towards a crowd, near which she saw her husband's horse standing, when she found that it had collected around his dead body. On the corpse being laid out in the evening for "waking," she is said to have spoken the following keen, which is singular, because the Hodder family hold a highly respectable rank among the gentry of the county, and, at that time, the custom of keening had fallen into disrepute, and was practised only by the peasantry.

My heart's love and darling,
 My horseman so fearless,
 Whose good word has redeemed
 From the stone pound so cheerless
 The poor widow's cattle,
 And has saved from the halter
 Young men, who their courses
 From evil would alter.

I see you, my darling,
 In the hall of your mansion,
 Or your grounds, that were small
 To your heart in expansion.
 I see you surrounded
 By the guests you've invited,
 And I see all the widows
 Are joyously lighted.

There are ladies so stately,
 In rich silken dresses,
 With soft smiles on their lips,
 And with beautiful tresses.
 There is mirth and there's feasting,
 There's all that's entrancing—
 The sweetest of music,
 And the gayest of dancing.

From that house hath departed
 Its strength and its splendour,
 Since the loss of my darling,
 With his eyes full and tender.
 The flowers of the valley
 In sadness they languish ;
 Their heads droop with dew-tears
 Of sorrow and anguish.

The cuckoo is silent,
 Though the summer's returning—
 The fish in the river
 Partake of the mourning ;
 And all that was pleasant,
 And made sport and rejoicing,
 Lies still—for that mansion
 There's now no lord's voice in.

Frank, my heart's love and darling,
 I saw you this morning,
 With your head neatly powdered,
 Your fine horse adorning.
 From Cork to Iveragh*
 That horse would have bounded ;
 But before the day's ended,
 With grief I'm surrounded.

I went to the fair ground,
 All mirth and all gladness,
 Nor dream'd that I'd there find
 My life's bitter sadness ;—
 I went where a great crowd
 Had gathered together,
 With a heart that was light
 As the eider-duck's feather.

When I saw what had happened,
 And what was before me !—
 My husband stretched out there !—
 A numbness came o'er me.
 I spoke not—I wept not—
 For tears were too common ;
 But I stood without motion,
 A statue-like woman.

Then came the strong struggle
 Between silence and weeping ;—
 No sound could I utter—
 For the blow sunk too deep in ;
 And that which looked brightly
 Now seem'd my eyes dim in—
 All, all was unsightly,
 And reeling and swimming.

At last, when I roused me
 And burst into sorrow,
 No mock-grief I needed
 From keeners to borrow.
 I looked on my husband—
 I looked on him only—
 And I thought on his children,
 With me left so lonely.

Frank, my own love and darling,
 You had every blessing—
 A wife and two daughters
 Your bosom to press in;—
 A plentiful table,
 With green China dishes,
 And a cellar of wine
 That could answer all wishes.

The best bed and blankets,
 The finest of sheeting,
 And a quilt richly covered
 With birds and flowers meeting.
 You might lie of a morning,
 Asleep, or in seeming,
 Till the sun's light came in
 Through each small crevice streaming.

You did not forget me
 At the Spaw, when near dying,
 But will'd me your fortune
 As I sat by you crying.
 Your wife and your cousin,
 I was doubly related,
 And your lands and your money
 Make me doubly estated.

Frank, my true love and darling,
 Again I'll not marry;
 But, for your sake, a widow
 Will evermore tarry.
 And all you've bequeath'd me,
 And to me confided,
 Shall between your two daughters
 Be fairly divided.

IV.

KEEN ON MY DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND.

I trust I shall not be accused of egotism for giving a keen, or, rather, some impromptu verses on my leaving Ireland, as they afford a specimen of the improvisatory power of the professional keener.

The evening previous to leaving my mother's cottage at Blackrock, near Cork, for England (May, 1829), as I sat after dinner, the well-known face and hooded head of Mrs. Leary, from whom I obtained the preceding keen, appeared before the open window. After a cough, to attract attention, Mrs. Leary thus proceeded:—

"'Twas last night I came back, sir, from a great funeral that I was sent for to, down into Muskerry; and 'twas this morning I heard your honour was going from us away; so I just made bold to step up to wish you a safe journey, and that luck and grace may attend you wherever you go."

Here the further good wishes of Mrs. Leary were checked by a glass of wine being offered to her.

"Your health, and long life to you, sir, and the same to the good ladies that are there with you, and the gentleman—sure I ought to know him, I'm thinking; but my eyes, you see, are getting very weak from all the crying I have to do."

"Your nurse?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"No, not my nurse, but a far more extraordinary woman in her way—

a keener. Well, Mrs. Leary, have you picked up any new keens for me in Muskerry?"

"May be 'tis a funning of me you want to make this evening for the ladies and the gentleman there. Sure 'tis to no use keening unless the corpse was stretched out before me; and, praise be to God for it! 'tis only the best of wine that is laid out there."

"But, Mrs. Leary," said the writer, who, like Sir Condry in Castle Rackrent, had taken a great fancy to hear what would be said of him after his departure, "now suppose that I am dead, and you were sent for to keene me."

"Glory be to the Almighty for it, 'tis alive and hearty you are this blessed day, and not in want of keening," replied Mrs. Leary.

"But suppose I was dead, Mrs. Leary; or suppose I should be drowned going to England, you surely then would keene me?"

"The Lord forbid"——

"But if it did so happen"——

"Oh, then, indeed, no one would keene you as I would; and good right I have, and 'tis much pleasure I'd have in so doing. I'd keene you for three days and three nights without stopping."

"Come, then, suppose you begin at once."

This proposition, which was accompanied by a couple of shillings, produced, almost without a moment's consideration, the following verses in Irish, which I took down as recited, and have since translated with the greatest fidelity. Explanatory foot-notes are added to such passages as appear to require them.

Master Crofton, you see me
In trouble, from fearing
That you leave us to-morrow
And sail from Old Erin:
• That you'll part from your mother,
The mother that bore you,
And all of the comforts
Spread out there before you.

From the moment I saw you
I liked your appearance:
Of your pocket your heart has
Made many a clearance.
I liked your dark eye-brows
And eyes bright and merry,
And your cheeks, that resemble
The hawthorn berry.

Of hearing your voice, too,
I never would weary,
When you'd say, "Here's a shilling
For you, Mrs. Leary."
Come sit here beside me,
A keen I delight in;
While you sing one, I'll take it
Down from you in writing."

Master Crofton, your country
You leave but for dangers—
To meet with false Saxons*
And cold-hearted strangers.
Yet if my entreaties
Can't stop you from going,
I pray that the wind may
Be fair for you blowing:

Sassenagh, or Saxon, is the term used in Ireland for an Englishman.

That no storm may arise
 On the perilous ocean ;
 Nor may you sea-sickness
 Feel from the ship's motion ;
 That when you are landed
 A coach may be waiting
 To bear you to London,
 The greatest of state in.

The country of Saxons
 Takes all of our quality,
 And, I've heard it from many,
 Has small hospitality.
 That little's the welcome
 For the Irish among them ;
 But their only delight is
 To cheat and to wrong them.

And such is the country
 For which you've forsaken
 Your own, that supplies it
 With butter and bacon ;
 Where the biggest potato
 To the stranger is given,*
 Without hope of reward
 Save the blessing of Heaven !

Master Crofton, a moment
 I'd have you consider,
 If you go, there are hearts
 That will pine and will wither :
 I'd wish you among us
 Contented to tarry ;
 And some beautiful lady
 To woo and to marry.

I know that your notions
 Are high and aspiring ;
 And that 'tis not beauty
 Alone you're requiring :
 For with it there must be
 Both money and breeding,
 And indeed it's not easy
 All three to succeed in.

There's one I could mention,
 Though she might be offended—
 So the less that is spoken
 The soonest is mended.
 But I've seen—like the tide,
 Ever ebbing and flowing—
 In her cheeks, at your name,
 Blushes coming and going.†

* To present a stranger with the largest potato is considered among the Irish peasantry to be one of the strongest marks of hospitality.

† The same idea occurs in a song by Owen M'Carthy, beginning with "A merchant rare, who dealt in ware." This dealer is represented as becoming enamoured of a fair shepherdess at the first glance, and forthwith he offers to become "her tender swain."

"When she perceived he viewed her so,
 Her colour it did come and go ;
 Vermilion now—then winter snow—
 Her blushing cheeks did ebb and flow."

Who she is—but no matter,
 Perhaps you can guess it :
 Should a hint fail, I hate
 Any further to press it.
 No doubt you'll remember
 I met you both walking,
 When you seem'd about something
 Most earnestly talking.

Whatever you then said
 Appeared sweet and pleasing,—
 But I've spoken enough, '—
 And I hate to keep teasing :
 Not a syllable more
 Will I say about marriage,
 Though I saw you last week
 In her father's new carriage.

Think—think, I conjure you,
 Of your good aunts and mother,
 With the sister who loves you—
 And you have no other—
 Who now lies in sickness,
 Her restless bed keeping ;
 And when you have left us
 You'll leave her to weeping.

Think on that dear aunt, too,
 Who plays to perfection
 • Of the real tunes of Erin
 The noble collection :
 Whose music could make me
 Spring up in a hurry,
 And caper about as
 It did Mister Murray.*

Yet, if there's no stopping
 The course of your journey—
 If nothing that I say
 From your own will can turn ye—
 I pray the Almighty
 To guard and watch o'er you,
 Till you find here again
 Open arms before you.

The shepherdess, who proves to be a very cruel one, rejects the poor merchant's proposal in the most scornful manner, which so much affects his mind, that he,

“ In wild despair, broke all his ware,
 Nor went that day to Mallow fair :”

And thus ends this tragical ditty. Owen M'Carthy's songs were generally written in alternate verses of English and Irish, or sometimes alternate lines ; and a few composed entirely in Irish have been very skilfully translated by him.

* To explain this verse it is necessary to state, that my “ dear aunt” (Miss Dillon) had once or twice played for Mrs. Leary several Irish melodies from Bunting's collection, at which she appeared to be much delighted. Old Murray, from whom I obtained the Keen on Mr. Hugh Power, No. 1., had been so inspired a few evenings before by a similar performance, that, on hearing a well-known planxty, forgetful of his age, his heavy brogues, and his being in a drawing-room, he began capering about with the nimbleness of a lad of fifteen.

DON MIGUEL.

THE King's Speech has at last spoken what is common sense on the subject of Portuguese affairs, and we suppose that the recognition of Don Miguel, who is now *de facto* King of Portugal, will speedily follow. We shall ever maintain that this should have been done by England the moment it was fully proved that the choice of Portugal had fallen upon him.

We shall, perhaps, be told, that he was, and is, a tyrant; that he was rejected by the most virtuous and intelligent of the people; that the cortes of Lamego, which acknowledged the validity of his claims, was packed and venal; that, in short, he has but the semblance of being the popular choice, and that curses, not loud, but deep, are uttered against him. This may be true, perhaps, (it does not appear probable, however;) but, whether true or false, it has nothing to do with the purpose. We have no means in our power of ascertaining what the prevailing opinion in Portugal is, except as appears by its public acts; and within the limits of the kingdom, nobody thinks of opposing Don Miguel. As for the relative virtue or intelligence of the parties that support or oppose him, we believe that it is a ruled point, that the party not in power has, in all countries and ages, had the privilege of arrogating to itself all the merits under the sun. In point of fact, looking at both the Portuguese factions, we do not see any great superabundance of these excellent qualities in either. If the men of the Miguelite party are scoundrels and blockheads, as their antagonists represent them to be, we believe that the Miguelites are just as correct when they retort the epithets. The mob that huzzas (hired to do so, if you will,) for *Nosso Anjo* in the streets of Lisbon, differ in nothing from that mob which, under another order of things, would huzza for his execution, except that, as they happen to be the great majority of the people of Lisbon, their numerical force may give them a greater quantity, though not proportion, of ruffianism. The nobles who have left their country may be excellent persons, but we see nothing to distinguish them from the nine-tenths of their order who voted for

Don Miguel in the cortes. We really believe, that in sense, honour, elegance, public spirit, propriety, and decorum, both parties among the peers are very well matched, and that both deserve equally well of their country. The refugees, of course, claim a superior interest in all these virtues; as it becomes refugee lords to do; but we think that the affair of the Vouga does not set the bravery of Saldanha, Taipa, and the rest, in a light quite as conspicuous as that of Nuño Alvarez and the men of Aljubarotta.

In short, there is Don Miguel there; none, perhaps, *wish* to cry "God bless him!" but none *dare* cry any thing to the contrary. In all the outward appearances, fanciful and substantial, of royalty, he is every inch a king, and, unless some foreign power interfere to depose him, he is safe upon his throne—there is no domestic faction strong enough to attempt it. The question then arises, whether, under these circumstances, we should delay his recognition? We think not.

It will be at once urged, that the extent and enormity of his crimes are such, that he is a disgrace to any throne—that he is a sanguinary tyrant—that he has broken faith with all the European cabinets, including our own, by going from Vienna to London in the character of regent, and then, on arriving at Lisbon, almost immediately assuming the office of king—that he is an enemy to liberal principles—and, finally, that he is a usurper, who has deprived his brother, or his brother's daughter, of their just rights. On these grounds, it is said that we ought not to countenance him or his proceedings. Allowing these assumptions to be true, we deny the inference altogether.

We have nothing to do with the private vices of foreign kings. We are not the secret tribunal, sworn to avenge all undivulged crimes, no matter by whom or where they are committed. Don Miguel does not govern us—we are not, therefore, interested in having his character pure as unsunned snow. He is not worse now than when the court of Vienna received him as an inmate—or when the King of England, and all England's nobility, entertained him as an honoured guest—or when the popu-

lace of Cockaigne shouted at his horse's heels—or when “London's burghers” crowded over one another to hail him in our theatres. Nothing is easier than to accuse any man of crimes or infamies in despotic countries. It is one of the prices the great in such countries pay for the pleasure of crushing a free press, that they and their characters are for ever at the mercy of whispered slander. The idlest gossip of society—the prattle of a chambermaid—the lie of a page—are authority with the rabble, great or small, who open their prurient ears for “news from the court.” Where a free press exists, the value of such authority is soon discovered; and after the regular detection of falsehood after falsehood, or, at best, exaggeration after exaggeration, the public mind begins to acquiesce in the opinion, that persons in high stations are as much men and women as their neighbours—nothing more or less; and that, if there be not such paragons of virtue among them as their court chaplains might be pleased to depict, the existence of monsters is just as rare in that class as in any other. This we should say even of those luckless Roman emperors who are the horror of all commentators upon Suetonius, and all authors of Roman histories for the use of schools. Some of our diurnal politicians, we perceive, are fond of comparing Don Miguel with these monsters of Rome; and Sir James Mackintosh we think it was who called him the Caligula of Portugal. This is what people call making classical allusions. It does not appear to us a very happy one. Caligula, son of Germanicus, of the house of the Cæsars, master of the civilised world, does not enter the mind on the same scale as Don Miguel, master, *in esse*, of one of the smallest provinces of the Roman empire; and as for the crimes attributed to the emperor, truly or falsely, we do not think that such enormities have ever been charged against Don Miguel. At all events, Sir James is not the Tacitus to describe them.

This is a digression which, short as it is, is longer than we had intended to make. Our argument was, that with the spots upon Don Miguel's character we have nothing to do. As little have we to do with his local government, which is just conducted as such governments always are—badly enough, perhaps, but certainly not so ill as that

of our “ancient ally” the sultan, to whom we once sent envoys to be kicked and insulted for being Christian dogs, and to whom we still send ambassadors to pay all manner of compliments. It is rather too much to insist upon the crowded state of the Limoeiro as a ground for our renouncing all the connexion with the governing authority in Portugal: as well might foreign nations—taking the querulous speeches in parliament, and the noisy lamentations in the newspapers of the state of our prisons, (a theme which, every now and then, affords matter of pathos to orator or editor,) as a text,—allege the tyrannies of Bow Street, or Union Hall, or the Thames Police, or the Great Unpaid, in crowding Newgate or the House of Correction, would afford a just ground for the interference of foreign countries to abate the despotic practices of George IV.

Don Miguel's breaking faith with the European cabinets, and his usurpation, may be considered together, and they are the last topics on which we shall observe. As to his opposition to the liberals, we say nothing of that. When Portugal is worthy of a free constitution, *then* she will obtain it,—not before. And she will obtain it in the way that free constitutions have been always obtained in countries where the church which she acknowledges has predominated. But never let her expect it from the hands of pamphleteering politicians, or second-rate diplomatists, or mercenary intriguers, or cowardly runaways in the field. It is not worth while to disturb any government for them. Money, power, plunder, in one shape or another, is their object; and the chances of a revolution are not to be encountered for the sake of replacing the overthrown system⁴ by one still more mean, tyrannical, and perfidious,—a system that would leave the people as misgoverned and oppressed as they were before. But there is no necessity of speculating on the overthrow of any system by the “Portuguese patriots: revolutions planned by such as they are exist only on paper. They will not fight,—we admit that they can run.

Perfidy to prime ministers is, we fear, a crime too common to rouse the fell of hair. We dismiss it with the observation, that it is very wrong in any body to deceive so innocent and simple a person as Prince Metternich, and much wonder how it was possible

to blind the sagacity of Lords Goderich and Dudley. Are people serious who talk in this manner? Was Don Miguel bound to disclose his plans to every foreign cabinet? or is it impossible, that on his arrival in Portugal he might have found affairs so very different from what they appeared to him from abroad, that he might have altered his views altogether?

This part of the question depends upon his being a usurper or not. Is the claim of Pedro or Maria da Gloria so decidedly clear, that we are justified in bestowing on him that unseemly title? We cannot do better than reprint here a little pamphlet on that subject, which has been just sent to us: we do not know who sent it, nor do we care.

"The question of the Emperor Don Pedro's pretensions to the crown of Portugal, being decided by those who at first considered it as presenting some difficulty, but who have since satisfied themselves by an investigation of the facts, and the law of the case,—there now remains scarcely any doubt in the public mind as to the nullity of that prince's claims. But it has sometimes been said, defect of right on the part of Don Pedro does not necessarily destroy the rights of his daughter,—that princess being born in the country which, at the period of her birth, formed part of the Portuguese monarchy, is consequently a *Portuguese princess*; a declaration of her father as emperor of independent Brazil, which rendered that prince a foreigner with respect to Portugal, had not the same effect upon Donna Maria da Gloria.

"On the contrary, at the moment when Don Pedro divested himself of his rights, Donna Maria acquired hers. The father is civilly, or politically dead, as to Portugal, and his daughter ought, therefore, to inherit as if he had died a natural death. Hence has been deduced the consequence, that the Princess of Grand Para became the legitimate heir to the Portuguese throne upon the signing of the treaty of the 29th of August, 1825, by which her father was recognised Emperor of Brazil.

"This reasoning appears plausible; and though it might be easily refuted, I do not consider it necessary to prove, that had Donna Maria da Gloria actually acquired, by her birth, rights which were not eventual, and did not depend upon her father's loss of his rights, she might lose them for the same reasons that her father had lost his.

"When Don Pedro became Emperor of Brazil, whom did he acknowledge as heir to the Brazilian crown? It was

Donna Maria da Gloria who was recognised heir presumptive! But, as she could not become both Empress of Brazil and Queen of Portugal, neither could she, at the same time, be heiress to the crown of Brazil and to the crown of Portugal. She ceased, therefore, to be heiress of the latter the moment she was recognised the heiress of the former.

"But, it is said, the subsequent birth of an imperial princess deprived Donna Maria da Gloria of her previous right to inherit after her father: she ceased to be heiress of Brazil, and might consequently become heiress of the throne of Portugal!

"Herein lies the error. Let the right of succeeding to her father when politically dead to Portugal, be conceded to Donna Maria; but if that princess, on being declared, after the acquisition of such right, the heiress of a foreign monarchy, became thereby a foreigner as to Portugal, can it be pretended that she has, nevertheless, preserved her right to the crown of Portugal, and that she can again claim it when divested of her right to the Brazilian crown?

"The case is plain. Donna Maria da Gloria was either a Portuguese princess or a Brazilian princess. In this alternative she had an option between inheriting under her grandfather, Don John VI., and under her father, Don Pedro I. Had she said, or had it been said for her, that she made no claim but to the crown of Portugal, she never could have been heir to the throne of her father; and, for the same reason, after being declared heir to the latter, she can only be a Brazilian princess, and can have no pretension to succeed to her grandfather.

"But neither the laws of Portugal nor of Brazil authorise the revocation of such a choice once made; for both countries have adopted the principle, that a foreign prince cannot reign; and the individual who has once been recognised heir to a foreign monarchy undoubtedly is a foreign prince. Should, after such a recognition, circumstances occur to annul the rights which attached to the prince or princess of the foreign monarchy, the principle and its consequences do not thereby lose any thing of their force. Whence it follows, that Donna Maria da Gloria having become a foreigner to Portugal by her recognition as the heiress of the empire of Brazil, she has, in virtue of the fundamental laws of Portugal, lost all right to succeed to the throne of that country.

"This, however, is not all. In the hypothesis that Donna Maria da Gloria might, according to the Brazilian laws, be Empress of Brazil, although she had a younger brother,—that is to say, in case

the Brazilian constitution recognised the right of primogeniture in females, as preferable to the rights of younger princes,—would not she become Empress of Brazil, notwithstanding the birth of her younger brother, the prince Don Pedro? Doubtless. But at present what prevents this, and yet is supposed to permit her to become Queen of Portugal, is the constitution of Brazil, which prefers a prince to an elder born princess, though that princess may have been recognised heiress of the empire. The question of the Portuguese succession would then be determined by the fundamental law of Brazil, since, if that law did not oppose it, this princess would still be the heiress of the crown of Brazil, and consequently could not pretend to that of Portugal; but while the Brazilian law makes the prince, though the younger, the heir, the elder princess and heiress may become Queen of Portugal if she please. A fine consequence truly! To say nothing of the absurdity of this reasoning, we may at least be allowed to pity the condition of Portugal, thus obliged to depend on the fundamental laws of her old colony, and to wait until those laws decide which of the princes or princesses of Brazil shall reign in the mother country—that country which conquered and brought under her dominion the savages of Asia and America.

“Let us for a moment suppose, that the Princess of Grand Para had remained for some years longer the only child of Don Pedro, and consequently the presumptive heiress of the Brazilian crown; that during that period Don João VI. had died, and the throne of Portugal had thus become vacant;—who was entitled to ascend that throne? Was it Don Pedro? Certainly not, he being a foreign sovereign. Was it Donna Maria da Gloria? No, because she was the heiress of a foreign monarchy. Was it the Infante Don Miguel, the younger son of the deceased king? No, for Don Pedro might have a son, who, by becoming heir to the Brazilian empire, would leave Donna Maria at liberty to ascend the throne of Portugal. It would then be necessary that that throne should remain vacant until the death of Don Pedro, or until it should be declared that he would have no more children; but had Don Miguel occupied the throne while Donna Maria was still heiress of Brazil, he would have been obliged to descend from it upon the birth of a brother to that princess, which event, by depriving her of the right to succeed to the throne of Brazil, would enable her to become Queen of Portugal.

“Would it not have been ridiculous had Donna Maria, in the first of those

cases, required that the throne of Portugal should remain vacant until it was decided whether Don Pedro would have any more children; or had she, in the latter case, insisted that Don Miguel should leave the throne to make room for her? But if the very supposition of such pretensions be absurd, not less so is the principle which would have sanctioned them; namely, that Donna Maria da Gloria could for a moment be heiress of Brazil, and, notwithstanding, still retain her rights to the crown of Portugal, to be claimed in the event of her having a brother—a principle of which the absurd pretensions just stated are the necessary consequences.

“But it is asserted, that the Princess of Grand Para never was declared heiress to the Brazilian throne, and that, consequently, she still is a Portuguese princess. On this point we may ask,—In what monarchy, the succession of which is regulated by law, has it ever been supposed that the prince or princess, the only son, or only daughter of the reigning sovereign, required, in order to be considered the heir to the throne—a solemn declaration from such sovereign, or from any other authority? Does not the fundamental law of a monarchy contain that declaration? Does not the consent of a whole nation, in accordance with that law, speak in such cases with a decision sufficiently strong to render it unnecessary to proclaim what no one doubts? And what could have been more unquestionable than the right of Donna Maria da Gloria to succeed to the throne of Brazil before the birth of her brother? But if, in spite of all this, public acts are required, here they are:—What is the endowment, voted to the princess by the Chambers, to be called? What the title of the Princess of Grand Para, decreed to her by the same Brazilian Chambers? What are these proceedings, if they be not public acts by which the Brazilians recognised Donna Maria da Gloria as a Brazilian princess? This is, besides, very natural; for who was entitled to the character of Princess of Brazil, if the daughter, and then the only daughter, of the Emperor of Brazil was not? The acceptance of the votes of the national representation of Brazil is, then, on the part of the princess, or of others for her, a voluntary confirmation of her choice to be a Brazilian princess, and, consequently, not to be a Portuguese princess.

“How, then, can these facts be denied? How can it be pretended that Donna Maria da Gloria is to be regarded as a Portuguese princess?

“But it may, perhaps, be asked—What should have been done to prove that Donna Maria da Gloria wished, or

ought, to preserve her rights as a Portuguese princess? The answer is ready. It was necessary to declare such intention, and to accept nothing for her from the Brazilian nation; or, at least, it was fitting, that in accepting gifts from that nation, the conditions under which they were accepted should have been declared. The emperor should have said to the Chambers: 'Gentlemen, I thank you for the votes you have passed in favour of my daughter. She accepts them; but do not on that account consider her a Brazilian, or expect that she can ever reign over you. She is the heiress of the crown of Portugal, since I am no longer prince royal; and on the decease of my father, King Don John VI., she will immediately become Queen of Portugal.' It would have been afterwards necessary to make a stipulation to this effect in the treaty of the 29th of August. It ought also to have been notified to all the courts of Europe; but, above all, it required to be ratified by the assent of the three estates of the kingdom of Portugal; and to obtain that assent, it was necessary to send the princess to Portugal. Then all nations would not have regarded Donna Maria as a Brazilian princess, as they have with good reason done. The pretensions of that princess to the crown of Portugal would not then have excited such astonishment as they now do, after she has for some time been the presumptive heiress of Brazil, and pensioned and titled by the Brazilian nation. But at present what can be said on considering her pretensions? That she regards, or others regard for her, the throne of Portugal as a make-shift, with which it is well to put up when to be Empress of Brazil is no longer probable.

"However, it must be confessed, that this reproach is not altogether just; for the Emperor of Brazil, the defender of his daughter's rights, if she have any, gives himself no trouble in defending them. Hitherto he has claimed only his own rights, which he pretends to cede to that princess. The emperor has not said, 'Here is my daughter, who ought to be Queen of Portugal, because she is a Portuguese princess, and heiress of the monarchy, since I have ceased to be the heir, on account of my accession to a foreign throne.' The emperor, on the contrary, says, 'I am King of Portugal. In that character I give to my kingdom a queen, a charter, a regent, peers, every thing, according to my fancy; and, in giving a queen, a charter, &c., I still remain King of Portugal, until the regent whom I have appointed shall espouse the queen whom I have also appointed; until the charter which I give shall be

established on the ruins of that which I condemn; and until the peers, whom I have created, occupy the places of the ancient representatives of the Portuguese people, whom I dismiss. If the regent do not marry the queen, if my charter be not established, instead of the ancient fundamental laws of the kingdom, then nothing is done; there is no abdication, no queen, and I continue king.'

"Now, the marriage not having taken place, and the Portuguese people having rejected Don Pedro's charter, the case in which Don Pedro declared his abdication null, has occurred, consequently that prince still considers himself King of Portugal, and Donna Maria can no longer pretend to the possession of the rights which she may believe she had acquired by her father's abdication. As to the value of that abdication, I shall say nothing: it rests solely on Don Pedro's pretended right to the throne of Portugal; and that pretension, which presents a *mare magnum* of errors, of sophisms, and false assertions, has been sufficiently combated.

"But as to what concerns Donna Maria da Gloria, princess of Grand Para, I cannot comprehend how her most obstinate partisans still venture to give her the title of Queen of Portugal, without fearing to commit the crime of *lèse majestatis* against Don Pedro. For that prince having conveyed his title to the princess, under conditions which are not complied with, it indisputably follows that *Don Pedro still is King of Portugal*. Much good may it do him; and long live Don Miguel I.!"

Whether this doctrine is right or wrong, it is, at all events, plausible, and sufficient to justify foreign nations in acknowledging the claims of the person in whose behalf it is urged.

Does it not, however, strike every man of common reason, that the inquiry into the personal merits or demerits of the actual ruler of Portugal is a very superfluous one, so far as we are concerned?—that it is little creditable to those who make so much noise about it, particularly as they are gentlemen actually engaged in the van of the march of mind? The main object of the intercourse between nations, as far as we can understand it, is to promote the advantage of the individuals of those nations by exchanging their commodities. And are we to be told that, because at the head of a nation is a person with a defective title or an indifferent character, we are to sacrifice the interests of the people of our coun-

try, or impair those of his, to accommodate scruples worthy of being entertained only by heralds, or to swell the sentences of newspaper moralists? Are the Portuguese people nothing—are the English people nothing—in comparison with the interests of Don Pedro and the rights of legitimacy? We do not, we believe, inquire whether Nicholas is the emperor *de jure* of Russia, to the exclusion of Constantine—or Charles John, whilom Bernadotte, is king *de jure* of Sweden, *non obstante* the claims of Gustavus IV.—to say nothing of the manner by which Mahmoud succeeded to the throne of Selim. Were not the party, now so indignant with the poor Portuguese Don, anxious to compel us to acknowledge Napoleon Buonaparte, and Joseph, and Jerome, and Murat, and all the rest of that coterie? There is something disgusting in the pretence that there is any thing more atrocious in the usurpation of Miguel (if it be such) than in any of the cases we have noticed. He certainly is as much the choice of the people as ever Buonaparte was: there is one essential difference, however—he has not Buonaparte's power; and people of liberal minds are always most indignant against the weak.

The matter, we are tired of repeating it, is nothing to us. We wish, above all things, that we should never interfere in foreign affairs on any account whatever, unless they concern ourselves. Then let us be ready to strike, and strike with all our might, and effectively—but not till then. We

shall stand higher among nations by never shewing ourselves in their squabbles, except in the attitude of masters and dictators. What have we to do with piddling contests to determine which branch of a small royal family is to rule over an unimportant and paltry kingdom?

We cannot conclude without saying, that we think the injudicious conduct of the Miguelite emissaries here has thrown a considerable, and not an undeserved, odium upon the cause they have been sent to support. They appear to be men of no talent whatever, and little principle, who aim, by petty intrigues, which may perhaps be of some weight in the small circle of mock diplomacy in which they may have moved, at influencing the movements of a great nation. Heaven knows, we do not rate our average ministers of late years very highly; but it is ridiculous indeed to think of poor D'Asseca circumventing the Duke of Wellington or even Lord Aberdeen. The upper order of politicians, or those who are considered such, were either amused or annoyed by his childish manœuvring, and the avowed design of bribing the London press, which, it is said, (we hope untruly) succeeded in some cases, disgusted all public writers of principle, and deterred them from advocating the line of politics which would have recognised Miguel, on account of the natural dread of the suspicion of having been enlisted in his cause by means which they despised.

* * Since our writing the above, Lord Aberdeen has declared, in the House of Lords, that the recognition of Don Miguel was shortly to take place. He accompanied this declaration with sundry stigmas upon the character of that person. This, we take it, is not politic. The recognition having once been decided upon, is not the King of Portugal to be spoken of as other kings are used to be? But, indeed, it is small matter.

DONOVAN THE INTOXICATOR.

OF Dionysius Lardner's *Cyclopædia* it is our will and our pleasure to speak in terms of the highest praise. Nothing can be better than Sir Walter Scott's *History of Scotland*—few things more amusing than the anonymous *History of Geography*. We wait with perfect patience for the *History of Ireland* by Tom Moore, and of *England* by Jem Mackintosh,—certain in our souls, that if we have not wherewithal to praise in those compositions, we shall have much to demolish. In the mean time, let us regale ourselves with this third book of the *Dionysiacs*, which rejoices in the title of “*Domestic Economy, containing Brewing, Distilling, Wine-making, Baking, &c. &c.*,” by Michael Donovan, Esq., M.R.I.A., Professor of Chemistry to the Company of Apothecaries in Ireland.”

Reviewers labour under the ill reputation of never reading the books which they review; and we plead guilty to having frequently committed that felonious but pleasant practice. In the present case, we must say that we have read exactly to the fiftieth page (inclusive) of the work before us; and as it relates exclusively to what its Hibernian author is pleased to call the *History of Intoxicating Liquors*, we have ventured to give him the name of *Donovan the Intoxicator*. Many a gentleman of his name have we known in the west, who was fully entitled to such a compellative, although they never wrote a book, or indeed any thing else, except their names occasionally across a bill, certain of being dishonoured in due course.

Our friend the *Intoxicator* is an Irishman, and therefore must not be tied down very strictly to the accurate and exact meaning of English words. Liquor, for instance, in this country is generally considered to mean something drinkable; but the first *liquors* Donovan discusses, after the preface, are opium, wild hemp, and bang. Further on, we have a sort of panegyric upon the protoxide of nitrogen, which may be pleasant enough, for any thing we know, or ever shall know; but which it will require some centuries of the march of intellect to bring upon the

table in potable shape;—and immediately after, we have a discussion upon tobacco, divinely of all weeds.

“Sublime tobacco!” that, from east to west,
Cheers the tar’s labour, and the Turkman’s rest;
Which on the Moslem’s ottoman divides his hours, and rivals opium and his brides.
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp’d with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a segar!”

We have a discussion, we say, upon tobacco, which, to the disgrace of Donovan, is by him called “*a baneful plant*,” the utter stupidity of which truly scandalous assertion is only to be paralleled by the absurdity of the Hibernian author classing it with intoxicating *liquors*.

We foresee, by the small quantity which we have already written, that we have a disposition to be severe upon the *Intoxicator*, and therefore we put a curb upon ourselves—we “check our hand, and calm our ire.” True it is, that the man is a donkey, in every page erecting ears of alarming magnitude; but an ass, after all, is a beast useful to man, harmless in his ordinary propensities, and not to be injured with impunity under the act of the illustrious Dick Martin. We shall be accordingly as clement as if we were the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*; and proceed through without murmur the various fooleries of the book before us, chewing the absurdities which we meet with, as laboriously and as patiently as a brother of the breed of Donovan would chew so many thistles. Skip we, however (for we are not Irish), all notice of the *Intoxicator’s* account of such *beverages* (his own word) as opium, which we leave exclusive to the consideration of De

Quincy;* hemp, which we recommend to the attention of the Roman Catholic Association; bang, a word provocative of poor puns, in which we shall not indulge; or even of kava, though, indeed, that *can* be drunk by persons of singular organisation; or of the *tuac* of Java and Sava [where is that, Donovan?] of which our excellent author knows nothing whatsoever. We have drank it frequently with Dopo Nigoro, and can bear witness that it is pleasant tippie, when one gets used to it.

Pass we by also the discovery that "Herodotus says, that the principal article of commerce in Babylonia was their palm wine, which they carried in casks (Clio)." Prodigious! How strange a thing it is that wine should be carried actually in casks! It may perhaps have appeared odd to a native of a district where whisky is so often smuggled in bladders. The quotation of "Clio" here is puzzling to such country gentlemen as do not know what connexion the Muses have with the books of Herodotus; but it is not by any means so unlucky as the next sentence in the hands of a careless compositor. "He [Herodotus] says, that the Egyptians also knew it [wine], and used it in embalming for washing the intestines (Euterpe);" which a certain journal, much renowned for Greek (it shall be nameless), printed: "The Egyptians knew it, and used it in embalming the bowels of Euterpe." A perilous mistake.

* We trust, for the sake of this gentleman, Mr. Wilberforce, the Dean of ———, Sam. Taylor Coleridge, and others, that the account given by the M. R. I. A. is not quite correct.

"Those unfortunate persons in this country, who, through irritability of temperament, and proneness to despondency, betake themselves to the dreadful practice of opium eating, suffer severely in the sequel for the transitory pleasure derived from it. The habit induces constitutional debility, loss of appetite and memory, early decrepitude, and shortness of life. The person is characterised by a listless, dull manner, and an unconquerable aversion to any exertion of mind or body. While not under the influence of the spell, his despondency amounts to an indescribable horror of mind. All his motions are embarrassed by a universal tremor of the limbs; he becomes paralytic, perhaps apoplectic, and he expires in a fit. The habitual use of opium induces nearly the same train of diseases as an inveterate habit of drinking ardent spirit. An overdose of this potent drug may occasion *risus sardonius*, alienation of the mind, madness, convulsions, apoplexy, and death. Its effects are not confined to its internal exhibition: Galen mentions, that an opium plaster laid on a gladiator's head by a stratagem of his enemy, speedily deprived him of life; and physicians witness the effects of external opiates continually. Dr. Trotter says, 'It is well known that many of our fair countrywomen carry *laudanum* about them, and take it freely when under low spirits.' Let such contemplate and tremble at the eventual horrors of this practice."

If we chose, but our lips are sealed, we could tell a story of a calamity of no common kind happening to a fair countrywoman of ours, under the influence of *laudanum*. It occurred in a stage-coach, on the road from Canterbury, near Dartford. *Mum!*

But we shall not pass by the astounding assertion, that "in some parts of India a wine is prepared from the liquor contained in cocoa nuts — this they call *tari*." Alas! Donovan! they do no such thing. Many a gallon of a cognominal liquor have you pouched — for many and many a time we venture to predict (we talk in the Irish fashion of prophesying backwards) you were muzzy upon *toddy*. True it is, and we admit it in your favour, that if you come from the south of Ireland, you were not so familiar with that name as if you were aboriginal of the Scotticised north of that saintly isle; but the thing so designated you must have known when you mixed your whisky and water with the assistance of sugar, and without the addition of lemon. As for the spirit called *calou*, which you are pleased to say is dangerous to Europeans, and induces dysentery, we fear it is merely a fiction of your own brain. We never met with a Qui-hi who had ever heard of such a composition.

Cows' milk or mares' milk distilled into kumyss, of which a most meagre and unsatisfactory account is given — *ale* [oh, Bishop Andrews!] from *manioc* — *rhododendron* *chrysanthemum* infused in hot water — tea, especially green tea, a liquor much reprobated, as producing "horror of mind, an intolerable apprehension of sudden death, and fits of asphyxia, or suspended animation," and which for

these and many other accounts, we have not tasted for many years,* thorn-apple (*daturastramonium*), coffee, nitrous oxide, tobacco, and such other liquors, are next examined; but as we have already mentioned, we discharge our conscience of them. We, however, soon come to more legitimate matter. We regret to state, that we differ altogether from the M.R.I.A. as to the history of wine. He has never read either Dr. Henderson, or any of the critical commentators upon Genesis.

"It is very probable that wine was discovered nearly six thousand years since, very shortly after the creation of the world. But from Scripture

we know to a certainty, that 'Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard. And he drank of the wine, and was drunken.' From this we may infer that Noah, after the flood (year B.C. 2348), merely practised an art previously well understood in the antediluvian world: he must actually have understood the nature of wine, and of its previous fermentation; for without this, grape-juice could not intoxicate. He even made wine on the large scale, for he planted a vineyard. And not only does it appear that he understood the cultivation of grapes in a vineyard, but that such knowledge constituted a part of the province of the husbandman. The mode of narration in Scripture, and every other consideration, tend to prove that

* On the subject of tea, the Intoxicator introduces the old emperor Kien-long's eulogy on that drug: he takes it bodily, word for word, from an old Edinburgh Review.

"The royal poet of China, the late emperor Kien-long, composed an ode eulogising tea. He first describes the mode of drawing tea, which, when divested of his peculiar and methodical phraseology, is just the same as our own. 'On a slow fire (he says) set a tripod, whose colour and texture shew its long use; fill it with clear snow water; boil it as long as would be sufficient to turn fish white, and crayfish red; throw it upon the delicate leaves of choice tea; let it remain as long as the vapour rises in a cloud, and leaves only a thin mist floating on the surface. At your ease drink this precious liquor, which will chase away the five causes of sorrow. We can taste and feel, but not describe, the state of repose produced by a liquor thus prepared.' Tea, indeed, is a beverage, the use of which is quite consistent with the temperance of the Chinese character."

The temperance of the Chinese, as all who have travelled among them are aware, is, like every other virtue attributed to them, mere humbug. They are as drunken as Kerry men, when any thing whereby they may get drunk falls in their way. An immense quantity of spirits and wine is consumed in China; and the present emperor is as jolly a fellow as ever sang

"Wine, wine in a morning
Makes us frolic and gay—
Gouty sots of the night
Alone die of decay."

We do not think old Kien-long's tea-making is so very much similar to our own as Donovan seems to fancy; but as we have little experience in that department, we willingly leave the discussion of such a question to the ladies. Nor have we time to point out at present the grievous inaccuracy of many parts of the translation. Our readers will, we know, be more obliged to us for giving them a poetical version; for which we are indebted to one of the first poets of the present day.

Upon a slow fire you a pipkin should set,
Which, by use and long smoking, is spotty as jet;
With snow-water fill it—but, friend, do you hear,
I advise that the water be perfectly clear;
Let it boil just as long as shall turn a fish white,
Or shall make a black lobster all red to the sight;
Then souce it on delicate leaves of fine tea,
And let the said leaves in the dark pipkin be,
Until like a cloud it a vapour shall raise,
Which leaves on the surface a thin floating haze;
Then lie at your ease, and, while lying, swig off
This liquor,—'twill cure your gain, phthisic, and cough;
And sending adrift the five causes of sorrow,
Give you calmness at night, and good humour, the morrow.
We may taste, we may feel, but the sense of delight
And repose it inspires—oh! we never can write.

the making of wine had been an art long practised before the flood, and not invented by Noah, as has been often supposed. If otherwise, the extensive cultivation of grapes, such as a vineyard implies, would scarcely have been undertaken for the mere sake of the fruit. We have, therefore, certain evidence that wine has been known upwards of four thousand years, and presumptive evidence that it was known nearly two thousand years earlier."

This therefore, we think, is as pretty a specimen of the *non sequitur* as ever made its appearance, even on the banks of the Liffy. Let us investigate the history of the old patriarch, who escaped the flood. In the first place, Donovan may hunt Genesis from Bereshith to the place in which old Admiral Noah is described as having made this discovery, without finding the slightest hint of drinking being a vice of the antediluvians. Secondly, is he quite certain of his interpretation of the word vineyard?—we assure him he ought not; and, thirdly, Parkhurst, from whom he has purloined whatever Hebrew he has, would have informed him, under the word *אמר*, that Noah was about performing a religious rite at the very moment that he jollified. Parkhurst asks if it is probable that drunkards are inspired in the very moment of their drunkenness; and as Lardner is a parson, we leave it to him to answer the question.

The honest Hutchinsonian lexicographer tells us, that he was acquainted with a farmer who did not know the nature of cider, but, inagining that apple juice could not get into a man's head, took such a quantity of Damnonian drink, that he became most innocently as drunk as a justice at Quarter Sessions; and argues, that Noah might have made a similar mistake as to grape juice. We have our doubts as to the

simplicity of the farmer; but certainly the first person (probably enough Noah, who, after such a dose of water, as Oliver Maillard said, rather irreverently, long ago, ought to have indulged in a little wine) who tasted the "blood of the gods," might have been surprised into a tipsification. This Donovan should have known, for he has most outrageously pilfered Parkhurst, "the only Hebrew work, such as it is, ever read in Ireland."

Having thus shewn that Donovan knows little or nothing of the subject on which he writes, we are sorry to be obliged to add, that in the two or three pages which follow, professing to treat of all the various drinking customs in ancient times,—we find nothing but the most common-place and trite stories, which would be voted stale by the merest school-boy. *Ex. gr.*

"The Romans drank healths, either to each other, or to an absent friend; and the quantity drank was in an exact proportion to the number of letters in the person's name, not to the degree of friendship.

"But the most extraordinary of their convivial customs was the following. A skeleton was sometimes introduced at feasts, or the representation of one, in imitation of the Egyptians; upon which the master of the feast, looking at it, used to say, Drink and be merry, for thus thou shalt be after death. Strange indeed must have been the temper of mind that could be excited to mirth by such a spectacle."

It would be just as true a description of English customs to say, that we drink healths to the tune of "Here's to you, Tom Browne," because some drunken fellows have patronised that custom; or to accuse the country in general of a propensity to quaffing from skulls, because it pleased Lord Byron to put one upon his table. If pro-

* *Ex. gr.*—"What the name of wine might have been in the primitive language of mankind, there are now no means of determining; but it is very probable that it was much the same word as is used to express it by Moses in Gen. ix. 21. viz. *ין* from *נץ* to press out. From the similarity of the name of wine in most known languages, it seems probable that all nations derived their knowledge of that beverage from the antediluvian world through Noah; and that the discovery was not made (as I may express myself) a second time, in any future age, or by any other nation. From *ין* we have *ovos* in the Greek, *vinum* in Latin, *vino* in Italian and Spanish, *vin* in the French, *wein* in the Gothic, *gwin* in the Welsh, *uin* in the Cymbric, *uwin* in the old German, *vien* in the Danish, *wiin* in the Dutch, *pin* in the Saxon, and *wine* in the English."

All this is very nice indeed, and abstracted by clean conveyance from Parkhurst, under the word *ין*. not a line is altered. Thieving rank!

ducing skeletons at supper was ever customary among the Egyptians (which we very much doubt), it never was any thing more than a whim at Rome. We do not believe in the continuance of sentimentality of such a rubbishy kind among people who knew what eating and drinking were. A maudlin romancer, or a half-tipsy poet, might think it a pretty thing to write prose or verse about; but it never could have existed in practice. As for the drinking by the number of letters in a name, that was merely a jocular table folly of a particular time. Martial has immortalised it:

Naevia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,

Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus,

Omnis ab infuso numeretur amica Falerno;

Et quia nulla venit, tu mihi, Somne, veni.

Which we may thus modernise:

Three tumblers to Nan, darling Nan, should be given—

Four glasses to Jane—five to Fanny so fine—

Louisa! take six—and for Harriet be seven—

Dear Margaret, here's eight—sweet Elizabeth, nine.

For each letter a full flowing bumper he shed;

But since none of them come, I shall stagger to bed.

We thought that even English readers might have known something of this custom, and of the unreasonableness of the gentleman who insisted upon drinking Bess as Elizabetha (ten glasses for four), from the *Spectator*; but we suppose the schoolmaster, who is now abroad, has slipped Addison out of the hands of our rising generation. But Donovan knows nothing. There is not a page in his book (so far as the first fifty pages are concerned; and Heaven forefend that we should read further!) that is not full of errors, or grossly defective.

Turn we to ale.

"After the general introduction of agriculture into Britain by the Romans, ale or beer became the common drink of all the British nations, as it had long been of all the Celtic people on the continent. The method by which the ancient Britons, and other Celtic nations, made their ale is thus described by Isidorus and Orosius (beginning of fifth century): 'The grain is steeped in water, and made to germinate; it is then dried and ground; after which, it is infused in a certain quantity of water, which, being

fermented, becomes a pleasant, warming, strengthening, and intoxicating liquor.' This ale was most commonly made of barley, but sometimes of wheat, oats, and millet. Its taste was essentially different from modern ale, as there were no hops made use of, but in place of them various disagreeable bitters. The Danes, while in Ireland, are said to have used *heath* for brewing their ale.

"Ale takes its name from the Danish word *œla*. The Britons gave it the old name *kurw* or *cwru*, for which we have, by corruption, in Dioscorides, *curmi*. He says (n.c. 30), the Britons and Iberians (Hibernians), instead of wine, use *curmi*, a liquor made of barley. A Norman poet banters this liquor with more wit than truth in Latin verses, of which the following is a translation, substituting in one line a Latin word for the very plain English used by the translator:—

'Of this strange drink, so like the Stygian lake,

Men call it *ale*, I know not what to make.

They drink it thick, *et mingunt* wondrous thin:

What store of dregs must needs remain within!"

"The Irish have no name for this drink but *leáim*, which signifies liquor in general; but they understand by it *alc*. They drank ale on all occasions, at ordinary entertainments, and even at funerals. For the custom of the ancient Irish was to convert a funeral into a festival; as, indeed, is pretty much the case with the lower orders to this day. They are said to have taken this custom from the Germans; and, although an unbecoming one, it is not more so than the usage of the polished Romans, who acted comedies at funerals. The *Adelphi* of Terence, a play of no very moral tendency, was performed at the funeral of the Roman general Paulus Æmilius, B.C. 168."

It is very fine indeed to compare the acting of a play of Terence, although of no very moral tendency, performed at the funeral of Paulus Æmilius (a man equivalent in rank to one of the kings of modern Europe), with the barbarous customs of the savages of Ireland at the burial of their plebeians. We doubt the fact, that the Irish ever had *alc* until introduced by the English. At the present moment there are not three kinds of tolerable ale in the whole island; and the best of them (which, by the way, is not very good), that of Fermoy, was introduced by a Scotchman. In other parts of this short extract the Donovanian ignorance is conspicuous. He has never heard

of the heather ale of the Picts, which he erroneously attributes to the Danes in Ireland; and we beg to assure him that *ale* is not derived from the Danish *oela*, but is good Saxon *Æloð*, *quod accendit, inflammat*, the third person singular, as even Horne Tooke might have told him, of the indicative of *Ælan*, *accendere, inflammare*. He might have learnt from Skinner, that *ÆLE* "posset et non absurdè deduci ab A. S. *Ælan*, *accendere, inflammare*: quia sc. ubi generosior est qualis majoribus nostris in usu fuit; (and if Skinner had taken a pint of Burton, or Edinburgh, or Kennett, or many others of the present day, he would not have confined the panegyric to the ale of our *maiores*) spiritus et sanguinem copioso semper sæpè nimio calore perfundit."

All that is said about spirituous liquors we extract. Donovan does little more than pilfer and barbarise Le Normand.

"The last question to be investigated in the history of intoxicating liquors is, at what time alcohol was first separated from vinous liquors by distillation,—a very important era also in the history of man. In this inquiry we only arrive at a near approximation to the time of the discovery; the precise period, as well as all knowledge of the discoverer, being now perhaps irrecoverably lost. I shall take M. le Normand as my guide.

"Pliny, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, has left an excellent treatise on vines and wine, but is silent on the subject of its spirit, which assuredly he would not have been had he possessed so valuable a secret.

"Galen, who lived a century after Pliny, speaks of distillation only as a means of extracting the aroma of plants and flowers, but speaks nothing of the distillation of wine.

"Rhazes, Albucaasis, and Avicenna, three celebrated Arabian physicians and philosophers, who lived about the tenth and eleventh centuries, mention the distillation of roses,—a process in their country much in esteem, as affording a perfume greatly valued by their kings and nobles; but they do not allude to the distillation of wine.

"Arnold de Villanova, a physician of the thirteenth century, formally declares that the ancients knew nothing of spirit of wine. He informs us, that this extraordinary liquor had been then lately discovered; and that it was believed to be the universal panacea which had been so long sought after.

"Raymond Lully, who was born in

1236, and died in 1315, and was the contemporary and pupil of Arnold, affirms that this admirable product from wine, which one can consider, says he, in no other way than as an emanation of the Divinity, was concealed from the ancients, because the human race was then too young: so precious a discovery, he adds, was reserved for the renovation of its decrepit old age. He says, that the discovery of this divine liquid induces him to believe that the end of the world is not far distant.

"Lully details two processes for concentrating spirit of wine, or, in other words, for abstracting water from it. The first is distilling it from lime; the second from calcined tartar, that is, carbonate of potash. In the first case, he anticipated the proposal of Gay Lussac; and in the second, that of Lowitz. Bergman says, that the rectification from quicklime was the discovery of Basil Valentine.

"Bergman, in his History of Chemistry, declares that Thaddeus of Florence, who was born in 1270, Arnold de Villanova, and Raymond Lully, are the first three persons who mention spirit of wine. The last gave the name of *alcohol* to the strongest spirit.

"It is, therefore, pretty certain, that the discovery of spirit of wine was made about the middle of the twelfth century, and that the discovery was made by the alchemists. These persons treasured up the process, as a profound and important secret, for a length of time; and it was not for ages after that it became generally known, or was practised as an art.

"Michael Savonarole, who wrote a treatise in Latin on the art of making spirit of wine, an edition of which was published in 1560, more than a century after his death, informs us, that it was only used as a medicine. The physicians of these days attributed to it the important property of prolonging life; and on this account it was called *aqua vitæ*, water of life. In this work he launches out into a panegyric on the virtues of this wonderful panacea:—*'Est et aqua vitæ dicta, quoniam in vitæ prorogationem, quàm maxime conferre sentiat. Sum etenim memor ejus verbi quod sæpè hilari corde gravissimus ille vir et in orbe suâ ætate clarissimus medicus, Antonius Delascarpia, exclamando pronuntiabat, qui, dum octogesi-mum annum duceret, dictabat: O aqua vitæ, per te jam mihi vita annos duo et viginti prorogata fuit.'* The wonder certainly is, that this venerable gentleman, who was so much addicted to brandy, as appears by his own confession, should have attained his eightieth year.

"It is pretty certain, that for a length

of time after the discovery of spirit of wine, it was treasured up as a valuable secret in the possession of a few; that it was prepared only in the laboratories of chemists, who, in these days, were always of the medical profession; and that the early possessors of the secret did not deal in the spirit as an article of commerce. M. le Normand shews reason to believe, that its distillation on the large scale was inconsiderable until about the end of the seventeenth century; and that even then the manufacture was of little importance, when compared with what it became at the beginning of the eighteenth century."

There is the whole of it, except a trifle out of Sir John Ware about Irish usquebagh. After which, with a face of hyper-Iernian brass, Donovan says: "Having now sketched an account of the introduction and the use of intoxicating liquors"—Sketched, indeed, and most barbarously sketched! In the whole essay there is scarcely one word of brandy—not a word of rum, of Geneva, or sack—not a notice, but one most mistaken one, of punch, which we shall quote presently—none of grog, flip, twist, bishop, negus, toddy, rumbooze, sangree—nothing, in fact, scientific or refined. Why, we ourselves, unpractised and unlearned as we confess ourselves to be on such subjects, could write a better book in the course of one evening's drinking.

The passage in which punch is mentioned, we extract.

"As to malt liquors, the British isles have been always remarkable for the excellence of them. 'Our ancestors,' observes Mr. Pinkerton, 'prided themselves in the variety and richness of their ales; and old writers enumerate many sorts, as Cock, Stepney, Stitchback, Hall, Derby, Northdown, Nottingham, Sandbach, Betony, Scurvygrass, Sage-ale, College-ale, China-ale, Butler's-ale, &c.: nor even at present do we refuse praise to the various qualities of our Burton, Dorchester, Taunton, Scottish, and other ales. But the most peculiar malt beverage is *porter*, which ought to be solely composed of brown, or high-dried malt, hops, *liquorice*, and *sugar*, but is sometimes debased by other ingredients. That of London is particularly famous, and is an article of exportation, being esteemed a luxury on the banks of the Delaware and the Ganges. *Punch* was another national liquor, com-

posed of spirits, water, acids, and sugar; but its use is now on the decline, though the late Dr. Cullen esteemed it a salutary potion in a moist and variable climate."

We agree as to the excellency of the London porter, on which it is our intention to write a prolix and elaborate essay ere long: but just think of the abomination of a man writing even a *sketch* of the history of intoxication, and talking of punch in a parenthesis. It was a national liquor, says the Goth Pinkerton—and the inconsiderate saying is quoted, without contradiction, by the Celt Donovan. Incredible ignorance! If Mr. Hume would move for the tumblers of punch drank in the year 1829 as contradistinguished with the year 1809—with episodical tables, distinguishing gin and water from rum and water—hot with sugar, from cold without sugar—and other important matters of the same kind, it would be seen how fallacious is the use of the past tense. We disdain to add a word. Yet we must remark, that when punch is called a national liquor, if England is the nation spoken of, there must be a mistake. Punch is SANSKRIT, of the same root as the parent of *πινος*, ancient of Greek, but modern to it—the word "five." It was invented by Brahma and Vishnu three millions of years before the world began, according to the most moderate chronology. Wine may be an antique liquor; but it will not match *that*. Donovan will think we are quizzing him; but let him ask any reader of the Vedas, and doubt our derivation if he dare.

Good bye for the present, Dionysius Lardner. Why do you call yourself Dionysius? At home they baptised you Dennis, which your progenitors pronounced *Dinnish*. You did right in reverting to the origin, and, scorning the Saint (who had a head to carry), in going back to Bacchus, joy of mortals! but then it would be more befitting the editor of a book on intoxicating liquors to have called himself *Διονυσος*—Dionysus, the true word at once. And if you publish in continuation a book on cookery, as you ought, knock the *n* out of your name, and come forward under the title of Larder. It would be almost as good as Kitchiner.

AM I TO BLAME?

Oh Rosa! dear Rosa! I know they say
 That my love's lighter than air,
 And that I can always adapt my lay
 To the first maid that is fair;
 But if, before Rosa taught me
 To worship a brighter flame,
 Some glimmering stars have caught me,
 Oh, say — Am I to blame?

'Tis only by gazing on darker things
 That we know lilies are white, —
 'Tis only by viewing a raven's wings
 That we prize plumes that are bright:
 And if in my sportive hours
 I've learnt that the rose must shame
 The sweets of all other flowers,
 Oh, say — Am I to blame?

A first love can never grow cold, they say,
 Till the eye's lustre is dim;
 But that which looks very like love to-day,
 May turn out merely a whim.
My little mistakes are past, love!
 (Never give them a harsher name,) —
 And thou art my first and last love,
 Then say — Am I to blame?

T. HAYNES BAYLY.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

From the German of Göthe.

I PITY you, ye unrejoicing stars,
 That are so beautiful, and proudly shining:
 Ye smile on anxious seamen chegeringly,
 And yet by gods and men are unrewarded!
 For, oh! ye love not, and have ne'er known love!
 The eternal hours unceasingly lead on
 Your course, throughout the wide extended heaven.
 Already, what a journey have ye sped
 Since I, reposing in my love's fond arms,
 Have thought no more of midnight, or of you!

THE LAST OF THE SUPERNATURALISTS.

THE world is, without contradiction, a fitting habitation for spirits of only a like order. This truth, which is obvious to many, was a secret to William Blake to the hour of his death: it was a true sibylline leaf to his uninitiated sense. Happy for him had it been otherwise!

The history of this much-canvassed individual is, indeed, a "psychological" curiosity, according to the favourite term, in writing as well as speaking, of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By all the world Blake was thought a madman: this is the fate of those who differ in thought, word, or action, from the every-day sillinesses of visible life. Thus we have heard it said that Jeremy Bentham was a madman. Whether he be one of that fraternity held sacred by the Mussulmans, is to us of trifling significance. He is mad for all the purposes of utility; for, though he has arrived at octogenarian gray-headedness, he has done what is even worse than mischief—nothing. But we have heard that Samuel Taylor Coleridge was also mad; that Professor Wilson had lost his five senses, only retaining that of whisky vibration; that De Quincey was no better; that Wordsworth was mad; that Byron was mad; and that Thomas Campbell, præses of the Literary Union, was a little cracked. If all this were so, then one might fairly ask, What is madness? Is genius allied to that horrible infirmity? Is madness the goal of intellectual perfection? Is that the "*palma nobilis*" which

"Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos:"

making man the partaker of divinity, giving him a participation in the rights, privileges, and attributes of beatified saints? Surely the reasoning carries a self-contradiction. That the right application of genius is the most glorious sight in the eye of Heaven, we have little doubt; and that, by abstraction from the world, and self-reflection, and self-improvement, and self-regeneration, genius will ultimately make man a partaker of the joys of heaven, we as little doubt; but that this blessed consummation should be induced through the means of imbecility and disease, we doubt altogether. This contradiction, then, is manifest. Genius cannot be a

good and an ill at the same moment of time; it cannot kill and cure during the same movement on the dial-plate. We are told, and are convinced, that genius is worth all the silver and gold of the universe: we have been further told, and are convinced, that, by the thorough cultivation of genius, man partakes of a portion of the essence of the Divinity. How can this state be akin to madness,—the most lamentable infirmity to which humanity has been made subject? Let, then, the sentence which asserts that

"Great wits to madness are allied,"

be placed amongst the most drivelling pieces of nonsense that have been uttered by the charnel-fuming lips of the *persifleur* and scoffer.

That madness may be induced by infirmity of mind or body, we have, alas! most fatal and woful instances around us. Mortal flesh of every degree or quality is subject to this contingency:—the poet, the philosopher, and the beggar, are equally heirs of the same frailty. Here, be it observed, however, that genius is not the super-inducing cause of the malady, but other agents, which have attacked and sapped the solid foundation of mind or body, or both. Genius is acted upon by powerful and irresistible instruments; only in *its* instance, weakness of body will precede weakness of mind; the more feeble auxiliary will be first subdued; like as in arrayed armies, the wings, which are most distant from the embattled and supporting centre, become the easiest victims to the impetuosity of the enemy.

It is not that the mighty intellects of the world are mad because their way is not after the fashion of meaner men. Individuals of moderate capacity only, are subject to the sad disease of which we are speaking. These men possess no balast for the mind, and the mind suffers shipwreck under the slightest effects of rough weather. They run their course of extravagance, indulgence, sensuality, vice; waste every particle of vigour which their youthful intellect had attained, unstring their nerves, emasculate their frame, fall victims to the morbid humours secreted in their body and their

blood, sink under adverse circumstances, and end in mental aberration. With all due deference to William Wordsworth, if what we have asserted in our previous observations on this article be well founded, the conclusion of the following magnificent stanza is not in accordance with the foregoing lines. The poet of Mount Rydal has placed himself between the horns of the very dilemma against which, as we have already shewn, every man must run his head who wishes to argue for the penalty, in madness, of true genius :

" I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,

The sleepless soul, that perished in his pride ;

Of him, who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain side :

By our own spirits are we deified :
We poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
But thereof comes in the end despondency
and madness ! "

No ; your madmen of the world are more after the kind of Filippo Argenti, of the mighty Florentine :

—— " He in the world was one
For arrogance noted : to his memory
No virtue lends its lustre ; even so
Here is his shadow furious. There, above,
How many now hold themselves mighty
kings

Who here, like swine, shall wallow in
the mire,

Leaving behind them horrible dispraise ! "

Hell, Canto viii.

Or, like the Wanderer of the Tombs, whose fearful story is told, in words that breathe horror, by the bard of Thalaba :—

" *Woman.*

Go not among the tombs, old man !
There is a madman there.

" *Old Man.*

Will he harm me if I go ?

" *Woman.*

Not he, poor miserable man !
But 'tis a wretched sight to see
His utter wretchedness.
For all day long he lies on a grave,
And never is he seen to weep,
And never is he heard to groan ;
Nor ever at the hour of prayer
Bends his knee nor moves his lips.
I have taken him food for charity,
And never a word he spake ;
But yet so ghastly he look'd,
That I have awaken'd at night
With the dream of his ghastly eyes.
Now, go not among the tombs, old man !

" *Old Man.*

Wherefore has the wrath of God
So sorely stricken him ?

" *Woman.*

He came a stranger to the land,
And did good service to the Sultan,
And well his service was rewarded.
The Sultan nam'd him next himself,
And gave a palace for his dwelling,
And dowered his bride with rich domains.
But on his wedding night
There came the angel of death.
Since that hour, a man distracted,
Among the sepulchres he wanders.
The Sultan, when he heard the tale,
Said, that for some untold crime
Judgment thus had stricken him,
And, asking Heaven forgiveness
That he had shewn him favour,
Abandon'd him to want ! "

Book viii.

And now, having described the only species of madmen whom we are pleased to recognise, that is, those of the inferior order of created beings, we come to the true subject of our paper,—William Blake, the mystic, the spiritualist, the supernaturalist. Was he a madman ? In our opinion he was not. Did he, then, purchase his exemption by participating in the fraternity of exalted talent ? He had no part or parcel in that high order. What is, then, our meaning ? may well be demanded by the wondering reader. Have a moment's patience, very courteous sir, and you shall hear.

Nature, in her bounty, had done her part generously and nobly by William Blake—Art had done nothing. (Understand us well, good reader ; by Art we do not mean the art of copper-plate engraving, or painting.) When that combination is perfect, you will have a perfect man ; and if of this you require an exemplification, turn and gaze in silent wonder and awe at that tall, upright, and majestic figure, standing in an attitude more commanding than the most powerful and the proudest of monarchs know how to assume, for that can be prompted only by the effluence of holiest intellect : mark well the conscious dignity of his mien—the graceful movement of his person—the benign irradiancy of his eyes ; and listen to the calm, earnest, all-convincing tones that flow from his mouth, excelling in sweetness the vaunted honey of Ilybla and Hymentus—That is the patriarch of Weimar, the venerable Gothe. Had the circumstances of life favoured the formation of nature

in William Blake, he, too, would have been a perfect man, and, yielding in merit to few of his prophetic brethren, would have been honoured by them and by mankind as a truly inspired *Vates*. But, alas! the boy exceeded his condition of life: he anticipated the generation of his family. The part in him which Nature had bestowed she sedulously fostered and perfected, and his imagination grew to its fullness of strength, and was competent to attain the highest and loftiest landmarks which the most adventurous and daring of men had ever set for the attainment of their comprehension. But the part which art and parental anxiety had taken in his education was trifling in the extreme. Heaven poured on the tender plant its genial sunshine; but without sufficient moisture in the soil,

the plant could not grow to maturity; and earth—its parent earth—refused it the waters of the smallest rill or gushing fountain. When Blake grew up, he felt a secret pain—a gnawing—a sense of weakness, though indescribable, in his body. His mind prompted him to action—his limbs collapsed with weakness at the moment of trial: he was like the chained Titan, who knew the secret of vitality, and had the will to surmount obstacles, to achieve fame, everlasting renown—to deal in conflict with the cloud-compelling Jove himself; but the chains of Cyclopean texture, the tangles of the Lemnian hammerer, bound him by a fatal necessity to the spot. Oh, agony beyond words! that so noble a formation should be the slave of such base yet omnipotent force!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure. •
I ask the earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon heaven, the all-beholding sun,
Hath it not seen? The sea, in storm or calm—
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
Have its deep waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!" •

Blake was, in secret longing, like the student Anselmus of Hoffman's tale: he felt that the earth, as it is at present peopled, was no fitting habitation for one of his order; here all was cold selfishness and empty folly. Had he known of the history of that student of Dresden, he too, with the fervour of the romance-writer, would have exclaimed:—"Ah, happy Anselmus! who hast cast away the burden of week-day life,—who, as the lover of thy kind Serpentina, fliest with bold pinion, and now livest in rapture and joy on thy freehold in Atlantis! while I—poor I!—must soon, nay, in a few moments, leave even this fair hall, which itself is far from a freehold in Atlantis, and again be transported to my garret, where, enthralled among the pettinesses of necessitous existence, my heart and my sight are so bedimmed with thousand mischiefs as with thick fog, that the fair lily will never, never be beheld by me!" But, in the case of this speaker, there was a kind, indulgent, grief-participating friend, whose sweet words of comfort sounded in his ear like the distant harmony of an angel-band. "Then Archivarius Lindhorst patted me gently on the shoulder, and

said, 'Soft, soft, my honoured friend! Lament not so! Were you not even now in Atlantis? and have you not, at least, a pretty little copyhold farm there, as the poetical possession of your inward sense? And is the blessedness of Anselmus aught else but a living in poesy? Can aught else but poesy reveal itself as the sacred harmony of all beings,—as the deepest secret of nature!'" •

William Blake was a man who stood alone in the world: men laughed at him, and scoffed him, as they would treat some paltry, petty conjuror and sleight-of-hand trickster at a country fair. Yet the good man bore up with patience, and even apparent cheerfulness, against all the contumelies of the never-thinking world. Had men examined his case,—had they investigated the poor creature's heart—his principles of thought,—had they traced the stream of imagination through its green savannas, its tangled brakes, its overhanging precipices, and interminable forests, to its primal source, they would have found wherewithal to startle their weak, pre-conceived notions of geological aptitude,—a fountain of the sweetest and Blandusian waters issuing

from a rock of salt more detestable to the taste than the ashy apples of the Asphaltic lake. The Psalmist has wisely and beautifully said, "It is good for me to have been in trouble, that I might know thy precepts." Adversity was the bitter, every-day food of the good old man; yet to him it was of the divinest support; for it enabled him to attain those things which are the most glorious of earthly possessions, undying hope, universal charity, inextinguishable love for God. Ministers of state, men in affluence, "dominations, principedoms, powers," pause ye in your career of earthly nothingness, and gaze and ponder over the dying scene, the last words, the expiring utterance of this glorious piece of mortality. Thus is it most simply described by his biographer:—

"After a residence of seventeen years in South Moulton Street, Blake removed (not in consequence, alas! of any increase of fortune,) to No. 3, Fountain Court, Strand. This was in the year 1823. Here he engraved by day, and saw visions by night, and occasionally employed himself in making inventions for Dante; and such was his application, that he designed in all one hundred and two, and engraved seven. It was publicly known that he was in a declining state of health; that old age had come upon him, and that he was in want. Several friends, and artists among the number, aided him a little, in a delicate way, by purchasing his works, of which he had many copies. He sold many of his "Songs of Innocence," and also of "Urizen;" and he wrought incessantly upon what he counted his masterpiece, the "Jerusalem," tinting and adorning it, with the hope that his favourite would find a purchaser. No one, however, was found ready to lay out twenty-five guineas on a work which no one could have any hope of comprehending; and this disappointment sank to the old man's heart. He had now reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was to the last cheerful and contented. 'I glory,' he said, 'in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long; we have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly—in my own house, when I was not seen of men.' He grew weaker and weaker—he could no longer sit upright; and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his

wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty."

We know not which extreme has the most brutalising effect upon the mind of man,—adversity or prosperity. God knows, as society is at present constituted, prosperity brings little improvement! or should any fortuitous circumstance induce serious reflection, it is considered as some pestilential air, or a locust swarm come to devour the fertility and fatness of the laughing fields of pleasure; and artificial enjoyment is about as effective as falling snow upon a bed of waters—

The snow that falls upon the river,
One moment white—then gone for ever!

But adversity has the same tendency as prosperity: it disturbs the serenity of the mind, and makes that which should be, as it were, a translucent lake, shewing the beautiful azure of the heavens, and every luxuriant bush and leaf that hangs enamoured over the banks, a spectacle of "dismal and foaming brine!" Where, in this land, and among the great ones of her metropolitan Babel, shall we see a human being calm and undisturbed at the temptations of his prosperous circumstances, as was the poor, bed-ridden, starving, aged, yet happy, William Blake, in his sorry crib and his wretched lodgement? or, like Abderahman the Moor, who, though successful, was yet humble in spirit; though treated with cruelty by his foes, was yet merciful to them in their hour of affliction? The secret was this: he had himself felt in his heart the rankle of the barb of that very stern and immitigable affliction. Amidst all the enjoyments which surrounded him, he forgot not that man was mortal; amidst all the pomp and pride of glorious sovereignty, he forgot not that mortality was frail and sinful: he kept his rank for the good of his people; but he wished ever for a calmer and more quiet retreat, where man's sinfulness should never meet his eye, where man's ingratitude should never wound his heart; he wished for the *πατρίδα γυναι*, the blessed retreat of childhood and innocence, where his parents had lavished on him all the rich affections of simple life, and where he had received, and with wondering eyes gazed on and considered, the first faint revealings of a world to come. He, too, was conscious that the earth was

not a fit habitation for his meditative spirit; that his soul had been cast—a frail yet beautiful flower—amidst the weeds and thorns of an unsuitable career, where it wanted its fitting food, its essential sustenance. Hear his historian speak. Abderahman laid out at Cordoba “a pleasant garden, and therein constructed a tower so that it might command the entire prospect, presenting right wondrous scenes.” In the garden he planted a single palm-tree, which was then the only tree of the kind, and which is the parent of every palm-tree in Spain. Often did Abderahman repair to the summit of that tower, that he might gaze on that solitary palm-tree, which speedily grew up in beauty. Then did he become melancholy, and loved, in memory, to dwell on the happy scenes of his home; and on one of these occasions he composed that address to his palm-tree, which has since been repeated by every one:—

“Fair palm-tree, thou also art a stranger here! The gentle airs of Algarbo court and kiss thee. Thy roots are fixed in a fertile soil; thy head is erected towards heaven: but thou, too, wouldst shed tears of bitterness, if, like me, thou couldst look back! For thou feelest not, as I do, the calamities of fortune. I wept under the palms which the Forat waters, when my unhappy fate, and the cruelty of the Abasside, compelled me to forsake what I so dearly loved. The trees and the river have forgotten my sorrows, and thou, my beloved country, retainest no remembrance of me!

But never shall I cease to lament for thee.”*

Let us now descend to the facts of Blake's life.

William Blake was the son of a hosier. What! do you start in wild amaze, my young limb of fashion and sentiment—my formless fly-blow of college education? Gape on, and stare with your ugly goggle eyes in open wonder. Ay, we repeat it, and repeat it with pride, William Blake was the son of a hosier—Robert Burns was an untutored clown—James Hogg was an uncouth shepherd boy—John Clare is a Northamptonshire peasant—John Wiffen's mother still keeps an ironmonger's shop at Woburn; (Alaric Attila Watts, the sweet bard of several volumes, has married his beautiful and accomplished sister, Zillah Madonna, who is herself an exquisite writer in a superlative little Annual of her own editing)—and Allan Cunningham, the gentle, modest, unassuming, eloquent, the praised of Sir Walter Scott, and the favourite of every body, was a common working mason at Dumfries! What, then, my young supercilious gentleman?—why, you will be forgotten, even before you die your natural death: but they will exist, their spirits will walk abroad on the face of the earth, and hold communion with the sons of men, years—decads after their very bones have mouldered away in their coffins. Be absent for a month, but for one short little month, from your *coteries*, *ruelles*, and club-

* The Spanish of this passage is simple, yet moving in the extreme. The translation of the king's address is by Mr. Southey. “*Esto año mandó Abderahman labrar la Rusafa, construyó y renovó la calzada antigua, y plantó allí una huerta muy amena: edificó en ella una torre qui la descubria toda, y tenir maravillosas vistas, y en esta huerta plantó una palma qui era entonces única, y de ella procedieron todas las qui hay en España. Cuentase qui desde la torre solia contemplar aquella palma el Rey Abderahman, la cual acrecentaba mas que templaba su melancolía por los recuerdos, y memorias de su patria, y en estas ocasiones hubo de hacer aquellos versos suyos de la palma, qui andan en boca de todos.*

Tú tambien, insigne palma; eres aqui forastera,
De Algarbe las dulces auras tu pompa halagan y lusan:
En fecundo suelo arraigas y al cielo tu cima elevas,
Tristes lágrimas lloraras si cual yo senter pudieras:
Tú no sientes contratiempos como yo de suerte aviesas,
A mí de pena y dolor, continuas lluvias me anegan;
Con mis lágrimas regué las palmas que el Forat riega;
Pero las palmas y el río se olvidaron de mis penas,
Cuando mis infaustos hados y de Alabàs la fiera
Me forzaron á djar del alma las dulces prendas:
A ti de mi patria amada ningun ricuerdo te queda
Pero yo triste no puedo dejar de llorar por ella.”

CONDÉ's *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España*,
vol. 1. pp. 169, 170.

houses, and your names are erased from the tablets of memory, as though those names, in lieu of such tablets, had been traced upon the sands of the sea-shore, where they might remain an instant, but the first faint breath

Of wind and weather

Would to the devil send — you and your names together.

But for those others, those men who have been cast, like precious seed upon the bosom of the earth, and, having fallen on good ground, have sprung up in luxuriance, lifting their heads in lofty dignity to the skies, and spreading their wide branches into the air as shelter for the volant, bright-plumaged birds of heaven—for those men of genius, their names will be green in the memories of the virtuous, becoming more and more dear as time rolls onward; and the blessed effects of the example so excellently set by them will excite the emulation of the humble and the indigent, inducing them also to enter into the arena of the Olympian games of genius, and contest the prize with the better known and more celebrated heirs of immortality.

The following extract from Allan Cunningham's biography will introduce the subject fully before the reader.

"He was the second son of James Blake and Catherine his wife, and born on the 28th of November, 1757, in 28, Broad Street, Carnaby Market, London. His father, a respectable hosier, caused him to be educated for his own business, but the love of art came early upon the boy: he neglected the figures of arithmetic for those of Raphael and Reynolds; and his worthy parents often wondered how a child of theirs should have conceived a love for such unsubstantial vanities. The boy, it seems, was privately encouraged by his mother. The love of designing and sketching grew upon him, and he desired anxiously to

be an artist. His father began to be pleased with the notice which his son obtained—and to fancy that a painter's study might, after all, be a fitter place than a hosier's shop for one who drew designs on the backs of all the shop-bills, and made sketches on the counter. He consulted an eminent artist, who asked so large a sum for instruction, that the prudent shopkeeper hesitated, and young Blake declared he would prefer being an engraver—a profession which would bring bread at least, and through which he would be connected with painting. It was indeed time to dispose of him. In addition to his attachment to art, he had displayed poetic symptoms—scraps of paper and the blank leaves of books were found covered with groups and stanzas. When his father saw sketches at the top of the sheet, and verses at the bottom, he took him away to Basire, the engraver, in Green Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and bound him apprentice for seven years. He was then fourteen years old.

"It is told of Blake, that at ten years of age he became an artist, and at twelve a poet. Of his boyish pencilings I can find no traces; but of his early intercourse with the Muse the proof lies before me in seventy pages of verse, written, he says, between his twelfth and his twentieth year, and published, by the advice of friends, when he was thirty. There are songs, ballads, and a dramatic poem; rude sometimes and unmelodious, but full of fine thought and deep and peculiar feeling. To those who love poetry for the music of its bells, these seventy pages will sound harsh and dissonant; but by others they will be more kindly looked upon. John Flaxman, a judge in all things of a poetic nature, was so touched with many passages, that he not only counselled their publication, but joined with a gentleman of the name of Matthews in the expense, and presented the printed sheets to the artist to dispose of for his own advantage. One of these productions is an address to the Muses—a common theme, but sung in no common manner.

' Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the east,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceas'd;

' Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

' Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine! forsaking poesie;

'How have ye left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you ;—
The languid strings now scarcely move,
The sound is forced—the notes are few.'

"The little poem called 'The Tiger' has been admired for the force and vigour of its thoughts by poets of high name. Many could weave smoother lines—few could stamp such living images :—

'Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry ?

'In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the fervour of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire—
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

'And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet ?

'What the hammer! what the chain!
Formed thy strength and forged thy brain ?
What the anvil! What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp ?

'When the stars threw down their spheres,
And sprinkled heaven with shining tears,
Did he smile his work to see ?
Did he who made the lamb make thee ?'

"In the dramatic poem of 'King Edward the Third' there are many nervous lines, and even whole passages of high merit. The structure of the verse is often defective, and the arrangement inharmonious; but before the ear is thoroughly offended, it is soothed by some touch of deep melody and poetic thought. The princes and earls of England are conferring together on the eve of the battle of Cressy—the Black Prince takes Chandos aside, and says—

'Now we're alone, John Chandos, I'll unburden
And breathe my hopes into the burning air—
Where thousand deaths are posting up and down,
Committed to this fatal field of Cressy :
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit
The shining helm, and string each stubborn bow,
And dancing to the neighing of the steeds ;—
Methinks the shout begins—the battle burns ;—
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,
And breathe the wild flame of fierce war upon
The thronged enemy !'

"In the same high poetic spirit Sir Walter Manny converses with a genuine old English warrior, Sir Thomas Dagworth :—

'O, Dagworth !—France is sick !—the very sky,
Though sunshine light, it seems to me as pale
As is the fainting man on his death-bed,
Whose face is shewn by light of one weak taper—
It makes me sad and sick unto the heart ;
Thousands must fall to-day.'

"Sir Thomas answers—

'Thousands of souls must leave this prison-house,
To be exalted to those heavenly fields
Where songs of triumph, psalms of victory,
Where peace, and joy, and love, and calm content,
Sit singing on the azure clouds, and strew
The flowers of heaven upon the banquet table.'

Bind ardent hope upon your feet, like shoes,
And put the robe of preparation on.
The table, it is spread in shining heaven.
Let those who fight, fight in good steadfastness;
And those who fall shall rise in victory.*

"I might transcribe from these modest and unnoticed pages many such passages. It would be unfair not to mention that the same volume contains some wild and incoherent prose, in which we may trace more than the dawning of those strange, mystical, and mysterious fancies on which he subsequently misemployed his pencil. There is much that is weak, and something that is strong, and a great deal that is wild and mad, and all so strangely mingled, that no meaning can be assigned to it: it seems like a lamentation over the disasters which came on England during the reign of King John.

"Though Blake lost himself a little in the enchanted region of song, he seems not to have neglected to make himself master of the graver, or to have forgotten his love of designs and sketches. He was a dutiful servant to Basire, and he studied occasionally under Flaxman and Fuseli; but it was his chief delight to retire to the solitude of his chamber, and there make drawings, and illustrate these with verses, to be hung up together in his mother's chamber. He was always at work; he called amusement idleness, sight-seeing vanity, and money-making the ruin of all high aspirations. 'Were I to love money,' he said, 'I should lose all power of thought; desire of gain deadens the genius of man. I might roll in wealth, and ride in a golden

chariot, were I to listen to the voice of parsimony. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing godlike sentiments.' The day was given to the graver, by which he earned enough to maintain himself respectably; and he bestowed his evenings upon painting and poetry, and intertwined these so closely in his compositions, that they cannot well be separated."

And this was the boy whom Fortune had bound down to daily toil for the supply of the daily necessities of life. Alas! for her crocketty caprices and her wanton favours! While some long-
eared lordling is lolloping his asinine length upon his sofa, complaining of the difficulty he has in killing that worst of enemies, Time; talking of the past Melton sports, or the forthcoming Newmarket meeting; boasting of how well his French *artiste* manages the *buttier de cuisine* to cram his deep and unfathomable paunch with poisons worse than Colchic drugs, or squandering his thousands upon the pirouetting mademoiselles of a licentious Opera house—the poor children of misery and misfortune, such as Heyne, Vitalis,* Blake, lie in their rickety garrets, have not wherewithal to warm

* The story of Heyne is, probably, sufficiently known, but respecting Vitalis, perhaps the information is not so general. Certainly it is not, save amongst students of Swedish literature, or readers of the *Foreign Review*, wherein is the only account of the birth and calamitous life of this ill-fated poet, so early doomed to the tenancy of the grave. Our own Henry Kirke White is but a feeble, insignificant shadow of what young Vitalis became; though, it must be acknowledged, that the former died much younger than the latter, who lived to complete his thirty-fourth year. Perhaps the following extract may be valuable, being placed in juxtaposition to this our notice of William Blake:—

"The restlessness of his (Vitalis) temper, the constant struggle of a gigantic mind with a weak and feeble frame—

'A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay'—

his eager longing for the liberation of the spirit from the trammels of earthly cares and sufferings, all became for him the springs of lofty lyrical effusion. The character of lyrical poetry is, subjective within the breast of the poet, and expanding the world of sentiment, feeling, and ideas. The lyrical poet stands in no need of history or of practical life in order to produce effect; he draws from his own sources, is the creator of his own world. He abandons not the recesses of contemplation in order to celebrate what he sees and experiences without—he rather draws the visible objects of external life within the sphere of his internal world. He sings not of others, but of himself. "The following delineation of the character of Vitalis, by an abler hand than ours, may serve to corroborate the view which we have taken of him. Geijer says:—'Earnestness, honesty, purity, were the ever harmonious tones of his character, which, in other respects, seemed, and undoubtedly was, a composition of

their frosty blood into a wholesome circulation, save the agonising pangs of disappointment shooting with electric rapidity along their veins and sinews, and burning with the woful flame of consuming fire. And yet the crumbs which fell from the very servants' table of the above-named "*laudator temporis acti*" at hunts, *coulisse*-intrigues, and green-rooms, racing grounds and platter-and-dish dalliance, would have been ample for the food of those wretched and starving sons of genius, and sent them in gladness of heart, and with a fervent

blessing on their lips, to pursue the stony path that leads to the temple of renown, where that soul only

" Shall enter, which hath earned
The privilege by virtue !"

Vitalis, however, was a man of sterner, ruder materials, than our William Blake; the misery of life could not bend into submission his too stubborn heart, but its strings burst in twain even with the very effort of resistance. William Blake had a calmer, quieter, more gentle, tractable spirit, and he

contrasts. As his physical frame was a contrast to his strength of mind, so his mind, in many respects, was its own contrast, displaying both together and alternately, weakness and strength, softness and severity, humility and pride, candour and suspicion, mirth and sadness, childish whims and manly reason. The constituents of the man were also those of the poet, and both of these wanted a higher harmony. Suffering, cares, and penury, also, too often seized upon that wondrous soul-music of which the purified tones now belong to more exalted spheres. The language of Vitalis is the image of a spirit striving to gain its due expression—at times harsh, torpid, rough, and wearying—at others pure and delightful: it is not a stream conducted by an easy art to reflect all flowers on its way: it is rather a metal, fused by the internal fire, and thus cast in unbroken and sounding form.

LIFE AND DEATH.

" At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
In its May-wreath crown'd, and there
Saw day-rise in gold and in purple glow,
And I cried—' Oh Life, how fair !'

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,
When the dawning time was nigh,
So wakened for song in the breast of man
A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar
From home afar in its flight,
To roam, like the Sun, still from shore to shore,
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
And, wrapt in devotion and prayer,
Saw night-rise in silver and purple glow,
And I cried—Oh Death, how fair !'

And when that the soft evening wind, so meek,
With its balmy breathing came,
It seemed as though Nature then kiss'd my cheek
And tenderly sighed my name !

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children, the stars to her came ;
The exploits of Man then seemed to me small—
Nought great, save the Infinite's Name.

Ah, how unheeded, all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While th' eternal thoughts in the Poet's breast,
Like stars in the Heavens arise !

" Poor Vitalis ! thy longing was soon gratified, and thy impatient spirit freed from its prison of mortality. Now are known to thee the manifold and mysterious meanings of thy worshipped Nature:—the smiling loveliness of fields and flowers; the awful silence of the forest; the unfathomable depth of lakes and seas—all—
all are explained to thee in the clear light of Wisdom and of Love."

Foreign Review, No. VII.

lived onward to a ripe old age, a happy, cheerful man, though one engaged in daily struggles with poverty. Both wanted in early life the one thing essential to every individual, of whatever nature or degree of intellect,—a kind, compassioning adviser;—a true friend;—one who would have chided gently and encouraged much: who would have listened to the tale of sorrow: not checked by coldness or sarcasm the tear struggling for a passage through the lowered fringes of the strained, blood-shot eye: and with quiet movement and soothing speech taught the young gladiators with self, how to struggle with error: instructed these inexperienced mariners how to trim their vessels, avoiding all the shoals and quicksands of a siren-thronged world: how to repair into the tranquil haven, how to produce their freight, and deal in an advantageous traffic with the inhabitants on shore, thereby gaining uncountable riches!

We were once speaking with an acquaintance respecting Vitalis, and we urged our opinion that Vitalis died in consequence of his sheer ignorance of the world; for had he known the world better, he would have better learnt to accommodate himself to its common ways. But our acquaintance thought differently; expressing himself in the highest terms of praise of the poet who chose to retire into independent beggary, rather than receive a small pension from the heir-apparent of Sweden, while studying at the University of Upsala. The consequence was, that Vitalis threw himself into the arms of penury, and that penury corroded his life-blood, like slow, cunning, and subtle poison. But this very act shewed that poor Vitalis carried in his breast a small portion of the leaven of human weakness. When was it given to humanity to be perfect in all things? Had Vitalis possessed a better knowledge of the world, he would, doubtlessly, have acted otherwise: had he possessed, as a counsellor, another Archivarius Lindhorst, his name would not now, perhaps, be found upon a tomb-stone, for true and virtuous hearts to weep over; but would have been as a star dominant in the galaxy of the illustrious on earth, that humbler men might bask in the rays of its all-glorious light, praying for the continuance of its benignant influence. But,

in want of this counsellor, Vitalis was left unacquainted with the sinuous ways of this turmoiling world, and he shut himself up in a circumscribed valley and a rugged cave of his own,—where he communed with Poetry and Despair, until at length they tore out his entrails, and feasted, in laughter, on his mangled limbs. What good reason had Vitalis for refusing the kindness of his sovereign's son? A mere apprehension that he might be conceived a court pensioner! What if he had been so noted down in the opinions of all men? Is a truly virtuous Prince amongst those Utopian formations, thought of, dreamed of, but never seen! If so, the human race is stultified in placing government in the hands of individuals who would be, by the inscrutable will of Providence, a race more akin to the beasts of the field than to man, made erect, and after the image of his Maker. But the consciousness of his own existence, his own sense of virtue, must have given a contradiction to this supposition of Vitalis. Did not Shakespeare partake of assistance from a friend? Did not Spenser receive a portion of public money? Did not Schiller and Hoffman eat of the bounty of a patron? Has not Goethe been long indebted to the good Duke of Weimar? Does not Bowles stand obliged to the patron of the advowson of Bremhill? Is not William Wordsworth in the pay of government; and Robert Southey Poet Laureate of England! And is virtue incompatible with the trust of offices and the receipt of favours? If so, where are the miserable wretches who so far degrade human nature by their base venality? Drag them into punishment; for it were good for them that a millstone were about their necks, and they were cast into the sea! But let Humanity lift up its desponding head; virtue is not incompatible with our nature. He who, taking his place amongst his fellow-creatures, fulfils, amidst the temptations and trying circumstances of life, his duty to his neighbour, is, indeed, as far as man is concerned,

“The happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish
to be!”

But Vitalis would have had it otherwise: he was tutor in a family of consoling friends during the period of his last illness; they paid him every pos-

sible attention; but the unbending soul of the poet could not brook this consideration, and he went into an hospital, and died! Did we not know it were otherwise, we should ask, was there the true milk of human kindness in the bosom of this man? Had his heart ever overflowed with the sweet waters of gratitude? By what right did he assume to be a dispenser of favours, if he spurned a proffered kindness? Is not human existence carried onward by the laws of mutuality? Is not a man a gregarious animal? and if so, was it intended that he should approach his neighbour, and, taking his stand, should gaze at him in proud independence; or is it not in his mortal destiny that he should assist and be assisted in turn? Is it not in the order of his earthly existence that he should be a cenobite, and not an ascetic? And yet Vitalis—poor, misguided, unhappy, virtuous Vitalis—wished, in his own person, to counteract the pre-ordained operations of nature! Did we not know the man's character thoroughly, we should have concluded that his actions emanated from pride and stubbornness; and these qualities are not predicates of the possession of all-soaring genius! The earth is the fitting habitation of the two monsters, pride and stubbornness; the angel form of all-soaring genius is under perpetual effort to mount upwards, to regain and walk upon the golden pavements of its own paternal mansion in the skies. Had Vitalis known the world, he would have been conscious that life required active duties; that existence must be supported by the never-ceasing labour of the hands. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," was God's primeval curse on man; it behoves not man, therefore, to sit down in indolence, expecting a pitying Providence to send him food, miraculously, by the ravens of Elijah the prophet! Yet when we contemplate the life and death of this younger prophet, this true genius and son of song, we could weep, for very sorrow, in bitterness of heart. A little would have saved him; an early counsellor, a calm, prudent, guiding, and loving friend would have extricated him from all danger, supported his tender footsteps over the burning marl of mortal life, until he had gained strength, and been able to walk abroad in the fulness and ripened

energy of manhood. The secrets of existence, however, are dark—dark and unfathomable; yet the lives of Vitalis and Blake proclaim this manifest moral: "Youth, arise, and be a-doing in the path marked out for thy career of life by the omniscient and omnipotent Taskmaster in heaven!"

Enough of this: Allan Cunningham next comes to speak of Blake's marriage. The process of love-making and pairing was characteristic of the man.

"When he was six-and-twenty years old, he married Katharine Boucher, a young woman of humble connexions,—the dark-eyed Kate of several of his lyric poems. She lived near his father's house, and was noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her hand, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim and handsome shape, corresponding with his own notions of sylphs and naiads. As he was an original in all things, it would have been out of character to fall in love like an ordinary mortal—he was describing, one evening, in company, the pains he had suffered from some capricious lady or another, when Katherine Boucher said, 'I pity you from my heart.' 'Do you pity me?' said Blake, 'then I love you for that.' 'And I love you,' said the frank-hearted lass; and so the courtship began. He tried how well she looked in a drawing, then how her charms became verse; and finding moreover that she had good domestic qualities, he married her. They lived together long and happily.

"She seemed to have been created on purpose for Blake; she believed him to be the finest genius on earth; she believed in his verse; she believed in his designs; and to the wildest flights of his imagination she bowed the knee, and was a worshipper. She set his house in good order, prepared his frugal meal, learned to think as he thought, and, indulging him in his harmless absurdities, became, as it were, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. She learned—what a young and handsome woman is seldom apt to learn—to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, pleasant company, and agreeable invitations; she found out the way of being happy at home, living on the simplest of food, and contented in the homeliest of clothing. It was no ordinary mind which could do all this; and she whom Blake emphatically called his 'beloved,' was no ordinary woman. She wrought off in the press the impressions of his plates; she coloured them with a light and neat hand; made drawings much in the spirit of her husband's compositions; and almost rivalled him in all things save in the power which he possessed of seeing visions of any

individual, living or dead, whenever he chose to see them.

“His marriage, I have heard, was not agreeable to his father; and he then left his roof, and resided with his wife in Green Street, Leicester Fields. He returned to Broad Street on the death of his father,—a devout man, and an honest shopkeeper of fifty years’ standing,—took a first floor and a shop, and in company with one Parker, who had been his fellow-apprentice, commenced printseller. His wife attended to the business, and Blake continued to engrave, and took Robert, his favourite brother, for a pupil. This speculation did not succeed; his brother, too, sickened and died; he had a dispute with Parker; the shop was extinguished; and he removed to 28, Poland Street. Here he commenced that series of works which give him a right to be numbered among the men of genius of his country. In sketching designs, engraving plates, writing songs, and composing music, he employed his time, with his wife sitting at his side encouraging him in all his undertakings. As he drew the figure, he meditated the song which was to accompany it; and the music to which the verse was to be sung was the offspring, too, of the same moment. Of his music there are no specimens: he wanted the art of noting it down; if it equalled many of his drawings, and some of his songs, we have lost melodies of real value.

“The first fruits were the ‘Songs of Innocence and Experience,’ a work original and natural, and of high merit, both in poetry and in painting. It consists of some sixty-five or seventy scenes, presenting images of youth and manhood—of domestic sadness and fireside joy—of the gaiety, and innocence, and happiness of childhood. Every scene has its poetical accompaniment, curiously interwoven with the group or the landscape, and forming, from the beauty of the colour and the prettiness of the penciling, a very fair picture of itself. Those designs are, in general, highly poetical; more allied, however, to heaven than to earth,—a kind of spiritual abstractions, and indicating a better world and fuller happiness than mortals enjoy. The picture of Innocence is introduced with the following sweet verses:—

‘Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me—

‘Pipe a song about a lamb;
So I piped with merry cheer.

Piper, pipe that song again;
So I piped,—he wept to hear.

‘Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer;
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

‘Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read;—
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed;

‘And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.’

“In a higher and better spirit he wrought with his pencil. But then he imagined himself under spiritual influences; he saw the forms and listened to the voices of the worthies of other days; the past and the future were before him, and he heard, in imagination, even that awful voice which called on Adam amongst the trees of the garden. In this kind of dreaming abstraction he lived much of his life; all his works are stamped with it; and though they owe much of their mysticism and obscurity to the circumstance, there can be no doubt that they also owe to it much of their singular loveliness and beauty. It was wonderful that he could thus, month after month, and year after year, lay down his graver after it had won him his daily wages, and retire from the battle for bread, to disport his fancy amid scenes of more than earthly splendour, and creatures pure as unfulled dew.

“In this lay the weakness and the strength of Blake; and those who desire to feel the character of his compositions must be familiar with his history and the peculiarities of his mind. He was by nature a poet, a dreamer, and an enthusiast. The eminence which it had been the first ambition of his youth to climb was visible before him, and he saw on its ascent or on its summit those who had started earlier in the race of fame. He felt conscious of his own merit, but was not aware of the thousand obstacles which were ready to interpose. He thought that he had but to sing songs and draw designs, and become great and famous. The crosses which genius is heir to had been wholly unforeseen, and they befell him early; he wanted the skill of hand, and fine tact of fancy and taste, to impress upon the offspring of his thoughts that popular shape which gives such productions immediate circulation. His works were looked coldly on by the world, and were only esteemed by men of poetic minds.

or those who were fond of things out of the common way. He earned a little fame, but no money, by these speculations, and had to depend for bread on the labours of the graver.

"All this neither crushed his spirit nor induced him to work more in the way of the world, but it had a visible influence upon his mind; he became more seriously thoughtful, avoided the company of men, and lived in the manner of a hermit, in that vast wilderness, London. Necessity made him frugal, and honesty and independence prescribed plain clothes, homely fare, and a cheap habitation. He was thus compelled, more than ever, to retire to worlds of his own creating, and seek solace in visions of paradise for the joys which the earth denied him. By frequent indulgence in these imaginings, he gradually began to believe in the reality of what dreaming fancy painted; the pictured forms which swarmed before his eyes assumed, in his apprehension, the stability of positive revelations; and he mistook the vivid figures, which his professional imagination shaped, for the poets, and heroes, and princes of old. Amongst his friends he at length ventured to intimate, that the designs on which he was engaged were not from his own mind, but copied from grand works revealed to him in visions; and those who believed that, would readily lend an ear to the assurance that he was commanded to execute his performances by a celestial tongue!

"Of these imaginary visitations he made good use, when he invented his truly original and beautiful mode of engraving and tinting his plates. He had made the sixty-five designs of his *Days of Innocence*, and was meditating, he said, on the best means of multiplying their resemblance in form and in hue; he felt sorely perplexed. At last he was made aware that the spirit of his favourite brother Robert was in the room, and to this celestial visitor he applied for counsel. The spirit advised him at once: 'Write,' he said, 'the poetry, and draw the designs upon the copper with a certain liquid (which he named, and which Blake ever kept a secret); then cut the plain parts of the plate down with aquafortis, and this will give the whole, both poetry and figures, in the manner of a stereotype.' The plan recommended by this gracious spirit was adopted, the plates were engraved, and the work printed off. The artist then added a peculiar beauty of his own: he tinted both the figures and the verse with a variety of colours, amongst which, while yellow prevails, the whole has a rich and lustrous beauty, to which I know

little that can be compared. The size of these prints is four inches and a half high by three inches wide. The original genius of Blake was always confined, through poverty, to small dimensions. Sixty-five plates of copper were an object to him who had little money. The *Gates of Paradise*, a work of sixteen designs, and those exceedingly small, was his next undertaking. The meaning of the artist is not a little obscure; it seems to have been his object to represent the innocence, the happiness, and the upward aspirations of man. They bespeak one intimately acquainted with the looks and the feelings of children. Over them there is shed a kind of mysterious halo, which raises feelings of devotion. The '*Songs of Innocence*' and the '*Gates of Paradise*' became popular among the collectors of prints. To the sketch-book and the cabinet the works of Blake are unfortunately confined.

"If there be mystery in the meaning of the '*Gates of Paradise*,' his succeeding performance, by name '*Urizen*,' has the merit or the fault of surpassing all human comprehension. The spirit which dictated this strange work was undoubtedly a dark one, nor does the strange kind of prose which is intermingled with the figures serve to enlighten us. There are, in all, twenty-seven designs, representing beings human, demoniac, and divine, in situations of pain, and sorrow, and suffering. One character, evidently an evil spirit, appears in most of the plates; the horrors of hell, and the terrors of darkness and divine wrath, seem his sole portion. He swims in gulfs of fire, descends in cataracts of flame, holds combats with scaly serpents, or writhes in anguish without any visible cause! One of his exploits is to chase a female soul through a narrow gate, and hurl her headlong down into a darksome pit. The wild verses which are scattered here and there talk of the sons and the daughters of Urizen. He seems to have extracted these twenty-seven scenes out of many visions: what he meant by them, even his wife declared she could not tell, though she was sure they had a meaning, and a fine one. Something like the fall of Lucifer and the creation of man is dimly visible in this extravagant work; it is not a little fearful to look upon; a powerful, dark, terrible, though undefined and indescribable impression is left on the mind,—and it is in no haste to be gone. The size of the designs is four inches by six; they bear date, 'Lambeth, 1794.' He had left Poland Street, and was residing in Hercules Buildings."

The singularity of the man attracted public attention; yet he never had a

companion, save one person, well enough known for his eccentricity. This eccentricity, however, we have the very best reason in the world for knowing, was assumed for the purpose of getting a name, in which he has partially succeeded, and has thereby put certain golden guineas into pockets by the exercise of his profession. But this individual had not that transcendental perception into the supernatural, which would have given him the privilege of claiming kin and brotherhood with Blake. One was the genuine, true, and all-convinced

mystic; the other was like the superficial tyro, waiting by his master to hear his words of wisdom, to note down the words explanatory of the esoteric doctrines of what he, in his ignorance, thought to be mere craft, that so he might, himself, be enabled to gather the "pence current of the realm" by setting up as judicial astrologer, drawing fools about him to hear his rigmarole incomprehensible nonsense; and, in fact, to sell his own paintings, whilst he appeared to calculate with the utmost gravity,

"The hidden fates

Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats :
Of running nags, and fighting cocks,
Of love, and trade, and law-suit knocks :
Or task the measure of the live!
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile !"

By this jugglery, the artist in question has brought customers to his shop. If he made his calculations in jest, or for the sake of laughter, we should be well enough pleased; and let him practise on his tricks to the end of time, without any reprehension on our part. But when he does it seriously, and attempts to impose upon people, many of whom are women (they always are the principal listeners to such trash and nonsense), then certainly the word of indignation should be levelled at the vagabond's head. In his idle gabble, he makes "guilty of our disasters the sun, moon, and stars,—as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil by a divine thrusting on!" This man, therefore, is a buffoon and knave, "not by spherical predominance," but by artifice, that he may put money, in his purse, and get rich.

But it was otherwise with poor William Blake. That he was no knave, will appear from the following anecdote, which must bring us to a conclusion directly the contrary of what it appears likely to induce. In other men, this conduct manifested on Blake's part would have proved the existence of a mendacious spirit.

"If the tranquillity of Blake's life was a little disturbed by the dispute about

the twelve 'Inventions,' it was completely shaken by the controversy which now arose between him and Cromeck respecting his *Canterbury Pilgrimage*. That two artists at one and the same time should choose the same subject for the pencil seems scarcely credible, especially when such subject was not of a temporary interest. The coincidence here was so close, that Blake accused Stothard of obtaining knowledge of his design through Cromeck,—while Stothard, with equal warmth, asserted that Blake had commenced his picture in rivalry of himself. Blake declared that Cromeck had actually commissioned him to paint the *Pilgrimage* before Stothard thought of his; to which Cromeck replied, that the order had been given in a vision, for he never gave it. Stothard, a man as little likely to be led aside from truth by love of gain as by visions, added to Cromeck's denial the startling testimony that Blake visited him during the early progress of his picture, and expressed his approbation of it in such terms, that he proposed to introduce Blake's portrait in the procession as a mark of esteem. It is probable that Blake obeyed some imaginary revelation in this matter, and mistook it for the order of an earthly employer; but whether commissioned by a vision, or by mortal lips, his *Canterbury Pilgrimage* made its appearance in an exhibition of his principal works in the house of his brother, in Broad-street, during the summer of 1809."

Now, no man in his mortal senses would have asserted what Blake is described to have done, without a

conviction that the assertion was founded on truth. But it was wholly false, and yet Blake kept on persisting in its correctness, though accumulated evidence from almost every quarter of the town could be, and was, immediately brought forward to prove its nothingness. If Blake had been really an impostor, he would have calculated the chances of detection. This he never seems to have done: by no process of prudent conduct would a man deliberately write himself down a liar, when exposure was easy and certain. What shall we say, then, in Blake's extenuation? Simply this, that by severe abstraction, Blake's brain became fevered: he mistook the dreams of fancy for reality. Poor, unfortunate, ill-fated son of genius!

Therein lies the whole mystery of the man's existence; and the mystery yields and is unravelled by the slightest investigation. Had Blake been perfect in mind, as he was in body (which combination alone makes the first-rate character), it had been well for him: had he been an educated man, and a man of the world, it had been well for him: had he been the pupil or the friend of a strong-minded, well-educated man, and a man of the world, it had been well for him. But he was deficient in all these necessities for the voyage of life. The world's neglect, the want of a friend, turned him to abstract speculations. Had vigour of mind *then*, as it were by some sudden revelation, come upon him, the milk of human love around his heart would

have been curdled from disgust to gall and bitterness; and the young artist would have become an inveterate, irrecoverable sceptic. But blindness of faith is the usual comforter of weak minds in affliction: the poor youth, rejected of men, turned his thoughts and devotion from worldly concerns to the worship of his Maker; and, well aware of the all-lovingness of God, and, in his frenzied adoration, forgetting the weakness of mortal flesh, he imagined that his bruised and broken soul had found refuge in the bosom of the One True and Universal Friend. Then was his spirit, indeed, regenerated, and with mortal utterance it spoke of the immortal wonders of another and a better world. To such a pass did the world's neglect, and the victory of disappointment, bring this man, the whiteness of whose soul was as immaculate as new-fallen snow upon mountain-tops. Thus very excess of virtue became in him an evil; yet he proceeded in his fatal error:—for how were it otherwise? William Blake had, for the voyage of life, neither Compass nor Ballast: he had, for the trials of life, neither Friend nor Adviser! Nevertheless was the suffering transcendentalist happy, gay, and unsubdued, even to the last, by the cares of this world of grief. His mind was constantly active—not a brook or a stone—not a leaf, a flitting shadow, or a gleam of sunshine, but carried to his head a silent, and consolatory meaning. How well do Burton's lines apply to him!

“When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen;
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness:
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

“Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody;
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine:
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.”

Stronger beings than Blake have believed in the supernatural. Johnson's theory has been put into the

mouth of the sage Imlac, and is sufficiently known. What man that exists but has in his mind a faint adumbra-

tion of supernatural agency? This is the constant accompaniment of conscience; and so long as that monitor shall be active in the breast of man, so long will the sense of supernatural agency remain with him. But though a

sense of the supernatural accompanies conscience, springing from the perpetration of evil; yet is it also the associate of Love for the purposes of good, as was the case with William Blake. Thus was it with Max. in Schiller's *Wallenstein*.

"O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's PRIDE that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities, of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!"

Blake, it appears, published a catalogue of his pictures, in which he set forth the principles of his art according to his conception. All this is well described by our friend Allan Cunningham.

"Of original designs, this singular exhibition contained sixteen—they were announced as chiefly 'of a spiritual and political nature'—but then the spiritual works and political feelings of Blake were unlike those of any other man. One piece represented 'The Spiritual Form of Nelson guiding Leviathan.' Another, 'The Spiritual Form of Seth guiding Behemoth.' This probably confounded both divines and politicians: there is no doubt that plain men went wondering away. The chief attraction was the Canterbury Pilgrimage, not, indeed, from its excellence, but from the circumstance of its origin, which was well known about town, and pointedly alluded to in the catalogue. The picture is a failure. Blake was too great a visionary for dealing with such literal wantons as the Wife of Bath and her jolly companions. The natural flesh and blood of Chaucer prevailed against him. He gives grossness

of body for grossness of mind,—tries to be merry and wicked—and in vain.

"Those who missed instruction in his pictures found entertainment in his catalogue—a wild performance, overflowing with the oddities and dreams of the author—which may be considered as a kind of public declaration of his faith concerning art and artists. His first anxiety is about his colours. 'Colouring,' says this new lecturer on the *chiaroscuro*, 'does not depend on where the colours are put, but on where the lights and darks are put, and all depends on form or outline. Where that is wrong, the colouring never can be right; and it is always wrong in Titian and Coreggio, Rubens and Rembrandt; till we get rid of them we shall never equal Raphael and Albert Durer, Michael Angelo and Julio Romano. Clearness and precision have been my chief objects in painting these pictures—clear colours and firm determinate lineaments, unbroken by shadows, which ought to display and not hide form, as is the practice of the later schools of Italy and Flanders. The picture of the Spiritual Form of Pitt is a proof of the power of colours unallied with oil, or with any cloggy vehicle. Oil has been falsely supposed to give

strength to colours, but a little consideration must shew the fallacy of this opinion. Oil will not drink or absorb colour enough to stand the test of any little time, and of the air. Let the works of artists since Rubens' time witness to the villany of those who first brought oil painting into general opinion and practice, since which we have never had a picture painted that would shew itself by the side of an earlier composition. This is an awful thing to say to oil painters; they may call it madness, but it is true. All the genuine old little pictures are in fresco, and not in oil.

“ Having settled the true principles and proper materials of colour, he proceeds to open up the mystery of his own productions. Those who failed to comprehend the pictures, on looking at them, had only to turn to the following account of the Pitt and the Nelson. ‘ These two pictures,’ he says, ‘ are compositions of a mythological cast, similar to those apotheoses of Persian, Hindoo, and Egyptian antiquity, which are still preserved in rude monuments, being copies from some stupendous originals now lost, or perhaps buried to some happier age. The artist having been taken, in vision, to the ancient republics, monarchies, and patriarchates of Asia, has seen those wonderful originals, called in the sacred Scriptures the cherubim, which were painted and sculptured on the walls of temples, towns, cities, palaces, and erected in the highly-cultivated states of Egypt, Moab, and Edom, among the rivers of Paradise, being originals from which the Greeks and Hetrurians copied Hercules, Venus, Apollo, and all the ground-works of ancient art. They were executed in a very superior style to those justly admired copies, being, with their accompaniments, terrific and grand in the highest degree. The artist has endeavoured to emulate the grandeur of those seen in his vision, and to apply it to modern times on a smaller scale. The Greek Muses are daughters of Memory, and not of Inspiration or Imagination, and therefore not authors of such sublime conceptions: some of these wonderful originals were one hundred feet in height; some were painted as pictures, some were carved as bas-relievos, and some as groups of statues, all containing mythological and recondite meaning. The artist wishes it was now the fashion to make such monuments, and then he should not doubt of having a national commission to execute those pictures of Nelson and Pitt on a scale suitable to the grandeur of the nation who is the parent of his heroes, in highly-finished fresco, where the colours

would be as permanent as precious stones.’

“ The man who could not only write down, but deliberately correct the printer's sheets which recorded matter so utterly wild and mad, was at the same time perfectly sensible to the exquisite nature of Chaucer's delineations, and felt rightly what sort of skill his imitable pilgrims required at the hand of an artist. He who saw visions in Cœle-Syria, and statues an hundred feet high, wrote thus concerning Chaucer: ‘ The characters of his pilgrims are the characters which compose all ages and nations: as one age falls, another rises, different to mortal sight, but to immortals only the same; for we see the same characters repeated again and again, in animals, in vegetables, and in men; nothing new occurs in identical existence. Accident ever varies; substance can never suffer change nor decay. Of Chaucer's characters, some of the names or titles are altered by time, but the characters themselves for ever remain unaltered, and consequently they are the physiognomies of universal human life, beyond which nature never steps. Names alter—things never alter; I have known multitudes of those who would have been monks in the age of monkery, who, in this deistical age, are deists. As Linnæus numbered the plants, so Chaucer numbered the classes of men.’

“ His own notions and much of his peculiar practice in art are scattered at random over the pages of this curious production. His love of a distinct outline made him use close and clinging dresses; they are frequently very graceful; at other times they are constricted, and deform the figures, which they so scantily cover. ‘ The great and golden rule of art,’ says he, ‘ is this:—that the more distinct and sharp and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and sharp this external line, the greater is the evidence of weak imitative plagiarism and bungling. Protogenes and Apelles knew each other by this line. How do we distinguish the oak from the beech, the horse from the ox, but by the bounding outline? How do we distinguish one face or countenance from another, but by the bounding line, and its infinite inflexions and movements? Leave out this line, and you leave out life itself: all is chaos again, and the line of the Almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist.’

“ These abominations—concealed outline and tricks of colour—now bring on one of those visionary fits to which Blake was so liable, and he narrates with the most amusing wildness sundry reve-

lations made to him concerning them. He informs us that certain painters were *demons*, let loose on earth to confound the 'sharp wiry outline,' and fill men's minds with fears and perturbations. He signifies that he himself was for some time a miserable instrument in the hands of Chiaro-Scuro demons, who employed him in making 'experiment pictures in oil.' 'These pictures,' says he, 'were the result of temptations and perturbations labouring to destroy imaginative power by means of that infernal machine called Chiaro-Scuro, in the hands of Venetian and Flemish demons, who hate the Roman and Venetian schools. They cause that every thing in art shall become a machine; they cause that the execution shall be all blocked up with brown shadows; they put the artist in fear and doubt of his own original conception. The spirit of Titian was particularly active in raising doubts concerning the possibility of executing without a model. Rubens is a most outrageous demon, and, by infusing the remembrances of his pictures and style of execution, hinders all power of individual thought. Corregio is a soft and effeminate, consequently a most cruel demon, whose whole delight is to cause endless labour to whoever suffers him to enter his mind.' When all this is translated into the language of sublunary life, it only means that Blake was haunted with the excellencies of other men's works, and, finding himself unequal to the task of rivalling the soft and glowing colours and singular effects of light and shade of certain great masters, betook himself to the study of others not less eminent, who happened to have laid out their strength in outline."

The following extracts are descriptive of some paintings which we ourselves have seen. Let the reader give his earnest attention to it.

"To describe the conversations which Blake held in prose with demons and in verse with angels, would fill volumes; and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the portraits of those who appeared to him in visions. The most propitious time for those 'angel-visits' was from nine at

night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready, and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed.

"He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace: the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. 'William Wallace!' he exclaimed, 'I see him now;—there, there, how noble he looks!—reach me my things.' Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopped suddenly, and said, 'I cannot finish him;—Edward the First has stepped in between him and me.' 'That's lucky,' said his friend, 'for I want the portrait of Edward too.' Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet; upon which his majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. 'And pray, sir,' said a gentleman who heard Blake's friend tell his story, 'was Sir William Wallace an heroic-looking man? And what sort of personage was Edward?' The answer was, 'There they are, sir, both framed, and hanging on the wall behind you; judge for yourself.' 'I looked,' says my informant, 'and saw two warlike heads, of the size of common life: that of Wallace was noble and heroic; that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon.'

"The friend who obliged me with these anecdotes, on observing the interest which I took in the subject, said, 'I know much about Blake, I was his companion for nine years. I have sat beside him from ten at night till three in the morning, sometimes slumbering and sometimes waking; but Blake never slept; he sat with a pencil and paper, drawing portraits of those whom I most desired to see. I will shew you, sir, some of these works.' He took out a large book filled with drawings, opened it, and continued, 'Observe the poetic fervour of that face;—it is Pindar, as he stood a conqueror in the Olympic games. And this lovely creature is Corinna, who conquered in poetry in the same place. That lady is *Lais*, the courtesan;—with the impudence which is part of her profession, she stepped in between Blake and Corinna, and he was obliged to paint her to get her away. There! that is a face of a different stamp; can you conjecture who he is?' 'Some scoun-

drel, I should think, sir.' 'There now, that is a strong proof of the accuracy of Blake;—he is a scoundrel indeed! The very individual task-master whom Moses slew in Egypt. And who is this, now?—only imagine who this is.' 'Other than a good one, I doubt, sir.' 'You are right,—it is the Devil; he resembles, and this is remarkable, two men who shall be nameless: one is a great lawyer, and the other—I wish I durst name him—is a suborner of false witnesses. This other head, now?—this speaks for itself,—it is the head of Herod: how like an eminent officer in the army!'

"He closed the book, and, taking out a small panel from a private drawer, said, 'This is the last which I shall shew you, but it is the greatest curiosity of all. Only look at the splendour of the colouring, and the original character of the thing!' 'I see,' said I, 'a naked figure with a strong body and a short neck,—with burning eyes which long for moisture, and a face worthy of a murderer, holding a bloody cup in its clawed hands, out of which it seems eager to drink. I never saw any shape so strange, nor did I ever see any colouring so curiously splendid—a kind of glistening green and dusky gold, beautifully varnished. But what in the world is it?' 'It is a ghost, sir—the ghost of a flea—a spiritualisation of the thing!' 'He saw this in a vision, then?' I said. 'I'll tell you all about it, sir. I called on him one evening, and found Blake more than usually excited. He told me he had seen a wonderful thing—the ghost of a flea! 'And did you make a drawing of him?' I inquired. 'No, indeed,' said he, 'I wish I had; but I shall, if he appears again.' He looked earnestly into a corner of the room, and then said, 'Here he is!—reach me my things,—I shall keep my eye on him. There he comes!—his eager tongue whisking out of his mouth, a cup in his hand to hold blood, and covered with a scaly skin of gold and green.' As he described him, so he drew him."

"These stories are scarcely credible, yet there can be no doubt of their accuracy. Another friend, on whose veracity I have the fullest dependence, called one evening on Blake, and found him sitting with a pencil and a panel, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious that he has got a fastidious sitter; he looked and drew, and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. 'Disturb me not,' said he, in a whisper, 'I have one sitting to me.' 'Sitting to you!' ex-

claimed his astonished visitor; 'where is he, and what is he?—I see no one.' 'But I see him, sir,' answered Blake, haughtily; 'there he is, his name is Lot—you may read of him in the Scripture. He is sitting for his portrait.'"

Blake had now arrived at a good old age, and felt himself to be dying. Still he kept touching and retouching his favourite painting. At last, he "threw it from him, exclaiming, 'There! that will do! I cannot mend it.' He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—'Stay, Kate! (cried Blake) keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me'—she obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness. The very joyfulness with which this singular man welcomed the coming of death made his dying moments intensely mournful. He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit those inspirations, as he called them, to paper."

This woman, says the writer of this singular piece of biography, is still alive, "to lament the loss of Blake—and feel it." Ye self-styled saints on earth, and ye distributors of private charity, ye need not go far in search of a fitting object on whom to bestow the golden guineas in your purses. Behold her here.

For the facts relative to Blake contained in this our paper, we are indebted to Allan Cunningham's volumes, entitled "*The Lives of English Painters*," &c., and forming a portion of the *Family Library*, published by Don John Pomposo, of Albemarle-street. Gentle reader, go and purchase these Lives; or, if you will, the whole collection, for they are well worth every farthing of the money which you will pay.

As for poor Blake—peace to his sacred ashes!—his soul is now far beyond the sound of the jeers and the mockery of his earthly detractors: and for those detractors, we will quote some words from a book of which perhaps they know little—it is worth their perusal: "CAST OUT THE BEAM OUT OF THINE OWN EYE; AND THEN SHALT THOU SEE CLEARLY TO CAST OUT THE MOLE OUT OF THY BROTHER'S EYE."

LAWRIE TODD.*

WE had some degree of longing, from the first day of its announcement, to see what was inside of this book, for many reasons, such as we presume were pretty general with that respectable body called the reading public; for a change had come over the spirit of our light literature, which had to us a most desolate and ominous appearance. Our publishers of the proud northern metropolis seem to have lost all pluck since the lamented death of their great father, Mr. Constable. An evident panic has come over the cautious biblioplists of Auld Reekie; they seem terrified to take their hands out of their breeches pockets, for fear that the little money they acknowledge to have, should at once jump out in the shape of printed paper; and saving for a feeble relic of the noble projects of Mr. Constable—the vaunted Modern Athens is fast dwindling away into a mere spelling-book and primer manufactory.

As for the writers from that quarter, the pleasant cheerers of our winter fire-sides, they have of late been entirely to us as if they had never been. Professor Wilson is writing no more sugary novels for tear-eyed Misses, and is in other respects doing no good. Mr. Lockhart, who did much better, has deserted the diet and come to town. Miss Farrier is allowing herself to be forgotten. Sir Walter has wisely taken to history for some time. Mr. Galt has been founding cities and settlements in the American wilderness for many a day;—so the great spirit of the Scotch novels seemed to have gone to rest on his mountains, and the glorious pageant of shapes of the past and the present, which he had called up for our delight, seemed to have already passed away like a dream.

And what have we had of late in place of this noble retinue of black spirits and white, with all their circumstance; from Edie Ochiltree the beggar-man, and daft Jenny Gaffaw, to crowned kings and mitred priests;—for notwithstanding that our known authors had retired from the field, so far from being left without the neces-

sary aliment of floating fiction, we have been stuffed, gorged to the throat, but of the great vomitory of the London press—but what, we say, have we had in the reflecting mirror of fiction? Of what has the pageant consisted which has been presented to the imagination of the public? It has, with few exceptions, consisted of an elaborate raree-show of ostrich feathers and silk stockings, cashmere shawls and moustaches, (for men and women there were absolutely none,)—négligées and fiddle-de-dee's, ottomans, Turkey carpets, and silver forks, smelling strong of otto of roses and eau-de-Cologne—things talking endless *smartisms* of wearisome wit, at which no one laughed, and Anglicised French which only footmen could admire, until the public have been nauseated beyond endurance, and the world was beginning to forget that such a being as a mere man and woman had ever been known, at least out of a drawing-room, to have had any actual existence in life.

Under such circumstances of dread dismay, when no man will buy a book bearing the title of a novel, lest he should be sickened by a repetition of the elaborate nothings which have become ipsecacuanha even to the very watering-place libraries; we must confess that we sat down to the present refreshment from our tried friend, Mr. Galt, with much relish for what, in the present famine of any thing substantial, he was pleased to set before us. Besides, there was before him the woods of America to explore; and knowing the many shallow things that have been said regarding that part of the world, we partook in the curiosity of many to know what so shrewd an observer as Mr. Galt would say upon so beaten and yet so interesting a subject. We, in the volumes before us, have found all that we expected, and even more.

The work is in the form of an autobiography, and is written in the same style of quaint simplicity which the public found so delightful in the *Angels of the Parish*; several years ago. Lawrie Todd, the supposed writer, is a poor nail-maker in Scotland, who,

getting inveigled into the cabals of the misled men calling themselves friends of the people at the revolution time, finds it necessary to leave his native country, and along with his brother, and a shipful of disappointed persons like themselves, to seek an asylum on the hospitable shore of the rising republic. After a humorous description of matters before they left Scotland, particularly of the contemptible appearance "the duddy bogle" himself made, as well as his brother revolutionists, when they were being tried in Edinburgh for the dignified crime of high treason, and when they were charged with no less than "imagining and compassing the death of our sovereign lord the king"—and a no less amusing description of the plagues and discomforts of their voyage across the Atlantic,—the autobiographer is made, along with his brother, to settle in New York, where they first land. Here they commence zealously working at their trade as nailers, and very soon, by hard industry and frugality, as well as by the exercise of that sagacity and sly craft with which Mr. Galt delights to invest his choice heroes, begin to thrive exceedingly. The consequence of thriving, in America peculiarly, is a tendency to speculation; and the consequence again of early success in speculation is over self-confidence, which, even in Lawrie Todd's case, has its natural result. His favourite speck has an unfortunate issue, which causes his temporary ruin; and what he had made being now entirely swept away, he is forced to fly with his wife and a young family, to find a refuge in the Genesee country; and now properly begins the real interest of the work.

After a plain and doubtless true description of what every one is pretty sensible of; viz. the excessive toil and disheartening nature of a tramp into the wilderness after quitting the cleared land, the way through which is described as "the mere blazed line of what was to be a road; stumps and oradle heaps, mud-holes, and miry swails, succeeding each other like the big and little beads of perdition on a papistical paternoster," poor Lawrie is brought to the land of Goshen at last, which he had come so far to seek; and it has this effect upon him—

"Of all the sights in this world, the most likely to daunt a stout heart, and to infect a resolute spirit with despondency,

that of a newly chopped tract of the forest certainly bears away the bell. Hundreds on hundreds of vast and ponderous trees covering the ground for acres, like the mighty slain in a field of battle, all to be removed, yea obliterated, before the solitary settler can raise a meal of potatoes, seemingly offer the most hopeless task which the industry of man can struggle with. My heart withered as I contemplated the scene, and my two little boys came close to me, and inquired with the low accents of anxiety and dread, if the moving of these enormous things was to be our work. Fortunately, before I had time to answer their question, a sudden turn of the road brought us in sight of the village, where the settlers, in all directions, were busy logging and burning. The liveliness of this spectacle, the blazing of the timber, and the rapid destruction of the trees, rendered, indeed, any answer unnecessary. They beheld at once that so far from the work being hopeless, the ground was laid open for tillage, even, as it were, while we were looking at it, and we entered Babelmandel re-assured in all our hopes."

But in a space of time which, from the startling difficulties of the first commencement would appear remarkably short, our settler wonderfully revives, in spite of several disasters, and even sees evident prospects of prosperity opening out every where around him. He now begins naturally to look inquisitively about him, and in the Scotchified phraseology and homely terms of the peculiar character with which the author has invested him, to describe the sort of persons he finds himself amongst, who have gathered themselves from various quarters to make up the population of the new village, aptly called Babelmandel, and who may be considered a fair specimen of the motley mixture who meet to found a new settlement in the woods of America.

There is first a ruined gentleman—a character at all times invested with a melancholy interest; but when found seeking a last refuge from misfortune in the wilderness, and supporting the few weary years of his remaining existence by teaching the children of an almost pauper population to read, is a picture painfully illustrative of human vicissitude. "You see me," says he, in telling his own story, "here alone unknown to you all; some of you deem me proud because I show you occasional amusements; but, whatever sto-

tives lead me to keep myself sequestered, they may have their own source in deeper feelings than any emotion in the power of present circumstances to excite."

"To begin, then; you see, in the strictest sense of the term, a forlorn man: all of you have some friend, kinsman, or acquaintances here, or you have previously heard something of some amongst you: it is not so with me,—I stand solitary in a circle which excludes every affection from without; none can pass the interdicted bound, and all within seems eradicated. I am, as respects my former individuality, dead to the world. It is believed by those to whom I was formerly known, that I exist no longer. My story belongs to necrology. The void which my departure left in society, has long, ere this, been filled up; or if I am yet remembered by some kinder heart than another, it is with wondering whence I came; and into what obscurity I have returned—doubtless, the common opinion is, into the dust."

The picture Mr. Galt has drawn of this individual is, by its elevation of tone, well calculated to relieve the meaner details of the rise of a new settlement in the woods,—of the manner and progress of which the reader will obtain a better idea from the minute and yet picturesque history contained in these volumes, than from a whole library of books of travels. We must proceed, however, with some of his characters, and particularly that of Mr. Zerobabil L. Hoskins, a speculative farmer and genuine Yankey, yet something of an oddity of his species, who, after a time, comes to partake in the rising prosperity of Babelmandel.

We have not space to quote from the various scenes in which this gentleman appears, sufficient to give a proper idea of him to those who have not read the book itself, to which we must in general refer, and particularly for one of the most original pictures of the most respectable species of Yankey that we have yet met with. Then there is next a disappointed clergyman from Scotland, who, having committed a slight *faux pas* in his youth, has never been able to obtain a situation in the church, for which he was educated, and who, after bearing for many years in his own country, the contemptuous appellation of "a sticked minister," goes to finish his discontented life in the woods of America. Mr. Bell, however, for this is his name, soon

gets employment both as preacher and teacher, having arrived in good time to meet the wants of a new settlement; and the history of his progress, and final relapse into methodism, from yielding to the temptation of increased numbers, and additional emoluments, which finally overcome his clerical prejudices, forms no mean portion of the moral and graphic truth of the story.

There is also a gentleman of the press gets a place in our author's new settlement, in the person of a Dr. Murdoch, from the city and college of Aberdeen, "an eminent scholar," says Mr. Galt slyly, who was to "do the editorial article, and superintend the literary department in general," of the new newspaper which was by this time to be set up in the settlement, under the attractive name of THE JUDIVILLE JUPITER. As for Mr. Primmer, the printer, who accompanied this literary gentleman to the land of promise, we think the men of letters here and elsewhere, who read Mr. Galt's book, will give him little thanks for describing this Mr. Primmer as "a sallow, unclean-looking subject, with an ill-tied cravat, a new coat, and an old hat," however true to nature the description may happen to be; nor will the highly literary gentlemen of the northern university be obliged to their countryman for making the learned Dr. Murdoch nothing but "an elderly lean man, with a loose frill hanging to his shirt, and seemingly much given to snuff;" and that "his breath was untrue if he had not a hankering after gin and biters also." Such was the gentleman, however, who was the leading literary character of this flourishing settlement, and sole editor of the Judiville Jupiter (which was intended to have been called "The Agamemnon of Liberty")—for it is evident that it is not every day that a gentleman with a clean frill and a sweet breath can be found to undertake editorial labours in the back woods of America.

But passing over a lady and her two fiery sons, whom a discontented English gentleman, the father of the latter, had long prepared to place in this land where taxes and tributes of all kinds were unknown, we proceed to the most original and amusing plague that ever disturbed and worried a small community, to wit, "that crust of vexation, John Waft." This laughable wretch is a discontented weaver from Paisley,

in Scotland, who, boring his way into the woods of America, contrives, by various small arts of a constitutional craft, and unwearied prying into the affairs of his neighbours, to pick up a living out of their very infirmities; and besides constantly plaguing our friend Lawrie Todd, manages, in spite of all the sagacity of this his more prosperous neighbour, to overreach him in every transaction that they have together. Bailie Waft is a species of Scotch Paul Pry, but a compound so curious, and is brought in so often to relieve the graver parts of the history, that no single extract that we could give would convey any proper idea of "the bodie" — so we must content ourselves with merely mentioning him, and referring to the work itself for particulars.

In reading works formerly written upon the subject of the making a settlement in the woods, we have learned something of how men did, but could seldom find any thing to please us as to how they *thought* and *felt* in circumstances so new to most, and therefore so interesting. This desideratum the work before us will do much to supply; for Mr. Galt has put his own thoughts and feelings while actually on the spot, so appropriately into the mouth of his hero, that we see, in reading the book, not only how the man acted in the various situations in which he comes naturally to be placed, but we learn his feelings and thoughts in them, which, indeed, is the chief charm of Mr. Galt's mode of writing applied to this subject. Indeed, to English readers who have had no opportunity of knowing the favourable specimens of the Scotch character that occasionally grow out of the lower orders, that of Mr. Lawrie Todd will appear hardly natural, from the poetical character of the thoughts which are often attributed to him, and particularly from the grave elegance of the language with which these thoughts are, in the person of this prosperous nailer, frequently clothed. Considering, however, this work as a picture, though highly graphic, this apparent defect in *vraisemblance* may well be excused; for the emigrant would be very sanguine indeed if he expected to find in every creditable citizen of the new settlement in the woods a man of the mind and spirit of Lawrie Todd.

Passing over various passages which we could have wished to extract, we quote the following, which is both inter-

esting in itself, and gives a good idea of what may be expected of life in the woods:—

"As it would be harmful to the earth if it was ever summer and sunshine, so would it be prejudicial to man if fortune were ever smiling. It is necessary for our contentation, that we should now and then be reminded by a blast or a shower, that all we possess is precarious; and therefore, although I acknowledge, that at this epoch the comforts of my lot were meted in a large measure, the courteous reader must not imagine I was spared from the wonted cares and anxieties of an inhabitant of the bush, for truly I had my trials. For some days about the middle of November, we had a delicious enjoyment of the Indian summer; it was later than usual in the season, but for that it was the more delightful, especially as it had been preceded by cold, showery, blustering weather. Every one felt in the temperance of the air as if a palpable tranquillity had been effused abroad, a visible softness overspread the face of things, and a pleasing shadowiness filled the woods. The sun veiled with the dim haze gleamed like an opal stone, and looked down with the indolent eye of a voluptuary content with enjoyment."

On a Sunday of one of these calm and beautiful days, one of his sons is lost in the woods, and the whole settlement is presently abroad in search of him.

"We spread ourselves in all directions, some firing the guns, some blowing the horns, and some calling the poor lad by name; but no sound was responded. As it became dark, my anxiety grew to agony: we kindled fires, we seized burning brands from them which we waved in the air, and redoubled the noises; all without effect. I began to fear that he had not only wandered, but that some calamity had befallen him; and under this apprehension I pressed forward to the van of the whole party, till I could only see the glimmering of the fiery circles far behind; at last the horns and the firing ceased, by which I knew the lost sheep was found, and hastened back resolved to rebuke him severely for the trouble and anxiety he had caused.

"Gradually the lights one by one disappeared, the sound of the voices died away, and after several ineffectual endeavours to cross a small cedar swamp, I found myself completely at fault; by perseverance, however, I escaped from the swamp, but in what direction then to choose my path was the question. The interwoven boughs over head, though leafless, excluded the view of the skies; even could they have been pe-

netrated, every star was so shut up in thick darkness, that the heavens afforded no guide.

"A strange confusion and terror fell upon me; my right hand became, as it were, my left. I was lost. I ran wildly forward till a prostrate tree or cradle-heap threw me down; soon after I plunged up to the middle in a marsh; then I came to the bank of a stream I had not passed—its width and depth were unknown. Incapable of imagining what course I ought to take, worn out and throbbing with alarm at the idea of passing the night alone in the forest, I sat down on a rock, and for some time abandoned myself to fear.

"When the panic had a little subsided, I rose and again walked to a considerable distance forward. I heard, as I thought, the shouting of the settlers in quest of me; I hastened towards them. I had never been so far out into the wilderness before; I soon discovered the sound was not human voices; I could not divine what it was. I thought surely I had taken the direction of Olympus, and that the noise must be the dam of the saw-mill in that neighbourhood. This gave something like hope, and my strength and courage were revived with the thought of being so near shelter.

"Judge of my dismay when, on hastening on, I came to what I thought an opening in the wood, and found myself on the verge of a dreadful chasm, into which a great river was tumbling with a noise like the voice of the distant sea. I stood aghast at the danger into which I had run; a few paces farther, and I had been dashed in pieces at the bottom of the chasm.

"I became more alarmed than ever; this cataract was not known at the village; I was beyond all the land-marks that would have guided me by day. The return of the morning could promise no comfort, for I knew not in what direction to turn, and there was a weariness in my limbs that made farther travelling that night almost impossible. I was also so startled at finding myself so abruptly at the brink of destruction, that I was afraid to move a step from the spot where I halted; a bitter grief gathered at my heart, and instead of praying to Him by whom alone aid can be given, I cursed the hour of my birth. Deserted of all fortitude, I wept and wrung my hands; I thought of my young family helpless in the wilderness; and of all the adversities which had of late befallen me.

"When this paroxysm passed off, and I could more calmly consider my dangerous situation, I began to reflect, that

the river before me could be no other than the same which flowed by Babel-mandel, and that as my strength was exhausted, I ought to rest where I was until day-break, when I should follow down the course of the current, convinced that the falls were higher up the stream than the town. It is wonderful the effect this rational reflection had in calming my perturbation. I sat down on the ground, and leaning back against a tree, soon fell asleep without once thinking of wolves. I did not, however, forget the snakes, but I thought they were then coiled up and snug in their winter quarters. But the mildness of the weather had a preternatural influence upon them, and I was awoke about day-break with an unaccountable weight on my bosom, which caused me to start and jump up, when lo! a monstrous garter snake, between three and four feet long, fell from me. It was, however, so stiff, for the morning air was raw and cold, that I soon fulfilled the words of Scripture on it, by bruising its head flat with my heel.

"The rest, such as it was, had so well refreshed me, that I proceeded, as I had determined, to follow the course of the river; but I had not walked far, when the guns and horns were heard approaching, and presently some of the settlers hove in view. They had been out in quest of me all night, to the number of more than seven hundred persons, and were beginning to fear I was lost for ever. It may, therefore, be easily supposed what a joy and revelry my reappearance occasioned, and with what triumphing and shouting they conducted me home."

After Mr. Lawrie Todd has made his fortune in America, and buried two wives (for Mr. Galt's heroes are all great marrying men), he returns to Scotland to see his father, and (by the favour of Providence) to light upon a third wife. Here the old fellow, with his usual sagacity as to the point he is aiming at, sets himself down to play the gentleman and the widower in a country town, which the author calls by the name of Chucky-Stanes (quære Peebles), and soon becoming acquainted with the women of the place, we have the following excellent sketch of Miss Beeny Needles, an old maid of a hopeless age, who, however, makes a dead set at the wealthy widower.

"Of Miss Beeny herself it behoves me to be more particular: she had certainly passed to the most experienced side of fifty; but, in the style of her dress she evidently attempted to jilt

Time : not that she affected either girlish airs or graces, she was above that folly ; but she was at least twenty years behind the fashion appropriate to her real age.

"She was a tall atomy. Her acquaintance, on account of her meagre length, and for being still unmarried, called her the Spare-rib. She dressed in white muslin of the nicest purity ; indeed, nothing could be excepted to her dress, if we except the short sleeves which exposed her lean arms and knotty knarled elbows, more than become delicacy in the appearance of a lady who did not despair of softening hearts. She had a wonderful long neck ; it was like a bundle of mangle bamboos, tied together with a string of red coral beads. Her complexion was of the same dingy yellow, save that the point of her beaky nose was tipped, as it were, with a ruby stone, that in frosty weather, when the wind was easterly, deepened into purple. Her little gray eyes were quick with vigilance ; and as she seldom wore a cap, her head was always covered with a light chestnut-coloured wig, curled into clusters like filberts. On occasions of high tea-drinking, she wore lofty-heeled shoes : when mounted upon them, she was really a tottering structure.

"Miss Beeny had some pretensions to superior accomplishments. She was leamed in the dictionary, and spoke in a fine style of language. Among other things, she prided herself on being one of the best interpreters of the Scotch novels ; and, accordingly, whenever an English traveller came to visit what she politely called 'our clissic stream,' with letters to the minister, or to any of the magistrates, she was always invited to assist in entertaining him.

"Mrs. Greenknowe, her niece, was of another element and generation ; a sedate, comely woman of thirty, or thereby, with nothing particular in her appearance ; but it made me sorry to see one so young in the weeds of a widow. In discourse she was staid and calm, very sensible, and took but a small part in conversation, except when the topics were judicious and within the sphere of feminine knowledge. Her language was simple, very unlike the words of pedegree which her aunt flourished away with. The second time I saw her, she seemed to be just the kind of lady that my daughter stood in need of."

It needs no great sagacity in the reader to perceive "how the cat jumped," in the mind of the sagacious widower as to the latter lady, who, after a very reasonable conversation with him in the garden, consents to become his third wife, and ultimately

accompanies him to America. But the old gentleman having been somewhat annoyed by the forward advances of Miss Beeny, one evening, in the jocose spirit of his country and time of life, and his natural freedom of manner being emboldened by wine, takes it into his head to play tricks in ridicule of the antique maiden's love, and to try her by the old-fashioned test of "the kettling o' her knee," which ends in getting him into a sad scrape, as may be supposed from Miss Beeny's offended modesty, and gives rise to several scenes very amusing to the good people of Chucky-Stanes, and to the reader.

It is an immense advantage to an author as well as to his readers, when he has got the length of being on some such terms with the public as a veteran actor is with his audience, for he feels a confidence that emboldens him to use freedoms which would not easily be suffered from men less known and regarded ; and hence his very vagaries, when treated in his own way, become delightful. There is not another author of the present day, perhaps, but Mr. Galt, would have ventured to break through the starched manner of our time with such a scene as that with Miss Beeny Needles ; and certainly few would have come off so well, however true to nature it is to those acquainted with the Scotch character. The same observation may be applied to his hardihood in taking his hero from so low a rank in life, which, together with the diminutive size, and lameness of Mr. Lawrie, is felt to be somewhat repulsive in the early part of the book, and is to us a needless piece of deformity and provocation of contempt ; like the stumpy figure and big head of the Sir Andrew Wylie of his former work, which it requires all Mr. Galt's genius to overcome.

Upon the whole, to those who are beyond the age of relishing high-wrought romance and stilted language, this will be found an instructive as well as a delightful book. It is more rich in fancy, and has more unpretending merit, than any thing that Mr. Galt has, as far as we have seen, yet written ; for it has all the pleasing qualities which the public so well recognised in the *Annals of the Parish*, spread over a much larger surface, and applied to objects of far higher general interest. There are many of his descriptions of forest

scenery, and also of thoughts and feelings in different circumstances of life, that are full of poetry, of that simple and chastened tone which bespeaks both the warmth of the author's fancy and the correctness of his taste; and there is all his shrewdness of observation, with a tone of instructive moralising running through the history, which receives its pure pathos from its answer in the heart. Finally, we hail the re-appearance of this sort of writing, and the success which we hear has already attended Mr. Galt's book, as a good omen of a return to a better state of things, in regard to a species of literature which is now so extensive in its circulation and in its effects upon the

mind of the people. We have no objection to see an exclusive and an insipid, either man or woman, shewn up at a very rare time, as a character and a curiosity, along with other less artificial persons; but really, to be worried with all sorts of trash impertinently fathered on the fashionable circles, as we have lately been, is beyond the gullible patience even of John Bull himself; and we do hope that the public will yet encourage our men of talent when they write for its amusement, to return to a surer and more correct taste, and to draw much, as was done of old, from the wide and deep wells of nature and of truth.

SUICIDE OF A FINANCIER,

AND A FEW THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

A GENTLEMAN aged three-and-twenty killed himself a few weeks ago. There was nothing particular in the circumstances attending this melancholy event, except the cause adduced by the witnesses, his servants. The unhappy young man had been a student of political economy, and for nights together was in the habit of besotting himself with the precious nonsense in which the professors of that mock science deal. His intellect had become bewildered and unsettled—he wasted night after night over the ridiculous rubbish which is contained in their books, and (as may be supposed from his having originally addicted himself to the serious consideration of such follies,) his mind being never of the strongest, it went astray—nature broke down under repeated doses of Mill and Maculloch, and the young man cut his throat.

There was something peculiar in his case, which renders it improbable that any thing precisely similar, in all its circumstances could occur again; but we can easily conceive, that if such a perversion of youthful study should take place, as to substitute the mean and miserable jargon of the economists for the acquisition of those branches of liberal knowledge which, in the words of Cicero, are the nourishment of youth and the delight of old age, it would produce in ingenuous minds results as painful, and reduce those originally narrow to a degree of meanness

more contemptible than that which was designed by nature. It may be worth while to employ a page or two on the subject: we shall not again particularly refer to the unhappy case which has suggested its consideration.

We have been told, over and over again, that the system of education pursued in this country is radically erroneous—that the valuable hours of youth are wasted in the imperfect acquisition of a couple of languages dead long before the great progress in the mechanical departments of knowledge which has marked modern times commenced, and which therefore contain nothing *useful*;—or else in studying sciences which profess to teach, at best, but abstract reasoning upon thought or quantity. Some little respect is occasionally shewn towards the latter class of sciences, and mathematics are sometimes honoured with passing applause, because they may be rendered serviceable in mechanical matters. Care, however, is always taken to limit the praise strictly to this one merit. The opening article of the *Westminster Review*, at one fell swoop, denounced all geometry as something as trivial and unphilosophical, in the nineteenth century, as even the logic of Aristotle. In the rapid progress of mind, the Utilitarian reviewer contended that such slow steps towards coming at the truth, when the short cuts of the differential calculus were accessible, were not to be tolerated. They may

be very ingenious, he said; but the others do the business—and that is all we want. And even the short cuts themselves, and the business they do, such as it is, are not cordially in esteem, unless they can be proved to be of some *material* advantage. The first of mathematicians would not, in the eyes of this school, rank above the fiftieth of chemists—particularly if the latter gentleman happened, as is generally the case, to be a quack.

Now, we are prepared to contend, that those clamourers for an education of facts, those contemnners of words, are, in reality, beginning on the falsest principles. *The object of education should be to train the mind to the due use of its powers*, so that it may come to the consideration of knowledge in any branch perfectly prepared to encounter all its difficulties. The Useful-Knowledge people tell you, that cramming the mind with isolated facts of physical knowledge is the process best calculated for qualifying a man for future thought and action. Let him know, say they, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, geology, phrenology, &c.—let him be acquainted with these branches of real knowledge, and not waste his days in puzzling over longs and shorts, in learning histories of Jason and Achilles, in poring over works of persons long since dead, which cannot, by any chance, have the slightest bearing on the affairs which are to be done in modern life. We do not wish to undervalue the advantages of the sciences, or, to talk more logically, the arts, recommended: useful no doubt they are, and they have been pursued by men of undoubted genius, whose works will confer lustre upon the ages in which they were composed; but they who recommend them as the fit studies to render the mind philosophical, are not imbued with the slightest tinge of the spirit of philosophy.

As long as we are ignorant of what, in metaphysical language, is called the essence of matter—as long as we are unable to say what substance is, and in what way it produces its accidents, so long we can have no *philosophy* in physical science. For philosophy must reason *à priori*—must tell that such an effect will follow from such a cause, and *why*. A smart chemical lecturer at an Institute, or a still smarter apothecary's boy in the Seven Dials, will be very ready to laugh at this logical “non-

sense,” and prepared to treat Berkeley or any other philosopher who would raise the question as to the existence of matter, as little better than an idiot; and be ready to reply with the Joe Miller recommendation, to knock his shins against a post to be convinced of his heresy:—and yet these ingenious gentlemen would feel themselves somewhat puzzled to account for the everyday facts before their eyes—why fire should burn, and ice chill, instead of their doing the contrary—why that which is noxious in one quantity is beneficial in another—why that which is to one class of animal life destruction, is to another nutriment. They might, perhaps, be astonished to find, that the very moment they attempted to ascend from the forge and crucible, from labours not much removed from those of the smith and the cobbler, and, upon the Utilitarian principle, much less valuable—they would be compelled to attempt something like that most useless of sciences, metaphysics.

Hence all physical sciences are, in the true meaning of the word, unphilosophical. As far as they are connected with the consideration of quantity, they are branches of mathematics; but in themselves they consist of nothing more than bundles of solitary facts, which we know *do* exist, but cannot say *why* they exist. Take botany, in its practical exercise the most delightful of all these studies, and in its associations the most poetic, what science is there in it? There was genius in the discovery of the peculiar property in vegetable life, which is the basis of the Linnæan nomenclature—great talent in its application to particular cases—industry beyond all praise in the ransacking of the whole world for plants, and disposing them in genera and species, (let us remark, as we pass, that these are words of logical art)—and occasionally (though not often) practical benefit to mankind has resulted from the knowledge so acquired. But now that it is all done, what is to be learned from it by a boy, or a person who is not of the class and order of the Linnæi? Nothing but *words*. The theory is told in half an hour; the rest is but the matter of a dictionary. The mind would be as much expanded by getting by heart a bead-roll of the grand masters of the codgers, or by a careful committal to the memory of the suburban gentlemen and ladies alphabeted in *Clay-*

ton's Court Guide to the Environs of London.

Or zoology. This is pleasant reading for young people, no doubt; but, unless treated anatomically, has no pretension to being considered as any thing better (it is not half so good in an educational point of view) than Sindbad the Sailor. Its science is not very wise at the best (man, whale, and båt, are classed together), and even if it were perfect, what is its study now but the learning of a catalogue?

So of chemistry and the rest. Geology pretends to be theoretical, and is, therefore, confessedly almost as great a folly as animal magnetism, and its results can scarcely be practical. From all that we have said, we argue, that an education confined to the physical sciences (apart from their relations of quantity) is, if practically followed up, no more conducive to the expansion of intellect, than an apprenticeship to the shop-board; or if learned by application to books, not more elevating than the perusal of a lexicon. This, as we have already remarked, is not said in disparagement of the sciences,—it is only said of them in application to the developement of the understanding; which is, we contend, the true purpose of education.

What then, it may be asked, do you mean seriously to contend in favour of all the plans pursued at schools and colleges? Do you think that Greek and Latin, imperfectly taught, as they are at those seminaries, ought to occupy all the attention of youth—that there is no way of cultivating the human mind but by the acquisition of these defunct languages—no method of expanding the intellect but the study of longs and shorts, the dissection of iambics, or the composition of nonsense verses, works well deserving that name in every respect? We answer (for it is not worth our while to recapitulate all the objections to a classical education—those who are curious on the subject will find them amply summed up in the earlier numbers of the *Edinburgh*

Review), we answer, that with the details of education we have nothing to do at present. We only contend, that its object is to develope thought, and to fit the boy for the duties of the man.

For this purpose nothing can be better devised than a system which, turning him away from the mean and mechanical labours of the hand, directs his attention at once to the works of the mind, which occupies his early years with reflections on the greatest mental instrument, language, as it is managed in its greatest perfection, which fills him with those matters that must be prominent objects of future consideration and converse, which puts him at once in the path to the sources of literature, by guiding him to those immortal fountains whence other stars,

“Repairing, in their golden urns, draw light;”

and which at once supplies him with a mastery of the noblest thoughts expressed in the noblest language. This is the education which makes the gentleman, which renders all other branches of literature, and the study of all other languages easy, and sends forth him who has acquired it, ready “to grapple with libraries,” and prepared to discuss, as a master, all topics of philosophy, practical and theoretical. It will not, to be sure, supply brains where brains are none; but neither will any system. It will occasionally produce coxcombry and pedantry when poured into a shallow mind, and of course in small quantity of real knowledge, *ad modum recipientis*; but, in our opinion, a coxcombry and pedantry far less disgusting than that of the boring and disputatious philosophers who prose or torment us on the strength of being acquainted with statistical tables or showbox experiments. Let us sum up by saying, that we trust the system of a literary education will never be disturbed; that—

“Sive armigeræ rident Tritonidis arces,
Seu Lacedæmonio tellus habitata colono,
Sireniumque domus, det ptimos versibus annos,
Mæoniumque bibat felici pectore fontem.
Mox, et Socratico plenus grege, mutet habenas
Liber, et ingentis quatiat Demosthenis arma.
Hinc Romana manus circumfluat, et modò Graio
Exonerata sono, mutet suffusa saporem.
Interdum subducta foro det pagina cursum,

Et cortina sonet celeri distincta meatu.
 Dent epulas, et bella truci memorata canore :
 Grandiaque indomiti Ciceronis verba minentur.
 His animum succinge bonis, sic flumine largo
 Plenus, Pierio diffundes pectore verba."

He who is imbued with such knowledge, no matter how deeply he may read, will not lose his senses—his studies will nourish not overset the brain.

But of all cramping and degrading studies, that of political economy is the most objectionable for a young man—for this plain reason, that its end and object is a consideration of *money*. Lord Byron calls avarice the good *old* gentlemanly vice. Gentlemanly, in any sense, it is not; but, at all events, it sits less ungracefully on the old than on the young. The same may be said of all considerations in which matters connected with gain form the prime object. The political economists teach their disciples to think of nothing but the "*wealth*" of nations; to look at the balance-sheet of the imports and exports, and to judge from that of the prosperity of a country; to examine the quantity of goods produced, without bestowing a thought upon the producer; and to think that the strength of a nation consists not in well-affected hearts and valiant hands, but in the figures which tell that so much cotton was imported, so much iron exported, so many power-looms erected, so many small farms devastated to be thrown into large ones. These ideas blot from the mind all exalting thoughts—all stirring sentiments. Wherever they prevail, patriotism is at an end. A shilling saved is sufficient reason for consigning our fellow-citizens to beggary. On the shores of the Baltic, labour is cheaper than on those of the Thames: let the labourer on the banks of the Thames, therefore, perish. A calculation of the expenses of the poor

laws leads to the dreadful conclusion, that Nature's table is full, and that, in consequence, the new-born child of a pauper should be starved. This is the doctrine—almost the word—of Malthus. Every thing, in short, is by this school reduced to money—nothing else is worthy of consideration. Honour, bravery, religion, virtue, high spirit, proud feelings, are all matter of that frigid and detestable jesting which resembles what a morbid imagination might liken to a leering grin upon a skull. Who can wonder, then, that a mind naturally ingenuous, endeavouring honestly to persuade itself that dogmas as paradoxical and absurd as those of the alchemists (the theory, for instance, of Macculloch, that absentees do not diminish the wealth of a country) are true, or that the various abominations which flow from the premises of the Malthusians as regularly and inevitably as the propositions of Euclid are deduced from his definitions, postulates, and axioms, are defensible or consistent with common decency,—that a mind so occupied should become bewildered, and that "Died of Political Economy" ought to be a verdict of the jury? There is no danger that a base or dishonest mind should incline to the same misfortune. It will find in such studies matter too congenial to its natural feelings; and the family which has been deprived of the young man whose death calls forth these brief reflections, have less reason to deplore his death, tragical as it was, than they might have had, if he had lived to pursue, as others have done, the unhappy course of study on which he had entered to its legitimate conclusion.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, &c.

The Life of Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., K.C.B., late Governor of Madras: with Extracts from his Correspondence and Private Papers. By the Rev. Mr. Gleig. 2 vols. 8vo., with Portrait.

Life and Services of Captain Philip Beaver, R.N., late of H.M.S. Nisus. By Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N. F.R.S. and F.S.A. 8vo.

Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati, Native of Ferrara, who, under the Name of Mahomet, made the Campaign against the Wahabies, for the recovery of Mecca and Medina; and since acted as Interpreter to European Travellers in some of the Parts least visited of Asia and Africa. Translated from the Italian, edited by W. John Bankes, Esq. 2 vols. small 8vo.

Narrative of the Late War in Germany and France. By Charles, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B. G.C.H. &c. &c. 1 vol., with Map and Plan.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. Edited by Thos. Jefferson Randolph. 4 vols. 8vo.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Clinical Illustrations of Fever. By Dr. Tweedie. 8vo.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XV. Part 2. 8vo.

THEOLOGY.

Hamilton on Redemption. 12mo.

Recensio Synoptica Annotationis Sacre; being a Critical Digest and Synoptical Arrangement of the most important Annotations on the New Testament, Exegetical, Philological, and Doctrinal. By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D. F.S.A., of Sidney College, Cambridge, and Author of a New Translation of Thucydides. 8 large vols. 8vo.

Sermons on various Subjects.* By the Rev. Charles Webb le Bas, A.M., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. II. 8vo.

Annotations on the Gospels. Part I. St. Matthew. Part II. St. Mark. By the Rev. M. Bland, D.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. &c. 8vo.

Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman. By William Roberts, Esq., Lincoln's Inn. 12mo.

A Sermon for the Sons of the Clergy in the Diocese of Durham. By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Durham.

Remarks on Law Expenses, with some Suggestions for reducing them. By Henry Dance, Provisional Assignee of Insolvent Debtors in England.

The Principle of the English Poor Laws. By Frederick Page, Esq. With Observations on the State of the Indigent Poor in Ireland, and the existing Institutions for their Relief. Third edition.

A Treatise on the Law of Tithes, in which is fully explained the various kinds of Property which are subject to the Payment of Tithes, and the legal Mode of recovering them. By William Eagle, Esq., Barrister-at-law.

The Second Edition, with considerable alterations, of Mr. Peel's and Lord Lansdowne's Acts, together with Acts recently passed, relating to Poaching, Smuggling, &c. &c. With the Forms of Indictment and Evidence necessary to support them. By J. F. Archbold, Esq. Barrister-at-law.

POLITICS, &c.

East-India Question Considered, in a Series of Letters addressed to the Members of the two Houses of Parliament. By Henry Ellis, Third Commissioner of the last Embassy to China.

Financial Reform. By Sir Henry Parnell, M.P., Chairman of the Finance Committee of the House of Commons. Session 1828. Crown 8vo.

Poor Laws in Ireland Considered, in respect to their probable Effects upon the Capital, the Prosperity, and the Progressive Improvement of that Country. By Sir John Walsh, Bart.

WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

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Julio Romano; or, the Force of the Passions. An Epic Drama, in Six Books. By C. Bucke, Author of the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature."

MISCELLANEOUS..

Conversations with Lord Byron on Religion, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's Death. By the late James Kennedy, M.D., of H.B.M. Medical Staff.

A Key to the Novel of the "Exclusives," comprising a correct list of the Noble and Distinguished Personages alluded to in that production.

Ireland: its Evils and their Remedies. By M. T. Sadler, Esq. M.P. Second edition. 8vo.

The Second and concluding Volume of the Reminiscences of Henry Angelo. 8vo.

An English Translation of Le Capitaine Mingaud's work on Billiards, with Forty Illustrative Engravings.

The Literary Blue Book; or, Calendar of Literature, Science, and Art, for 1830.

On the Cultivation of the Waste Lands in the United Kingdom, for the purpose of finding Employment for the Able Poor now receiving Parochial Aid, and on the Expediency of making some Provision for Paupers of Ireland. By L. Kennedy, Esq., Author of the "Tenancy of Land in Great Britain."

Chapter II. Part III. of Rickard's India; or, Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, the Causes which have obstructed the Improvement of the Country; with Suggestions for reforming the present system, and the Measures to be adopted for its future Government at the expiration (in 1834) of the present Charter of the East India Company.

Consolations in Travel; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher. By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Series of Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, in monthly parts. The artists engaged in this undertaking are, Messrs. Barret, W. Daniell, R.A., Dewint, Copley Fielding, J. D. Harding, Prout, Robson, Stanfield, and W. Westall, A.R.A. The Plates will be engraved in the most finished style by Messrs. W. and E. Finden. A Prospectus containing farther particulars will shortly appear.

Mr. Davenport has in the press a Supplement to Amateur's Perspective, in 4to.

Mr. R. G. Lane, the celebrated lithographer, has announced his intention to execute for publication a Series of Imitations of Drawings and Sketches by the late lamented President of the Royal Academy.

The Lives of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, from the Earliest Times to the Present Period, by the Rev. S. Hyde Cassan, is announced.

Mr. T. Moore is engaged on a Life of Petrarch, as well as on a History of Ireland, both of which are intended to form part of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. The analogies, so obvious in his Life of Byron, between the English and the Italian bards, doubtless suggested the idea of his undertaking the former work.

Mr. Sotheby will shortly publish the First Book of the Iliad, containing the "Parting of Hector and Andromache," and the "Shield of Achilles," being intended as a specimen of his projected new translation of Homer in heroic verse.

The Fourth Edition of the Greek Grammar of Augustus Matthiæ is nearly ready.

Shortly will be published, with a Portrait, Maps, and Plates, Memoir of the Life and Public Services of the late Sir Thomas S. Raffles, F.R.S., particularly during the period that he acted as Governor of Java and Bencoolen. With details of the commerce and resources of the Eastern Archipelago. By his Widow.

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Northern Field Sports. Including a Personal Narrative of a Residence in Norway and Sweden. By L. Lloyd, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo., with numerous Plates.

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Letters from Nova Scotia, containing Sketches of a Young Country. By Capt. William Moorson. Small 8vo., with a Map and Plates.

Gertrude, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century. 2 vols.

Travels in Kamtschatka, Siberia, and China. By P. Dobell, Esq., Counsellor to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia. 2 vols. small 8vo., with Plates.

In the Press. *Essays on Superstition* (originally published in the *Christian Observer* during the Year 1829), with Corrections and Additions. By W. Newnham, Esq., Author of "Principles of Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious Education;" also, *Social Duties on Christian Principles.* 1 vol. foolscap 8vo.

Early this Month. *On Real Property in India; with an Examination of the Principles of the present Land Tax, as it affects the People of that Country and Great Britain.* By John Briggs.

In a few Days. *A Brief Vindication of the East India Company's Government from the Attacks of Messrs. Rickards and Crawford.* By Ross Donnelly Mangles, Esq., Bengal Civil Service.

Nearly ready. *Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion; with a Preliminary Inquiry, an Appendix, and Notes and Illustrations.* By the Rev. Robert Morehead, D.D. F.R.S.E. 12mo.

An Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals, and on the Influence of their Augmentation or Diminution on the Commerce of the World. By Mr. Jacob.

An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and on the Sources of Taxation. By the Rev. Richard Jones, late of Caius College, Cambridge.

No. XVI. of the *Spirit of the Plays of*

Shakespeare, with Illustrations. By F. Howard. To appear the first week of the month.

Travels in Russia, and a Residence in St. Petersburg and Odessa, in the Years 1827, 1828, and 1829. By Edward Morton, M.B.

The Second Series of *Stories from the History of Scotland.* By the Rev. A. Stewart.

In a few days will be published, from the first Edition printed at Madras, with Corrections and Additions by the Author, in 1 vol. 8vo., the *Last Days of Bishop Heber.* By the Rev. Thomas Robinson, A.M., Archdeacon of Madras, and late Domestic Chaplain to his Lordship.

The Author of "May you Like it," has a new Edition nearly ready for publication of his *Fire-Side Book; or, the Account of a Christmas spent at Old Court.*

The Second Edition of a Volume of *Sermons*, by the Rev. Charles Tayler, will be published in a few days.

Theological Meditations, by a Sea Officer, is now in the press, to be comprised in 1 vol. 12mo.

The Second Edition of *Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life; or, a Practical Exposition of Domestic, Ecclesiastical, Patriotic, and Mercantile Duties*, by the Rev. John Morison, will be published early in March.

Mr. G. R. Porter has a work in the press on the *Nature and Properties of the Sugar Cane; with Practical Directions for Improving its Culture, and for the Manufacture of its various products.*

Mr. Barclay, author of "The Present State of Slavery in the West Indies," has a work nearly ready, on the *Effects of the late Colonial Policy of Great Britain*, addressed to the Right Hon. Sir George Murray, Principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Departments.

The Four splendid and accurate Views of the frigates *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, shewing their various positions, &c. during the Action fought on the 1st of June, 1813, are most beautifully drawn on Stone by Mr. Haghe, under the inspection of Captain R. H. King, R.N., and will be published early in April.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS, &c.

From January 20th to February 22d, 1830.

- Abbot, J., Norwich, bookseller. Dicae, Austin-friars
 Archer, W., High-street, Southwark, cheese-monger. Hutchenson and Co., Crown-street, Threadneedle-street
 Arnold, C. Walcot, Somerset, bookseller. Mac-inson and Co., Temple; Hellings, Bath
 Ayles, T., Weymouth, ship-builder. Hurd and Co., Temple; Charnley, Preston
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 Bolt, R., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. Clayton and Co., New-square, Lincoln's-inn
 Bentley, E., Leicester, grocer. Emly and Co., Temple; Robinson and Co., Leicester
 Bird, S., Leominster, victualler. Lloyd, Farnival's-inn; Herbert, Leicester
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 Blundell, J. B.; Piper, J.; and Gritton, S. J., Bankside, iron merchants. Kearsey and Co., Louthbury
 Bonel, W., Bedminster, lath-render. Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol
 Bond, W., Horstead, Norfolk, bricklayer. Hammond and Co., Hatton-garden
 Boulderson, J., Penryn, miller. Follett, Temple
 Brasher, E. J., Canary-lane, shoemaker. Swan, Bell-yard, Doctor's-commons
 Breads, B., Hastings, merchant. Heathcote, Coleman-street
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 Brett, J., sen., Luton, Beds, dealer. Taylors, Featherstone-buildings
 Brown, W. B., Leeds, cloth-manufacturer. Jaques and Co., Coleman-street; Battye, Birstall
 Bryson, T., Jewhall, commission agent. Lloyd, Thavies-inn
 Buckley, J., Ahton-under-Lyne, gingham manufacturer. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
 Burton, Thomas, Hillingdon, Middlesex, brick-maker. Poole and Co., Gray's-inn
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 Carr, J., Barnsley, York, linen manufacturer. Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn
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 Came, J. H., Narrow-street, Limehouse, victualler. Mason, Church-row, Newington
 Crake, M., Norton-street, Mary-le-bone, builder. Bolton, Golden-square
 Croft, W. P. M., Queen-street, Pimlico, lodging-house keeper. George, Doctor's-commons
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 Cooper, W., and Reader, J. W., Dartford, Kent, brewers. Richardson and Co., Bedford-row
 Cotton, T., Neithrop, Oxfordshire, boat-builder. Hollier, St. Swithin's-lane; Tims, Banbury
 Carmichael, J. D. and T., Berwick, corn merchants. Bromley, Gray's-inn-square
 Creed, T., and Keen, T., Fore-street, haberdashers. Davies, Devonshire-street
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 Dixon, G., Cockfield, Durham, brewer. Newburn, Walbrook; Newburn, Darlington
 Dickson, J., Liverpool, merchant. Blackstock and Co., King's-bench-walk; Birkett, Liverpool
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 Dale, W., Pickering, York, draper. Hurd and Co., King's-bench-walk; Wood, Manchester
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 Elgie, M., Worcester and Ledbury, scrivener. Gates and Co., Lombard-street
 Evans, R., Leamington-priory. Stratton and Co., Shoreditch
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 Everitt, J., Doncaster, painter. Golsworthy, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-inn; Heaton, Doncaster
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 Goodroff, G., sen., Upper Stamford-street, Waterloo-road. Evans and Co., Gray's-inn-square
 Goadler, J., Southampton, timber merchant. Bousfield, Chatham-place; Mann, Andover
 Griffiths, T., Liverpool, linen-draper. Blackstock and Co., Temple; Payne, Liverpool
 Gorst, J. R., and Baxendale, R., Liverpool. Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
 Hobson, J., Leadenhall-street, wine-merchant. Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane
 Holbein, J., Horsleydown, corn-dealer. Sadgrove, Nicholas-lane
 Hooper, H., Maiden-lane, Cheapside, hosier. Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street
 Hams, J., Edward-street, Stepney, currier. Sander, Dunstan-court, Mincing-lane
 Harris, P., Newtown, Montgomeryshire, flannel merchant. Rowley, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
 Hall, H., Liverpool, draper. Norris and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Toulmin, Liverpool
 Hall, R., Newcastle-on-Tyne, hatter. Flexney, New Boswell-court; Lambert, Newcastle
 Hammond, P., Sheffield-moor, grocer. Walter, Symonds-inn; Wake, Sheffield
 Harvey, O. V., Penzance, mercer. Goode, Guildford-street; Millett, Penzance
 Hayward, W., Braintree, Essex. Springhall and Co., Verulam-buildings
 Harling, J., Chorley, Lancashire, grocer. Cuvelje, James-street, Bedford-row
 Hone, W., Reading, stable-keeper. Rigg and Co., Cook's-court, Carey-street; Weedon, Reading
 Hallworth, J., Manchester, grocer. Dean, Pals grave-place, Temple-bar; Boothroyd, Stockport
 Hayly, L. and J., Frome Selwood, silk throwsters. Williams, Verulam-buildings
 Hacker, F., Hadlow-street, builder. Smith, Walbrook
 Horner, R., Thornton, York, nurseryman. Williamson, Gray's-inn; Simpson, New Malton
 Haw, A., and Stiff, H., Jernyn-street, cheese-monger. Conway, Castle-street
 Jackson, J., Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, mercer. Gore, Walbrook-buildings
 Jones, R., Sheerness, grocer. Fisher and Co., Queen-street, Cheapside
 Jones, A., Lower Brook-street, Cavendish-square, chemist. Bostock, George-st., Mansion-house

- Jackson, H., jun., Liverpool, grocer. Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool
- Johnson, J., and Johnson, R., Horse-shoe-wharf, Thames-street, coal-merchants. Smith and Co., Basinghall-street
- Knibb, E., Liverpool, draper. Vincent, King's-bench-walk, Temple; Brabner, Liverpool
- King, C., Liverpool, clothier. Bebb and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool
- Keighley, W., Bristol, draper. Parker and Co., Bristol
- Luckett, W., Bloxham, Oxford, dealer. Alpin, Banbury
- Lewis, T., Wandsworth, schoolmaster. Horn-castle, Great Suffolk-street
- Makin, R., Liverpool, merch. Baxendale, King's-arms-yard; Shackleton and Co., Liverpool
- Mosnian, A., Liverpool, merchant. Paitye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crump and Co., Liverpool
- Morris, R., Regent-street, auctioneer. Burton, Queen-square, Bloomsbury
- Maxfield, W. M., Leeds, silk-mercier. King, Bedford-place, Russell-square
- Miller, W., Tredgar-square, builder. Robins, Bedford-row
- Moody, J., Trowbridge, auctioneer. Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Bush, Trowbridge
- March, S., Kennington, lace-manufacturer. Clarke, Basinghall-street
- M'Lean, J., Liverpool, victualler. Bebb and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool
- Mayor, T., and Mayor, J., Freckleton, merchants. Wrigglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn
- Moody, S. and R., Romsey, Hants, plumbers. Kelly, Temple; Sharp and Co., Southampton
- Macintosh, J., Jewin-street, sail-maker. Blunt and Co., Liverpool
- M'Leod, D., Water-lane, Tower-street, cork-merchant. Baker, Nicholas-lane
- Mant, T., Ipswich, lodging-house keeper. Whiteley, Tokenhouse-yard
- Morrison, M. A., Bath, milliner. Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackey, Bath
- M'Raith, W., and M'Coig, D., Windmill-street, Tottenham-ct.-rd., tailors. Bailey, Berners-st.
- Neil, J. W., Maiden-lane, varnish-manufacturer. Fyson and Co., Lothbury
- Newcombe, E., Brentwood, Essex, corn-chandler. Holtway, Took's-court
- Neale, W., and Hale, R., Tooley-street. Shear-woods, Dean-street, Southwark
- Neale, T., Exeter, haberdasher. Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter
- Ormsby, J., and Morgan, W. S., Brighton, wine-merchants. Hensman, Bond-court, Walbrook
- Ogden, E., Rochdale, innkeeper. Hall and Co., Chancery-lane; Elliott, Rochdale
- Pittway, E., Tewkesbury, butcher. Bousfield, Chatham-place
- Purnell, H., Cardiff, draper. Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Co., Bristol
- Pierce, E., Trammere, Cheshire, victualler. Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Mather, Liverpool
- Potter, J., Maidstone, grocer. Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand
- Pedrorena, M. de, South-st., Finsbury, merchant. Olverson and Co., Frederick-pl. Old Jewry
- Phelps, S., and Barclay, T., Limehouse, anchor-smiths. Dods, Northumberland-street
- Pemberton, J. H., and Williams, E. L., St John's-street, drapers. Ashurst, Newgate-street
- Pollard, J., Newcastle, merchant. Meggison and Co., King's-road, Bedford-row
- Peck, S., Liverpool, merchant. Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Forrest and Co., Liverpool
- Pashley, W., Gainsborough, coal-merchant. Spurr, Warrford-court; Spurr, Gainsborough
- Potts, J., Newcastle-on-Tyne, merchant. Meggison and Co., King's-road
- Rothwell, W. and S., Elton, Lancashire, bleachers. Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Grundy, Bury
- Robinson, W., jun., Liverpool, merchant. Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool
- Rigg, T., Liverpool, butcher. Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool
- Ridout, J. C., Bristol, dealer. Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol
- Robinson, W., Auckland, Durham, horse-dealer. Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn-square
- Riley, W., Quadrant, Regent-street, painter. Phillips, South-square, Gray's-inn
- Ricards, R., Billingsgate-market, salesman. Smith and Co., Cooper's-hall
- Rodd, H., Regent's Quadrant, dealer. Pritchard, Howland-street, Fitzroy-square
- Roderick, Eliz., Aberystwith, Cardiganah. draper. Jenkins and Co., New-inn
- Richardson, G., New Sarum, man-milliner. Gibbons, Furnival's-inn; Coombs, Sarum
- Robins, J., Ivy-lane, Newgate-street, bookseller. Evans, Gray's-inn-square
- Simmons, J. M., Lewes, draper. Farrer, Godli-man-street
- Stone, T., Wednesbury, Stafford. Hunt, Craven-street; Caddick, West Bromwich
- Smith, J., and Hutchinson, J., Liverpool, ship-owners. Chester, Staple-inn
- Stratton, J., Tottenham-court-road, veneer cutter. Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square
- Shields, R. M., Liverpool, grocer. Bebb and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Armstrong, Liverpool
- Swannell, J., Radwell, Beds, farmer. Meggison and Co., King's-road
- Stedman, G., Watton, Norfolk, merchant. White and Co., Great St. Helen's; Bacon, Watton
- Spencer, W., Coventry, ribbon manufacturer. Austin and Co., Gray's-inn
- Smithson, S., Leeds, grocer. Smithson and Co., New-inn; Dunning, Leeds
- Smith, J. R., Bone-hill, Staffordshire, calico printer. J. and H. Lowe, Southampton-bdgs.
- Snow, J., Worcester, scrivener. Townsend, Gray's-inn
- Stunt, W. H., King's-square, St. Luke's, dyer. Castle, Brewer-street, St. Pancras
- Tippett, J., Bristol, ship-builder. Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol
- Turton, W., Moseley Hall, Staffordshire, coal-merchant. Norton and Co., Gray's-inn-square
- Tongue, W., Birmingham, toyman. Holme and Co., New-inn; Parker, Birmingham
- Thurston, J., Southampton Meads, New Road, horse-dealer. Lewis, Bernard-street, Russell-square
- Turver, W., Wolverton, Warwick, carpenter. Merrick and Co., Red Lion-square
- Tutt, W., Mary-le-bone, oilman. Stirling, Leicester-square
- Travis, J., Soyland, York, innkeeper. Emmett, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax
- Taylor, G. E., Clithero, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court
- Tessier, P., Ringmore, Devon, merchant. Pater-son and Co., Old Broad-street
- Watson, H., Ongar, cattle salesman. Wigley, Essex-street
- Winson, R. and W., Leeds, drapers. Thornbury, Chancery-lane
- Whitelock, J., Durham, miller. Shaw, Ely-place
- Wake, M., Wapping, anchormith. Brown, Mitre Chambers, Fenchurch-street
- Weston, G., Lane End, Staffordshire, H. and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Brown, Hanley
- Watson, Ann, Cannon-street, boarding-house keeper. Hodgson, Broad-street-buildings
- Walker, W., sen., and Walker, W., jun., Knaresborough, drapers. Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Taylor, Knaresborough
- Wilkinson, G., Wren, Shropshire, schoolmaster. Blackstock and Co., Temple
- Woods, J., Burtle Quarter, Lancashire, maltster. Hurd and Co., Temple
- Wright, J., Huddersfield, dyer. Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Stead and Co., Halifax
- Wilbraham, G., Leadenhall-street, gun-maker. Chambers, Finsbury-chambers
- Wilkinson, H. J., Leicester, printer. Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn-square
- Williams, D., Brecon, shopkeeper. Bridges, Red Lion-square; Hare and Co., Bristol
- Ware, W., Exeter, timber merchant. Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter
- Wise, T., Colehill W., Hanover-square, victualler. Willis, Sloane-square, Chelsea
- Whitehead, J. W., Battlebridge, draper. Burra and Co., King-street, Cheapside
- West, M., Regent's-park, horse-dealer. Todd, Gray's-inn
- Williamson, S., jun., Salford, grocer. Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool
- Weaver, D., Winsley, Shropshire, timber merchant. Philpot and Co., Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Burley and Co., Shrewsbury
- Wheatley, W., Askham, Notts, chair-turner. Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court
- Wallace, J., Manchester, wine-merchant. Cuvelje, Great James-street, Bedford-row
- Young, J., Manchester, hosier. Taylor, Cle-men's-inn; Shaw, Manchester

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Thompson, N., Dartmouth, Devon, mariner
Hucker, J., Glastonbury, stocking manufacturer
Phillips, Berks, White, and Allen, Newcastle-
under-Lyme, silkmen

Chandler, J., Dewsbury, York, grocer
Bayley, W., Macclesfield, silk manufacturer
Gastrell, J., Bristol, mercer.

DIVIDENDS.

- Aspinall, Sutcliffe Wood, Halifax; Feb. 25
Atkins, J., Mount-st., Grovenor-square; Mar. 2
Bignell, W., Colchester-street, Savage-gardens;
Mar. 12
Brown, J. late of Bridge-road, Lambeth; Feb. 9
Brown, W., and Douglas, J., Liverpool; Mar. 25
Brown, J., Wootton Bassett; Mar. 19
Button, T., Sudbury, tanner; Feb. 12
Bushell, S., Coventry; Feb. 22
Brewell, J. H., and Anderson, R. B., Liverpool;
Feb. 24
Bull, T., Litchfield-street, Westminster; Feb. 26
Barker, H., New Broad-street; Feb. 26
Barlow, S. and S., Old Broad-street; Feb. 26
Brown, C., late of Dundee; Feb. 26
Brydon, W., and Mackenzie, D.; Feb. 26
Bickerton, W., Oswestry, Salop; Mar. 8
Birkett, W., Whitehaven; Feb. 26
Brooks, R. S., Manchester; Mar. 1
Broughton, C. D., Gurnett, Nantwich; Mar. 3
Browne, H., Bath and Bristol; Mar. 2
Bignold, T., Bridge-street, Blackfriars; Feb. 23
Bird, L. G., Birmingham; Mar. 5
Carden, T., Oxford-street, silk mercer; Feb. 12
Cardinal, J., Halstead, Essex, currier; Feb. 16
Children, C., Tonbridge; Mar. 12
Chesmer, H., Brompton, merchant; Feb. 16
Cross, C., jun., Clare-market; Feb. 16
Collinson, T., and Britton, J. H., Lombard-street,
Feb. 19
Clarkson, A., Hounslow; Feb. 19
Cramp, J., Pickle Herring Wharf; Feb. 23
Collis, G., Rumford, Essex; Mar. 12
Chesters, G., Ellesmere, Shropshire; Feb. 25
Charles, M., and Burrows, T., Duke-street,
St. James's; Feb. 23
Cock, A. and D., Marshall-street, Westminster;
Mar. 3
Cheetham, T., Heaton Norris, Lancashire;
Mar. 6
Daubeney, T., Portsea; Mar. 12
Eis, J., Buckley Mews, Whitechapel; Mar. 5
E., Lambert, J., and Severn, J., Upper
-street; Mar. 9
H., T., Knaresborough; Feb. 22
Draper, B., and Back, H., Margate; Feb. 19
Edgar, T., Nottingham-place, Commercial-road;
Feb. 26
Edwards, R., Newport, Salop; Feb. 27
Ellis, M., Cateaton-street; Mar. 12
Eaden, J., Stangate-street, Lambeth; Feb. 19
Fisher, J., Greatbridge, Staffordshire, iron mer-
chant; Feb. 15
Forrester, W., Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell;
Feb. 16
Fortune, J., Heighington, Durham; Feb. 19
Freeman, W. H., Princes-st., St. James's; Mar. 12
Graham, J., Leeds; Feb. 17
Gardner, J., Cirencester, baker; Feb. 18
Gould, A., and Pym, J., Portobello Wharf,
Blackfriars; Feb. 19
Grimman, W., York-street, Bryanston-square;
Feb. 23
Graham, W., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street;
Feb. 19
Gilbert, H., Bishopgate-street-without; Feb. 23
Griffiths, W. R., Regent's Canal Basin, Clity-
road; Mar. 16
Gilbert, H. W., Redburn, Herts; Feb. 26
Glanham, J. H., Romford, Essex; Feb. 26
Garnett, T., Nantwich; Mar. 3
Gray, S. F., New Bond-street; Mar. 5
Haigh, J., Milnsbridge, Yorkshire; Feb. 16
Hill, W., Cirencester; Feb. 18
Hindle, W., Boston, Lincolnsh.; Mar. 16
Horley, C., Melton Mowbray; Feb. 26
Hodgson, J., Staindrop, Durham; Feb. 26
Hassall, J., Bristol; Feb. 22
Halford, T., Coventry; Feb. 22
Harrison, W., Maidstone; Feb. 26
Horden, J., and Croese, J., Lad-lane; Mar. 2
Hartnell, W., Bristol; Mar. 1
Hughes, R., Flint; Mar. 25
Hayton, J., Wigton, Cumberland; Mar. 10
Hockin, C. C., Launceston; Mar. 11
Hawkins, J., Nottingham; Feb. 18
Ind, E. B., Cambridge; Feb. 26
Jaw, W., Cheltenham; Mar. 1
Jeffs, Isabella-place, Kennington; Mar. 9
Johnson, W., Goole, Yorkshire; Mar. 9
Knowles, H., Hand Cross, Sussex; Feb. 5
Kelly, A., jun., Portsmouth; Mar. 12
Leaves, R., Drury-lane; Feb. 5
Large, T., Well-street, Oxford-street; Feb. 23
Lewis, L., Lampeter Ponsterphen, Cardiganshire;
Mar. 5
Langley, T., Birmingham; Mar. 9
Madden, R., London; Feb. 16
Mellor, R., Derby; Feb. 18
Martin, W., Buckingham; Feb. 23
Metcalfe, T. T., Leeds; Feb. 20
Masters, W., Dark-street, Aldgate; Feb. 23
Morgan, W., Llanelly, Breconshire; Feb. 25
Merrick, W., jun., Bristol; Mar. 4
Marshall, J., Vere-street, Oxford-street; Mar. 5
Pate, W., Bennett-street, St. James's; Mar. 12
Peirson, J., Bolton-le-Moors; Feb. 18
Percival, J., Bruton, Staffordshire; Feb. 19
Potter, J., Market-street, Margate; Mar. 2
Poynton, J. and T., Brook-street; Mar. 12
Plenty, W., West Smithfield; Mar. 9
Ragge, R., Great Bookham, Surrey; Mar. 12
Rains, J. S., Wapping-wall; Feb. 26
Rider, T., Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, Mar. 15
Rudland, J., Bulstrode-mews, Mary-le-bone;
Feb. 12
Russell, G., late of Birmingham; Feb. 13
Rolls, S. P., Old Fish-street; Feb. 18
Roberts, Mary, Penryn, Cornwall; Feb. 12
Rams, J. S., Wapping-wall; Feb. 16
Rowbotham, J., Great Surrey-street; Mar. 12
Rose, W. D., Dean-street, Park-lane; Mar. 12
Sayer, C., and Gardner, G., Great Tower-street;
Feb. 19
Scott, J., Cateaton-street; April 2
Severn, B. and J., and King, F. B., Whitechapel;
Feb. 19
Sheard, J., Lepton, Yorkshire; April 12
Sherley, W., Stanwell; Feb. 23
Simpson, J., Calster, Lincolnsh.; Feb. 26
Smiles, T. W., Aldersgate-street; Feb. 10
Smith, J., Wood-street, Cheapside; Feb. 19
Skinner, E., Rochester; Feb. 19
Sweet, T., North Tawton, Devon; Mar. 9
Smith, J. and J., Clement's-lane; Mar. 23
Swindell, J. H., Stockport; Feb. 22
Tipper, H., sen., Cirencester; Feb. 3
Thomas, W., Bath; Feb. 23
Tucker, W. G., Exeter; Feb. 19
Tipper, H., Cirencester; Mar. 8
Timley, T., jun., Liverpool; Mar. 8
Tomlinson, W., jun., Nantwich; Mar. 3
Von Roy, F., Kingston-upon-Hull; Feb. 26
Watson, J., Brooms-grove, Worcester; Mar. 8
Webb, J., Romsey, Hants; Feb. 22
Williams, J., Manchester; Feb. 25
Weston, T., Reading; Feb. 26
Wheeler, W., and Adams, W. A., St. Martin's-lane;
Feb. 16
Walthen, J., Liverpool; Feb. 20
Woolley, J., Nottingham; Feb. 18
Williams, J., Holborn, Fleet-street, Cheapside,
and Skinner-street; Feb. 26
Walker, J., Upper Russell-court, Bermondsey;
Feb. 19
Wood, J., jun., Cloyton, York; Mar. 3
Wride, S., Sculcoates, York; Mar. 3
Woodfield, T., sen., White-street, Moorfields;
Mar. 23
Warr, E., jun., Buckingham; Mar. 16

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to bestow the following preferments:

The Rev. T. Guthrie to the church and parish of Arblot, county of Forfar, vacant by the death of the Rev. B. Watson.

The Rev. A. R. Irvine to the church at Foss, county of Perth.

The Rev. John McDonald to the church at Rannock, county of Perth.

The Rev. T. Waugh to the church at Deerness, in the Presbytery of Kirkwall.

The Rev. David Pitcairn to the church at Ronaldshaw, in the Presbytery of North Isles.

OXFORD.—The Rev. Horatio Moule, B.A., of Queen's col. to the vic. of Box, Wilts, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Horlock.

The Hon. and Rev. Lord Charles Paulet, M.A., to the rectory of Walton Delvil, and the vic. of Wellesbourne and Walton, in the co. of Warwick and diocese of Worcester, void by the death of the Rev. H. John Williams, the last incumbent; patron, the King.

• The Rev. Charles James, M.A., to the rectory

of Evenlode, in the county and diocese of Worcester, void by the resignation of the Rev. Thos. Jones, the last incumbent; on the presentation of Ann James, widow.

The Rev. S. P. J. Trist, M.A., to the vic. of Vervan, Cornwall, vacant by the death of the Rev. Jer. Trist; pat. the Dean and Chapter of Exeter.

The Rev. W. Farwell, B.A., to the rectory of St. Martin's, near Looe, Cornwall, void by the resignation of the Rev. F. Belfield, jun.

The Rev. W. Y. C. Hunt, D.D., vicar of Bickleigh, Devon, to the rectory of Tamerton Folliott, Cornwall, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Raynor; patron the King.

The Rev. Jeremiah Jackson, M.A., vicar of Elonorum-Emneph, has been collated to the prebendary stall of the collegiate church of Brecon, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Jenkins.

The Rev. Dr. Dealtry is appointed to succeed the late venerable Lascelles Ironmonger, as one of the prebendaries of Winchester cathedral.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO SERVE IN THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

Feb. 9th.—County of Limerick. Lieut.-Col. Standish O'Grady, of Cahingullamore House, in the room of T. Lloyd, Esq. deceased.

Feb. 12th.—Harwich. The Right Hon. J. C. Herries re-elected.

Feb. 16th.—Leominster. John Ward, of Holwood, Kent, in room of Rowland Stephenson, Esq., whose seat became vacant under the provisions of the act 52 Geo. III. c. 144.

West Looe. Charles Buller, jun., Esq., of

Polvellan, Cornwall, in the room of C. Buller, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Feb. 19th.—Winchelsea. John Williams, of Grosvenor-square, Esq., in the room of Henry Brougham, Esq.

Caine. Thomas B. Macaulay, of Gray's-inn, Esq., in the room of the Right Hon. James Abercrombie, now Chief Baron of Scotland.

Knaresborough. Henry Brougham, of Hillstreet, Esq., in the room of the Right Hon. G. Tierney, deceased.

SHERIFFS FOR 1830.

Bedfordshire: John Thomas Dawson, of Clapham, Esq.

Berkshire: John Walter, of Bear Wood, Esq.

Buckinghamshire: Richard William Howard Howard Vyse, of Stoke-place, Esq.

Cambs and Hunt: John Gwylum Scott, of Somersham, Esq.

Cheshire: George Walmsley, of Bolesworth Castle, Esq.

Cumberland: Christopher Parker, of Petterill-green, Esq.

Cornwall: Edward Collins, of Truthan, Esq.

Derbyshire: Robert Leaper Newton, of Bow-bridge, Esq.

Devonshire: John Beaumont Swete, of Oxtou House, Esq.

Dorsetshire: John Bond, of Grange, Esq.

Essex: Chapel Cure, of Blakehall in Bobbingworth, Esq.

Gloucestershire: David Ricardo, of Gatcombe Park, Esq.

Herefordshire: Richard Blakemore, of the Leys, Esq.

Hertfordshire: William Hale, of King's Walden, Esq.

Kent: Edward Rice, of Dane Court, Esq.

Leicestershire: Sir George Howland Willoughby Beaumont, of Coleorton Hall, Bart.

Lincolnshire: William Augustus Johnson, of Wytham on the Hill, Esq.

Monmouthshire: William Jones, of Clytha, Esq.

Norfolk: The Hon. George John Milles, of North Elmham.

Northampton: Richard Pack, of Floore, Esq.

Northumberland: Sir John Trevelyan, of Wallington, Bart.

Nottinghamshire: John Coke, of Mansfield Woodhouse, Esq.

Oxfordshire: Richard Weyland, of Wood Eaton, Esq.

Rutlandshire: John Eagleton, of South Luffenham, Esq.

Shropshire: Rowland Hunt, of Boreatton Park, Esq.

Somersetshire: James Adam Gordon, of Portbury, Esq.

Staffordshire: Thomas Twemlow, of Peats Wood, Esq.

County of Southampton: George Purefoy Jervoise, of Herriard House, Esq.

Suffolk: John Wilson Sheppard, of Campsey Ash, Esq.

Surrey: Sir William George Hylton Jolliffe, of Merstham, Bart.

Sussex: Thomas Sanctuary, of Ruspur, Esq.

Warwickshire: Edward Bolton King, of Umber-slade, Esq.

Wiltshire: Edward William Leybourne Popham, of Littlecot Park, Esq.

Worcestershire: John Scott, of Stourbridge, Esq.

Yorkshire: The Honourable Edward Robert Petre, of Stapleton Park.

SOUTH WALES.

Cardiganshire: Thomas Hugh Jones, of Noyadd, Esq.

Penbrokeshire: Anthony Abel Gower, of Kildereon, Esq.

Carmarthenshire: Rees Goring Thos., of Llanen, Esq.

Radnorshire: Robert Bell Price, of Downfield Old Radnor, Esq.

Breconshire: William Lewis Hopkins, of Aberanell, Esq.

Glamorganshire: Wm. Williams, of Aberpergwm, Esq.

NORTH WALES.

Anglesey: Thomas Williams, of Glanrafon, Esq.

Carnarvonshire: John Williams, of Brynirion, Esq.

Merionethshire: Jones Pantton, of Llwynygwrn, Esq.

Montgomeryshire: Henry Adolphus Proctor, of Aberhafesb Hall, Esq.

Denbighshire: William Hammer, of Bodnod, Esq.

Flintshire: Sir Henry Browne, of Bronwhyllfa, Knight.

DUCHY OF LANCASTER, JAN. 30.

The King has been this day pleased to appoint Peter Hesketh, of Rossall Hall, Esq., to be Sheriff of the county Palatine of Lancaster, for the year ensuing.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SECURITIES

The following Table exhibits the daily prices of the English Funds at the close of the market, from January 22d to February 22d, inclusive. The extreme fluctuation in Consols it will be seen, is 2 per cent. The selling prices only are given.

	JANUARY.										FEBRUARY.																	
	22	23	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	15	16	17	18	19	20	22	
ENGLISH.																												
3 per Cent Cons.	92½	93½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	91½	91½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½
Do. for Account	94½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½	93½
3 per Cent Red.	100½	100½	100½	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	100	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	99½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
3½ per Cent Red.	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½	101½
4 per Cents	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½
4 per Cents, 1826	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½
Long Ann.	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½
Do. new, 30 yrs.	230	231	231	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232	232
India Stock	218	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	217½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½
Bank Stock	78	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	77	
Exchequer Bills	73	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	72	
India Bonds	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	71½	70½	70½	67	70	70½	69½	69½	69½	69½	69½	69½	69½	69½	69½
FOREIGN.																												
Brazilian 5 per C.	30	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	26	26	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29
Buenos Ayres 6	25	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½
Chilian 6	27	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½	27½
Colom. (1824) 6	25	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½
Danish 3	76	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	75½	74½	74½	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75	75
French 5	108	108	108	108	108	108	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	83½	84	84	109½	108	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½
Ditto 3	84½	84½	84½	84½	84½	84½	34	35	35	35	35	35	35	34½	34½	35	35	36½	36½	36½	36½	36½	36½	36½	36½	36½	36½	
Greek 5	34	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	25½	25½	25	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½	24½
Mexican 6	26½	26½	26½	26½	26½	26½	21	21	21	21	21	21	21	20½	20½	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Ditto 5	22	22	22	22	22	22	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18½	18½	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18
Peruvian 6	20	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58	57	58½	58	58	58	58	58	58	58	58	58
Portuguese 5	59½	59½	59½	59½	59½	59½	60	60½	61½	61½	61½	61½	61½	61½	61½	61½	61	61	61½	61	61	61	61	61	61	61	61	61
Russian 5	110	109½	109½	109½	109½	109½	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110	110
Spanish (1822) 5	11½	11½	11½	11½	11½	11½	11½	11½	11½	12	12	12	12	11½	11½	11½	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13

* Where no price is quoted, there was no variation in the market from the preceding day.

Price of Shares on Monday, Feb. 22.

Anglo-Mexican	£30 10 to £39 10	Brazil Comp. Impl.	£83 0 to £43 0	Del Monte	£57 0 to £59 0
Bolanos	465 0	Ditto National	21 0	United Mexican	19 0
Brazil Company	9 10	Colombian	6 10	Mexican Company	12 10

LONDON COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Bond fide Prices, as negotiated on the Royal Exchange, from 20th January to 20th February, 1830.

	TIME.	BILLS, &c. M.		MONEY.		REMARKS.
		Maximum.	Minimum.	Maximum.	Minimum.	
Amsterdam	3 months.	12 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 8	12 7	
Ditto	3 days' sight.	12 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 7	12 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Rotterdam	3 months.	12 8	12 7	12 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Antwerp		12 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 7	12 8	12 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Hamburg Mar. Bc.		14 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	14 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Altona		14 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nominal.
St. Petersburg		10	Nominal.
Paris	3 months.	25 95	25 82 $\frac{1}{2}$	26	25 87 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Ditto	3 days' sight.	25 72 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 60	25 75	25 65	
Bordeaux		25 10	25 5	Nominal.
Frankfort on the Main ..		153 $\frac{1}{2}$	153 $\frac{1}{2}$	155	153 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Berlin	
Vienna, <i>effective</i>		10 15	10 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 16	10 12	
Trieste		10 15	10 12	10 16	10 13	
Madrid		36 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Cadiz		36 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Bilboa		36 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Barcelona		35 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nominal.
Seville		35 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nominal.
Gibraltar		47 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nominal.
Leghorn		47 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$..	
Genoa		25 97 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 95	26	25 97 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Venice		47 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nominal.
Malta		48 $\frac{1}{2}$	Nominal.
Naples		39 $\frac{1}{2}$	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Palermo, 118 per oz.		119 $\frac{1}{2}$	119	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	119	
Lisbon	60 days' date.	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Oporto	Ditto.	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Rio Janeiro	60 days' sight.	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	24	
Bahia		26 $\frac{1}{2}$	25	Nominal.
Buenos Ayres	
Calcutta		20 $\frac{1}{2}$..	21	..	
Bombay		19	..	19 $\frac{1}{2}$..	
Madras		19	..	19 $\frac{1}{2}$..	
Canton		47	47	47	47	

Foreign gold, in bars, £3. 17s. 9d. per oz. New dollars, 4s. 9d.; 4s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Standard silver, in bars, 4s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, 1830.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.		Thermometer.	Barometer.
JAN. Thursday 21	From 25 to 36	29-26 to 29-35	FEB. Friday 5	From 11-5 25	29-66 to 29-64
Friday 22	31 to 35	29-53 to 29-36	Saturday 6	12 to 25	29-56 to 29-54
Saturday 23	26 to 35	29-64 to 29-79	Sunday 7	14 to 42	29-42 to 29-39
Sunday 24	30 to 39	29-81 to 29-66	Monday 8	39 to 45	29-39 to 29-62
Monday 25	27 to 37	30-14 to 30-25	Tuesday 9	34 to 43	29-36 to 29-55
Tuesday 26	29 to 36	30-25 to 30-11	Wednesday 10	28 to 41	29-63 to 29-66
Wednesday 27	29 to 35	29-86 to 29-74	Thursday 11	28 to 41	30-06 to 30-09
Thursday 28	29 to 36	29-93 to 30-10	Friday 12	30 to 42	30-06 Stat.
Friday 29	29 to 37	30-11 to 30-13	Saturday 13	26 to 39	30-06 to 30-07
Saturday 30	23 to 37	29-92 to 29-81	Sunday 14	24 to 38	30-02 Stat.
Sunday 31	15-5 23	29-96 to 30-06	Monday 15	24 to 38	30-20 to 30-26
			Tuesday 16	25 to 35	30-26 to 30-16
FEB. Monday 1	15 to 25	29-86 to 29-76	Wednesday 17	23 to 35	29-96 to 29-72
Tuesday 2	15 to 21	29-73 to 29-75			
Wednesday 3	14 to 23	29-76 to 29-82			
Thursday 4	12 to 31	29-83 to 29-70			

* From 11 to 15, below zero of Fahrenheit; an intensity of cold seldom equalled in this latitude. On the 15th of January, 1820, the thermometer was, however, 1° lower, a singularity which will be long remembered.

[Press of matter obliges us to omit the Scotch Sequestrations, Military Promotions, Patents, Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c. which will be given in our next.]

LONDON:

J. NOYES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. III.

APRIL, 1830.

Vol. I.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

AND JOHN BOYD, EDINBURGH.

M.DCCCXXX.

Our Belman's Address to his Public.

In all your deeds (like Owen) be "effectual
For purposes of good," as is most meet,
Or, by St. Vitus! we will soon correct you all
In culprit order, at our judgment-seat,
And make ye dance, beneath a stout strappade,
A measure brisker than the gallopade!

Talking of dancing makes us think as how,
Bad for the movements of the legs are
stitches:

The Methodists have kicked up a sad row
That Opera damsels will not wear the breeches.
They who have legs, will like those 'legs to
shew,

And leg with tapering ankle aye bewitches;
And if, in *pirouetting*, the round *cuisse*
Should glance, it is in keeping with the Swiss.*

But not alone are rows to these confined;
Two letters here we thankfully acknowledge—
One on the front rank of the march of mind,

And all the wrangling in the Gow'r Street
College,

Where Dinnish Lardner, with his brogue refined,
Has set at loggerheads the Knights of Know-
ledge;

And t'other row—Oh! were we there to see
'em!—

That filled with noise the quondam Athenæum.

Well—if all the world is turned topsy-turvy,

Here, here we are to play Don Quixote's part;

That is, to cure men of the mental scurvy,
And mend the flaws in every idiot's heart.

And we must buckle to our best to serve ye,
Dame Honesty, so thou wilt lend thy dart;
And we will whisk it like an Irish flail,
As used at Donnybrook or Donneraile.

As to the plight the two great houses are in,
We have received communications many;
And all, to say the truth, extremely barren.

The Editor would fain believe, but can he?
That Fotier's just a fly to William Farren:

But then, he bows before the matchless
Fanny;

And, further, thinks the Amazon Thalestris
Was never so victorious as Vestris.

Where is Macready—William Tell—Virginius?
Where Dowton, monarch of the mimic scene?

Oh, Drury, why with operettas din ye us,
While men like these can be what they have
been?

And then you have that genius, Homo-ginyous,
The quaffing, yet unconquerable Kean:

Drink as he may, he's still a clever fellow—
Though not quite new in *Shylock* and *Othello*.

To all fair readers now our hands we kiss,

And wish to part on gentle terms with all;

Not ev'n the small-beer rhyme of Horace Twiss
Hath power to move our subjugated gill,

Or cause more critical remarks than this—

"Tis sad to see small beer so very small.

Thus, then, we close our never-rival'd lay,
Intending to astonish you in May.

Johnny Whistlecraft,

Belman, by Patent.

* "It was whilst exhibiting in the ballet of *William Tell*, that the dresses of the dancers were objected to by certain fastidious gentlemen."—*Private Letter from Sir* ———.

MR. DONOVAN, OF THE STRAND.

MR. DONOVAN, a most respectable gentleman, who keeps wine vaults in the Strand, has got a person to address us in most angry terms—labouring, as he does, under the idea that the paper, in our second Number, called, "Donovan the Intoxicator," was a hit at himself. We can assure him that some facetious individual has been endeavouring to play a hoax upon him. The Mr. Donovan of our Magazine is not the Mr. Donovan of the wine vaults in the Strand: our Mr. Donovan is in connexion with the work which its learned Editor calls the "SIGNCLOPAXY."

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. III.

APRIL, 1830.

VOL. I.

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

I.

PITHYRIAN was a Pagan,
An easy-hearted man;
And Pagan sure he thought to end,
As Pagan he began.
Thought he, the one must needs be true,
The old religion, or the new,
And therefore little care I:
I call Diana the divinity;
My daughter worships at the shrine
Of the Christian goddess, Mary.

In this uncertain matter,
If I the wrong course take,
Mary to me will mercy shew
For my Marana's sake.
If I am right, and Dian bend
Her dreadful bow, or Phœbus send
His shafts abroad for slaughter,
Safe from their arrows shall I be,
And the twin deities for me
Will spare my dear-loved daughter.

If every one in Antioch
Had reasoned in this strain,
It never would have raised alarm
In Satan's dark domain.
But Mary's image every day
Looks down on crowds who come to pray;
Her votaries never falter:
While Dian's temple is so bare,
That, unless her priestess take good care,
She will have a grass-green altar.

Perceiving this, the old Dragon
Inflamed with anger grew;
Earthquakes and plagues were common ills,
There needed something new;

Some vengeance so severe and strange
 That forepast times, in all their range,
 With no portent could match it :
 So for himself a nest he made,
 And in that nest an egg he laid,
 And down he sat to hatch it.

He built it by the fountain
 Of Phlegethon's red flood ;
 In the innermost abyss, the place
 Of central solitude.
 Of adamantine blocks unhewn,
 With lava scoria interstrewn,
 The sole materials fitting ;
 With amianth he lined the nest,
 And incombustible asbest,
 To bear the fiery sitting.

There with malignant patience
 He sate in fell despite,
 Till this dracontine cockatrice
 Should break its way to light.
 Meantime, his angry heart to cheer,
 He thought that all this while no fear
 The Antiochians stood in,
 Of what, on deadliest vengeance bent,
 With imperturbable intent
 He there for them was brooding.

The months of incubation
 At length were duly past,
 And now the infernal Dragon-chick
 Hath burst its shell at last ;
 At which long-looked-for sight, enrapt
 For joy the father Dragon clapt
 His brazen wings like thunder,
 So loudly that the mighty sound
 Was like an earthquake felt around,
 And all above and under.

The diabolic youngling
 Came out no callow birth,
 Puling, defenceless, blind and weak,
 Like bird or beast of earth ;
 Or man, most helpless thing of all
 That fly, or swim, or creep, or crawl ;
 But in his perfect figure ;
 His horns, his dreadful tail, his sting,
 Scales, teeth, and claws, and every thing
 Complete and in their vigour.

The old Dragon was delighted,
 And proud withal to see
 In what perfection he had hatched
 His hellish progeny.
 And round and round, with fold on fold,
 His tail about the imp he roll'd,
 In fond and close enlacement ;
 And neck round neck with many a turn
 He coil'd, which was, you may discern,
 Their manner of embracement.

II.

A voice was heard in Antioch,
 Whence uttered none could know,
 But from their sleep it wakened all,
 Proclaiming Woe! woe! woe!
 It sounded here, it sounded there,—
 Within, without, and every where,—
 A terror and a warning;
 Repeated thrice, the dreadful word
 By every living soul was heard
 Before the hour of morning. •

And in the air a rushing
 Past over in the night;
 And as it past, there past with it
 A meteoric light.
 The blind that piercing light intense
 Felt in their long-seal'd visual sense,
 With sudden, short sensation;
 The deaf that rushing in the sky
 Could hear, and that portentous cry
 Reached them with consternation.

The astonished Antiochians
 Impatiently await
 The break of day, not knowing when
 Nor what might be their fate;
 Alas! what then the people hear,
 Only with certitude of fear
 Their sinking hearts affrighted,
 For in the fertile vale below
 Came news that, in that night of woe,
 A Dragon had alighted.

It was no earthly monster
 In Lybian deserts nurst;
 Nor had the Lerna lake sent forth
 This winged worm accurst:
 The old Dragon's own laid egg was this,
 The fierce young Dragon of the abyss,
 Who from the fiery fountain,
 Through earth's concavities that night
 Had made his way, and taken flight
 Out of a burning mountain. •

A voice that went before him
 The cry of woe! preferred:
 The motion of his brazen wings
 Was what the deaf had heard;
 The flashing of his eyes, that light
 The which upon their inward sight
 The blind had felt astounded;
 What wonder, then, when from the wall
 They saw him in the vale, if all
 With terror were confounded!

Compared to that strong armour
 Of scales which he was in,
 The hide of a rhinoceros
 Was like a lady's skin.

A battering ram might play in vain
 Upon his head, with might and main,
 Though fifty men had work'd it :
 And from his tail they saw him fling
 Out, like a rocket, a long sting,
 When he for pastime jerked it.

To whom of Gods or Heroes
 Should they for aid apply ?
 Where should they look for succour now,
 Or whither should they fly ?
 For now no Demigods were found
 Like those whose deathless deeds abound
 In ancient song and story :
 No Hercules was then on earth,
 Nor yet of her St. George's birth
 Could Cappadocia glory.

And even these against him
 Had found their strength but small ;
 He could have swallowed Hercules,
 Club, lion's skin, and all.
 Yea, had St. George himself been there,
 Upon the fiercest steed that e'er
 To battle bore bestrider,
 This dreadful Dragon, in his might,
 One mouthful only, and one bite,
 Had made of horse and rider.

They see how unavailing
 All human force must prove ;
 Oh, might their earnest prayers obtain
 Protection from above !
 The Christians sought our Lady's shrine
 To invoke her aid divine ;
 And with a like emotion,
 The Pagans, on that fearful day,
 Took to Diana's fane their way,
 And offered their devotion.

But there the offended goddess
 Beheld them with a frown ;
 The indignant altar heaved itself,
 And shook their offerings down ;
 The priestess, with a death-like hue,
 Pale as the marble image grew,
 The marble image reddened ;
 And these poor suppliants, at the sight
 Felt in fresh access of affright
 Their hearts within them deadened.

Behold, the marble eye-balls
 With life and motion shine ;
 And from the moving marble lips
 There comes a voice divine ;
 A demon voice, by all the crowd
 Distinctly heard,—nor low, nor loud,
 But deep, and clear, and thrilling ;
 And carrying to the soul such dread
 That they perforce must what it said
 Obey, howe'er unwilling.

“ Hear ! hear ! ” it said, “ ye people :
The ancient gods have sent,
In anger for your long neglect,
This signal punishment !
To mortal Mary vows were paid,
And prayers preferr’d, and offerings made ;
Our temples were deserted.
Now, when our vengeance makes ye wise,
Unto your proper deities
In fear ye have reverted !

“ Hear now the dreadful judgment !
For this which ye have done,
The infernal Dragon will devour
Your daughters, one by one.
A Christian virgin every day
Ye must present him for his prey,
With garlands deck’d as meet is :
That with the Christians he begins
Is what, in mercy to your sins,
Ye owe to my entreaties.”

“ Whether, if to my worship
Ye now continue true,
I may, when these are all consumed,
Avert the ill from you ;
That on the ancient gods depends,
If they be made once more your friends
By your sincere repentance :
But for the present, no delay !
Cast lots among ye, and obey
The inexorable sentence ! ”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EAST INDIA COMPANY.—NO. I.

THE storm is brooding against the East India Company; and it will not be long before it will burst. We intend to give a series of articles, the number of which will depend entirely upon the urgency of the case, all in order to prove, that meddling with the present arrangements of India will not produce one of the benefits which are promised by those who declaim against the "monopoly" of Leadenhall Street; that it will not tend towards promoting the interests, temporal or spiritual, of the Hindoos; and that, in all probability, it will lead to the direct loss of our Indian empire. In the mean time, as there is as yet no overt act against the Company from any influential quarter, we shall take the liberty of prefacing our series by a few observations upon the gentleman who has been the prominent cause of exciting the clamour which it has been the fate of the Company to experience. Buonaparte, in his falling days, used to say, that from the sublime to the ridiculous was but a step. Let us reverse it here; and postpone what must be considered the magnificent interests of a mighty empire to the ridiculous of Mr. Buckingham.

Not that this gentleman is absolutely to be laughed at: he is of a very different class indeed from the fools. Here he has been for seven years trading upon a single calamity—the most indefatigable beggar that had only one sore leg to trade upon. A more industrious man never existed. Everywhere into which he could thrust himself, review, magazine, newspaper, daily, monthly, weekly, quarterly, in all varieties of the genus puff—puff direct, puff indirect, puff oblique, puff inferential, puff circumstantial, forty thousand shapes and shadows of puffs, altogether unknown even to old Sheridan, rogue that he was—all breathed of Buckingham. Eady was not more indefatigable; Hunt not more hard-working; Warren not so unwearied. He has lately published a sort of biography,* which thus commences:—

"When an individual invites the attention of the public to the facts and arguments by which he may attempt to support his views on any great public question, it is not unreasonable that those to whom his appeal is made should ask for some proof of his claims to their attention, and demand the exhibition of his credentials before they consent to honour him with their confidence; and being myself quite as desirous of granting, as others can be of asking, such reasonable concessions, I proceed to give a sketch of the most material grounds on which I consider my claims to general confidence to be established. It will of necessity be very brief, and merely an outline; for the history of forty years is not easy to be condensed into a few pages;—but when I add, that I shall be always ready to afford to any one who may deem it worth his inquiry, the more detailed information he may seek, by a personal interview and verbal conference, I hope I shall sufficiently acquit myself of my duty by the union of these two modes of communication."

This is, we assure Mr. Buckingham, perfectly gratuitous. For ten years no individual has kept himself so constantly before the public as this gentleman. In quarto and octavo, in magazine and newspaper, in placard and pamphlet, in every conceivable form and combination of type and paper, in brazen advertisement and sly paragraph, huddled in between Macassar Oil and Infallible Method of Killing Bugs, Mr. Buckingham has stared us in the face. Public meeting, private committee, court of justice, Leadenhall Street, St. Stephen's, have rung with his misfortunes. Is there a number of the whole twenty pounds' worth of the *Oriental Herald*, including supplements,—we were almost going to add, binding,—in which his wrongs have not been trumpeted forth? Have they not infested the *Athenæum*, and been muttered by the *Sphynx*? Is not there good reason for believing that they have been mentioned with much eloquence and indignation in the *Argus*, though, as no person has ever seen that

* History of the Public Proceedings on the Question of the East India Monopoly during the past Year; with an Outline of Mr. Buckingham's Extempore Descriptions of the Oriental World. London, Hurst and Co. 1830.

work, it is impossible, at this distance of time, to verify the fact? In a word, is Mr. Buckingham so unconscious of his having made himself and his case two of the most conspicuous bores in this bore-breeding metropolis, that he now thinks it necessary to open a pamphlet by "exposing his credentials" to our gaze? It would have been just as reasonable for the black man who used to sweep the crossing by Waithman's corner to think it necessary that he should exhibit his credentials to the ladies and gentlemen of Fleet Street, for fear they would not consider him a negro.

A sketch of his life follows this exordium; but in p. 4, (p. 2 of the Sketch), the true design of the work manifests itself. If you want to know how Mr. Buckingham acquired and used his knowledge—a matter highly important to the public—see—what?—oh! my prophetic soul!—we knew it was to come—see *ORIENTAL HERALD*, vol. vi. p. 15, &c. &c. &c. If you wish to be thoroughly informed respecting the commerce of Smyrna, see *ORIENTAL HERALD*. Curiosity impels to inquire as to opening a connexion between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—see, "for a collected view of the best information on this point," *ORIENTAL HERALD*. If you desire to sympathise with the slavery of the English in the East Indies, for the whole of the correspondence proving this melancholy fact, see "Appendix to the first volume of the *ORIENTAL HERALD*," recollecting that it is to be found from pp. 3 to 5. Dr. Benjamin Babington gives evidence as to a voyage through the Red Sea—you will find it in the *ORIENTAL HERALD*. The treaty between Mohamed Pacha and "myself" (should not this be "ourselves," or, at least, "ourself?") is to be found in the *ORIENTAL HERALD*. Where is the account of Bussorah to be read? Where but in the *ORIENTAL HERALD*, in the thirty-sixth page of its twentieth volume, published in the month of January, 1829,—a fact we hasten to publish, because we took it into our heads—heaven knows why—that that *magnum opus* had been defunct for two years before that period. We have since learned that it survived six months after it.

Again: If you wish to learn of deeds of arms, you will discover how Mr. Buckingham was obliged to meet his

enemies in the field—in the *ORIENTAL HERALD*. The trial and sentence of Dr. Bryce, for daring to libel this strenuous advocate of the freedom of the press,—a circumstance which Mr. B. tells us is too atrocious to be believed,—appears in the *ORIENTAL HERALD*. But we must stop: there is a cart-load more behind, and we have only got through twelve pages. Talk of Eady after that!—we do Buckingham injustice in comparing him with so inferior an artist.

Let nobody, however, imagine that the other works of our author are forgotten in the mean time. That would, indeed, be bad tactics. The projects of Mohamed Ali are alluded to in "the preface to the *Travels in Palestine*, the first of my published works." A most magnificent idea of establishing an annual, under the lively editorship of Sir James Mackintosh, was started in the *Athenæum*. Various contributions from his pen, which grace Mr. Pringle's elegant *Friendship's Offering*, are duly recorded. The establishment of the *Sphinx*, and other stony-headed works of the same kind, is noticed with all the importance which such great events deserve; and as for his travels, we have the most minute account of their length, breadth, and thickness; the number of their pages; the quantity of their plates; the crockery-ware with which they were so appropriately rewarded; the name of the individual honoured by their dedications; and, to wind up all fitly, the book concludes with a laboured enumeration of the whole of his compositions, done on the same principle as one of Colburn's or Murray's lists, commencing with the *Calcutta Journal*, for five years, which may be purchased for the moderate sum of £75, quite a trifle when compared with the mines of information which it contains, and the delicate and gentlemanlike tone in which that information is conveyed. And this list Mr. Buckingham assures us he prints from a regard to the welfare of mankind, which, if we do not mistake, is the very phrase used by Dr. Jordan and Co., in panegyrising their Balsam of Rakasiri. The worthy doctors convey a remedy for all disorders, as Mr. Buckingham conveys a knowledge of all Orientalism—in both cases for the same motive—the good of mankind, with the smallest idea possible of putting money in their purse.

We grieve to say it—but truth must out at last: Buckingham is a quack of the first order—a quack unredeemed by a single good point. There is nothing that the man has attempted that is not redolent of money. In this he bears a vast resemblance to old Cobbett, but in this only; for Cobbett is a man of talent. Buckingham's last campaign was far less bearable than that of the old hero of Barn Elms. Cobbett avowed that his design was, primarily, shilling gathering, and only incidentally the good of the public. Buckingham sunk the design upon his majesty's crowns under the cover of sheer patriotism. The money was thrust upon him as honours upon Malvolio. Cobbett was not so hypocritical.

Mr. Buckingham, in various parts of his publications, expresses horrible indignation at the enormity of an India paper, the *Calcutta John Bull*, which professed the inconvenient principle that the personal character of a public writer might be investigated, and that if his own conduct in private gave the lie to his professions in public, it was fair to suppose that he was not quite in earnest in these professions. Reasoning *à priori*, without any reference to Mr. Buckingham's case, we should not think it so very unreasonable; but let us admit it. We, however, may take what he has given us of his own life, and particularly that part of it which relates to his banishment from India, as a fair text to comment upon. We well know that those who clamour loudest for the *liberty* of the press are the most touchy upon the subject of its *licentiousness*, if a word happens to be breathed against their most dainty selves; but when a man throws himself open before the public, he must have a face more brazen than that of King Charles the First, at Charing Cross, if he thinks he is not as much a matter of comment as Jack Thurtell. We just take a trifle first from his book:—

"At the very early age of nine years, I embraced, with the most enthusiastic

ardour, the maritime profession, and embarked in one of his majesty's packets for a foreign station. Before I completed my tenth year, I was captured, and, as a prisoner of war, passed several months in confinement at Corunna; and before I completed my eleventh year, I had been marched, with the rest of the officers and crew of the ship in which I sailed, a distance of many hundred miles, barefoot, through Spain and Portugal, from Corunna, through St. Iago di Compostella, Vigo, Oporto, Coimbra, and Santarem, to Lisbon. Subsequently to this, I visited other countries in the same profession, and obtained a maritime command at the early age of twenty-one."

That Mr. Buckingham, with the "rest of the officers," [what rank was he?] might have been taken prisoner, is very possible, and in no way attaches blame to him; but that he walked "barefoot" is not to be commended, when we recollect that, like his old enemy Gifford of the *Quarterly Review*, Bloomfield the shepherd's boy, and many other eminent men, he was ~~but~~ a cobbler. It speaks against his industry. There is, however, a *lacuna* in this part of his history, which his friend and coadjutor, Sandford Arnot, will supply:—

"I have nothing to do," says Arnot,* "with his private character, but merely that part of his conduct which affects the public directly or indirectly. It is hardly worth while to go back to his early life, over which he himself has thrown a veil. All that I have to do with is the fact, that he was not lowered in the world by his connexion with the Indian press. It may be just stated, therefore, that he appears to have begun the world with a small printing-office in Falmouth. There are persons who still recollect the words 'James Buckingham, printer,' stuck up over his door there; and thus commenced his connexion with the press. He is supposed to have previously obtained some knowledge of *naval* matters, from some of his relations being connected with a packet-boat, which probably led to his being made a prisoner, as he says, in Portugal; and of law, from the wisdom to

* A Sketch of the History of the Indian Press, during the last Ten Years; with a Disclosure of the True Causes of its present Degradation, proved to have been produced by the extraordinary and hitherto unheard-of Conduct of Mr. James Silk Buckingham. With a Biographical Notice of the Indian Cobbett, alias "Peter the Hermit," Printer and Methodist Preacher—Mariner, Merchant, and Traveller—Editor, Bubble Company Projector, and Director—Newspaper-monger, "Pauper General" of India—Itinerant Orator and Stone Quarryman. By S. Arnot. London, Low. 1829.

he learnt in an attorney's office. But whether it was from having too many trades, or from inattention to one, his business in Falmouth, it is said, failed. After this we are informed, having some movings of the spirit, he took up the trade of methodist preacher, and Plymouth is mentioned as the scene of his sacred functions. From these he appears to have soon desisted, in order to 'cast his bread upon the waters.'

Of these anecdotes, or of his *sutor ad crepidam*, Buckingham says not a word. He is as close as wax. Communicative he is, however, as to his travels. Marco Polo was a fool to him—Sir John Mandeville no more than a type. We cannot reprint the gazette of his journeyings. Here is a sample:—

"I left Alexandria in the close of the year 1815 for the coast of Syria, landed at Bairoot, proceeded by Tyre, Sidon, Acre, and Jaffa, to Jerusalem;—was compelled, by various circumstances, but more especially the disturbed state of the country, to traverse nearly the whole of Palestine, and the countries east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, the Hauran, and the Decapolis;—reached Damascus;—passed several weeks in the agreeable and hospitable society of Lady Hester Stanhope;—visited Baalbeck, Lebanon, Tripoli, Antioch, the Orontes, and Aleppo. From thence I proceeded into Mesopotamia; crossed the Euphrates at Bir; visited Orfah, near Haran, the Ur of the Chaldees, the birth-place of Abraham the Patriarch, and Edessa of the Greeks; journeyed to Diarbekr, or the Black City, in the heart of Asia Minor; from thence to Mardin on the mountains, and by the great desert of Sinjar to Moosul on the Tigris; inspected the ruins of Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia; made extensive researches on the ruins of Babylon, identified the Hanging Gardens and the palace, and discovered a portion of the ancient wall; ascended to the summit of the Tower of Babel, now still erect in the plain of Shinar, and at length reposed in the celebrated city of Bagdad, on the banks of the Tigris."

The beadroll in Milton of the vision exhibited to Adam by the Archangel Michael is not more magnificent,

"from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's
throne,"

&c. &c., down to

"Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado."

Of these wanderings he *wrote* the history (?) and, as usual with the friends of freedom, brought an action against Mr. W. Bankes, for saying that he, the said Bankes, had a share in concocting it. We may as well print the letter of Bankes on this subject, premising, of course, like a judge charging a jury, that we leave it to the jury of our readers to decide upon its correctness:—

"MR. BUCKINGHAM,—After some anecdotes respecting your conduct, which you cannot but suspect must have come, however late, to my knowledge before this time, you cannot suspect that I should address you otherwise than I should the lowest of mankind. It is indeed with reluctance that I stoop to address you at all. It will require, however, no long preface to acquaint you with the object of this letter, since your own conscience will point it out to you, from the moment that you shall recognise a handwriting which must be familiar to you, since you have copied it, and are about to turn the transcript to account. You have hoped that the distance of place would befriended you—you have hoped that I should shrink from proclaiming that I have been imposed upon: it would have been far more politic in you to have shrunk from being proclaimed the man who has imposed."

"In that advertisement by which you announce as your own the works of another, you have at least spared me the humiliation of being named in the list of your friends. Though the motive of this is sufficiently obvious, and it furnishes in itself both a proof and an aggravation of your culpability, yet some of those who are made to appear in that list would rather, I am persuaded, that you had invaded their property, as you have mine, than have subjected them to so unmerited a stigma. One amongst the number (whom you would not have dared even to allude to had he been alive) is, unhappily, unable to repel the imputations in his own person—I mean the late Mr. Burckhardt, whom you so imprudently cite as your bosom friend. The boast is rash and ill-timed."

"Are you not aware that copies of a letter are extant, in which he styles you a villain—in which he says that the rogue can be brought to a sense of duty only by a kick? Do you wish, then, to publish your own disgrace, by letting the world know how well you were known to that excellent person, who, during the last two years of his life, lost no opportunity of testifying his contempt and aversion for your character."

"Do not imagine that these sentiments were confined to the page of a single letter. Sheik Ibrahim was too open and too honourable to wish others to be deceived, as he had been for a time himself. Had his letters to me reached me sooner than they did, I should have had timely warning to beware how I trusted you, and you would never have had that opportunity which you have seized of abusing my kindness and confidence.

"It is beneath me to expostulate with you; but I will state some facts to yourself, which I have already stated to others,—that the journey beyond Jordan to Dgerash and Oomkai was arranged, and the Arabs under engagement to conduct me thither, before I ever saw you; that you introduced yourself to me by a letter, stating that you were intimate with some of my best friends, and studiously concealing from me (both then and afterwards) that you were in any person's employ.

"That it was at my invitation (I being always under the supposition that you were a free agent) that you went with me, having previously agreed to take down my notes and the journals when I should wish it; that the whole expenses of that journey were upon me; that the notes and journal were in great part taken down from my mouth (especially what relates to Dgerash), with the exception of that of the two or three last days, which were written with my own hand, and afterwards copied fair by you; but, above all, that the plan of the ruins at Dgerash was constructed and noted with my own hand, and that all the assistance that I derived from you, even in collecting the materials for it, was in your ascertaining for me the relative bearings of some of the buildings with my compass; that, as to the plan of the theatre, you did not even know that I had made it till you saw it at Nazareth.

"It is hardly necessary to remind you, that you neither copied a single inscription, nor made a single sketch on the spot, since you are, I know, incapable of the one, and your ignorance of Latin and Greek must, I should suppose, unfit you for the other; add to which, you had not a single sheet of paper on which you could have done either, if I except a pocket-book about four inches square.

"The great ground-plan was traced at a window of the convent of Nazareth (as both my servants can testify), and you have copies from my drawings at the tombs at Oomkai, taken at the same time. These last are, probably, to furnish the vignettes and appropriate engravings which are announced.

"Surely you must laugh at the simplicity of your subscribers when you are

alone, with whom you are to pass for a draughtsman, being ignorant of the very first principles of design; for an accurate copier of inscriptions, being ignorant of all the ancient languages; and for an explainer of antiquities, being incapable of even distinguishing between the architecture of the Turks and the Romans.

"I have said enough. It is in vain to attempt to make a man sensible of ingratitude who has been guilty of fraud.

"What I demand is, the immediate restitution of those copies from my papers, without exception, and without your retaining any duplicates of them. Let them be put into the hands of Sir Evan Nepean, whom I have begged that he will do me the favour to take charge of them; and let all that portion of the work advertised that treats of a journey made at my expense, and compiled from my notes, be suppressed. I leave you, otherwise, to take the consequence: should you persist, the matter shall be notified in a manner that shall make your character as notorious in England and India as it is already in Egypt and Syria.

"You will find that you have not duped an obscure individual, who is obliged to bear it and hold his tongue.

"WM. J. BANKES."

On this Mr. Justice Park observed, that it was pretty certain that Mr. Buckingham was unacquainted with Greek and Latin; that it was very improper to say that he was a villain; that Bankes had not succeeded in proving that his *friend* was incapable of distinguishing between Turkish and Roman architecture; that it was not very certain that the *Oriental Herald* had had pilfered drawings, &c. from the defendant; and, in short, that, under the circumstances, the jury must, according to our admirable code of libel, find against Mr. Murray, which they therefore did. This affair thus figures in Buckingham:—

"I have published four quarto volumes of *Travels in the East*, each of which has been received with favour [qu. ?] by the literary world, and have succeeded in bringing to a satisfactory issue my legal proceedings against Mr. Henry Bankes, the late member for Corfe Castle, and Mr. W. J. Bankes, the late member for Cambridge, and setting myself right, I hope, with all the reading and reflecting part of the world."

As the books are now forgotten, we may leave the reading and reflecting part of the world to adjust the claims of Messrs. Bankes and Buckingham as

they please ; adding only, that it is stated, and not yet denied, that a Mr. St. John sets it down in a weekly paper that he has vast claims upon Mr. B.

“ For correcting the MS. of his book of Travels, and writing the better portion of the notes, and assisting him in keeping the letters of his quotations from the *learned* languages from being printed upside down, when this ‘learned Theban’ was actually unable to tell whether or not the right end of the characters was uppermost !”

This, one would think, was sufficient ; but still it may be said he was unjustly turned out of India. He says so himself. Mr. Adam, son of Mr. Commissioner Adam, of the Edinburgh Jury Court, was the culprit. As he was a Whig, we do not much care ; but here is the summing up of the loss, according to Buckingham himself :—

“ I was the victim ; and even when I asked, a few months afterwards, on hearing of proceedings against my property in India, too atrocious to be believed, and too long to be detailed, for leave merely to go to India for a few weeks to wind up my affairs, pay my debts, receive those due to me, and then quit the country for ever, these unfeeling tyrants (can any man designate the authors of such cruelty by any more appropriate term ?) refused me even this : so that, to the total wreck of all I left behind, amounting to at least 40,000*l.*, was added the accumulation of debts, on various proceedings taken in my absence, purposely to increase my embarrassments, amounting to upwards of 10,000*l.* more ; thus plunging an innocent and amiable family into almost irretrievable misery, for, at most, the indiscretion of a father, who ventured to call in question the propriety of that which the highest authorities of the country no sooner heard of, than they denounced and overturned !”

How hard ! But hear Arnot as to the matter :—

“ Mr. Buckingham goes on to state, (*Oriental Herald*, vol. ii. p. 459), that, for questioning the propriety of the appointment given to that gentleman, he was banished from India, robbed of a property of 40,000*l.*, and of an income of 3,000*l.*, &c. ; and then, ‘ That all this sprung originally from the calumnies of Mr. Banks being believed to be true, and, as such, depriving Mr. Buckingham of the sympathy and support of honourable men, no one acquainted with the fact can doubt.’

“ Enough has now been stated to shew that Mr. Buckingham, before he became connected with the Indian press, was a man tottering in fortunes and in fame. A powerful party having then taken him by the hand, he was enabled, for some years, to resist the flood of indignation which rolled after him from his old associates in the scene of his former wanderings ; that at last it became so strong as to bear him down, and at the same time make a total shipwreck of the cause of the Indian press, which had unfortunately become linked with his ill-fated name.

“ Whatever a needy adventurer might have done, whatever shifts and expedients he might have had recourse to, of hiring his services to one, trespassing upon the rights of a second, or living upon a third, it was to be hoped that, being now engaged in a noble cause, and liberally supported by a generous public, he would adopt principles becoming his situation. After the discovery of the affair of the 10,000*l.*, I, for one, despaired of any such regeneration. So far from seeing any ground to hope that the future would make atonement for the past, I perceived a settled determination to do what has been too often done before, greatly to the public detriment, by artful men making use of a profession of patriotism as means of levying contributions on the public. Whether or not this love of money be the actuating motive of Mr. Buckingham, the reader may judge ; first, from his incessant changes in the *prices* of his publications ; secondly, his *Calcutta Journal* share scheme, with its results ; thirdly, his entering so warmly into the bubble companies of 1825, after his services had been so strongly pledged to the cause of the Indian press. To sum up his pretensions—having travelled, as he tells us, towards India, sometimes with a bag of dates on his back, at other times sleeping with ‘ his sword for a pillow, and his shield for a coverlid ;’ sometimes borrowing ten dollars from Mr. Banks or his servant, and larger or smaller sums, as he could get them, from Mr. Burckhardt and others, or, in failure of money, food to support him ; and having returned from India a few years afterwards, with at least 10,000*l.*, (more probably 20,000*l.*), instead of describing himself as a martyr, he might, with great justice, compare himself to a poor Irishman, travelling over to England with only a bag of potatoes on his back for his sustenance, and sent home to his own country, four or five years afterwards, with more wealth than ever had been possessed by all his generation ! If it be more honourable to acquire

wealth by the honest exertion of talent and industry than by bubble schemes and delusions, I do not know; but the poor Irishman should be considered a more respectable character than any Benfield or Buckingham that ever came from India, though loaded with all the riches of the East. With these remarks I conclude my account of the mariner, printer, methodist preacher, merchant, traveller, editor, Egyptian trading company and Tywarnhale mining director, public lecturer, and stone-quarryman,—the professions which have at last become the object of his matured and enlightened choice.”

The fact of the matter is, that Buckingham has made money by being deported from India. The policy of that deportation is another question.

As for his lectures, we find that he quotes—pretty much like his quondam associate, D. L. Richardson, the diamond poet—1. the *Caledonian Mercury*; 2. the *Evening Edinburgh Courier*; 3. the *Edinburgh Observer*; 4. the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*; 5. *Aberdeen Journal*; 6. *Aberdeen Chronicle*; 7. *Dundee Courier*; 8. *Glasgow Chronicle*; 9. *Glasgow Free Press*; 10. *Glasgow Herald*; 11. *Carlisle Journal*; 12. *Greenock Advertiser*; 13. *York Herald*; 14. *Gore's Liverpool Advertiser*; 15. *Liverpool Chronicle*; 16. *Liverpool Times*; 17. *Manchester Times*; 18. *Manchester Guardian*; 19. *Birmingham Gazette*; 20. *Bristol Journal*; 21. *Leeds Patriot*; 22. *Leeds Mercury*; 23. *Liverpool Mercury*; and some dozen others, the unanimity of which in his favour is as wondrous, and as difficult to be accounted for, as the great and universal suavity with which the London newspapers speak of a new novel, in those paragraphs over which the inexorable old *Times* writes “Advertisement,” but which every other journal keeps mute, in the hope of cheating the Stamp Office.

Once more, and to conclude, we give Arnot's view of the case:—

“His last shift, his public lectures on the eastern world, deserve a concluding remark. I was once in hopes that these would be productive of some good, by exciting attention towards Indian affairs. That he would stir heaven and earth to do this, I felt assured—as the more auditors the more ‘crowns,’ (not of martyrdom!) The degree of success he has met with in this has not, however, been without the usual alloy of

evil, as, partly to create greater interest, and partly to vent his spleen against the East India Company, he has drawn pictures so exaggerated, that while they have dazzled the multitude of ignorant believers, they have lowered his credit with persons who really know India.

“As an example how this may be done: There is, I am told, in the Edinburgh Museum, some specimens of earth, labelled ‘Species of clay eaten by the natives and country-borns in the East Indies, presented by Miss Tytler, of Mongheer.’ A gentleman born in India, who had lived long near that place without ever hearing of such a thing, was struck with astonishment at meeting this piece of information, for the first time, in Scotland; but, on more minute inquiry, found that children, and others of a certain morbid appetite, are fond of chewing this species of clay, just as similar individuals in England pick chalk from the walls, &c. It is easy for any ingenious man to collect facts like this, and say to an audience ignorant of India—‘See what a miserable country! One part of the people are forced to eat clay, and others to subsist upon the grains picked from the excrement of cattle! The revenue arises from, or is employed to hire, prostitutes at the temples of idols; the public officers to collect pilgrims together for destruction under the wheels of Juggernaut; the people are not half clothed, and some go stark naked about the streets; the women are imprisoned for life in the houses of their male relations, drowned at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna, or burned on the funeral pile of their husbands; the aged men are suffocated with mud thrust into their mouths on the banks of the Ganges; the young men go about with hoops or ropes pulled through their flesh, and iron skewers thrust through their tongues, or swing aloft, suspended by hooks fixed in their backs; while many live by carrying ‘fat’ Europeans on their backs like horses,’ &c. &c.

“In this country, where there are so many thousands who do not know how to get rid of their time and money, such a woful and wonderful picture of misery must attract attention; and many, instead of amusing an idle hour with looking at ‘learned cats’ and the ‘calculating pig,’ will no doubt prefer listening to the no less ‘learned’ Eastern traveller. In this there would be no harm; but, unfortunately, in the crowd there come a few who really know India, and every mistatement and distorted fact excites in their mind a degree of disgust and indignation, which, when collected, and acting upon the British government,

will create a feeling of aversion and distrust towards all the advocates of reform as mere quacks and impostors; and thus, as in every former instance, the delusions practised on the public will end in disappointment and injury, after exciting a certain idle curiosity and clamour, and putting a certain number of 'crowns' into the pocket of the performer, who now aims at something more substantial than the hopes of a crown of martyrdom, which may have at first drawn him

into the pulpit to lecture in a ~~hotter~~ cause."

In short, the man is a quack; and, what is worse, a found-out quack. It was impossible not to notice him as a preliminary to papers on the present state of the East India question; but having thus cleared away the *rubbish*, we proceed next month to speak something sensible on the very grave and important matters which concern India.

A LAMENT.

AIR—"Teach, oh! teach me to forget."

WHEN the dawn of youth was round me,
And the future shining fair,
One fond dream of pure love bound me,—
Now 'tis past, and I despair!
Though I bring no mournful token,
And with tearless grief deplore,
Well I know my heart is broken—
Still it loves, but hopes no more!

Like the tree, in storm unfolding
Buds that slept when skies were clear,
Was my love, its voice withholding
Till my day of life grew drear;—
Fervent vows were all unspoken,
Hush'd within my deep heart's core;
Now I know that heart is broken—
Still it loves, but hopes no more!

In the hour of lonely feeling,
When I shun the cold and rain,
Then, ah! then, a bright revealing
Seems to smile away my pain!
Fancy's gift—delusive giver!—
What is all her spells restore?
Sunlight on a frozen river—
Still it shines, but warms no more!

Y.

CANADIAN SKETCHES.—NO. 11.

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

By the Author of "Sir Andrew Wylie," &c. &c.

* * * FATHER NICHOLAS having assembled a considerable number of the Indians whom he had converted, settled them in the village which is now called St. Regis, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and the village at this day the most picturesque in the country. The houses, high roofed and of a French appearance, are scattered round the semicircle of a little bay, and on a projecting headland stands the church, with its steeple glittering with a vivacity inconceivable by those who have not seen the brilliancy of the tin roofs of Canada contrasted in the sunshine with the dark woods.

This little church is celebrated for the legend of its bell.

When it was erected, and the steeple completed, Father Nicholas took occasion, in one of his sermons, to inform his simple flock that a bell was as necessary to a steeple as a priest is to a church; and exhorted them, therefore, to collect as many furs as would enable him to procure one from France. The Indians were not sloths in the performance of this pious duty. Two bales were speedily collected and shipped for Havre de Grace, and in due time the worthy ecclesiastic was informed that the bell was purchased and put on board the *Grand Monarque*, bound for Quebec.

It happened that this took place during one of those wars which the French and English are naturally in the habit of waging against one another, and the *Grand Monarque*, in consequence, never reached her destination. She was taken by a New England privateer, and carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were condemned as prize, and sold for the captors. The bell was bought for the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, to which that great preacher the Rev. John Williams was appointed. With much labour it was carried to the village, and duly elevated to the belfry.

When Father Nicholas heard of this misfortune, he called his flock together and told them of the purgatorial condition of the bell in the hands of the heretics, and what a laudable enterprise it would be to redeem it.

This preaching was, within its sphere, as inspiring as that of the hermit Peter. The Indians lamented to one another the deplorable unbaptised state of the bell. Of the bell itself they had no very clear idea; but they knew that Father Nicholas said mass and preached in the church, and they understood the bell was to perform some analogous service in the steeple. Their wonted activity in the chase was at an end; they sat in groups on the margin of the river, communing on the calamity which had befallen the bell; and some of them roamed alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it. The squaws, who had been informed that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the call of the whip-poor-will in the evening, moved about in silence and dejection. All were melancholy, and finely touched with a holy enthusiasm; many fasted, and some voluntarily subjected themselves to severe penances, to procure relief for the captive, or mitigation of its sufferings.

At last the day of deliverance drew near.

The Marquis de Vaudrieul, the Governor of Canada, resolved to send an expedition against the British colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire: the command was given to Major Hertel de Rouville; and one of the priests belonging to the Jesuits' College at Quebec informed Father Nicholas, by a pious voyageur, of the proposed incursion. The Indians were immediately assembled in the church; the voyageur was elevated in the midst of the congregation, and Father Nicholas, in a solemn speech, pointed him out to their veneration as a messenger of glad tidings. He then told them of the warlike preparations at Quebec, and urged them to join the expedition. At the conclusion, the whole audience rose,

giving the war-whoop ; then simultaneously retiring to their houses, they began to paint themselves with their most terrible colours for battle, and, as if animated by one will at their council fire, they resolved to join the expedition.

It was in the depth of winter when they set out to unite themselves with De Rouville's party at the fort of Chambly. Father Nicholas, with a tall staff and a cross on the top of it, headed them ; and, as they marched off, their wives and children, in imitation of the hymns which animated the departure of the first crusaders, under the command of Godfrey de Boulogne, chanted a sacred song which the holy father had especially taught them for the occasion.

They arrived at Chambly, after a journey of incredible fatigue, as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to lake Champlain. The Indians followed in the track of the sleighs, with the perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas, to be the more able to do his duty when it might be required, rode in a sleigh with De Rouville.

In this order and array, the Indians, far behind, followed in silence until the whole party had rendezvoused on the borders of lake Champlain, which, being frozen, and the snow, but thinly upon it, was chosen for their route. Warmed in their imaginations with the unhappy captivity of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way ; no symptom of regret, of fatigue, or of apprehension, relaxed their steady countenances ; they saw with equal indifference the black and white interminable forest on the shore, on the one hand, and the dread and dreary desert of the snowy ice of the lake, on the other.

The French soldiers began to suffer extremely from the toil of wading through the snow, and beheld with admiration and envy the facility with which the Indians, in their snow shoes, moved over the surface. No contrast could be greater than the patience of Father Nicholas's proselytes and the irritability of the Frenchmen.

When they reached the spot on which the lively and pretty town of Burlington now stands, a general halt was ordered, that the necessary arrangements might be made to penetrate the forest towards the settled

parts of Massachusetts. In starting from this point, Father Nicholas was left to bring up his division, and De Rouville led his own with a compass in his hand, taking the direction of Deerfield. Nothing that had been yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in this march. Day after day the Frenchmen went forward with indefatigable bravery,—a heroic contrast to the panics of their countrymen in the Russian snow-storms of latter times. But they were loquacious ; and the roughness of their course and the entangling molestation which they encountered from the underwood, provoked their maledictions and excited their gesticulations. The conduct of the Indians was far different : animated with holy zeal, their constitutional taciturnity had something dignified—even sublime, in its sternness. No murmur escaped them ; their knowledge of travelling the woods instructed them to avoid many of the annoyances which called forth the *pestes* and *sacres* of their not less brave but more vociferous companions.

Long before the party had reached their destination, Father Nicholas was sick of his crusade ; the labour of threading the forest had lacerated his feet, and the recoiling boughs had, from time to time, by his own inadvertency in following too closely behind his companions, sorely blained, even to excoriation, his cheeks. Still he felt that he was engaged in a sanctified adventure ; he recalled to mind the martyrdoms of the saints and the persecutions of the fathers, and the glory that would redound to himself in all after ages by the redemption of the bell.

On the evening of the 29th of February, 1704, the expedition arrived within two miles of Deerfield, without having been discovered. De Rouville ordered his men to halt, rest, and refresh themselves until midnight, at which hour he gave orders that the village should be attacked.

The surface of the snow was frozen, and cracked beneath the tread. With great sagacity, to deceive the English garrison, De Rouville directed, that in advancing to the assault, his men should frequently pause, and then rush for a short time rapidly forward. By this ingenious precaution, the sentinels in the town were led to imagine that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches

of the snowy forest; but an alarm was at last given, and a terrible place in the streets. The Indians with their multitude. The garrison was dispersed, the town was taken, and the buildings set on fire.

At day-break all the Indians, although greatly exhausted by the fatigue of the night, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to the bell, that they might perform their homages and testify their veneration for it. Father Nicholas was not a little disconcerted at this solemn request, and De Rouville, with many of the Frenchmen, who were witnesses, laughed at it most unrighteously. But the father was not entirely discomfited. As the Indians had never heard a bell before, he obtained one of the soldiers from De Rouville, and despatched him to ring it. The sound, in the silence of the frosty dawn and the still woods, rose loud and deep; it was to the simple ears of the Indians as the voice of an oracle; they trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe.

The bell was then taken from the belfry, and fastened to a beam with a cross-bar at each end, to enable it to be carried by four men. In this way the Indians proceeded with it homeward, exulting in the deliverance of the "miraculous organ." But it was soon found too heavy for the uneven track they had to retrace, and, in consequence, when they reached their starting point, on the shore of lake Champlain, they buried it, with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with proper means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice was broken up, Father Nicholas assembled them again in the church, and, having procured a yoke of oxen, they proceeded to bring in the bell. In the mean time all the squaws and papposes had been informed of its marvellous powers and capacities, and the arrival of it was looked to as one of the greatest events "in the womb of time." Nor did it prove far short of their anticipations. One evening, while they were talking and communing together, a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder; they listened, they wondered, and began to shout and cry, "It is the bell."

It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and, as the bell swung between them, it sounded wide and far. On the top of the beam a rude seat was erected, on which sat Father Nicholas, the most triumphant of mortal men, adorned with a wreath round his temples; the oxen, too, were ornamented with garlands of flowers. In this triumphal array, in the calm of a beautiful evening, when the leaves were still and green, and while the roar of *Le longue Saulte* rapid, softened by distance, rose like the hum of a pagan multitude rejoicing in the restoration of an idol, they approached the village.

The bell, in due season, was elevated to its place in the steeple, and, at the wonted hours of matins and vespers, it still cheers with its clear and swelling voice the solemn woods and the majestic St. Lawrence.

THREE ODES,

Translated from the German of Klopstock, by J. A. Herard, Esq.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF GOD.

Trembling I rejoice,
Nor would believe the Voice,
If that the Eternal were
Not the Great Promiser !
For, oh ! I know, I feel
I am a sinner still—
Should know, should feel the same,
The sorrow and the shame,
Albeit Deity my spot
More clearly shewn to me had not,
Unveiling to my wiser view
The wounded soul's condition true.
With bended knee,
Astomished and intensely praying,
My soul rejoices at the saying
That I my God shall see !

Oh ! meditate the thought divine,
Thou thought capacious soul of mine,
Who near the body's grave art ever
Yet art eternal, and shalt perish never !
Not that thou ventur'st into
The Highest of all to go—
Much unconsidered, never priz'd
Ne'er celebrated, ne'er agnised !
Celestial graces
Have in the Sanctuary their dwelling places, —
From afar only but one softened glimmer,
So that therewith I die not suddenly—
One beam, which night of earth for me makes dimmer,
Of Thy bright glory let me see !

The man how great ! who thus his prayer preferred—
“ Grace have I found of Thee !
Then shew Thy glory unto me ! ”—
Thus died, and by the Infinite was heard !
That Land of Golgotha he never entered, —
Once, only once, he failed in God to trust —
An early death avenged the doubt he ventured ! —
How great proved him a punishment so just !
Him hid the Father on the clouded Hill,
The Eternal Glory pass'd the finite o'er, —
God of God spake ! the trump the while was still,
Nor did the thunder's voice on Sinai roar !
Now, in that cloud of seeming night
He sees already, in the light
Of day, no shade makes visibler,
Long centuries—(so we aver)—
Beyond the bounds of time, and, feeling free
Of moments passed successively
Thy glory now beholdeth he—
Holy ! holy ! holy !

Most nameless rapture of my soul !
Thought of the Vision blest to come !
My great assurance and my goal !
The Rock whereon I stand, and gaze up to my heavenly
When that the terrors both of Sin and Death
Fearfully threat to prostrate me beneath,

Upon this rock, oh ! let me stand,
 Thou whom the Dead of God behold !
 When grasped in the almighty hand
 Of Death, that may not be controlled !
 My soul, above mortality
 Exalt thyself ! Look up, and see —
 Behold the Father's glory radiant shine
 In the human face of Jesus Christ divine !
 Hosanna ! let the loud Hosanna tell —
 The plenitude of Deity
 Doth in the man Christ Jesus dwell !
 Yet scarcely sounds the cherub's harp,—it shakes !
 Scarce sounds the voice—it trembles—trembles ! Now it wakes !
 Hosanna ! Hosanna !
 The plenitude of Deity
 Doth in the humanity
 Of Christ Jesus dwell !

Even then, when our world shone brighter still
 A god-beam, and Redemption did fulfil
 That prophecy of blood—when he knew scorn
 And woe, whereto none else was ever born—
 Unseen by mortals, Cherubim beheld
 The Father's glory, unexcell'd,
 Shine in the face, where aye it shone,
 Of the co-eternal Son !

I see—I see the Witness ! Lo !
 Seven midnights, sore perplexed, had he
 Doubted, and with severest agony
 Adoring, wrestled so !—
 Yes, him I see—
 To him appears the Risen ! His hands explore
 The wounds divine ; and now perceiveth he
 (About him heaven and earth expire !)
 In the Son's face the glory of his Sire !—
 I hear him ! He exclaims— in doubt no more —
 (About him heaven and earth expire !)
 " Thou art my Lord and God—the God whom I adore !"

This Ode, if one of considerable piety, and enthusiastic in a high degree, is, nevertheless, difficult of apprehension to the ordinary reader. Its beauties are recondite, and to be sought for, as the ideal is in nature, but not in vain : they will surely be found by those capable of such investigation. In a word, it is completely Klopstockian. The Odes of Klopstock, to a careless reader, or one unacquainted with his peculiar genius and characteristic style in these singular productions, are apt to appear like compositions elaborated with much effort. In fact, not long ago, it was stated by an English critic, deceived by the deserved popularity of the *Messiah*, that this epic was the fruit of the poet's immediate inspirations, and that his Odes were mere hot-house plants and artificial products. The contrary, however, is the fact.

The *Messiah* was written slowly, and with difficulty ; and its plan and execution are both very defective. His

Odes, on the contrary, are *classics* in their way—original and almost faultless productions. They have, however, from their peculiar style and unique construction, been hitherto considered as untranslatable. Into French, they certainly may be ; but assuredly they might be made to slide pretty easily into 'English verse, and hitch with comparative facility even into rhyme. Klopstock's fame, indeed, in his own country, celebrated as he is as the author of the *Messiah*, is principally grounded on his Odes ; and it may be truly said, that in lyric composition he is unsurpassed. He strains too much, certainly, after new ideas ; his conceptions are too frequently abstruse, and his illustrations far too far-fetched. The catachresis is his favourite figure of speech—indeed, almost his only figure ; for, with this exception, he appears to have despised every thing resembling a tropical style. There is a bareness of diction and a barrenness of imagery

—as, for instance, in the above Ode— which the vulgar can make nothing of, because they find nothing of what they have been accustomed to consider as poetry, and which abounds so much in his *Messiah*. But if there is bareness of diction and barrenness of imagery, there is, instead,—what very seldom is found in union with that florid impertinence which is so very popular, because it is addressed to those who are capable of the *sensation* only, and not the *sense*, of what is truly poetical,—there is thought. Klopstock's Odes are not compact of the poetry of words—they are the finest exemplifications of the poetry of thought ever excogitated from an elevated mind. Depth, power, sublimity,—these are their attributes. Yet, let it not be rashly deemed that they are wanting in the requisites of language—God forbid! They manifest a mastery over his native tongue, and an abundance of language, such as no poet, in any country, ever exhibited more of, except, perhaps, our own Milton. Like Milton, Klopstock created a style of his own—collocations of phrase, and a march of verse, to which the phraseology and the versification of other poets is mere prose in loose metre. But this mastery and abundance of language was not dis-

played in wrapping round and round and round about, with gorgeous drapery, a mean and inane conception; but in always being ready with the only appropriate expression for the idea which was sought to be embodied. Embodied it was: it started forth abruptly in its gigantic proportions; but it was not draped—nay, it was scarcely apparelled. Magnificent beyond example as were his ideas in these sublime effusions, they startle from their nakedness, and overwhelm with their impetuosity of movement. Were these Odes properly translated into English, we feel certain that they would give a new character to much of our national poetry, and influence beneficially its spirit and form. They would turn the attention of the poetical student to the matter, rather than the manner, of poesy;—they would shew him how to compose with thoughts rather than words, with ideas rather than images—how to *create*, in the true sense of the word, rather than to *combine*;—in a word, they would teach him to avoid commonplaces, and to ascend, with a bold eagle-wing, into the region of originality, sublimity, and power!

The following Ode, probably, may wear a more popular aspect:—

HERMAN AND THUSNELDA.

“Ha! there comes he, with sweat, with Roman blood,
With battle-dust bedeck'd! Never so fair
Was Herman—never flamed
His eye so brightly yet!

Come! for desire I tremble! Reach to me
The eagle, the blood-dropping sword! Come, breathe
Here—rest in mine embrace
From the too fearful fight!

Rest here, that I may wipe away the sweat
Off from thy brow, and from thy cheek the blood—
How glows thy cheek! Thus ne'er
Thusnelda Herman loved!

Not even then, when in the oak-shade first
With thy brow a arm thou wilder compass'd me;
Flying, I stayed, and saw
Th' undying fame in thee

Which now is thine. Relate it all in groves,
That timidly Augustus, with his gods,
Drinks nectar now—that more
Immortal Herman is!”

“Why curlest thou my hair? Lies not the dumb
Dead father before us? Oh, had his host
Augustus led—there he
Might lie yet bloodier!”

"Herman—nay, let me raise thy sinking hair,
That o'er the garland threat its tresses may;—
Siegmar is with the gods!—
Follow—nor weep for him!"

It may be necessary to explain this Ode. Under the popular name of Herman, Klopstock celebrated the great Arminius, the chieftain of the Cheruschians, a tribe in northern Germany. After serving in Illyria, and there learning the Roman arts of warfare, Arminius returned to his native country, and fought successfully for its independence, defeating the Roman legions, under the command of Varus, with great slaughter, which defeat so mortified the proconsul and some of his officers, that he killed himself, and they followed his example. His head was afterwards sent to Augustus, who was so concerned for the defeat, that he for some months let the hair of his head and beard grow, and sometimes knocked his head against the door, crying out, "Quintilius Varus, give me my legions again!" And ever after he observed the anniversary of this calamity as a day of sorrow and mourning.

Upon this hero's fortunes Klopstock

wrote three bardits, or choral dramas, and several odes. The above the celebrated Angelica Kauffman selected for the illustration of her pencil, and presented the picture to the poet, with some other illustrations of his works, in token of her admiration. It was her own portrait, in the character of Thusnelda, (the heroic wife of Arminius), attired in a purple vest, a quiver suspended over the shoulder, the arms almost bare, encircled with wreaths of wild flowers intermingled with oak leaves, in which she clasps a Roman eagle, whereon her eyes are rivetted with an expression of rapturous delight.

In these compositions, Klopstock indulged his patriotic affection. Our love of country is not less intense than his; and it is with this feeling that we translate the following Ode, in which the poet places in competition the two muses of Germany and England, not niggardly denying her due praise to the latter:—

THE TWO MUSES.

I saw—oh, tell me, saw I what now is,
Or what shall be?—with Britain's Muse I saw
The German in the race compete,
Fly ardent for the crowning goal.

There, where the prospect terminates, two goals
Closed the career. Oaks of the forest one
Shaded; and near the other waved
Palms in the glimmer of the eve.

To contest used, the Muse of Albion stept
Into the arena proudly, as when she
Dared mate the Grecian Muse, and brave
The heroine of the Capitol.

She saw her young and trembling rival, who
With high emotion trembled; yea, her cheek
With roses, worthy of victory,
Glowed, and her golden hair flew wide.

With pain already in her throbbing breast,
She held the breath restrained; hung, forward bent,
Towards the goal;—the herald raised
His trumpet—her eyes swam drunkenly.

Proud of thy courage, of herself, thee scanned
The lofty Britoness with noble glance,
Tuiscone. "Yes, near the bards
I grew with thee in oaken groves;—

But I was told thou wert no more. O Muse!
Pardon, if that thou art immortal, me
Pardon, that now I first am taught
What at the goal I'll better learn!

Yonder it stands ;—but mark the further one !
 See'st thou its crown ? This courage thus suppressed,
 This silence proud, this look of fire
 Fixed on the earth—I know it well !

Yet, ponder once again, ere sounds to thee
 The herald's dangerous signal. Strove not I
 With her of old Thermopylæ,
 And eke with her of the Seven Hills ?”

She spake. The solemn, the decisive time
 Approaches with the herald. With a look
 Of ardour spake Teutona quick—
 “ Thee I, admiring, love, O Muse !

But dearer yet love immortality
 And yonder palms ! Oh,—if thy genius will,—
 Touch them before me ;—but, e'en then,
 Will I seize likewise on the crown !

Oh, how I tremble ! Ye immortal gods !
 I haply may reach first the goal sublime !—
 Then may I feel, O Britoness !
 Thy breath on my loose flowing locks !”

The herald clanged. With eagle speed they flew,—
 Their far career smoked up with dust, like clouds ;—
 I looked—beyond the oak the dust,
 Still billowing, hid them from my sight !

In this graceful manner the poet leaves the victory undecided. The oak, in the above Ode, is emblematic of patriotic poetry, and the palm-tree of religious poetry, as derived from the East.

We must return for a moment to the subject of the first Ode. It was written as a recollection of a high state of enthusiasm into which Klopstock was thrown, upon occasion of the death of his wife, Meta Klopstock, who shews so interestingly to the English reader in *Richardson's Correspondence*. In a letter to Cramer, Klopstock gives an account of her dying moments. It is too touching to be here inserted. He afterwards wrote a series of letters to his departed Meta, in which he describes his feelings of pious ecstasy, at the moment of her departure, which were such (so he describes them) as he should have felt for a martyr over whom he had seen heaven open. After her death, he wept not ; nor yet was he in that state of emotion in which one cannot weep. “ She is not far from me,” he said ; “ and Thou wert not far from me : we were both in the hand of the Omnipresent !” After some time, he wished to see that which, just before, they had called his Meta. They prevented him ; and a second stillness came into his soul, and he said to one of his friends, “ Then I will forbear :

she will rise again !” On the following night, he felt a renewal of a mystical feeling, which he once experienced in his youth, when he thought himself dying, with the addition of a sweet stillness never felt by him before. The hour was blessed, and convinced him of his own salvation. He indulged in dreams of her felicity, though imperfectly. His soul expanded, and detached itself from earth, and rose, as in this same Ode on the Contemplation or Beatific Vision of God, until he beheld, in idea, the revelations, made to the seer of the Apocalypse, of the Lamb on Mount Sion, adorned with glorious wounds, and encircled by the redeemed, whose harps resounded as the sea, and as the voice of thunder. “ I will take leave of thee,” he exclaims, “ no more ! We are both in the hand of Him who is every where !”

To so high a state of mystical enthusiasm could Klopstock exalt his feelings. It was under the influence of such inspiration that he expressed the assured belief of the truth, as it is illustrated in the records of revelation. These were grounds of faith and consolation indeed ! Only those who have arrived at such elevation of spirit can properly appreciate the force of the evidence, or the degree of the assurance.

THE STATE OF THE FINE ARTS IN RUSSIA.

From a very early period of the Christian era an intercourse existed between Russia and Greece, a circumstance that would doubtless have contributed materially to the civilisation of the former, had not the difference of religious faith, as well as of national manners, checked improvement. These obstacles were, in a considerable degree, removed by the conversion of Vladimir the Great. In the tenth century the arts found their way into Russia: temples were erected on the models of the Greek churches, and they were adorned with mosaic paintings and sculpture. There is every reason, too, to suppose that, but for the calamitous wars and political disorders which afterwards harassed Russia, that country would, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, have been for the rest of Europe what Europe was for Russia in the reign of Peter the Great.

Subsequently, when they had succeeded in casting off the yoke of the Monguls, the Russian monarchs perceived the necessity of enlightening and humanising their subjects. Foreign artists were invited to settle in their dominions; yet they effected no sensible improvement, nor was there any reciprocity of feeling between them and the people whom they had been called to instruct. Russia needed a bold and commanding spirit, capable at once of exciting and directing its hitherto torpid energies—a regenerating genius. Such a one she found in the person of Peter. With a mind capable of conceiving the loftiest plans, and gifted with resolution and promptitude that surmounted every obstacle, this enlightened monarch determined to call into action the mental powers of the people whom he governed, to break down the barrier that had hitherto separated Russia from civilised Europe, and to let in upon her that intellectual light which had so long been excluded. With an influence of which there exists, perhaps, no corresponding example throughout all history, Peter moulded a vast empire to his single will. He resolved to transplant, not only the severer sciences, but likewise the finer arts, into the North; and with this view, he did not content himself with inviting over foreigners;

but sent out many Russian youths of talent, that they might obtain instruction in other countries. Among these were Zemtsov and Yeropkin, who acquired distinction as architects; Nikishin, Matviev, Zakharov, Merkuriev, and Vassilievsky, as painters. Nikishin, in particular, enjoyed the emperor's favour, and was appointed portrait-painter to the court. Of the works of these artists little can, at present, be said with confidence; yet the productions generally attributed to Matviev display considerable beauties,—correctness of design, powerful colouring, and much grace of execution. He may very fairly be classed with some of the ablest masters of the Dutch school. From the time of Peter, the churches, especially in the two capitals of the empire, began to be erected in a superior style, and were adorned with handsome paintings. On their return from abroad, the artists do not appear to have wanted either encouragement or employment: their numbers, too, gradually increased, as they formed pupils of their own, who, in their turn, instructed others. In proportion as the arts spread themselves, their patrons became more numerous, and they were more and more appreciated; while the palaces, churches, and elegant private buildings that now arose, indicated the attention bestowed on architecture.

What Peter had thus wisely and auspiciously commenced, was neglected by his immediate successors; and foreigners were employed in preference to native artists. The commencement of Elizabeth's reign was more propitious: the political calm enabled that empress to turn her attention to the internal state of her dominions, and the farther embellishment of the capital. Many magnificent structures were erected in this reign; among which are the Smolny Monastery, the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and that of Zarskoe-Selo—all noble monuments of architecture. With respect to the first mentioned of these edifices, Quarenghi used to say, that he could never look at the church of the Smolny Monastery without taking off his hat. Rotari, the celebrated historical painter, and Fontebasso,* visited Russia at this period.

* Count Pietro Rotari, of Verona, born 1707, died 1762. Fran. Salvatore Fontebasso, a Venetian, born 1709, died 1769.

The former of these artists executed the beautiful Nativity for the monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky; in which he availed himself of the poetical idea that originated with Correggio, making the light to proceed from the infant Saviour; and although it must be confessed, that in beauty of *chiuroscuro* and colouring he is here decidedly inferior to his eminent predecessor, he has surpassed him in purity and correctness of design. Rotari likewise painted a number of portraits, which are in the Palace of Peterhoff. The works of Fontebasso are to be met with at Zarskoe-Selo, and other imperial palaces: his style partakes very much of that of Tiepolo. Torelli was another eminent Italian painter who was invited to Russia at this epoch.

Satisfied as she was with the performances of these artists, Elizabeth did not slight the talents of her own subjects; but, with the view of fostering native genius, and exciting it to emulation, she founded the Academy of Arts in the year 1758. At this very period Russia possessed an artist of whom she is justly proud, Kakorinof, (by birth a Siberian), one of the earliest professors in the infant institution. Among the pupils who first distinguished themselves may be mentioned Bazhenov and Starov, both architects; and the historical painters Losenko and Kozlov, the former of whom proved a valuable acquisition to the arts, while the latter founded a school of painting.

Such was the state of the arts in Russia when the second Catherine ascended the throne, an event that gave a fresh impulse to their progress. This munificent sovereign was not sparing of her favour to the arts; she granted a privilege to the Academy, bestowed on it considerable sums for premiums, and, in 1765, laid the first stone of the magnificent edifice henceforth appropriated to it. Anxious that the intended structure should be in every respect worthy its destination, the empress caused the various designs to be submitted to the Academy of Arts at Paris, who gave a decided preference to that of Kakorinof. This extensive and imposing edifice is ornamented with pilasters of the Doric order, and is in every respect one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe—a colossal fabric worthy of the great Catherine.

Bashenov and Starov, two other

architects, studied under Kakorinof and La Motte; the former, who died in 1799, was an artist of very superior talent, of which he displayed an incontestable proof in his designs for the restoration of the Kremlin, a project that has unfortunately not been completed. Starov, who died about ten years before his fellow-student, was likewise a man of great ability in his profession: he erected the church of the monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, one of the finest buildings of its kind in Russia; the Tauridan Palace, an edifice that will stand a comparison with the best of Palladio's works; the elegant church of St. Sophia, at Zarskoe-Selo, and various other buildings.

Losenko has been termed the Lomonosov of painting; for, like that great poet, he is the first Russian artist who obtained classical celebrity, and who has left models worthy the imitation of his countrymen. His style of design is masterly and correct, and he deserves to be considered the founder of the Russian school. Notwithstanding that he studied at Paris when Boucher was in vogue, his good taste led him to reject the affected style then so much applauded, and to take nature for his guide and model. The antique, too, he studied with great attention; and, although his colouring cannot be admired, he deserves commendation as being the first Russian artist who set his countrymen an example of good taste. All his compositions are distinguished for the feeling and intelligence which they display. It is impossible to behold his head of the apostle St. Andrew, without being penetrated by the expression of resignation and devout humiliation exhibited in that masterly production.

Koslov, the historical painter, was, if not endued with genius, at least a man of considerable talent, and contributed in no small degree to the cultivation of the art, by the interest he took in the welfare of the academy. He established besides a school of his own, which produced many clever painters. Among the other artists belonging to this period, we may reckon the portrait painter Rokotov, and the engravers Tchemesov and Kolpakov; all of whom were already known to the public at the commencement of Catherine's reign.

Under the auspices of that sovereign, seconded by the zeal of the various

professors, the academy increased its numbers and reputation from year to year; nor was it long before foreign artists began to consider it an honour to have their names enrolled in the list of its members: Falconet, the celebrated sculptor—Doyen,* the historical painter—Lampi, and other eminent artists, were among the first who had this distinction conferred upon them. Eichen, a native artist, an architect by profession, and the pupil of Count Rastrelli, belongs to this period. He erected many elegant structures; and the staircase which he constructed in the academy, is esteemed a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind.

Solicitous to promote the progress of the fine arts, as far as the encouragement of the sovereign could contribute to this praiseworthy object, the magnificent Catherine spared no expense in erecting and embellishing splendid edifices, and other public monuments; in purchasing collections of paintings, statues, antiquities, and works of art. She presented the academy with a series of alabaster casts from the antique, formed the Gallery of the Hermitage, and, in short, left no means unemployed to inspire her subjects with a refined taste, and to elevate Russia in the scale of civilisation. Her example was soon followed by the opulent nobility, who now began to collect productions of art; so that in a short time Russia could boast of possessing many very fine galleries. During this reign, taste, which had hitherto been a tender exotic plant, became naturalised in the North, and now extended its roots and branches with the vigour of a plant accustomed to the soil. Within the space of about thirty years, the academy sent forth no fewer than one thousand artists of different descriptions, who, settling in various parts of the empire, carried the arts into the remotest provinces. Among these, the following are some of the most eminent.

In historical painting, Sokolov, Akimov, Ugriumov; in portrait, Levitzky, Borovinovsky, Shtshukin; in landscape, Shtshedrin, Matviey, Ivanov, Martinov; and in architectural subjects, Alexiev and Vorobiev. Sokolov, who unfortunately died prematurely, was an artist of considerable talents:

he excelled in both drawing and colouring. At first he adopted the style of Pompeo Battoni, who, at the time when Sokolov visited Italy, was in great vogue; but his later works were of a more original character; and there is every reason to believe that had he lived longer he would have formed a decided manner of his own. His picture of Mercury hulling Argus to Sleep, (which is in the academy), and his Presentation of the Virgin, after Pietro Testa, in the Monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, are two of his best performances. To Akimov the Academy was under great obligations, for the zeal with which he directed the studies of the pupils, and the earnestness of manner, as well as elegance of language, with which he endeavoured to inspire them with enthusiasm for their profession; for he was not only an able artist, but a man of superior attainments, and a devoted admirer of the ancients. His picture of Hercules on the Funeral Pile is a masterly production. Ugriumov was an artist not unworthy the reputation he enjoyed, although he will probably be better known hereafter as the instructor of Yegorov and Shebuev, than by his own performances.

Levitzky, one of the earliest native artists who distinguished themselves in portrait painting, acquired considerable celebrity about the commencement of Catherine's reign, and had a peculiar, but not ungraceful style. His friend Borovinovsky, although he occasionally employed his pencil on sacred subjects for various churches, owed his reputation chiefly to his portraits. This artist, who was a native of Little Russia, was introduced to the empress's favour by the following circumstance:—during Catherine's memorable journey through her southern dominions, temporary structures were erected at different stations for her reception, wherever sufficient accommodation could not be found in the villages where she stopped. Being employed to decorate one of these imperial caravansaries, Borovinovsky painted on the walls of the principal apartment two allegorical subjects—one of which represented an ancient Grecian sage reading a copy of the Russian code, and the empress her-

* Gabriel François Doyen, born at Paris 1726, died at St. Petersburg, June 5, 1806.

self, in the form of Minerva, explaining to him the contents of the volume. In the second picture were seen Peter the Great watering the earth, and Catherine following him, and scattering seed; behind them were two geni— the young princes Alexander and Constantine. The empress was pleased to express her approbation of the ingenious and flattering compliment; and, having inquired the artist's name, ordered him to be sent to St. Petersburg to study under Lampy, whom he soon rivalled in ability. Had his early education been more favourable, he would, in all probability, have attained greater eminence in his profession: as it was, few have surpassed him in industry, or produced a greater number of works. With regard, too, both to invention and to the mechanical part of his art, he may very deservedly be esteemed one of the most skilful painters Russia has produced. His best works are distinguished by freshness of colouring, and a masterly finish of his draperies. He painted the portraits of most of the imperial family. Shtshukin, who was a pupil of the Academy, also distinguished himself in portrait. His likeness of the Emperor Paul is one of his most celebrated performances.

Shtshedrin's landscapes are far better in point of composition than colouring; for which reason the engravings from them are more satisfactory than the originals. This artist executed a number of pieces for the Emperor Paul; many of which possess great merit. Matviev, who resided at Rome, where his works have obtained for him a celebrity even in that sanctuary of the arts, pursued his profession with the enthusiasm that accompanies genius. He was deeply enamoured with the beauties of nature; and his pencil portrayed them with taste and fidelity. Ivanov did not confine himself exclusively to landscape, but occasionally chose battle-pieces for his subjects. His paintings, however, are far from numerous—the greater part of his productions consisting of drawings; and his performances of this kind exhibit extraordinary ability. Martinov, the pupil of Shtshedrin, executed an astonishing number of paintings; some of which are really admirable, both for freedom of pencil and truth of colouring. Alexiev may not unjustly be termed the Russian Canaletti: his

best works are nature itself—perfect illusion. His pupil, Vorobiev, is not unworthy such a master. Evlakhov deserves, too, to be mentioned as the best painter in enamel of this period.

Having thus briefly enumerated the chief painters, who may be considered as belonging to the age of Catherine the Great, we will now direct our attention to the professors of another of the fine arts. Previously to the reign of that sovereign, Russia possessed no native sculptors; for, from the time of Vladimir,—when, on the conversion of that prince to Christianity, the idols of Paganism were destroyed, to that of Peter, the only statues were gold or silver images, wrought by foreigners, and either sent as presents to the tzars from various European courts, or purchased in other countries. These ornaments of the palaces of the ancient sovereigns of Russia were more valuable for their material than as works of art. Peter was the first who attempted to encourage sculpture in his dominions, or to collect any of its productions. To him Russia is indebted for the acquisition of the celebrated Tauridan Venus, so called from being placed in the palace of that name. This figure is a work of the very first class, and belongs to the best period of Grecian art. Although little known by reputation out of Russia, this Venus will bear a comparison with her namesake at Florence; and, in some respects, is even superior to that admirable production of the chisel:—the Medicean Venus is a full-grown woman—the Tauridan a girl. The equestrian figure of Peter, and the statue of the Empress Anne, both executed during the reign of Elizabeth, deserve some notice as works of art; but it is doubtful whether they were the productions of natives or foreigners. In fact, Russia can hardly be said to have had any sculptor until the appearance of Gordiev. This artist, who was one of the first pupils that issued from the Academy in the reign of Catherine, possessed great purity of taste; and in the style of his draperies approached to the antique. Among his numerous works, one that deserves to be particularised is a terra-cotta figure, representing Autumn, intended as a companion to another of Spring, by Falconet; and the preference must be given to that of the Russian artist. Shubin was also a very able sculptor: his busts are full of life, and the flesh

is nature itself. All the varieties of surface are characterised, but without affectation or harshness on the one hand, or excessive softness on the other. In his productions of this class he is almost unequalled ; in statues he was less successful. Theodosius Shtshe-drin, brother to the landscape painter, was a clever modellist. He studied at Paris under Pigalle ; and on his return to his own country executed several beautiful things in the style of that sculptor. Ideal beauty was what he did not aim at ; but he imitated nature with great skill. His Marsyas, his Sleeping Endymion, the figure of a youth, after Pigalle, and the Saviour bearing the Cross, a bas-relief in the Kazan church, are his best works. The next artist that calls our attention is Kozlovsky, a man of indisputable genius. Ardour of imagination, vigorous conception, and boldness of execution, characterise all the productions of his chisel. An admirer and imitator of Michael Angelo, Kozlovsky was apt at times to make too great a display of his anatomical knowledge, and to give too great relief to the muscles. All his performances have so nearly the same merits and defects, that it is not easy to assign a preference to any single one, unless an exception be made in favour of a figure of a Nymph, in the collection of the Empress Alexandra Pheodorovna. The colossal statue of Suvarov, at St. Petersburg, and that of Samson, at Peterhof, were executed by him ; as were likewise several terra-cottas in the Gallery of the Hermitage. The name of Martos is known even beyond the limits of Russia as that of one of the first-rate sculptors of modern times. In his own country he is certainly superior to any who have yet appeared. His style, which is different from that of any of his contemporaries, is formed upon an intelligent study of the antique ; and many of his works may be pronounced in the highest degree beautiful. Yet, his productions, it must be confessed, display less energy than those of Kozlovsky ; but they are free from the defects of that artist, and better satisfy a critical eye. If they do not strike so forcibly at the first glance, their beauties become more and more apparent every time they are beheld ; and the longer they are examined the greater the delight they afford. If, too, they do not possess the grace and motion which

captivate us so much in Canova's figures, neither have they any thing forced, affected, or mannered ; defects from which the greatest admirers of the Italian artist cannot entirely exculpate their favourite. The prominent characteristics of Martos' statues are nobleness and dignity, united to elegance, truth of detail, and careful execution. In his draped figures he is even superior to Canova ; while, in his bas-reliefs, especially in compositions consisting of a great number of figures, he has scarcely any rival. The following are a few of his numerous works, which deserve to be particularly mentioned : a bas-relief (on the monument of the Grand Duchess Helena Paulovna) representing Hymen extinguishing his torch, which will not be less admired, after being compared with the beautiful things of this kind among the remains of ancient art ; the monument of the Grand Duchess Alexandra Paulovna ; that of the Emperor Paul, of which the bas-relief on the pedestal, representing the imperial family lamenting the loss of their parent, is particularly fine ; the statue of Acteon ; and the colossal monument erected to Minin and Pozharsky. Although he is somewhat advanced in years, his genius has lost nothing of its power ; nor do his latter works yield to those which he executed in his meridian. One of his most recent productions is a winged Genius, seated on a rock, holding up in his right hand a lamp, suspended by a chain, and resting his other upon a shield, decorated with the arms and medallion portrait of the individual for whose tomb this elegant sepulchral figure is designed. The attitude is particularly graceful, and the idea highly poetical, and replete with classic simplicity. Prokophiev is the last of the sculptors belonging to the period of Catherine. In correctness of design his figures are inferior to those of Martos, yet full of life and spirit, although the spectator never forgets, while he is beholding them, that he is looking at either bronze or marble. He executed a great number of works, the best of which are his bas-reliefs, which discover a fine taste in their composition, accompanied with freedom of execution. His Acteon pursued by his own Dogs ; and a Sleeping Shepherd and Morpheus, are admirable. There is likewise by him at Peterhoff, a River God, intended

to represent the Volkhov, attended by Tritons, which manifests the hand of a master.*

We now come to speak of the principal architects who flourished during this period. The first Christian temples erected in Russia were formed on the model of the Greek churches of the middle ages, and exhibited the peculiarities of the Byzantine style. Few deviations from this style occur until the time of Peter the Great; and the usual plan of these edifices was a parallelogram, with a nave of four ranges of columns, and a semicircular tribune for the altar at the extremity. Yet, although the ground plans of these churches so nearly resembled each other, great variety prevailed in the façades; all of which exhibited, more or less, the characteristics of oriental architecture, such as we find it in the buildings of the Saracens or Moors—a resemblance still farther heightened by the form of the cupolas, which are decidedly in the fashion of those of the east, and which were, without doubt, copied by the Russians from their Asiatic neighbours.

From the middle of the fifteenth to the latter end of the seventeenth centuries, that is, from the accession of Ivan Vassilievitch, Italian architects were generally employed by the Russian monarchs, who introduced the style usually denominated the *Tedesco-Gotico*, in which taste they erected a great variety of religious and other edifices. The Vassily or St. Basil's church at Moscow, is one of the most curious and interesting specimens of this species of architecture; for, while in the general pyramidal character of its elevation it evidently partakes of the Gothic style, its numerous cupolas—not fewer than ten, all differing from one another, render it totally unlike any thing met with in the architecture of the West; and it certainly is one of the most extraordinary structures in Europe. It is evident that the foreign architects of that age endeavoured to conform as much as possible to the national taste.

In the eighteenth century the Italian style predominated; and mention has already been made by us of one or two eminent architects who were employed in the reigns of Peter's immediate successors. Of those who dis-

tinguished themselves in that of Catherine, one of the earliest was Feodor Volkov, who had studied at Paris under the celebrated Demailly. Avoiding that superabundance of ornament in which his predecessors and many of his contemporaries indulged, Volkov aimed at simplicity and purity, and endeavoured to impart to his buildings the character most corresponding with their destination. In none of his structures do we perceive any superfluous embellishments: on the contrary, each feature is appropriate and in its proper place—there is nothing superfluous, nothing deficient. In this respect many of his designs deserve to be considered as models of good taste. Among these, the Salt Magazine on the Fontanka quay, at St. Petersburg, is a building of great architectural merit. (Volkov died in 1803.)—Adrian Dmtrievitch Zakharov, who was for many years professor of architecture in the Academy of Arts, and who reared many very able pupils, was one of the greatest geniuses in his art to whom Russia has ever given birth. His designs for rebuilding the Isaac church, and those for uniting the various buildings of the Academy by means of colonnades, are in the highest degree magnificent. It is to him, likewise, that St. Petersburg is indebted for one of its most splendid embellishments—the Admiralty. This colossal pile, which is as rich in the character of its architecture as it is imposing in its magnitude and extent, was rebuilt by Zakharov, of whose talents it will remain a glorious monument.—Mikhailov, an architect deservedly held in great estimation for his superior abilities, was a pupil of Zakharov's.—Andrew Mikhailov has distinguished himself by the erection of various elegant structures in St. Petersburg and other cities. In the capital, where he was likewise employed on many private houses, the church of St. Catherine, and the house occupied by the Russian Academy, are two of his principal buildings.—The Kazan church, the colonnades in the gardens at Peterhof, and various other works, confer on Voronikhin a just title to the celebrity he has attained in his profession; for, notwithstanding the defects that are imputed to the first-mentioned building, taken alto-

gether it will stand a comparison with the finest structures of its class in Europe, and its details are particularly beautiful. In the interior decoration of the houses he built, Voronikhin was peculiarly happy.—Both Demertzov and Alexander Mikhailov may be classed among the best architects who appeared at the period of which we are now speaking. The first built the church of St. Sergius, and that of St. Znameny, at St. Petersburg—the latter of which is remarkable for the elegance of its interior; and Mikhailov displayed great talent in the Foundry belonging to the Academy of Arts, as well as in many other edifices and various designs.

Engraving can hardly be said to have existed at all in Russia till the reign of Elizabeth, when Tchemesov and Kolpakov, pupils of the English artist Smith, who resided several years at St. Petersburg, were the first natives of any repute in that profession. In the time of Catherine, there were not only many foreigners who practised this art there, but Russia could justly boast of the talents of Skorodumov and Versenev; the former of whom has been denominated her Bartolozzi. But, unfortunately, neither of these artists rivalled that eminent engraver in length of days, both being cut off prematurely.

From the above hasty sketch it will be seen, that there is hardly any one department of the fine arts which did not produce some distinguished names during the reign of Catherine the Second: yet it must be confessed that they did not always obtain from their own countrymen the encouragement to which their talents entitled them, foreigners being generally preferred to natives. To the honour, however, of Prince Potemkin, be it observed, that he uniformly patronised Russian artists. Architects alone were employed in any degree commensurate with the abilities they displayed; so that, but for the fostering protection which the empress extended to all the arts, the indifference shewn by the public would have materially checked their progress. It is true that Catherine herself derived little pleasure from the finer arts; yet,

aware of their importance to society, and of the splendour they were capable of diffusing over her reign, she omitted no opportunity of yielding them the sheltering care they needed. If she did not admire them as a connoisseur, at least she loved them as a mother, reared them with solicitude, and watched their growth with anxiety; and she regarded them, if not with the eyes of a critic, with those of an enlightened sovereign. Her favourite residence, the Hermitage, was also the abode of the arts,—a vast museum filled with all the treasures wealth could command. Nor did she fail to encourage artists personally by her commendations of their works, or by commissions for executing others. Of the progress made in architecture during this reign there exists ample proof in the numerous churches, palaces, and public buildings, erected both in the capital itself and in other parts of the empire: neither did the professors of painting or sculpture yield to those of the former art in their exertions. Sculpture may, in fact, be said to have formed itself entirely within this period; and, were there no other monuments of Catherine's reign save the noble Hall of St. George, in the Winter Palace, designed by Quarenghi, and decorated with the productions of Gordiev, Martos, Kozlovsky, and Shubin, this alone would suffice to shew what the Russians are capable of accomplishing in this art, and the fostering patronage with which that great empress encouraged native talent.

The brief reign of Paul was not the least brilliant era in the annals of Russian art. That unfortunate sovereign loved the fine arts; and, while he regretted the indifference of the public towards them, endeavoured, by his own example, to inspire his subjects with a taste for their beauties. During his government, Peterhof was embellished with a number of bronze statues, the productions of Kozlovsky, Martos, Shtshedrin, and Prokophiev; a variety of pictures and statues were likewise executed by Russian artists for the Mikhailov Palace;* and casts from the antique were taken for the purpose of decorating the gardens attached to the different imperial re-

* An elaborately-detailed description of this structure and its embellishments will be found in Kotzebue's work, entitled, "The Most Remarkable Year of my Life."

sidences; while the Kazan Cathedral, and a vast number of other churches and public buildings, all erected within the space of those five years, excite our astonishment at the ardour and rapidity with which so many vast projects were accomplished within so short a period. Paul esteemed not only the arts but their professors, and shewed great personal regard towards both *Lazhenov* and *Shtshedrin* (the landscape-painter). Whoever was gifted with talents capable of contributing towards the national glory was sure to experience the favour of the emperor: nor has his consort, the Empress Maria Pheodorovna, shewn herself a less zealous patron of the arts.

Such was the state of the fine arts in Russia at the time of Alexander's accession. Many of the artists who had distinguished themselves in the reign of Catherine were now no more; yet there were several who survived, and still continued to employ their talents: of a few of these the best productions are to be assigned to this epoch. From henceforward the arts flourished with fresh vigour: under the auspices of Count Stroganov, the enlightened president of the academy, that institution thrived from day to day, and was distinguished by an increase of the sovereign's munificence and favour. The embellishment of the new Kazan church afforded employment to the talents of numerous Russian artists. New buildings rose up, not only in the two capitals and the cities of the empire, but even in the smaller towns and villages. Taste spread itself in every direction; while the government, on its part, afforded all the encouragement, in its power, and gave every opportunity to native genius to display itself, and to emulate those countries most distinguished in this career.

This will doubtlessly be considered by many as a very partial and exaggerated statement; but when we consider how little is known to foreigners of either the state of literature or the arts in Russia,—how few travellers have bestowed on them any notice beyond a few cursory remarks, we ought not to dispute, if not actually their existence, their merit, because we ourselves are unacquainted with them. The vast number of artists of every description who appeared during the reign of Alexander might, if stated

here, excite incredulity; yet, after making every deduction, and granting that the majority did not rise above mediocrity, there will still remain an ample list of eminent names:—in historical painting those of *Yegorov*, *Shebuev*, *Andrew Ivanov*, *Bessonov*, *Sassonov*, *Basin*, *Bruni*, and *Bruiulov*; in portrait, *Varnik*, *Kiprensky*, and *Venetizianov*; in architectural composition, *Vorobiev*; in landscape, *Slitschedrin* and *Bode*; in engraving, *Utkin*, *Tchesky*, *Galactianov*, and *Skotnikov*; in sculpture, *Demut-Malinovsky*, *Pimenov*, *Sokolov*, *Holberg*, and *Krilov*; in gem-cutting, *Dobrokotov*; and in architecture, *Stasov*, *Melnikov*, *Homzin*, *Durlin*, *Kalashnikov*, *Glinka*, *Mayer*, *Elson*, *Alexander Bruiulov*, &c. Nor would many of these suffer by being compared with the most distinguished artists of other countries.

Yegorov is a painter of whom his country has just reason to be proud: his drawing is admirable, his composition excellent, his style elevated and noble. It is granted that somewhat more force of expression is desirable in the countenances of his figures, and that neither his linear nor aerial perspective will bear rigid criticism, but in every other respect he merits the appellation of the Raphael of Russia; and even at Rome, the productions which he there executed excited astonishment. His Christ in the Prison, painted about ten or a dozen years ago, is a truly sublime work of art: the figure of the Saviour is inimitably drawn, nor can any thing be more finely painted than the flesh, particularly the neck, breast, and shoulders; that, too, of the man who is binding the hands of Jesus to a column, is hardly less admirable: it is one in every respect worthy of the pencil of Annibal Carracci. In point of composition this picture is equally masterly: the Saviour is here represented as just brought into the prison, stripped of his garments: one of the gaolers is tying his hands; the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity in his face, is holding a scourge, and waiting with impatience to apply the instrument of torture; while behind stands a soldier, uttering cruel revilings against the divine victim. The countenance of the Redeemer is finely expressive of patient meekness; and if it does not entirely satisfy the spectator, it may be asked what pencil has ever

yet adequately depicted the incarnate Divinity? or where is the mind equal to such a conception? And if it be said that critics have pointed out faults in this production, so have they in the Belvedere Apollo and the Laocoon,—so have they in the finest works of the greatest masters. Yegorov's industry is not inferior to the fertility of his mind: among his numerous productions we may here point out two pictures by him in the Kazan church, which would do honour to Guido himself; also a St. Jerome, and Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen, which are perhaps his happiest efforts after that of Christ in Prison. His smaller cabinet pieces are as much to be prized for their beauty as his larger ones are for their grandeur and nobleness of style.—Shebuev, who is hardly inferior to, and equally celebrated as his contemporary, displays most of the higher merits of his art,—correct design, skilful composition, purity and nobleness of style, appropriate expression, freedom of pencil, a masterly knowledge of chiaroscuro and perspective, and great judgment in his method of introducing his accessories. His principal works are to be found in the Kazan cathedral, representing subjects from the lives of St. Basil, St. Gregory, and St. John Chrysostom,—productions that entitle him to rank very highly among the European artists of the present age. The only defect that can justly be attributed to him is, that the tone of his colouring is too sombre; yet even this must be allowed to accord well with his subjects, which are generally of a religious nature. The Assumption of the Virgin, in the Kazan church, after a sketch by him which is in the gallery of the Hermitage, is a truly astonishing performance. The ceiling of the church belonging to the palace of Zarskoe-Selo was painted by Shebuev, and is one of the largest performances of the pencil ever executed by any Russian artist. He is now engaged upon two very extensive compositions,—namely, the Baptism of the Russians at Kiev on their conversion to Christianity, and Christ before Pilate.—Ivanov and Bessonov are both distinguished artists: the former was the fellow-pupil of Yegorov and Shebuev, but, unfortunately, he has not, like them, enjoyed the advantages of studying at Rome, and forming his style upon that of the classic masters

of Italy: he has, nevertheless, produced many charming pictures. His composition is good, and the arrangement of his draperies displays superior taste. Bessonov has painted several ceiling pieces, besides a variety of other subjects, all of which possess great merit.—Sassonov, Basin, Bruni, and Briulov, are all young and promising artists.

Varnik and Kiprensky, the two most distinguished portrait painters in Russia, have but very few superiors in any other country. Varnik excels in drawing, in truth of local colouring, and in chiaroscuro; while his rival, who is less correct in design, is more remarkable for beauty of execution, brilliancy of colouring, and high finishing: hence, while the former satisfies the critic better, the latter is more admired by the generality of the public. His own portrait is one of the most masterly productions of Varnik's pencil; nor has he confined himself exclusively to this branch of art, for he has likewise shewn great talent both in historical subjects and landscape.—Vernetzianov employs his pencil both in portraiture and domestic scenes; and occasionally paints, too, in crayons. His productions are remarkable for beauty of colouring and the distribution of light and shade: two of the best are, the Interior of a Barn, with a Lad asleep, and a Family at Tea. The effect of light, in the first of these, produces a complete illusion.—Vorobiev, who has been already mentioned as the pupil of Alexiev, is one of the best painters of architecture: he travelled in Palestine, and has executed views of several buildings in Jerusalem, and other places there.

Engraving has not hitherto been so much cultivated and encouraged in Russia as could be desired, yet Utkin has acquired great reputation by his works; nor are his productions or those of the other artists in this line, whose names have been mentioned above, unknown in other countries.

In the department of sculpture the Russians have been far more successful: some very fine performances of this kind, by Demut-Malinovsky, decorate the Kazan church. Both Holberg and Krilov bid fair to become first-rate sculptors: the former, indeed, may already be considered as one of the ablest and most talented artists of the present day that Russia possesses. His busts

may be pronounced inimitable. Sokolov is likewise an excellent sculptor: his Milk-Girl who has upset her pail, is a most charming figure. As a medallist, Count Tolstoi deserves a very distinguished place among those who have contributed to the glory of their country by their abilities as artists. His series of medals to commemorate the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, are in every respect admirable, and exhibit consummate taste. The count is a man of very superior mind, an intelligent connoisseur, and most devotedly attached to the fine arts. Shilov, another medallist, has executed a number of very clever things, the best of which, perhaps, is his portrait of the late emperor. Nor is Dobrokotov at all inferior to any of the preceding in that peculiar department of art which he professes, his gems being executed with an elegance and precision that leaves nothing to be desired in this respect.

Among the most celebrated of the living architects are Stasov and Melnikov. The former has executed a great variety of buildings, both for the government and for private individuals: the imperial stables at St. Petersburg, rebuilt after his designs, are one of his best works. This architect, who was the first that introduced into Russia the ancient Grecian Doric order, exhibits great purity of style and elegance of detail in his compositions. Melnikov is an architect of great ability, and likewise of very superior taste: his structures are beautifully proportioned, and discover a striking originality of design. One of the finest productions of modern architecture that Russia possesses is the Staro-obryadchesky church at St. Petersburg, which was erected by him: the only fault to be found with it is, that it is not constructed, as it deserves to be, of marble. Both these architects, and Mikhailov, made designs for a new metropolitan church intended to be erected in St. Petersburg; and it is difficult to decide to which of the three the palm ought to be adjudged: that of Mikhailov is exceedingly beautiful, Stasov's is distinguished by dignity and grandeur, and Melnikov's appears to combine both these qualities in a very eminent degree. Beretti also gave a design for the same edifice, which, although inferior to the preceding, possesses very great merit. Homzin has been em-

ployed on a number of elegant buildings in the capital. Vitberg, who is an excellent painter, deserves to be honourably mentioned in this place for the magnificent designs he made for the church of the Redemption at St. Petersburg, which, although they met with considerable objections from architects, and, among others, from Quarenghi, must be admitted to display extraordinary boldness of conception and sublimity of character. He has since remodelled, and, without doubt, materially corrected them.

There are many other artists of highly promising talents, whom the limits of this article will not allow us to notice individually; yet even this sketch, imperfect as it necessarily is, being little more than an enumeration of names, will, it is hoped, have afforded some interest to those who regard with pleasure the least contributions to the history of art, and are ready to pay homage to talent in whatever country it be found. From what has been said, Losenko may be considered as the founder of a native school of painting in Russia, and Kakorinov of that of architecture. Their successors have since made a rapid progress: Yegorov and Shebuev have formed a purer taste in painting, while Martos has shewn, by his example, how much may be effected by a judicious study and imitation of the antique; and if caprice and affectation of novelty do not induce others to deviate from the path thus opened to them, instead of vigorously persevering in the same course, there can be little doubt that, within no very distant period, the artists of Russia will have acquired an honourable name even in other countries. But there is no art which has made such a rapid progress as that of architecture; a circumstance easily accounted for when we consider the numerous important buildings, both public and private, erected during the reigns of Catherine and her successors, and the opportunities thus afforded to artists of displaying their abilities. The admission of pictures into churches has contributed much, and will effect still more, towards the advancement of painting and the employment of its professors. In fact, the decoration of these edifices creates nearly the whole of the demand that at present exists for historical subjects; and the embellishment of the church of the Redemption at Moscow,

and that of St. Isaac at Petersburg, will give a new impulse to this branch of art. Till very recently, there existed hardly any thing like public feeling or patronage towards the fine arts; but a taste for them is now beginning to spread itself among the better-informed part of society, to which the establishment of a gallery in the Hermitage, consisting of the production of native artists, has contributed in no small degree. The government on its part does all it can to encourage and afford employment to every class of artists; an example that, it may be confidently expected, will ere long be followed by the public.

Little is at present known of either Russian literature or art in other countries; the difficulties of the language

detering foreigners from studying the first, and the little employment made of engraving preventing them from becoming acquainted with the productions of the other through that medium. To these causes may likewise be added the infrequency of travellers through that country, particularly of such as direct their attention more especially to these subjects. But, without assuming to ourselves any extraordinary gift of prophecy, we may venture to predict, that whatever relates to Russia will become more and more interesting to the rest of Europe; and to the traveller it certainly presents an extensive and imperfectly explored field, whatever be the particular object of his pursuit and observation.

FROM THE NIGHT-SHADE.

Tread aside from my starry bloom !
I am the nurse who feed the tomb
(The tomb my child)
With dainties piled,
Until it grows strong as a tempest wild.

Trample not on a virgin flower !
I am the maid of the midnight hour ; —
I bear sweet sleep
To those who weep,
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

Tread not thou on my snaky eyes !
I am the worm that the weary prize —
The Nile's soft asp,
That they strive to grasp,
And one that a queen has loved to clasp.

Pity me ! I am she whom man
Hath hated since ever the world began ; —
I soothe his brain
In the night of pain,
But at morning he waketh — and all is vain !

J. B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POTTERY.*

'God sends meat, but the Devil sends cooks.'

THIS is an interesting and important discourse;—the manner in which the matter is handled reflects credit on the ingenious lecturer. We are afraid, however, that he has treated this subject too finely for the generality of readers. The display of learning is considerable, and the opening of the lecture is both tasteful and philosophical.

"In all nations," says Dr. Black, "and in all ages, proverbs and national dishes have been held in high estimation; and, for the same reason too, had not experience proved both to have been good, the wisest saying would never have become proverbial, nor any particular modification of human victual attained the consideration of a national dish."

The Doctor, it appears, has of late years been a traveller, and has not been scrupulous in his observations on mankind. His experience in pottery was extensive, somewhat desultory, but not without taste. His work is divided with philosophical acumen, and is, in many respects, calculated to be useful and edifying to the usual congregations in the halls of mechanics' institutions. After an exordium of considerable extent relative to cookery and pottery in general, he proceeds, in a more analytical form, to consider the philosophy of the subject. Thus, he says—

"First, then, we shall discourse of soups in the most comprehensive form. We shall not, however, begin with beef-tea; nor does it form any part of our plan to discuss the merits of a lax plum-pudding, although we maintain that any pudding in a state of laxity falls strictly, in scientific distinction, within the genus of soups. We propose to touch only the marrow of the subject; and, taking it up in an alimentary sense, to demonstrate the insufficiency of all the different sorts of soup to constitute either or any of them a national dish, with the exception of Scotch barley-broth, Scotch hotch-potch, and Scotch hare-soup. Certainly, it reflects no little honour

on my countrymen, 'that nation of gentlemen,' as his Majesty was pleased to style us, that, in addition to the peculiar delicacy, of white puddings, and the 'great chieftain o' the pudding race,' we should have invented three distinct and excellent kinds of soup. What better reason can be assigned for the intensity of our nationality? No other country can display such pot-luck."

The Doctor, much to our surprise, has omitted to mention that prime article of his national cookery, the singed sheep's head and trotters. We, however, can discern in this the wondrous modesty of his learned nation. The Lacedemonian black broth, so celebrated of old for its patriotic inspiration, we know, of our own knowledge, was made of the sheep's head singed; and we totally disagree with old George Sandys, that coffee was the black broth of Lacedemon; and therefore we give Dr. Black credit for his abstinence on this point.

"As a general remark," says the Doctor, "it may be observed, that good soup cannot be made without a just and judicious proportion of the animal substance to the aqueous quality. But meat and water are not of themselves sufficient to make good soup; various other ingredients are essentially necessary;—fire, for example, to boil the two together: yet fire would of itself be as nothing; and, therefore, in the practice of all skilful cooks, the saline ingredient is admixed, after which admixture the experiment assumes a new character. We are thus technical and precise; for the making of soup is a chemical process of a very delicate kind. Indeed, no *artiste* of the kitchen can predetermine whether his preparation will be good or bad, until after the saline particles have been added to the ebullitionary agitation. Then there is pepper—it may be parsley—and onions to be infused: my honourable spouse sometimes adds a head of celery, or a carrot in season. But what man will venture to assert, that beef, water, salt, pepper, onions, a head of celery, and a carrot, even with other seasoning, shall make palatable soup without the skill of a cook! A

* Lecture on the Moral Influence of National Associations, exemplified in the Culinary Art of different Countries; delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, by Dr. Black. Liverpool. 8vo. pp. 88. 1830.

cook is the most essential ingredient of all; and we would advise the alembic or pot not to be proceeded with until the culinary intelligence is at hand."

This is judicious. We entirely agree with the Doctor; and also, that "a savoury and agreeable commixture is not to be achieved by political means: something more deep, recondite, and powerful, is requisite. For though," as he justly observes, "mock turtle may be made of a calf's-head, it does not therefore follow that a calf's head of itself can make mock-turtle. Many illustrations of this truth," continues the Doctor, "present themselves to our mind at this moment; but we content ourselves with observing, that with persons of defective powers of mastication, mock-turtle is a most cherishing and invigorating substitute for less gelatinous preparations."

We partly agree with the soundness of this reasoning; for although, in the best-regulated families, a calf's-head may be found all the year round, mock-turtle is a dish of comparative rarity. This shews the loyalty of the majority of the people; for calf's-head is, on the 30th of January, a Whiggish dish. Earl Grey is particularly fond of it on that occasion; Mr. Brougham tastes of it; and Mr. Joseph Hume "lays his lugs" in it. We have some reason to believe that Mr. Thomas Moore, the poet, from his *Life of Byron*, paddles in it with a spoon: it is a decoction of animal substance too robust for his palate. Sir Francis Burdett, when he was in his juvenility, supped it with ladles; but of late, having become imbeciliated in his stomach, can only relish imperial mulgatawney.

The worthy Doctor, after having discoursed at considerable length on the respective qualities of soups, then enters, with really an extraordinary degree of ingenuity, on the matter of roasts.

"Passing, then, over," says he, "cockles, crabs, and martyrs, I would remark, *en passant*, that it is very alarming to observe how the profane vulgar associate such things together. However, as we teach not ethics, but physics in their sublimest application to the wants and necessities of mankind, we appeal to any Scottish alderman of the city of London, who has at last had lessons in good eating, whether that

material which in itself is essentially obnoxious, can, by any process, be rendered wholesome and esculent food."

This is invidious. The doubt which the Doctor suggests is not to be determined by aldermanic appetites; but from whatever source arising, it suggests ideas of the great obstacles which corporations present to the perfectibility of man: for, were it once admitted that there is an emollient and salubrious influence arising from the concoctions of Mons. Ude,—who was cook to his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and who dismissed Lord Sefton from being his master for salting his own soup to his own taste,—we agree with Dr. Black, "that there is nothing certain in humanity;" and yet, as the learned Doctor observes, "it may be said, that a well-roasted joint is congenial to the finest appetite of man."

The Doctor's recipe for a roast is truly unique and perfect;—no definition can be more clear and beautiful.

"To be short," says he, "the most approved method of roasting is to place a portion of an inferior animal, *secundum artem*, horizontally on a spit, or vertically dependent by a string, in a situation to imbibe caloric."

Some of the remarks with which he illustrates this definition are, we do think, a little anti-catholic. He talks of members of Parliament being roasted; of authors being roasted; of the Duke of Wellington being out of the frying-pan into the fire; of Mr. Peel being on the tenter-hooks, preparatory to being roasted; and of Mr. Hobhouse being turnspit to the martyrdom of all his Majesty's ministers, without very clearly explaining either the festal cause or the culinary expediency of such proceedings. But what he says on boiling is transparent and explicit.

"To boil," says Dr. Black, "is a very different process from roasting: it consists of immersing the material to be boiled in water raised to the temperature of 210 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, which temperature many sound philosophers, of whom I am one, have agreed is the extreme degree of caloric that can be imparted to water under simple atmospheric pressure."

This is certainly philosophical. We agree with Dr. Black: no man can dispute the truth of this dogma. We also entirely concur in the moral re-

flections which follow: they bespeak an enlarged mind, worthy of the expanded views of Liverpool:—

“The art of boiling,” the Doctor judiciously remarks, “belongs to a more refined state of society than that of roasting. Of the time of Homer we have many savoury accounts of grills and broils, and even of the baking of bread; but in that age the jolly physiognomy of a corpulent round of beef was unknown. No man then had the slightest knowledge of a boiled turkey—we doubt if Apicius himself ever tasted a turkey at all. Indeed, turkeys could not have been known at the court of the venerable King Priam; for it is stated by Hollingshed, the chronicler, in the black letter edition, that

‘Carp, hops, *turkeys*, pickerel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.’”

Now, as Dr. Black learnedly observes, “If Homer had known as much, we see no reason why he should not have made his heroes take a devilled drumstick with their wine;” and, he adds with a degree of facetiousness that cannot be sufficiently admired, “we have strength of mind enough here to repress a pun, and all allusion to the cutting up of that empire in which Constantinople is situated.”

Having thus descended, at greater length than we choose to quote, on the mystery of boiling, the Doctor makes several pertinent and apposite observations on fluids, both hot and cold; but we suspect he is not very orthodox in his learning, otherwise he ought to have known that there were nations before the time of Homer well acquainted with boiling. Have we not read of kids seethed in milk? but it is not expected that philosophers, especially those of the *Mechanics’ Institutions*, should be much versed in Holy Writ.

“To return, however,” says the Doctor, “to boiling. Whatever it may be in the abstract, most certain it is, that it has no title or pretence to be ranked with stewing. To stew is the offspring of study and research; it deeply concerns the nutritive powers of potatoes, and enters more intimately into the principles of political economy, both as to properties and effects, than any other branch of gastronomy. We have known a cook in the kitchen of a late rotund friend, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, place a young pig, of tender age and beautiful in form, in a stew-pan. Heaven reward him for the result! How any

cook should have been permitted to live after what then took place, is only to be explained by the corrupt state of the judicature. But it becomes us to observe, as a thing hitherto unnoticed in jurisprudence, that there is no law in any civilised country which inflicts a particular punishment on a cook *quâ* cook. He may steal, he may murder, he may Burke—but save as a thief, a murderer, or a Burkite, he is not amenable to any punishment.”

Our philosophical author is mistaken in this; he does not shew his wonted erudition,—for we see, by Maitland’s *History of Edinburgh*, folio edition, p. 24, that, by an order of the magistrates and council of that city, dated 11 November, 1562, cooks, in their capacity as cooks, and in no other capacity, were subjected for their first offence to imprisonment, and to be fed with bread and water; and for the second, to be banished the town. This reflects singular honour on the metropolis of that nation, which is possessed of so many national dishes. Who can wonder at the intellectuality of the Modern Athens, when it is considered, that even in its condition as “Auld Reekie” it so far surpassed all the other capitals of the world in its sense of things necessary to the comfort of mankind?

The Doctor next proceeds to illustrate the importance of cookery, as it affects not only the happiness of individuals, but the quiet of political communities. He is, however, a little broad in his assertions when he states, that no nation has what can be called a national dish until it has acquired a national nickname. His remarks, we think, on this branch of the subject, are a little too far-fetched; for, in the West Indian islands, speaking of them collectively, turtle soup, must be admitted to have there a quality of national importance.

“We acknowledge,” says the Doctor, with considerable originality of expression, “that there is never a rule without an exception. In the West Indies turtle are abundant, therefore the inhabitants eat turtle; but a national dish is not a combination of the things most easily attained, but an aggregation of ingredients brought together by industry, research, and commerce, mingled with skill, and treated in their connexion with caloric according to certain pre-determined principles. Roast beef certainly is a simple substance, and it

argues much for the plain, downright character of Englishmen, that they stand by it so stoutly as a national dish: But plum-pudding, which is equally a national dish, remarkably illustrates the predilection of the nation for commerce and manufactures. The plum-pudding has certainly for basis flour, mingled with bread—the indigenous produce of the country; it hath also suet, which, for the most part, is an English substance; but the raisins, the currants, the nutmeg, the cinnamon, and all those other odoriferous spices, which are the constituent elements of the genius of plum-pudding, are of foreign extraction."

Scotland appears to be the *dulce domum* of the Doctor—it is his native land. He expatiates with infinite relish on the various culinary preparations of that highly-favoured country. Besides those dishes which he had spoken of with so much commendation in the earlier part of his lecture, he touches "prees" as it were a variety of dainties never heard of before in the circles of the Literary Union, to which society we would strongly recommend this branch of the lecture. He tells us of a particular species of "brose," and quotes a high authority for its excellence—no less than the ingenious author of *Leper the Tailor*, whose mistress having a particular penchant for seeing him in good case, made him, in the classic phraseology of the author, "fat brose from the lee side of the kail-pot." Now, says Dr. Black to his Liverpool audience—(none of course had ever heard of a kail-pot before)

"This is an iron utensil in which good housewives boil meat and other ingredients to make broth; and being in general of larger dimensions than the magnitude of their fires, the ebullitionary process commences on the side over the fire, and sends the oleaginous particles, separated by the ebullition from the meat, to that side which is farthest from the fire, and which is the philosophical division that is vernacularly known as the lee side."

He then mentions another species of the brose genus, viz. pease brose; but we are not sure that this ought to be included in the list of dishes, for the Doctor recommends it medically as an excellent anti-spasmodic, and efficacious in asthma. He likewise talks deliciously of beef and greens—a particular favourite, as he tells the audi-

ence, of his friend the Ettrick Shepherd. But the account he gives of Scotch jam, made of "red hairy gooseberries," according to a recipe of that eminent person, Christopher North, is much more *ambrosial* to our taste than any of the others. In fact, by the Doctor's account, the Scottish is truly not only a nation of gentlemen, but a nation of cooks. His own remark on this point well deserves to be quoted.

"Gentlemen," says he, "are distinguished from the vulgar by many peculiarities; but by nothing more than by the variety and delicacy of their food; and it is owing to the variety and delicacy of the Scottish cookery that the ingenious and refined character of my countrymen has chiefly arisen."

It is, however, creditable to the Doctor's sensibilities to notice the tenderness, grace, and pathos, with which he proceeds, from descanting on the felicity of his countrymen, to the meagre meal of potatoes of the poor Irish.

"Flow," as he justly says, "can intelligence on general subjects be engendered by one idea! That the Irish are a single-minded, simple people, is universally acknowledged. Can they be otherwise, when the whole extent of the most important action of life, which returns four times a day to their fellow-subjects, only occurs twice in the twenty-four hours, and sometimes not so often, to them?—we mean eating. Their cookery indicates their character: they boil their potatoes in a pot, because they have no other utensil; they take the door off its hinges, and make a table of it; on this they empty the contents of the pot, and, with a little salt in a saucer, they dip and eat. Oh, ye inhabitants of Great Britain—ye fellow-subjects of the poor Irish, reflect on this when ye are daintily at your covered tables, helping one another to potatoes with a spoon!"

The Doctor's remarks on the national dish of the principality are equally pungent and appropriate.

"Bread and cheese, and leeks," says he, "are mountainous and primitive—in their nature exciting and astringent. Hence the Welsh have red, constipated complexions, and are particularly irascible. The French, who live on frogs and soupe-maigre, are of a very different character. The moral effect of soupe-maigre is cooling and sedative; and frogs being of a lively and agile nature, something of their agility is decomposed in

the process of digestion, and incorporates itself with the moral quality of the subject. But it must be observed, that the French are a refined people; that many different dishes affect their constitutional peculiarities; and that of all nations, it may be said of them, they alone have discovered or invented a new appetite. They have, by what King James I. calls the devil's pot-herb, so used their olfactory nerves, that they have treated a palate within their nostrils, and therefore, bating the vulgar abuse of frogs and soupe-maigre, we would say that snuff is the national dish of Louis Baboon. It is that which makes him so lively, so gesticularious, so frisky, so sneezing, so sprightly. And if it were not for his beverage of water and sugar, no true Frenchman could walk the earth unless he had loaded feet—he would be flying in the air, and crying *peste!* and *monbleu!* to all the soberer race of man."

The Doctor, with the same pleasing legerity, touches on all national dishes. He talks with great poignancy of the curries and country captains of Bengal, of the macaroni of Naples, and the bow-wow pies of China; but he protests against the "sasses" of the United States being received into the catalogue of national pottery

"It is," says he, "a vile democracy

that of sasses: the peach preserved by molasses or maple sugar, is reduced to an equality with the potato; with only this distinction, that the peach is long sass, and the potato short. Cucumbers are also federal in this union—so is pickled cabbage, and eggs that have been fried with ham. Upon the whole, the attempt to make sasses of such things must be regarded as a republican innovation, and the use of them is probably the stimulus which makes the Americans so sharpset."

Altogether, this Lecture of Dr. Black's reflects great credit on his intelligence and tact, no less than on the patience and credulity of his auditors. We have long known that the Liverpool people, by their Lyceums and their Athenæums, were refined and classical; and it is impossible to think otherwise of them after perusing this interesting dissertation. We shall, therefore, conclude, by recommending it to the perusal of his Majesty's ministers as a whetter to their cabinet dinners—in the hope, too, that all his Majesty's operative subjects may learn by it the true way of getting a fowl in the pot, a joint to the string before the fire, and mutton-chops to enrich the Irish stew.

LITERARY CHARACTERS.—BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

No. I.

JAMES HOGG.

WE have had on our minds, for some time past, various things regarding sundry prominent men of our day, which our consciences press us strongly to let out upon the public, just to shew it, that what every body is thinking (who can think?), it is useful now and then to put into plain words, merely for the benefit and guidance of that worthy and numerous portion of the world who, with great good sense, never try to think at all, but always speak—and never even do speak any thing but what other people have put into their mouths. This is a portion of the world to which great attention ought always to be paid, seeing that, although its members are not exactly the awarders of justice or the judges of truth, they are very much the distributors of both. Moreover, there is

this good quality about these worthy persons, that, when once they do get hold of an idea, it is pretty sure to stick to them until they get another (a thing which we cannot always say for your professed thinkers); and, where there is a general paucity in the head, it is something, after all, to have an idea.

Concerning these sundry celebrated men, which the world has got hold of, for better or for worse, just at present, we have, as was said, a few things to indite, which we shall do with all comely plainness of speech, and in that sober fireside fashion which shall at least save us from being misunderstood, and from hiding what light we have under the bushel of attempted or affected brilliancy. There are now, as there always has been, a number of

men whose names connected with literature are as familiar to the public as household words, yet about whom there are either few leading ideas of what their claims to popularity really amount to, or their indiscriminate praise has become the cant of the multitude; while, as usual, the paltry hornets of literature, the small critics of the book-shops, are sneering and stinging at some whom the thousand chances of circumstances which affect the voice of public reputation, have yet kept back from receiving all their praise. There are other causes that deeply affect the characters of individuals (for a time), to which we can now but slightly allude, but which arise out of the great influence of certain channels of publicity in the shape of periodical literature, and to which the busy public are accustomed to look for ready-made opinions. As men of letters, when in power, are just as liable to abuse it as any other rulers over the fate of others, who have done it when they could in every age, it is little to be wondered at, that they should sometimes, on the one hand, stifle by neglect the rising voice of tardy reputation, or split the thousand ears of the world's groundlings by the endless vociferations of partial applause.

But these are trite matters, after all; and less it should be said that we are either pretending to set the world right, or to make truth and justice as common as the causeway, which they never will be, we shall merely sit down familiarly at our reader's comfortable fireside, and say our say about men, from the thoughts of whom, as put forth in public, all have derived more or less pleasure and satisfaction. And who shall we begin with? To shew at once our independence and our creed, as respects talent, and talent alone, we shall take up one of the most commonplace names that are bandied about through the mouth of the public,—to wit, our old rough and round, hearty, wholesome friend, James Hogg.

If ever there was a man who proved that nature alone makes poets of the children of the earth, that man is James Hogg! If ever there was an individual whose career could prove that, bad as the gross world is admitted to be, and great as are the difficulties which poverty entails at first upon the best pretensions, genius—all-powerful genius—will ultimately be successful, that man is the Ettrick Shepherd! Could

any thing else but that quality, for which the world is continually looking, that it may find relief from its own dulness, have brought a common shepherd from the forests of Ettrick, who, until upwards of twenty years of age, could hardly read or write, into the very midst of the arena of a polite and fastidious world of letters, and have got his name trumpeted to the ends of the earth? Let the million of wealthy dolts whom the world has never heard of, and many of whom have vainly tried, by the power of money, to break through, with their feeble productions, the jealous monopoly of literary emolument and fame,—let such answer the question, and envy as they may the homely but talented Shepherd of the Tweed.

When Mr. Hogg, some dozen years ago, went, hat in hand, into the little counting-house behind Mr. Blackwood's shop, to sell a poem as he would sell a sheep, the good bibliopolist, having read his *Pilgrims of the Sun*, addressed him with, "Upon my word, James, you're a most extraordinary man." But the world have, of late, begun to forget that Hogg is an extraordinary man; and having been disappointed in its expectations of his evening tales, and being somewhat withal bored with floating poetry, to the thrusting of his very much out of view, it seems to have felt rather annoyed at seeing his name so much before the public as a neighbouring periodical has thought fit to bring it; and James has been somewhat going down with the million, from that sacredness which in reality belongs to his poetical character. There is a great portion, too, of "the reading public" that never do read poetry if they can possibly avoid it; and never therefore having, to their own loss, read his poems, no more than several others of the best of our day, they feel a grudging at hearing so often of a man who cannot write novels for every body to read, and songs, like Burns or Moore, for every body to sing. But, although this admitted fact will always confine Mr. Hogg's actual popularity within a narrower circle than either of the other two poets, still he is justly to be regarded as a remarkable man, and worthy to be talked of, even at this time of day, in terms less vague than serve to create a laugh in a bantering periodical, and with due reference to what

he has done hitherto as a poet and a public man of sundry literary pretensions.

Mr. Hogg has, ever since he came from the braes of Polmoody, and by perseveringly sticking to the cautious booksellers of Edinburgh, as well as by the exercise of his talents, made himself known to the world,—manifested a characteristic readiness to relieve the anxiety of the public upon his private history, by writing lives of himself; so that, as to all these little matters in a poet's life, about which there is ordinarily so much curiosity, we have the means of judging out of his own mouth. Indeed, the *naïve* candour of honest James in speaking of old times, when, from the infirmity of his shirts, he found it exceedingly difficult to make his lower garments do their duty in a seemly manner, is no small charm in tracing the character of an extraordinary shepherd, who was destined to draw the attention of all the world to his poetry, and has gone far to disarm that menacing rancour which is usually directed for a time at the unexpected brilliances of outstripping reputation. There is not upon record another instance of one of the irritable and generally discontented tribe, in speaking of himself, guarding his reader from making a false estimate of him by what he may in his own way communicate; because, as he says, "Whenever I have occasion to speak of myself or my performances, I find it impossible to divest myself of an inherent vanity,"—for which, for the sake of righteous judgment, he humbly hopes his reader will make due allowance. Nor do we know any other poet of the day, greater or smaller, manfully pleading guilty to the charge of vanity, as he is known to do until this day, and fairly defending it as the real stimulant of all that the public have got by him; "for," says he, if you talk to him, "if it had not been for my vanity, I should never have done any thing but herded sheep."

Every body knows that our honest Shepherd, while Nature was silently preparing him for future distinction "on the bonnie banks of Yarrow," or some such poetical neighbourhood, was sorely scanty in reading and writing, and all other classical attainments. How Nature came to make a man of him, and twenty others, in her own

way, without troubling Doctor Birkbeck, or either the aid of a Mechanics' Institute or "scientific knowledge," must certainly be a miracle to the raving speechifiers about *useful* knowledge and universal education. But so it was that, what with sitting for some twenty years on a hill-side watching his "silly sheep," and looking abroad over the green earth, and upwards to the clouds of a Scotch sky, drifting black, gray, and bright over his head—and what with studying, when he was about eighteen, that instructive book, Bishop Burnet's "Theory of the Conflagration of the Earth,"—and what with scraping on an old fiddle, which, after some two or three years' saving, he was able to purchase at the extravagant price of five shillings,—Mr. James Hogg came into Edinburgh, and shewed the whole race of lean scholars and sneering *literate*, that he was already formed and fashioned into what few of them could pretend to be,—a very considerable poet. But with respect to the bishop's conflagration-book, which the poor shepherd lad had been studying until the very trees and hills began to run round and round him, and his poor sheep set to a-dancing before his eyes like Tam o' Shanter's witches, "happy was it for me," he says, "that I did not understand it; for the little of it that I did understand had nearly overturned my brain altogether."—*Life*, Edin. 1806, p. 9. Happy would it be, in our humble opinion, for many of the silly followers of Dr. Birkbeck, if they were equally candid with the sensible Shepherd as to the real use and effects of many of the books put into their hands, which are just as likely to set their poor heads into "a tirevee," and not a whit more useful than Bishop Burnet's theory of the universal conflagration.

But in speaking of Mr. Hogg's poetry, which we are gradually coming round to do, it appears manifest to us that he never has got the conflagration perfectly out of his head, even until this day. It was clearly the spark that eventually kindled into the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, and sent our Ettrick Shepherd up wandering from home among the stars, which seem to have flanced a merry-go-round before his dazzled eyes, as much as did aforetime the bobbing trees on Eskdale. Then he was in imminent danger of

being stagg'd like a Scotch sheep's head, when he got among the falling stars and fiery comets, which buzzed and "boomed" about his ears in a manner that absolutely frightened us to read, and we were really glad when we got our adventurous Shepherd home again; for we would far rather have him riding on a broom-stick behind a witch woman to Norway, or so, of a night, than see him away seeking his bread among the stars and suns, which seem almost to have blinded him, poor man!

But seriously, considering the extraordinary fancy of Mr. Hogg, it is wonderful how he has kept down the effects of this dangerous early impression; and how well, even in his perilous adventure among worlds unknown, he has contrived to bring himself off, although he was occasionally unable to distinguish between "the light that led astray," and "light from heaven," and substitutes glitter and gleam for power and grasp, which are a good step above him. We are induced to dwell more on this poem than we know its rank among Mr. Hogg's other pieces deserves, from perceiving in it much more of that straining after glare and glitter and effect, by means of fine meaningless words, which is the characteristic of our ordinary Magazine poetry, than the Shepherd is guilty of in any other of his works.

To speak, however, more comprehensively of Mr. Hogg's genius. His two great characteristics are (we cannot help the alliteration) fancy and facility; and to a man whose outward senses never had opportunity of meeting with any thing to feed his inward thoughts, but "the banks and braes, and streams around" the straggling forest of Ettrick, till towards thirty years of age—or what he might see when he "got to go" as far as Edinburgh to sell his sheep in the Grass Market, and who scarcely could make use of language by pen-and-ink dexterity until he was twenty-one or two—these qualities possessed in abundance is no ordinary matter for a common shepherd, or, indeed, anybody else. The richness and range of fancy of this inspired Shepherd are truly astonishing; and are often united with a delicacy of thought and perception, which increases the wonder at the creative exuberance and electric power of that thing we call Genius, even

when implanted in the bosom of the coarsest hind upon the hills. When this quality is applied to the Shepherd's favourite theme, the dreamy superstitions of his country, and the dim shapes and indefinite thoughts that steal through the fancies of ignorant minds, while secluded afar in the wild glens of the land of the mountain and the flood, James is confessedly inimitable, and will probably preserve his poetry long in the land of his fathers, notwithstanding the heavy drawbacks upon it as calculated for posterity in several other important respects. In regard of this his grand excellence, as applied to the outward forms of nature, and the rich poetics of half-informed superstition, Mr. Hogg is hardly equalled by any of his contemporaries (of whom we mean hereafter to speak); and had he only the other qualities of his denomination in a degree approaching this, he would occupy a very different niche than he now does, or ever will do, among the poets of our time.

The next great excellence of the poet of Ettrick is his evident facility of thought and composition, and his great command of language, which, in some of his poems, particularly *Queen Hynde*, absolutely runs away both with him and his reader; and though the sparkling current is of no great depth, it flows from the pen of the mountain-bard like the rapt prophesyings of a voice from the wilderness, and in a genuine stream of heaven-born poetry. His delighted reader, who partakes in any measure of the spirit of bardship himself, is hurried along, until he forgets to be critical, from catching the heat and flow of the honest Shepherd and his Muse; and, losing sight of the poet's redundancy in the felicity of his expression, away they both go together, o'er moor and mountain and dale, like his own "gude gray-katt," or his "witch of Fyfe," from the top of Benlomond to the shores of Norway, on a moonlight night, until the transformed reader wakes from his poetic dream at mid-day, and scarcely can recognise the boundaries of his own snug study; for the very figures and busts that topple above his book-shelves seem to be dancing a reel round him!

Yet, after all, this pleasing facility, which makes the reader forget that there is such a thing as art in making

poetry at all, is the very cause of the greatest defects, which tend to lighten the value of the productions of the good Shepherd of Ettrick. Had he his thoughts and words further to seek, or were his taste more cultivated, so as to cause him to suppress and to select, we should have had, from a man with his general gifts, poetry more concentrated, and language more terse and forcible, than is to be found in his numerous productions. Moreover, this is the chief cause, perhaps, of his worst faults; for the ease with which he obtains smooth verse and neat expression, makes him often pleased with the most common-place thoughts, which render powerless and valueless his better passages, and will probably sink his *Moor the Moor*, and many other pieces, into speedy oblivion. Not having the force of mind and natural penetration of Burns, or the greater poets, he occasionally shews the rawness of the uneducated man and the poetaster, in mistaking sounding and glittering words put together, for the majesty and simplicity of true poetry. Whether Bishop Burnet's conflagration-hook helped this false taste, we shall decline offering an opinion; but

it is amusing to trace it from the very earliest of his productions, shining through much real poetry, and troubling him and his reader until the very latest.

Mr. Hogg, it will be observed, poet though he be, is of that sort of temperament, that he never has been, all his life, very backward in coming forward; "so, as early as 1801, he went into Edinburgh, and published his first attempts, called *Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs*, price one shilling;" for which, although he regrets it himself now when he is a notable man, we are not a little obliged to him, as giving us the means of judging by what gradual steps a shepherd may become a poet. The Shepherd (for the poem we are about to speak of is, as he says, founded upon an early amour of his own) is lying on a bank in the evening, fretting about his mistress; but, in the true spirit of Mr. Hogg's mind, his love is not so intense but that he can look at "Orion's radiant circle beaming" over his head, and, as it grows dark, he looks up, saying, "Hail, ye stars!" &c.; but mark in what terms he even then could speak of

"That pow'r divine,
Who those fluid films, that wheeled
Loosely through primeval night,
By a breath to worlds congealed,
Masses of illuvid light!
From His hand then bowl'd you flaming
Through old dreary Night's domain," &c.

Pretty well for a shepherd-lad on Ettrick that could hardly read or write, and mighty appropriate for a pastoral poem called *Willie and Keatie*, written in the tasteful measure and suitable style of *Watty and Meg*, or *the Loss of the Pack*; but if it is not admitted to smack of the *Conflagration of the Earth*, we know not what is. This was written about the time when the Shepherd was, as he says, "exceedingly scarce of shirts"—an old complaint among poets and those that are liable to fall in love—for we consider it a fact, to be proven by the mouth of many witnesses, that the favourites of the Muse have ever been more plenty of

words than shirts in all past generations.

Passing over a good deal of creditable poetry, written between the above and the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, we find he never could get this flashy conflagration entirely out of his head; and when our Shepherd took a flight among the stars, and comets, and suns, and so forth, in that astonishing production which celebrated it, see how he deals with one of his worlds, which, as it was spinning about like a top among the others, gets knocked off from its perihelion for the poet's amusement, and that he may be able to describe such a piece of business to the world, which he does thus:—

Just in the middle of its swift career
Th' Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
That hung it to the heaven. *Creation sobbed,*
And a spontaneous shriek rung on the hills
Of these celestial regions. Down amain

Into the void the outcast world descended,
Whirling and *thundering* on! Its troubled seas
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurried
Around it like a dew. The mountain tops,
And ponderous rocks, were off, impetuous, flung,
And clattered down the steeps of night for ever!"

Now, some may think this very poetical sort of balderdash, although Dr. Birkbeck and his learned friends might call it rather *unphilosophical*; but, not to be nice about *words*, when words is all we have, we think it rather dangerous for a shepherd, when in a course of training for a great poet, to be much given, while "tending the ewes," to books "chiefly theological;" and we may well account for the above, and sundry other piebes of splendour, when he confesses that, after studying theology, and in particular the conflagration, "all the day," says he, "I was pondering on the grand millennium, and the reign of the saints, and all the night dreaming of new heavens and a new earth—the stars in *horror* and the world in flames!" God preserve us! it is a wonder the man's head did not spin round like one of his worlds after all this. Had the poor Shepherd fallen in with that pious man, the Rev. Edward Irving, at this time, he would have been a rank Bedlamite long ago.

In further tracing the early impressions from which was afterwards formed the poetical character of this extraordinary man, we find him and two other shepherds actually contending together for a prize for writing poetry, and arbiters named to decide who should be entitled to it. Among ten subjects named, what should fall to the lot (for by lot it was decided) of these poetical shepherds but *the stars* for a theme;

and here we see the concatenation (as Johnson would say) of the poet's training again; for to work he went upon "the stars," and in less than a week produced his poem. His opponents never came forward with theirs in a finished state; but what they did shew was, of course, inferior to our poet's, and he had his glory accordingly. His poem, which he has not thought fit to give to the world, was entitled, *Reflections on a View of the Nocturnal Heavens*; and was, with all its superiority "in sublimity of ideas," as he says, in a bad measure, and bombastical. We well believe it.

The condition of life from which should have sprung a poet of Mr. Hogg's real excellence, excites, when his works are spoken of, a curiosity regarding the early development of powers so little to be looked for from that condition, and so, insensibly, joins criticism with a sort of necessary biography. To those, then, who are acquainted with his latter poems, it may be curious to observe the early groping of a poetical mind after distinct thoughts and suitable expressions, as may be seen in the following dreadfully incorrect stanzas, written shortly after the time when he, as he says, "had actually forgot how to make sundry of the letters of the alphabet," and published in the year 1801, in the shilling pamphlet before alluded to. The poem is entitled, a *Dialogue in a Country Churchyard*, and was written upon the death of a benefactor of his family.

"Acknowledge, hast thou never yet,
When acting scenes in nature o'er,
An inward recollection met
Of having view'd the same before?"

"Nor is it strange: Futurity,
Though wrapt in mist to human ken,
Seems shapeless; yet a spirit's eye
Some giant features may discern.

"And in the wild and dreary waste,
The village fair, or noisy lawn,
Wherever smiles the human face,
There spirits skim their airy round.

"A guardian friend his fav'rite charge
May thus of hid events apprise
By great outlines, unfurl'd at large
In sleep to fancy's lidless eyes."

Excepting the above may be considered so, there is nothing in these early productions to indicate the extraordinary fancy and pure poetical thought that was afterwards exhibited by the Ettrick Shepherd. We are the more inclined to enlarge both upon Hogg's poetry and his biography, from the circumstance of his name being familiar to every body in England who reads a magazine, and yet extremely little is known on this side the Tweed either as to what he has written, or why this Shepherd, as a shepherd, is so much talked of. Nevertheless, although his merit is such that he ought to be much better known than he is, and will yet, probably, be far more read than at present, Mr. Hogg is, upon the whole, a very fortunate man; for what with his length of life—no small advantage even for fame (and the Shepherd is now fifty-nine), and what with the aid of a powerful periodical, his name is already more familiar to the English public than a far greater man, namely, Burns, was, until several years after his death. But to return to his claims to the attention of the public.

His *Queen Hynde* is his greatest poem, after the previous one called the *Queen's Wake*, which made him

so well known and justly celebrated in his own country. It appeared just after the public had been delighted with the spirited poetical romances of Sir Walter Scott, and, as might naturally be expected, it is very much an imitation. But, although more highly fanciful, and often more strictly poetical, than even the favoured productions of the Baronet,—though it runs on in a style of fluent harmony that makes the reader, as we before hinted, forget to be critical, and ashamed to be fastidious, in his general admiration, the poetical thoughts are spread out over too large a surface, which renders it often flimsy and common-place; and it has far less of picturesque reality and of sustained keeping than the animated pictures of its more tasteful patterns. The quality of the poetry of this effort, like that of most of Mr. Hogg's, is light and glittering,—fancy and airy richness of poetic thought swelling forth from the poet's brain in numbers as smooth and musical as they are evidently artless, and happy in their artlessness. The following we think very pretty, among a hundred passages about as good, and very much of a specimen of our poet's sort of excellence:—

O well I know the enchanting mien
Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen!
Her rokley of green with its sparry hue,
Its warp of the moonbeam, and weft of the dew,
Her smile, where a thousand witcheries play,
And her eye, that steals the soul away."

There is a light and graceful point in this that is very much like Moore, and more intense in the conception. But further,—our imaginative tender of ewes is as fond of telling long stories, either about himself or the creatures of his vivid fancy, as any old wife in Eskdale; and so he has trotted away with his flighty Muse, until he has made his poem into six books, and out of all reasonable measure; for the days are gone by when a man might sit down and spin poetry as endless as the web of Penelope. The consequence is, that our friend James, in the incontinent plenitude of his versification, gets sometimes into a sort of running rhyme, that may be written by the ell by the sonsy Shepherd any morning after swallowing about seven pints of thick Scotch porridge. And then he sometimes drops the aerial form of his

jaunty Muse, and comes upon us in the great dreadnought shaggy shape of the wild shepherd of the forest, as he came (saith the Professor) into the shop of Manners and Miller the booksellers, in Edinburgh, and offering to sell a MS. poem, naturally frightened every soul out of the shop by his worrikow appearance. For instance, in this poem of *Queen Hynde* we have the king sitting among his nobles as a king should sit, and passing round the wine-cup "with ready hand," &c. (for Sir Walter has set the example of making his kings and knights drink in a manner which would disgrace even the drunken literati of Ambrose's blue room), when a captain brings before his majesty an ill-favoured taciturn fellow, who wore a sulky and suspicious silence, and to whose face the king is made to address the captain and himself thus:—

“ Ay, Captain ; doubtless one of those
 Who, thrusting his officious nose
 Into the affairs of other men,
 Presume their notice to obtain.
 Speak out, intruder ! Say at once
 Thy name, thy business, and from whence !
 If thou’rt a Cotquean, by my soul
 I’ll split thy pruriginous noul ! ”

Now, if we had the shaggy Shepherd within our reach at this precious instant, we might be tempted to let his “ pruriginous noul ” feel a reasonable taste of our pugnacity for outraging the prejudice to which we have always clung, that a king ought to be a sort of gentleman, by putting into his monarch’s mouth the language of the butchers to whom he has been in the habit of selling his sheep. For shame of you, Shepherd ! is that all, your loyalty ?

We come to the *Queen’s Wake* last, for it is not our business to say much of those of the Shepherd’s works which are best known, and the *Wake* is known to all the lovers of poetry, by name at least ; for we have observed, in our sagacity, that even the lovers of the Muses themselves do not always read that which they greatly admire. In the course of Mr. Hogg’s laborious researches, while engaged in the meri-

torious^d compilation of the *Jacobite Relics*, the idea naturally occurred to him of trying his hand at a string of songs or ballads in the olden manner, which, having executed very happily, he wove them into the texture of a long poem, introducing them—(we speak to the admirers of the *Queen’s Wake* who never read it),—introducing them by the mouth of a succession of bards, who sung them in the grand banquetting hall

“ When royal Mary, blithe of mood,
 Kept holyday at Holyrood,”

somewhat after the fashion of the telling the tales of the hundred nights.

In turning over the leaves of this pretty poem, the reader cannot fail to be struck, wherever he may begin to read, by the abundant fancy of the poet, and the frequent grace of his measure. Let’s have a few lines at random ; and the first that strikes us is the beginning of the “ Spectre’s Cradle Song.”

“ Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !
 Thy mother’s arms shall shield thee from ill.
 Far have I borne thee in sorrow and pain,
 To drink the breeze of the world again.
 The dew shall moisten thy brow so meek,
 And the breeze of midnight fan thy cheek,
 And soon shall we rest in the bow of the hill :
 Hush, my bonny babe ! hush, and be still !
 For thee have I travelled in weakness and woe,
 The world above and the world below.
 My heart was soft, and it fell in the snare :
 Thy father was cruel, but thou wert fair.
 I sinned, I sorrowed, I died for thee ;
 Smile, my bonny babe ! smile on me ! ”

Verily, this is no coarse-grained Shepherd ! and if he has not a good ear for music, may we never lift another leg at Almack’s till the day of our death. There never was better laid out money than that five shillings that he gave for the old fiddle which taught him such harmony. We never had the pleasure of seeing the Shepherd dance a Scotch reel ; but if he would not wallop like a satyr, we are deaf and know nothing : and then with what grace might he *allemand* in a quadrille, with his frieze coat and

shepherd’s brogues, or *chassez* in a *pas seul*,

“ or, like a fairy,
 Trip along the green ! ”

But we must say something of “ bonny Kilmeny,” for every body has heard of it, and every body calls it the best of the bard’s songs in the *Wake* ; but we are very sorry that we cannot agree with every body upon this point. It is the *Pilgrims of the Sun* over again (plague on that Conflagration of the Earth !), for Miss Kilmeny, falling into a swoon, like Mary Lee, is carried

away, also, up among the stars and suns and whirling worlds, and so forth, and sees such matters as the Shepherd himself had seen in his dreams in the forest of Ettrick, while his head was yet turning round from the effects of Bishop Burnet's book. Now, although the thing is very sweetly and poetically done in Kilmeny, yet, to us, it borders on the sugary mawkish of the magazine school; and the ballad has far less real beauty and originality than the *Witch of Fyfe*, which it is impossible to read,

for the tenth time, without immense admiration of the remarkable Shepherd, and an enthusiastic admission that it breathes the true spirit of genuine poetry of the imagination. We dare not try to squeeze in another extract after the length to which our remarks have already extended; but yet it is pleasant to gossip about so delightful a poet, and so *naïf* a man of genius, as James Hogg. Let us just have a verse or two, when the witch-wyfe is off on one of her nightly excursions:—

- “ The second nycht, quhan the new moon set,
O'er the roaring sea we flew,
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the green sea-rue. ”
- “ And the bauld windis blew, and the fire-flauchtis flew,
And the sea run to the skie;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
As we gaid scouring bye. ”
- “ And aye we mountit the sea-grein hillis,
While we brushit thro' the cludis of the hevin;
Then sousit downright like the starn-shot light
Frae the liftis blue casement driven. ”
- “ But our tackil stood, and our bark was good,
And sue pang was our pearily prow;
When we couldna speil the brow of the wavis,
We nudlit them throu below.”

This must have been written before Mr. Hogg learned orthography,—a branch of education which we would strenuously recommend all poets to attend to; for really this whole poem is so badly spelt, that it is in some passages quite puzzling to simple people like ourselves. And yet it must have been composed when shirts had become more plenty with the Shepherd than they were at that sad time (we cannot help again recurring to it), when he says, with pleasant minuteness, and all his characteristic delicacy, that he “ made a very grotesque figure, for on quitting the shirt I could never induce my breeches to keep up to their proper sphere.”—*Life*, p. 6. Edin. 1807. This is rich, for a good shepherd that has really so much genius (and so much good nature too); but how can we expect a man to be able to spell who was so situated with respect to inner garments? However, this *Witch of Fyfe* is a very remarkable poem; and we shall get many thousands and millions who could spell like a dominie, who could not write any thing half as good.

It is no disparagement to Mr. Hogg's

genius to say, that, great as it unquestionably is, it is generally of a different and considerably inferior sort to that of Burns, with whom it is natural to bring him into comparison. Hogg's poetry is that of the imagination; Burns', of the understanding and the heart. Hogg's poetry is made for the readers of poetry only, the man of fancy and of numbers, the literary voluptuary; Burns' is emphatically made for mankind, and is equally delightful to the warm-hearted milkmaid, who sings it blithely o'er the lea, and feels every word of it as she sings, and to the man “ clad in silken state,” who has any perception of the deep emotions of nature. It is one of the wonders with which we justly regard the Ettrick Shepherd, that a man arising out of his humble condition should have so much of the quality least to be expected from one in his sphere, and so little of the very things which usually come out most prominently with the possession of talents in lower life,—that he should have so much fancy and delicacy of conception, and neither humour, sarcasm, nor passion. Hence, admired as he deserves to be, his poetry will

never be sung from mouth to mouth, from the highest to the lowest, as Burns' is. He is often delightful, but never impressive; and mankind remember and dwell over that only which impresses the mind. He has no knowledge of mankind, no keen sensibility, except to the merely beautiful and imaginative. He never sits down to write, and cannot proceed, for laughing at his own ideas; nor does he ever by any chance blot the paper before him with his tears. He is not the poet of the passion; and all poetry is poor, comparatively, that is only that of fancy and of language.

His *Queen's Wake* itself is, like every thing else he has written, too much beaten out and weakened by wordiness. Had Hogg written *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, he would have made it into three cantos. Had he had the story of *Tam o' Shanter* to tell, he would have made a volume of it, and then it would have had no pith, and fallen by its own weight. Yet our Shepherd is not entirely without power and spirit too; but his impressions are the impressions of a glaring picture exhibited for our amusement and our wonder, when we consider by whom it was produced, but which we never remember, from their want of whatever is touching, laughable, or instructive. We are fuller upon this point, because, as we have more than once hinted above, the faults of Mr. Hogg are the very faults which, in their greater aggravation, render valueless the larger

portion of the current poetry of our day. But the Shepherd is, after all, a meritorious man; and his *Jacobite Relics*, about which the *Edinburgh Review* did not do him the justice he deserves, are highly creditable to him as a public man, into which, be it never forgotten, he has raised himself by his talents alone, assisted, doubtless, by a temperament which unites well with a degree of worldly-mindedness very necessary to advancement in life, but which is not often found with high poetical character.

It may be thought that we must be a sort of crony of the Shepherd's, because we have herein been so exceedingly complimentary, although of his prose tales, which, with all their faults, give indication of no mean talent, we have not said one word. We beg to clear ourselves of any such treachery to the public; for although we have in our time been hand and glove with his literary master, the celebrated Christopher North, of whom we mean hereafter to take upon us to speak, we have positively never happened to set eyes upon the Shepherd. We confess, however, to have seen his portrait *hung up* in Allan Cunningham's little front parlour, (and of Allan, also, something anon); and truly, if the truth must be drawn from us, he is not particularly distinguishable for personal beauty, and he scorned at us from his gilt frame as *wickedly* as if we had not said a single good word of him.

ACIS AND GALATEA; OR, LOVE AND DISASTER.

A SHEPHERD lad was Acis poor—
 In all things poor but love—
 In Sicily he lived and sighed,
 And there his flock he drove.

He thinly upon berries fed,
 And fruits and acorns bare;
 But, since that he a fair one loved,
 Love was his chiefest fare.

'Twas Galatea he adored,
 And longed to make his bride;
 A pretty little wench was she,
 (An oyster-wench, beside).

This charmer whensoever he saw,
 His wits wool-gathering went;
 And, whilst he bent sheep's eyes on her,
 His sheep took their own bent.

But rivalry could not long fail
 To covet this sweet girl;
 For surely *oysters* ne'er before
 Had sent forth such a *pearl*!

There dwelt one Polypheme hard by,
 A man by nature hard;
 A grenadier he had been once,
 But now was a *black-guard*.

This grenadier had but one eye
 In all his monstrous head,
 But that indeed a piercer was,
 (Though afterwards pierced).

A sickle used to mow his beard,
 A rake to comb his hair:
 The grimmest son of a gun was he,
 This one-eyed grenadier.

He, too, had Galatea seen,
 (For they two needs must meet),
 And had knelt down above her head,
 To plead love at her feet.

But, like the fish wherein she dealt,
 She opened not her mouth,
 And only in a passion shunned
 His passion so uncouth.

'Twas not here, as in Acis' case,
 He suppliant, she pliant;
 Therefore dilate with rage he stands,
 And bigger swells the giant!

He sighed by side of *Etna's* mount,
 And flamed near *Etna's* flame,
 And swore by *Sticks* he'd Acis kill,
 Who bent him with the dame.

Now near the town, one summer's noon,
 His *Gal* young *Acis* met.
 She sat upon his limber knee,
 And chatted with her pet.

Prowling, like thief, was Polypheme
 In the meanwhile near the spot—
 Mean wile, indeed!—but then, you know,
 He liked their true love not!

They talked much—and 'mongst other things
 That *Acis* said, says he,
 "That odious ogling ogre, oh!
 May he ne'er near us be!"

Thus he did heedlessly run on,
 Till she did thus retard:—
 "Speak not so loud, love, lest you put
 The grenadier *on guard*."

Now—out, alas! and well-a-day!
 How ill a day 'did hap!
 Lo! the fierce foe from his ambush spring,
 Like a hard ball from a trap.

His sight transfixed them to the site,
 Till she, like a blood bay,
 Took fright and flight,—then *Acis*, too,
 He took and ran away.

Him Polypheme with rage pursued,
 Resolved to do him dead:
 And, hurling a huge paving-stone,
 Macadamised his head!

Her hopes thus with his head were crushed,
 And the world for her grew dark:
 Her eyes a *tide* poured, and her cheeks
 Shewed each the *eye-water* murk.

Whilst from his wound life's blood yet poured,
 She saw—what seemed a dream!
 Lo! his *poor* blood to water turned,
 And thus became a stream!

She shed an ocean of salt tears,
 (For why? she cried *a-marn*),
 And she plained unto the rocks in words
 That were not over plain.

Now, all ye who have artless hearts,
 Give *Acis* pity's cheer,
 And, for poor *Galatea's* woe,
 Give the poor gul a tear!

WHEWELL'S NOTATION OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * It was in vain to deny it; Radix was a little cracked, and he carried his doctor about him like my friend Sam Coleridge. I long had a fancy for knowing him; but for some time could not accomplish it. I met him and his medical man at last at Grignon's. It was a sultry evening last summer, and a sympathy of thirst brought us together. I found him a pleasant fellow: prosy, to be sure; but we all are prosy every now and then. I am afraid too many of us are so, both now and then.

He had practised at the bar; but a monomania had seized upon him, and he fancied that we of the nineteenth century were living in the last days prognosticated by the prophets. Many a proof he was pleased to adduce of this—the advance of the Russians—Gog and Magog—the Rev. Mr. Croly—the destruction of the Turkish empire—the blow up of the Protestant ascendancy—the projected establishment, upon the ruins of the Ottoman empire, of two kingdoms, formed from its vilest slaves, under the respective auspices of King Rothschild, of the Stock Exchange, and King Leopold, of Saxe Coburg, both sovereigns, or half sovereigns, being chosen for their weight in the money market—the unaccountable fact of the continued existence of administrations such as those which now wield the destinies of civilised Europe; administrations in which the *vigilanti stertere naso* is a powerful recommendation, so many of their members who have not risen by the sword having been promoted by the scabbard—the destruction of things which seemed to bear upon them the stamp of eternity, though they had now crumbled into dust, like a scroll of musty parchment—and farther contending, after a still more fantastic manner, that there was a principle and germ of destruction in all the splendid discoveries of contemporary genius. This, perhaps, he carried too far; for he would argue that the application of steam to the several purposes to which it has lately been directed, would, in the progress of no very long period,

first expel the horse altogether from the face of the earth, and then proceed to the thinning of the human race itself, converting ostlers, jockies, grooms, carters, and coachees, into mere matters of history, like the mammoth, behemoth, and other antediluvian animals, who disappeared before the element in its simple form.

Having heard the story of this gentleman's infirmity during the tedious half hour which preceded the Christmas dinner, I was naturally curious, if not anxious, to see some specimens of this strange distortion of the human mind:—not wishing, however, to introduce the subject overtly, I remained for long ungratified. The conversation on his part, as well as on that of his medical adviser, was rational and sprightly (there were only three of us at table), and in return for reminiscences and local information, I spoke of the commercial and of the literary capital of Europe—I told how her grace of St. Alban's was delicate and discreet as ever—and how his majesty of France was as fond of priests, and as fatal to pheasants, as he had been in his warmest youth—how Fanny Kemble was making the cockneys blubber “so feelingly and fast”—and how the accomplished Malibran was charming the ears and delighting the eyes of the Parisian *dilletanti*; when suddenly my desire was gratified by an interrogation, which yet had not the slightest appearance of what the lawyers call a leading question.

My friend asked his guest (who, by the by, was an old Cantab, and still dabbled in the abstract sciences) if he had seen the third volume of the *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*.

“Yes, sir,” replied he; “and I find in it a discovery which furnishes me with an additional argument in favour of an opinion which you have often heard me advocate.”

I was all attention—he proceeded: “A discovery, sir, has been made, which will undoubtedly effect a total revolution in the constitution of society, and bring the world nearer by

a giant-stride to its appointed fate. This discovery has been made by my friend Professor WHEWELL, of Trinity—a man whose reputation heretofore was by no means commensurate with his genius—but who now, by one mighty effort, has proved himself the Newton of the nineteenth century.

“He has discovered, sir, that the doctrines of political economy are capable of mathematical demonstration; and therefore that this science, which has hitherto been intelligible only to a few hungry *philosophers*, who were from their youth upward familiar with economy in all its forms and all its nastiness, is now accessible to the meanest mathematical capacity. And inasmuch as it will appear that the arguments of my friend, Professor Whewell, are equally applicable to all other sciences, physical and moral—and that accordingly all other sciences are equally susceptible of mathematical demonstration,—the proximate result will be the sweeping away of all those persons who subsist on the world’s ignorance, under whatsoever denomination; and the grand ultimate result will be the establishment of a universal language, and a universal religion, when the approaching dissolution of all things, long foreseen by me, will become obvious to all.”

“Now, that the idea of a universal language, which has been for years careering through Bother Gilchrist’s head like a rat through an empty garget, will be at length embodied, is quite evident; for if the learned of all countries will only agree on the decimal division of the circle (which they can not now well choose but do), and thus adopt the same notation, the mass of mankind, who are engaged in the ordinary business and duties of life, must of course follow, and the universality of the language is complete. And, again, touching the universality of religion, it is quite clear that when all those dogmas, which have hitherto been matters of faith, shall have been rendered matters of reason, the most obstinate nigger, who can be once brought to comprehend what x is, and then induced to understand and acknowledge that x is equal to the half co-efficient with its sign changed, plus and minus a quadratic radical, the square of the half co-efficient and the absolute quantity,—you understand me,—can

no longer withhold his consent to all the forms, ceremonies, doctrines, and dogmas of our religion; and thus, by the same process, must all men, from pole to pole, be rendered believers in the one great creed. But to make what I have already urged still more plain, let me refer to the words and arguments of my illustrious friend. Doctor, you have the book.”

The volume was produced.

“You will observe,” continued he, “that the professor cautiously confines himself to political economy in this paper, evidently from a wish not to startle the prejudices of the million; and in his exordium, which is a perfect specimen of professorial eloquence, he seeks to disarm hostility of its rancour by limiting himself, in the first instance, to ‘some parts of the science,’ and by declaring with the most amiable modesty;—

“‘I am aware that many may at first conceive this to be a frivolous and unprofitable kind of speculation, necessarily barren of any practical or rational results’—while he, at the same time, confirms friendship by a happy compliment to the fashionable language of that seat of learning, from which he receives, and on which he sheds, a lustre. But, passing over this, let us at once rush *in medias res*,—taking with us, however, the fact, that ‘in books upon the subject of political economy, there is often very considerable complexity of numerical calculation, and no small difficulty in determining how far this is necessary to the argument’—and that the professor can also ‘venture to say, that some books on these subjects have not escaped fallacies, arising mainly or entirely from this complexity, and from the facility of slipping in false principles in the course of such reasonings.’

“Well, then, in section 3, we read, after his having in the preceding one detected a mistake of Mr. Ricardo’s,

“‘It is clear that the proper remedy for such mistakes, into which even acute and ingenious men may be led, not knowing or not using mathematical rules, is to make all such calculations the business of a systematic process, which, from its nature, can not neglect any proper numerical considerations, or leave the accuracy of the result questionable. Such a system of calculation must, of course, borrow the elements and axioms which

are its materials, from that higher department of the science of political economy which is concerned with the moral and social principles of men's actions and relations. These materials thus received, stated in the simplest manner, must be subjected to the processes of a proper calculus, and we may thus obtain all the results to which the assumed principles lead, whatever be the complexity of their combination. And such a mode of proceeding will be of very great advantage to truth, inasmuch as it will make it inevitably necessary to separate the moral axioms and assumptions on which the theories rest, from all other matter which may tend to obscure or confound them. It will also separate entirely the two parts of the subject which it is of immense importance to keep separated, the business of proving these assumptions and that of deducing their conclusions.

" ' Much ingenuity has been shewn in reasoning downwards from assumed principles. These principles, however, are so few, in general (we do not now speak of their truth or applicability), that the task of deducing their results is almost entirely a business of the mathematical faculty, and might have been done in a few pages, by clothing them in mathematical formulae.

" ' 4. It would seem, indeed, as if the present state of science of political economy were that which peculiarly called for this rigorous and scientific form to be given to its mathematical portions. It is by some reduced to a set of principles hardly more numerous or less general than the laws of motion; and the cases to which the economical principles are applied are certainly not less complicated than the cases to which mechanical principles are applicable. Now, we can easily imagine what would have been the result if men had, without the aid of consistent mathematical calculation, attempted to make a system of mechanical philosophy. There would have been three errors difficult to avoid. They might have assumed their principles wrongly; they might have reasoned falsely from them, in consequence of the complexity of the problem; or they might have neglected the disturbing causes which interfered with the effect of the principal forces. And the making mechanics into a mathematical science supplied a remedy for all these defects. It made it necessary to state distinctly the assumptions, and these thus were open to a thorough examination; it made the reasonings almost infallible; and it gave results which could be compared with practice, so as to shew whether the problem was approximately solved or not. It appears that the sciences

of mechanics and political economy are so far analogous, that something of the same advantage may be looked for from the application of mathematics in the case of political economy.'

" Next, he proceeds to collect the six following axioms:—

" ' 1. Rent is = produce — profits.

" ' 2. Land will be cultivated if produce = or be greater than profits.

" ' 3. There is always a *limiting soil*.

" ' 4. Increase of price = diminution of supply.

" ' 5. Price = cost of production + profits.

" ' 6. Taxes do not affect the rate of profits.'

" He then lays down his notation, of which it is well to give a specimen, though all the details should be altered for each particular science.

" ' Let it be supposed that there are various qualities of soil, which we may call the 1st, 2d, 3d, *m*th, *n*th: that the quantities of each of these soils are respectively a_1, a_2, a_3, a_m, a_n acres, or units of land: that the capital employed on one acre in the different cases is respectively c_1, c_2, c_3, c_m, c_n shillings, or units of money: that the produce of one acre of each quality is respectively r_1, r_2, r_3, r_m, r_n quarters, or units of produce. Let it be supposed also, that the price of a quarter (or other unit) of corn is p shillings (units of money), and that the usual return necessary to replace a capital c , with the usual profit, is $q c$ ($q-1$ being a fraction, which expresses the rate of profit).'

" t, t_1, t_2, t_m, t_n is, in like fashion, put to represent taxes, and he then proceeds with his demonstrations.

" Now, sir, as there is no science which has not, as well as political economy, a certain number of first principles, on which all professors of the science are agreed, whether they be called dogmas, as in theology; or maxims, as in law; or axioms or lemmas, as in the abstract sciences,—and as, especially in all the moral sciences, there is an apparently irradicable taint of vagueness, it is obvious, from the example before us, in the first place, that the application of mathematical demonstration to such sciences is practicable, and, in the second place, that it would be desirable, inasmuch as in supplying the required preciseness it would overcome all difficulties, and for ever banish doubt and schism. And, gentlemen, for myself, I am quite sure

that, within a very brief period, the discovery of Professor Whewell will be applied to theology and law, and I, accordingly, propose to myself a journey to England, for the purpose of persuading him to abandon political economy to some meaner hand,—it being now-a-days considered pretty much on a par with phrenology,—and to turn his undivided attention to illustrating the doctrines of the religion for which he has indubitably good reason to consider himself an appointed instrument.

"But," said I, "do you not anticipate that great difficulties would be thrown in the way of such a sweeping innovation by the church?"

"No, sir, no," replied he: "innovation is the fashion of the day. His Grace of Wellington, Mr. Secretary Peel, and so many other powerful individuals, have themselves changed, that they are anxious to see all change around them sooner than be in want of any. The heads and respectable members of the church having once received the assurance that their revenues were to be held sacred, would, of course, forward the good work. Your Bloomfields and your Philpotts would be as tractable and as submissive to martial law as if they had been reared under the dominion of the drum-head. Besides, were it even otherwise, it would be of no avail,—every body knows them now."

"But," continued he, "laying theology aside for the present, let us observe what benefits will be effected in law by the adoption of this system; and that it will be adopted at once I have no hesitation to declare, when I consider what is likely to be the feeling of the leaders in the legal profession. With respect to the Lord Chancellor, his bias surely cannot be for a moment doubtful, since the change would at once put him on terms of equality with the counsel who plead before him, so that those hounds of low degree, Knight and Sugden for instance, who have the repute of knowing equity, could never again dare to worry his lordship. Besides, being still a learner—still under control—still in *statu pupillari*—doubtless it would be infinitely more agreeable for him to attack mathematics at once (he was at Cantab you know), than waste his time upon equity, a business and a consideration to which he is not much

accustomed. Or, let us look to the counsel learned in the law, and first to the Attorney General—the *Magnus Apollo* of the King's Bench—the Coryphæus of crown lawyers—the foremost in merit as in place. He, it is well known, has been long striving to increase the respectability of the profession by making it select—witness his late exploits at the Inner Temple! And, let me ask, what could possibly effect so much in favour of his cherished object as rendering a knowledge of mathematics necessary to the study of the law? For, verily, none then could hope to be judges unless they had been senior wranglers—none to be even briefless barristers excepting "masters of all the arts and sciences." No attorney's clerk could then sneak into the honours of the profession, nor into the profession itself; no plebeian could then presume upon his knowledge of case and precedent to flout his betters. The race, too, of those noxious animals, odious to gods and men, clerks, attorneys, pleaders, and conveyancers, would become extinct; and the 'law's delay' would cease to be proverbial, and even Lord Eldon would be denied the privilege of doubting. The mathematicians would fix a limit to all series, and allow no problem to be indeterminate.

"The dignity of the courts also would be placed upon a much more stable footing; there would then be nothing of that unseemly bickering between judge and counsel, and counsel and witness, which is now but too frequent; all would be stately and solemn as the Areopagus; the judge would be some experienced examiner from Cambridge, perhaps George Peacock; the counsel distinguished dons and learned professors; the testimony of the witness, if he happened to be ignorant of mathematical language, (a circumstance necessarily of rare occurrence from the number of mechanics' institutes and pauper colleges), would be translated into the same by the leading counsel, and handed with the annotations and corrections of his lordship to the jury, twelve enlightened graduates of the London University,—perhaps even wooden spoons from Cam herself,—and the verdict, after having been duly considered, would be given in a form and fashion which should satisfy all, even him who had lost his suit, or him who had been

devoted to the promotion of science by being condemned to oscillate in a cycloidal arc.

"And, gentlemen, I wish you also to observe, how favourable is the present time for such an alteration. The race of orators has altogether passed away; the only man at the bar who can speak is Brougham—and his love of science has ever predominated over his love of talk. As for Sir James Scarlett, he has always preferred signs to words in his addresses to juries, being most expert in nods and winks, and shrugs and coughs and spits, and such other *lubricas artes*; whereas he is (and he feels he is) lamentably deficient in rhetoric and English. The change, therefore, to him would be a relief, and even a blessing, since, amongst other incalculable advantages, it would increase his practice, and afford him a still wider field for the display of that urbanity and good nature for which he is so celebrated, and would likewise more effectually enable him, with his accustomed liberality and benign feeling, to extend a hand to the rising barrister; for then even the most surly of his clients could not tax his kind disposition with patronising an untried man, because mathematical knowledge being rendered synonymous with legal, want of opportunity, the prime curse of the profession, would be removed; and the man who had taken honours at Cambridge might from the first be recommended to emoluments at Westminster.

"And now to approach the practicability and advisableness of that change, let us, in the first place, contemplate the state of the science to which it is proposed to be applied. And can any thing well be worse? Is there any other subject of human study so utterly in want of preciseness and simplification!—(I speak feelingly upon the matter, gentlemen)—Must not a man wade through whole libraries, the pith of which might be embodied in half a dozen formulæ? And, after all, is he not qualified, most truly, to exclaim with the philosopher of old, 'All that I know is that I know nothing?' And, farther, if we would only consent to consider the question calmly, is there any science whereof we have ever heard or read more susceptible of mathematical demonstration? for have not its very professors been obliged to adopt, to a certain extent,

a barbarous notation of their own? Are not A and B of frequent occurrence in law arguments and law books? and do not *d*, and *p*, and *c*, stand forth in every page? and are not their fictions, and their John Does and Richard Roes, in fact, but clumsy modifications of the *x*, *y*, and *z*, of a pure notation? And are not the three symbols £. s. d. the guiding stars of all the profession?"

He said much more upon the subject, I believe; but when he had got so far I fell asleep, and therefore cannot be answerable for the remainder. I certainly most cordially join with my mathematical friend in the hope that Mr. Hume, or Mr. Baring, or some other arithmetical member of the House of Commons, would bring in a bill for having the budget, and all descriptions of public accounts, produced in such a form, that they might be at once submitted to the test of a mathematical calculus. I also concurred with him in the opinion, that Professor Whewell might truly exclaim,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"

although the honour of the original discovery can not be fairly challenged by him. Thomas Steele, Esq. gave to the world a quadratic equation, the result of which was Catholic Emancipation, long before the third volume of the *Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society* was published. This, resting on a simple assertion, may be perhaps doubted; but it is a fact, that the chief symbols used in the equation are merely U for Catholic union, F for Catholic force, C for Connell, the lawyer; while there is neither A for Arthur, *b* for bribery, *t* for tyranny, nor *r* for rattery, to be seen. But neither does the imperishable glory of the discovery rest with Mr. Steele. No; the first illustrious individual who thought of applying mathematical demonstrations to expounding the doctrines of a moral science was an ancestor of this Professor Whewell—one who shared the unhappy fortunes common to the great benefactors of mankind; for he was deprived of his fellowship as a person of unsound mind, and held up to ridicule as a dull pedant, under the name of Professor Jolter, in a ribald publication called *Peregrine Pickle*, though, in truth, he was not a whit more mad, or dull, or pedantic,

than Professor Whewell, his descendant. First discoveries, however, have been almost always fatal to those who made them. Perillus perished in his bull; and the inventor of the guillotine, it is said, was shortened by his own discovery. Lord Morton was decapitated by his maiden; and Deacon Brodie hanged upon his own gallows. Thinking of such things, we often fear that Sir Peter Laurie's improvements on gallows' machinery may be of bad event. In like manner,

Jolter, the great Whewell's ancestor, made a great discovery, and was ruined by it. If, however, there be any connexion between the material and immaterial worlds, his wounded spirit must now rejoice in the knowledge that the glory and advantages of this discovery have remained in his family, and that the remotest posterity will continue the exclamation that now bursts from many a lip—

Honour to Whewell !

THE FLOWER OF ANNISLEY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

1.

O is she gone? O is she gone
From love, from duty, and from me—
The fairest flower the sun shone on,
The lovely maid of Annisley?
Thou lonely mourner, tell to me
Whose was the name thou mentioned'st now,
With tear drops trickling to thy knee,
And scathe of sorrow on thy brow?

2.

Is Ellen's fair and comely mould
The inmate of the darkling worm?
And does the gravel couch infold
The mildest, comeliest, earthly form?
Yes—here she sleeps in loneliness!
She faded with her virgin fame;
And now her votaries, numberless,
Shun even the mention of her name.

3.

She who gave brilliance to the hall
And added lightness to the day,—
The meteor of the waterfall,
The seraph of the sylvan lay,—
Though pure as mortal thing could be,
The idol of the adoring throng,
Emblem of glory's fallacy,
Fell by the shafts of deadly wrong.

4.

'Twas Envy poisoned first the dart,
And Malice winged it from her bow,
And deeply was the weetless heart
Pierced by the sure and secret blow;
She trembled, wept, and looked to heaven;
The die was cast; relief was none!
Then shunned, unpitied, unforgiven,
Ellen was left to die alone!

5.

As ever you saw the young rose tossed,
Or apple blossom from the tree,
By tempest or untimely frost,
So fell the flower of Annisley !
And never was green leaf on the path,
Or fallen blossom in the clay,
Trode down the careless foot beneath
As was the marvel of her day.

6.

O, virgin beauty ! thou art sweet !
Sweet to the soul and to the eye !
Thy blush, that comes on fairy feet,
The mirror of the morning sky ;
Thy smile of mildness and of love ;
The aspirations of thy will
To mercy—well approved above
By one who owns thy nature still ;—

7.

All, all bespeak thee Nature's flower.
But O, what snares are laid for thee !
As is thy virtue's lordly power
So is thy danger in degree ;
And when, in bounding gaiety,
Thou walk'st the brink of fear and fever,
One step aside—and wo is me !
Thou fall'st, to rise no more, for ever.

8.

When doors of mercy fold below,
Turn thou thy spirit's eyes away
To where unnumbered glories glow
In home beyond the solar ray ;
But for the flower of Annisley,
While life warms this old breast of mine
I'll yearly pour, regretfully,
The hymn of sorrow o'er her shrine.

MOUNT-BENGER, *March 28, 1830.*

SCENE IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

SKETCHES OF DR. M—, A— OF , AND DR. E—, B—

(SCENE—Trinity College, Dublin.)

SUPPOSE it Saturday morning—the board day—on which the senior fellows review the offences, punishments, and other academical business^f of the week. Figure to yourself, entering by the grand archway from College Green into the first square, a man small in stature, but grand in person—that grandeur of carriage and expression which belongs to the gamecock—with a delta hat, powdered curls, dark frock buttoned high, boots half dragon half clerical,—whip in hand, having himself driven his family into town from his country house in a one-horse vehicle called a jaunting-car. He calls “porter!” in a voice of authority. A crowd of porters, in their blue frocks and black caps, are instantly at his heels. A party of ladies, escorted by a junior fellow or graduate student, cross his path, and he salutes them with the air of a courtier. He passes to his chambers, and soon re-appears in his academic dress, on his way to the board. The gibs (freshmen) salute him *nude capite*; one, however, in a shining new fellow-commoner’s gown, passes him without a salute. “What is your standing, sir?” “I entered last Tuesday.” “Oh!” rejoins the Doctor, “puppies do not open their eyes till they are nine days old.” An “irregular” goes up to him to mention “an unpleasant business” against him at the board. The great personage salutes him familiarly, and makes rather light of the matter. Another student now approaches him with more reserve, and is received with more studied civility. It is a Catholic, who wants chambers and apprehends prejudice. “I shall urge with great pleasure your claims of standing, conduct, and talents.” A third student, who is called before the board, perhaps for emancipating the Catholics under colour of discussing abstract toleration,—or for advocating republicanism and vindicating the dagger of Brutus, in a speech, on the pre-

ceding ^fWednesday, in the historical society,—goes up to the Doctor, as he is just entering the gallery leading to the board-room. He is received still more familiarly. They talk for a moment with an air of earnestness and confidence, and both disappear. The culprit, to all appearance, goes in under the special protection of the Doctor.

Who is this popular and powerful idol of the university, to whom the Catholic resorts as the most liberal—with whom the reprobate in breach of discipline, dissipation, politics, is sure to find favour, if his irregularities be redeemed by the shew or promise of talent, and have in them nothing false or base?—It is the “intolerant,” “illiberal,” “unpopular” Doctor Magee, Archbishop of Dublin.

How singular, it will be said, this change! It is easily accounted for by his peculiar character. I never knew a man more formed to obtain the ascendant called popularity over both intellect and imagination by his talents and accomplishments and personal qualities, or whose tenure of it was more precarious, from the peculiarities of his character. His lectures in divinity and mathematics were invaluable for the force, clearness, and precision which they exemplified and required. Wo to the student who went to lecture unprepared, or even dull, if he was not insensible to epigram and antithesis. These lectures in the university of Dublin are, it should be mentioned, by question and answer. His fellowship examination was a splendid periodical performance in the university. During his two hours, the Hall (the examination being public) was crowded with persons of rank, learning, and reputation. He appeared with no written list of questions—not a single note to refer to—and examined not only with perfect readiness, but perfect correctness of Latinity,—a rare occurrence in other universities as well as that of Dublin.* Inferior, perhaps,

* “*Cape punctum sine circulo*” has been mentioned as a specimen of Cambridge Latinity.

somewhat in vigour of dialectics to Plunkett, his early and most confidential friend, he has more copiousness and grace of diction, more flexibility and finish of manner, with an unrivalled command and promptitude in the use of those sharp and perilous weapons, sarcasm and antithesis. I have seen many popular assemblies, and heard some celebrated orators, without ever witnessing the power of oratory so supreme as in the instance I am going to mention.

It was an ancient usage of Trinity College, Dublin, that the students should have an unlimited supply of wine on Trinity Sunday. This deep and hurried potation was the prelude to their rushing into the streets in a body to give battle to all the disorderly people of the town, already prepared (the warfare being periodical) to receive them. At last it was resolved to put an end to this abuse. The students, ready to sally forth, heated with wine, and eager, from a certain *esprit de corps*, for the combat, suddenly found themselves prisoners within the walls. They broke out into the most outrageous insubordination. It was a moment of real and well-founded terror to the heads of the university, and they did not dare to shew themselves. After a few minutes, Doctor M— appeared, in his academic dress, and advanced towards the mutineers with a frank and resolute countenance—his cap in his hand, to command attention. "Gentlemen, I wish to address you." Tumultuous and discordant clamour instantly followed. "Gentlemen, follow me to the historical society room." The place consecrated to oratory waked a train of popular associations in the riotous assemblage, and they attend with shouts of applause. He takes the president's chair, and harangues them with so much art and power, that they separate with cheers, and present him with a complimentary address the next day.

Had fate made him a demagogue, he would have been unrivalled; but, as I have said, his tenure of popularity would be most frail. With all the powers to captivate and control, both of a courtier and a demagogue, but wanting some requisites common to both characters, he could not succeed long in either. If he disliked a man, he could not conceal it for his life; and his love of point and sarcasm

make him sometimes appear a vindictive and ungenerous enemy. It was by his love of antithesis in style, and not by pride or intolerance, that he provoked the disproportionate resentment of the Irish Catholics; but his excitable and uncompromising spirit knew how to meet attack only with aggravation and defiance. As he is an open unsparing enemy, so also is he a most implicit unshrinking friend. In short, I would apply to him what Shakespeare says of Wolsey—that he is

"Lofty and sour to them that loved him
not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet
as summer."

The leading peculiarity of his character, and the most disastrous to himself, is this:—His talents are brilliant, his ambition boundless, but both are impeded by his being too much and too constantly the man of study and art. It is only in some moment of fortunate oblivion that he is simple, spontaneous, and himself. He is ever thinking and acting, not as an individual, but as a personage. This succeeded at the university, from certain aptitudes and congruities there. It was in abeyance whilst he was Dean of Cork, which was to him a descent, and even while he was a simple Irish bishop; but when he became Archbishop of Dublin, all Ireland could not contain him. I have met him occasionally since his elevation. He sometimes abandons himself freely *tête-à-tête* where he has any personal confidence and kindness, and then his manner is frank and engaging, his eloquence captivating. But in a circle, again, he becomes the personage—calculating his expressions, his attitudes, and his position, for theatrical effect, with the jealous care of a tragedian at the rehearsal of a new play in which he is the hero. I have been tempted sometimes to tell him plainly that he was doing an act of the most glaring injustice, in sacrificing Doctor Magee to the Archbishop of Dublin, the former being immeasurably superior to the latter.

What will be his fate in the House of Lords, now that his turn is come? A great success or a signal failure. If he takes a just measure of the British peerage and of the Archbishop of Dublin—if he regards personal and party feuds dispassionately and from an eminence—if his own private enmities and provoca-

SPECIMENS OF IRISH MINSTRELSY.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

No. II.—ROCKITE SONGS.

IN the years 1820 and 1821, numerous ballads of a rebellious character were circulated in the south of Ireland, some of which will be given to the reader in a future Number. They all predicted the separation of Ireland from England as a country in the present year (1830), and preceded the depredations of Captain Rock. When the short-lived insurrection of 1821-22 was put down, several songs, in Irish and English, made their appearance, dissuading the people from lawless proceedings, the style of which the following will illustrate.

CON RYAN'S REMONSTRANCE.

The copy from which I have made the following translation was obtained at Kilmallock, in the spring of last year, from "a poor scholar" named Casey. He said, that this song "was composed, about eight years before, by one Mister Cornelius Ryan, of the county Clare, a great Ireeshian (Irish scholar), and as fine a Latinist as any in the kingdom of Kerry, after being asked to become one of Captain Rock's boys;" and he added, that its effect was very extraordinary in preserving an extensive district from midnight outrage, as "Con Ryan's Remonstrance," wherever it was sung, was sure to be listened to with attention, and to carry with it a conviction which probably no other species of appeal could have effected.

I have three or four other songs, or rather hymns, attributed to this Ryan, which do not appear to be worth translating. One is "In praise of the Virgin Mary;" another, of some length, is a catalogue of St. Patrick's miracles, &c.

A loose and ill-executed prose translation of the following song occurs among some papers which I received from Mr. O'Brien, the member for Clare, in the writing of that gentleman. It is headed by him, evidently in a very hurried manner, "A Song which he composed when he was asked to join the rebels."

My boys!—the work you've done,
And what you now are doing,
Though you may call it fun,
Will prove your utter ruin;
For ruin sevenfold
Impends o'er you, in slaughter,—
In hunger, thirst, and cold,—
In storm, and fire, and water.

My boys!—I see you now
In iron fetters bolted;
And hear you break your vow
As on the car you're jolted.
False hearts! 'tis thus with you,
'Tis thus you're bound together
Each to his friend, untrue
With every change of weather.

My boys!—it is the way
Of those who dash in treason,
Their fellows to betray
When they've their own good reason.
If oaths are held as straws,
And made but to be broken,
Your future acts and laws
Are words in jesting spoken.

My boys !—the case is yours,
 And it is full of sorrow.
 Beware of empty lures
 Which you'll repent to-morrow ;
 For 'tis no lucky trade
 To turn a midnight ranger,
 And be a partner made
 In deeds of fear and danger.

My boys !—such are your deeds,
 Your cutting down of fences,
 Upturning planted seeds,
 Like men who have no senses !
 Where's he who leads you on
 Before the dawn of morning ?
 Straight to the justice gone,
 To give the soldiers warning.

My boys !—your courses change,
 And follow Christ your master ;
 May he your hearts estrange
 From evil, through your pastor.
 Be as the men of old,
 In truth and grace believers :
 In *this* good cause be bold,
 And cease to be deceivers.

My boys !—there is a place
 That unto you is given,
 Th' inheritance of grace,
 The kingdom fair of Heaven.
 I ask you for your choice—
 Which kingdom ?—would you rather
 Rule here, and ne'er rejoice
 With your eternal Father ?

My boys !—attend the call—
 Too long you've been delaying—
 Since Adam's sad downfall
 All souls in sin were straying :
 Till he, our blessed Lord,
 With mercy ever teeming,
 The fallen wretch restored,
 And died for our redeeming.

My boys !—that deathless deed
 To each believing nation
 Of Adam's sinful seed
 Produced at once salvation.
 But you must all repent
 And turn away from evil,
 Tend chapel, and keep Lent,
 Nor listen to the devil.

My boys !—the devil tells
 You to forswear each other ;
 And thus each man he sells,
 As once he sold our Mother.
 When the last trump shall swell
 And rouse the dead to action,
 To him a brim-full hell
 Would give much satisfaction.

Then he rose with a look most severe,
 And, lifting his crosier just o'er his head,
 To his sons thus he spoke in despair,
 (Who all stood with reverence before him):
 "Is it thus my protection you claim?
 Cease your strife, one and all in a minute;
 Hibernians and Christians—for avenge!
 My Ireland?—O no! I'll disown it,
 For my shamrock with blood you have stained."

O! I thought how my heart it would break,
 As, frowning, he said to their leaders—
 "An example of you here I'll make;
 Of my peace you have been the invaders;
 So I'll banish you all from this land,
 Like reptiles of old, who did harm in't,
 Begone!" said he, waving his hand,
 "Get out of my sight, O ye varmint;
 My sweet soil never more shall ye tread."
 Then relaxing with pity his heart,
 "O, my sons!" said he, "go, with my blessing;
 Every man to his cabin depart,
 No longer your Saint thus distressing.
 And give over these foul bloody deeds;
 Be honest—be sober—be quiet;
 For the heart of old Ireland it bleeds
 To see her sons murder and riot."
 Saying this, the Saint vanished away.

THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.

THESE are unpretending volumes; and in these days of cant and humbug,—of fraud, folly, and foppery,—of idle words, vast pretensions, no sense, and latent hollowness,—of Robert Montgomeryism, Lytton Bulwerism, Colburn and Bentleyism, and Jeremy Benthamism;—in these days, we repeat, in which Tom Gent passes for a thin gentleman and a poet, Thomas Campbell for a Greek scholar, old Francis Burdett for a consistent patriot, Thomas Babington Macaulay for an enemy to quacks,† and James Mackintosh for an historian,—a modesty is something so unlooked for, and so novel, that its approach should be hailed with joy, and itself receive our warmest patronage. We feel that the world of every-day literature cannot

wag on as it has been wont to wag for some time past; we think better of our common sense than to suppose it will allow itself to be everlastingly led by prejudice, ignorance, and absurdity,—that it will suffer its eyes to be for ever hoodwinked, its ears to be eternally deafened by the Pelhamites, and the Sydenhamites, and the Exclusiveites, and the other small fry in the pay of Mr. Henry Colburn, and now composing the tag-rag-and-bobtail club, headed by Thomas Campbell, the bard of Hope, and Cyrus Reading, his deputy article-monger, and attending the morning levees of Mr. Richard Bentley, who (as he styles himself) is the first publisher in London, turning up his nose in utter contempt at "such small gear" as the Murrays, the Longmans,

* The Dominie's Legacy; by the author of The Sectarian. 3 vols. London. William Kidd. 1830.

† This modest youth, in his address to his constituents at Calne, called Dr. Southey and Mr. Sadler the two great quacks of the day. Very modest, indeed, for the sucking politician!

"I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

the Hursts, and the Baldwins, and receives daily the before-mentioned bowing, cringing, fawning, slaving, levees in his chamber of audience, being himself unkempt, unshorn, and decently attired in his night-gown and slippers. This is as it should be—every Mezenas should have his chamber of audience and his matutinal levees. And as kind hearts with kind, it is equally right and proper that Mr. Richard Bentley should have an audience of the character we have described—verily the bibliophile is worthy of his authors, and, to use the nervous phraseology of Billy Lackaday, *vice versa*. Mister Henry Colburn, however, continued to put money into his pouch (and very fast he keeps it there), and Mr. Richard Bentley means to do so likewise. On this he may safely calculate—reasoning, as he does, on the principle that there are more fools than wise people in the world—and that, even if half his trash were to be sent to the candle and snuff-shops, the other half would most certainly find a sufficiently ample market, for the odds are in favour of the gullableness of fools. The secret of success is involved in the right use of one grand, cabalistic word—PUFF; ay—PUFF—PUFF—PUFF. And as Gnatho gave his name to one sect, and Tartuffe to another; as pickpockets are known after their *maximus Alcides* Barrington, and philosophising jack-asses and howling materialists after their molten moon-calf of worship, old Jerry Ben-tham; so literary puffers and trumpeting booksellers should form themselves into a special guild, and choose Henry Colburn for their head—for he it is who has not only invented, but brought the present art and mystery of puff manufacture to its existing condition and consistence. Does he not keep clerks and writers whose exclusive employ is, as he says, “solely to look after the papers and advertisements?” And does not the little man boast of being able to stuff his inconceivable trash down the reluctant maws of the public in spite of magazines and newspapers and critics? This achievement is of easy execution for the manly shoulders of Henry Colburn. He is proprietor of the *Court Journal*, of the *New Monthly Magazine*, of the *Naval and Military Magazine*, and of the *Sunday Times*—he has a share in the *Literary Gazette*, therefore a negative, though by no means a posi-

tive voice (honest Mr. Jerdan is too honest, and independent a fellow to allow of that) in the management of that journal—and every newspaper opens its columns for the puffs and eulogies of the clean-handed gentleman, save only the *Times* and *Morning Herald*. Having so wide a field for the display of his self-commendation, no wonder that there should be ample business for the scribbling fingers of all the clerks whom he keeps for the purpose of puff distillation and concoction. The higher circles in London are not aware of the existence of such intricate and hidden machinery—they only see the effect in the columns of the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Age*, or the *John Bull*; and, trusting to the truth of public statements, which in reality, are nothing but lying and hypocrisy, they send for the book to the circulating librarian. This obsequious gentleman, in his turn, tells less considerable swallows of the Colburnian jejune, unknéaded trash, that such and such first-rate fashionables have sought the perusal of such and such volumes; and thus do the manipulated dainties of Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley obtain readers, and meet with an extensive circulation.—Well, and what of all this, it may be asked of us? We answer, we are well contented—whatever is, is right.—*Esto perpetua*—let humbug flourish!

If the public, however, would reflect for one moment, they would at once see the very fallacious, absurd principles on which the Colburn and Bentley school of novel-writing has been based. As to the emanations from Mr. Horace Smith, or from Mr. James, the author of *Richelieu*, they are but weak, small, treble notes, caught from the other side of the Tweed, and piped, with laughter-moving and contemptible effect, forth from their own small, hedge-sparrow bills. Does the former gentleman remember the immense labouring which, some time since, he received over his own fair and broad shoulders from the hands of the *Quarterly Review*? and, in spite of such chastisement, will he continue to hold on the even tenour of his way in his rugged and toilsome road of novel gleaning? Will the man sell his honest fame, barter his reputation for common sense, and deliberately, and with inward satisfaction, write himself down an ass, for

the alluring gold of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley? Alas! it is too true; and the words of the worthy Mantuan are prophetic for all time—

“Quid non mortalia pectora coges
Auri sacra fames?”

Setting aside, however, the Colburno-historical branch of novel manufacture, there remain the novels of manners. And of all the systems of humbug that we ever heard of, this entirely beats every thing, and deservedly sets the mighty name of Henry Colburn alongside of Dr. Eady's. All hail to the mighty twiss! *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt*, &c., which, as the man of New Burlington-street does not understand Latin, means to say, Thou shalt live for ever, as Prince Paramount of Puffers and Quacks.

The higher classes of society are made the staple of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley's novels of manners, and their private acts and modes of life are the subjects of description in those elegant truth denouncing volumes. Now this must be either to satisfy a laudable curiosity, and therefore serve a good purpose, or else it must have an opposite tendency, because it does not effect the first object—for every human act *must* either be for good or for evil—inasmuch as, constituted as man is, it is impossible that he can remain for one hour stationary, as far as his moral nature is concerned. No benefit can follow the publication of such novels; and if we can establish this proposition, the negative of the laudableness of curiosity will follow as a necessary corollary.

Improvement, we take it, can only be attained by men from examples not only striking, but separated and apart from themselves. If you wish to hold up a lesson to a nobleman, who is a gambler, for instance, it will not be sufficient to point out as an example another nobleman of his own rank and circle in society, because the lesson loses its force by too close an approximation, by which circumstance a complete and fixed inspection is prevented; as, by that too intimate knowledge which the one has of the other, he is enabled to shift all blame from himself, and fix the *onus criminis* upon his delinquent companion, in consequence of discovering, by subtle exercise of casuistry, some remarkable difference between

the two cases, by which he to his self-satisfaction sufficiently proves, that he is entirely or *quasi* innocent, and his neighbour unreservedly guilty. Improvement, therefore, to society must be effected by strongly contrasting one class with another. But in the novels of manners in question there is one unvaried, eternal harping on high society—one and the same unvarnished routine of frivolity, folly, and nonsense. Curiosity is not laudably employed where there is no good, healing, saving lesson to be learned. This must soon become obvious from a consideration of the constitution and the principles of that society—for all therein is artifice and deceit. In high and fashionable classes there is no distinction between one country and another. Take two lumps of marble from the quarry, and there is an obvious difference in their respective sizes and forms; but put them into the hands of a workman, and let him cut them into exact cubes, and give them an equal polish, and what eye shall distinguish one from the other? It is the same with man between his rude or lowly state of moral excellence, and his high condition of refinement. The courts of all civilised princes are alike; the manners of all aristocracies are uniform; in the lower grades of society only are shades and distinctions made visible. What idea will the view of a blank brick-wall afford? But a painting, however rude, and however contrary to the rules of art, will nevertheless leave some scope for the play of imagination. It is with high and fashionable society here, and every where else, as it is with female fashions in France,—all is shaped according to the lines of a dull, unsubdued uniformity. The thoughts, feelings, habits, mode of life, movements of all fashionable circles, are actuated and guided by certain fixed, invariable principles. Every thing with them is artificial and conventional; added to which, let it not be forgotten, that the more the mind is cultivated, the more the passions are held in control—the more all violence of feeling is kept in subjection to a supposititious necessity. It is far otherwise with the lower orders of society; there all is openness and nature, because the mind is untutored, and the conduct inartificial and unsubdued. Feelings, impulses, passions, all have a purer and more direct action.

There, then, is the proper field for the investigation of curiosity, and thence most surely can the mind draw forth, as from a perennial fountain, the never-failing, ever-efficacious draught of true instruction. Thus, then, inasmuch as the last consummation is the object of search, "novels, descriptive of high life," are entirely valueless.

Our next position will, in our opinion, be a startler; but yet, we hope, that our fashionable readers will not faint away from pure despair; for verily they have their reward in the pleasures of the world. It is, that no writer of fashionable novels can be, by constitution, a philosopher. But let us be rightly understood. We do not mean, that there is any philosophy in fashionable life—God forbid! for how should there be luxuriance where, by over-cultivation and absolute exhaustion, there reigns an indomitable sterility; or where the hand of the cultivator having spared his toil, there is a stagnation of the circulating essence of life, a corruption of matter, and a generation of *malaria*, the inhaling of which is the suction of subtle poison. All principles in fashionable life, wherever a wholesome philosophy might be established, are either choked up from want of moisture, or have run to riot, or have become roots of deadly power, from their deadly source of existence. Philosophy predicates a free canvassing of opinions; for, unless opinions and principles are thoroughly sifted, and a right reason thus attained, truth can in nowise be proven to be truth. In fashionable life we see no such canvassing, or, as it were, tacking about, and transverse sailing, on the open sea of discussion; for in that sea there are currents, unchangeably driving in one direction, and setting at defiance all power of helm and compass. A writer of fashionable novels becomes by his very profession an emasculated person in point of intellect. He may have acuteness; but of what avail is acuteness to seize hold of even the richest subject, unless there be also the intellectual power to apply his subject to purposes of utility? Is the keenest eye and the swiftest foot of service to the stag-hound, if, after the antlered beast be overtaken in the course, the pursuer have not the requisite strength to seize hold of his victim by the haunches, and tear him to the ground? Wit is a puny, harmless weapon, unless wielded by power-

ful thought and manly intellect. As an instance of this, look at poor feeble Sheridan and Anacreon Moore. Speak of them before company, and what are the first ideas in regard to them started in the minds of your listeners? Why, that one was a drunkard, and the other was the obscene author of Tom Little's poems. Scarcely any one in the present day mentions their wit. But speak of Rabelais or Swift, and we have immediately pictured to our mental vision men of exhaustless wit and invulnerable power, who went abroad in the spirit of the son of Alcmena to wage eternal war with sciolism, pretension, and humbug; and who, in every encounter, came forth as conquerors.

It is in the nature of a too free intercourse with high society to destroy the energies of the mind. And as in the affairs, so also in the intellect, of men, there is a tide,

"Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

When a man once falls from his intellectual altitude, his situation is irretrievable. When a vigorous mind once becomes unstrung, and given to the weak and sybarite indulgences of pleasure, or fashionable relaxations, all chance of a return of vigour is hopeless. The draught of the "light frivolity of fashion" is like the "orient liquor" of Milton's necromancer, which, given by him to thoughtless wanderers,

"To quench the drowth of Phœbus,
which, as they taste,

(For most do taste through fond
intemperate thirst,)

Soon as the potion works, their human
countenance,

Th' express resemblance of the gods,
is changed

Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded
goat."

Man cannot serve God and Mammon. It is denied him to be a labourer in the field of fashion and the field of intellect. He must make his election; and, having done so, must abide by his choice. A young man who of late has been thrice lauded to the skies,—who has in the same week received the praise of every newspaper in the metropolis, from the *Literary Gazette* of Mr. Jordan, to the *Sunday Examiner* of Mr. Fonblanque, is a woful instance of what we have here said; the gen-

tleman's name is Mr. Lytton Bulwer. The voice of criticism has never more lamentably followed—a very slave in the wake of the voice of fashion—than in this lamentable instance. That *Pelham* is full of light pleasant writing is undeniable, and that the success of the work should have corresponded with this our admission, we are ready to grant; but as that was the first of Mr. Bulwer's works, so was it the best. And this for an obvious reason. The gentleman has not a mind to grapple and identify himself with such historical characters as are to be found in his *Devereux*. In *Pelham* there is acuteness, power to describe certain characters graphically enough,* and there is a manifestation of learning and classical lore, which, after a little attention, turns out to be a mere imposition on the cursory eye, and to possess few claims to solidity. Mr. Bulwer's numerous Latin and other phrases in *Pelham* may be achieved by any seven out of ten boys who have been accustomed to cap verses at college. Then there is also a shew of philosophy, and an intimate acquaintance with the mental movements and the active principles of men. And this French polish absolutely deceived the Sunday Examiner, although we know not (and we really speak this in all sincerity) a cleverer person, or a more cutting and powerful writer, in his own way, than Mr. Fonblanque. We have looked into *Pelham*, and most assuredly its pages do not give evidence of any great insight into human character. Many aphorisms are undoubtedly set forth in the novel; but we are ready to prove, that these have been, in times bygone, also set forth, and are still extant, in Rochefoucault's *Book of Maxims* and Colton's *Lacon*. As to the being able duly to appreciate the character of persons of high rank, that, in reality, is a task of no great difficulty, inasmuch as we have already shewn, that the aristocracy has less of idiosyncratic difference than the middle and lower ranks; and as those who make themselves most remarkable amongst the first-named class are distinguishable for peculiarity of whim, caprice, and folly, it is surely an every-day matter to expose a portraiture of such flimsy personages as they give ample enough evidence of being. No real and lasting instruction can possibly be drawn from such lessons, which turn out to be *vox et preterea nihil*; for scarcely one man is

alive to his own weaknesses, or follies, or faults, though ready enough to recognise all these in his neighbour; and, consequently, if there be any moral in such novels, it is rendered null and void, failing, as it does, in application.

Molière was thrice blessed in the period in which he lived: his age was rich in comic character. Society in France was in the act of casting aside its old institutions, and had not yet gained new ones; the order of things was variegated in the extreme, offering the richest possible variety of colours to every observer. All Molière's characters, therefore, had an actual and ascertained existence amongst men. The same observations may be made, though in fainter terms, of Congreve; but with Shakespeare, it is observable, that all his principal comic personages are ideal. The true fountain of comic inspiration has long since been dried up in England, and will continue so until the cursed and Typhonian influence of Utilitarianism shall upset and destroy all existing institutions, and society should begin again, as it were, "*ab ovo*." In America will be for the next century the fair and ample field for comedy. With us there remains only two ways of giving a comic representation; either as a character composed of elements too rich to be natural, like Falstaff; or as a representation in the manner of Hogarth, when every covering being torn from the limbs of vice, it stands forth in its naked, wild deformity, writhing under the lash of popular indignation, and black and blasted as a thing "red hot from hell." To accomplish either the one or the other requires powers infinitely greater than those possessed by Mr. Lytton Bulwer. The writer must be fully aware of every cause of excitement incidental to the mind of man, of every adumbration of passion, of every ramification of feeling, of every distinction in conduct by which men are separated as a class from the beasts of the field, and as individuals from one another. All this Mr. Bulwer is, by education, by associations and habits of life, incapable of accomplishing; and he may continue writing his scenes of comic life to the end of his days—he will only be demonstrating in his many successive efforts his more confirmed awkwardness, and his utter incompetency to be what he has so ambitiously attempted to attain,—the mighty

magister morum of society, the Juvenal and Satirist Flagellant of the age which has witnessed his grand advent, and been honoured by the existence of so remarkable an individual as himself.

The fact is, Mr. Lytton Bulwer has aimed at what is not only beyond his own strength, but beyond the strength of any twelve men in these degenerate days. He has attempted high tragedy in one country, and low comedy in another; to give true and psychological descriptions of some of the most remarkable men of the most remarkable period of English history; to portray not only the highest characters, but the lowest grades in the social order; to display not only the point and severity of Gallic persiflage, but the graces of the English scholar, the depth of the politician, the loftiness of the poet, and the unmeaning frivolity of the man of fashion. No wonder, then, that he has failed, and that miserably.

Mr. Bulwer belongs to the higher classes of the social order in England; and having from some of the principals of that set received praises which have been echoed by men of smaller dimensions, Mr. Bulwer stands confirmed in the public estimation as a first-rate novelist. What kind of judges we consider the individuals so judging, may have been gleaned from our previous observations. In one word, then, they are too well pleased to have one of their own order to write a book of any sort. Lord Francis Levison Gower is one most lamentable instance in poetry, Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer another in prose. One gentleman has written a translation of *Faust*; the other, *Falkland*, *Pelham*, *the Disowned*, and *Devereux*. The nobleman's translation has not one line of the original of the old poet of Wiemar; and he surely has produced that for which a schoolboy ought to have a good thick cane broken over his back: the commoner has given to the world weak milk-and-water novels, which have been praised by inadequate judges, whilst he has himself gained a celebrity which he can never uphold. There has been in each of his succeeding works a miserable falling off, the fund of observation has been exhausted, and he has not wherewithal to keep up the supply of the creating *matériel*. If we are mistaken in this, or in any part of the matter of novel-writing, let Mr. Lytton Bulwer shew us that we are so: he has the full power in his own hands,

and we assure him of that which will surprise him,—we are open to conviction. For him, or for his advocates, or for the advocates of the present school of novel manufacture and incident distillation, lie open, we are assured, the pages of Mr. Thomas Campbell's and Mr. Henry Colburn's magazine; and if these are favoured with their lucubrations, we will give them our deepest consideration, and promise to make a full, fair, and manly reply. If this should not be the case, which we are most anxious should be, nothing remains for us but to give a further and more complete, and therefore more satisfactory, elucidation of the principles which we have here, for the first time, laid open; and at the same time to adduce further arguments and objections against the system which we have been at some pains to reprehend, whenever Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer will favour the "world agog" with his forthcoming novel of *Beau Clifford*.

Certainly it is time that he should do something for his earthly fame, since the "two years which he purposed devoting to solitude and study" are passed, and he has well thumbed the "folios" with which he was there surrounded. (*Pelham*, vol. iii.) God knows there is dearth enough of public talent, and plenty of room for any active young man who may start forward in behalf of his country. We understand that Mr. Bulwer is a red-hot radical in politics; but we will forgive him even that, if he will make himself useful. He must be by this time somewhere near thirty years of age, and that is a very proper time to commence public life. Why does he pause? Has he forgotten his own assurance, in his own words (though there is a good deal of the egotistical in it),—"Matrimony found me ambitious; it has not cured me of the passion: but it has concentrated what was scattered, and determined what was vague. If I am less anxious than formerly for the reputation to be acquired in society, I am more eager for honour in the world; and, instead of AMUSING MY ENEMIES AND THE SALOON, I TRUST YET TO BE USEFUL TO MY FRIENDS AND TO MANKIND." Not by writing such novels as you have given forth to that mankind, Mr. Lytton Bulwer. *Verbum sat*.

The era of the marvellous, the reign of

the Clelias and Palmerins, those waking dreams of our boyhood, was alone the delight of our great-great-aunts and grandmothers, and, what is worse, of our forefathers also. The rudeness of an unlettered age joyed in that exaggerated tone of description and sentiment which amused without instructing, and, from its utter inapplicability to the purposes of life, preserved a broad line of demarcation between the regions of fancy and fact. The strained language of chivalry was a fit medium of intercourse between the princesses and the knights; for the heroines of the tale were "cut out as little stars," and endowed with every grace and accomplishment except such as could render them useful and agreeable. These bright creations were not "of the earth, earthly;" and as no rational beings would ever have any thing to say to them, the knights, their adorers, were, thank Heaven, a different race from any that now people the globe. The living world was to them a wilderness, framed only as a stage for their selfish vanity and ambition. Every man whose height exceeded the average standard of humanity became *ipso facto* an object of abhorrence; and if to this enormity he added the criminal propensity of living in his native country and reading his native tongue, he was marked out for destruction, upon the principles of universal philanthropy. The obnoxious party, however, it must be confessed, bore little claim to sympathy. He always lived in a castle of brass, steel, or adamant, generally surrounded by a sea or two; possessed an attractive affinity for all young ladies of beauty and fortune; preferred journeying through the air upon a griffin; and never was known to enter a mail-coach or omnibus,—possibly because they were not invented. When we add, that, in compliance with the custom of his country, he persisted in the atrocity of a turban during day-light, instead of reserving it for the opera and drawing-room, we are easily satisfied why he should have stood beyond the pale of knightly and even feminine charities.

The taste for the marvellous was further gratified by the introduction of those celebrated Arabian tales, the extravagancies and impossibilities of which delighted the fancy of our forefathers of the seventeenth century. The satire of Count Hamilton counteracted this evil, as that of Cervantes had given

the death-blow to chivalry. A new race sprung up under the auspices of Clara Reeves; and this second dynasty of romance terminated only with Mrs. Radcliffe. Frowning barons, heroic counts, ancient castles, unearthly sounds, unholy sights, damp vaults which were always objected to by their inmates, arcades, fountains, ruins, mountains, rocks, and valleys, fall regularly to the lot of every heroine of these tales, together with the mysterious agency of monks of all colours and of all orders, one-handed or two-handed, but always left-handed in their labours.

A better taste had, in the meanwhile, however, originated. Sterne had become the reformer of a simpler creed—Richardson had changed the knightly steel into starch—Fielding and Smollett had sought in real life for objects with which their readers could sympathise; and their ample success awakened a host of imitators. The natural feelings of the human race became the property of this class of authors; the novel became the formidable rival of the romance; and, under the new dispensation, the superstitions of a darker age were dispelled, and vanished slowly away. The nursery, however, that last stronghold of the western and eastern *mythos*, spread out its arms to the discomfited Gothic Queen, divided with her the empire of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-killer, lulled her spirit with Clementi's first lessons on the piano, and recruited her decayed energies with the generous restoratives of bread and butter, till a weightier voice should call her again to the field of her former achievements.

A new style of writing had rapidly arisen, which, by uniting the exaggerated feelings of romance with the matter-of-fact narrative of the novel, produced a singular change in society. The cold, specious, and elegant founder of this school was equally destitute of taste, judgment, and honesty. He had boasted, in his overweening vanity, that the woman who read a page of his work was undone; and, lest the social system should not be demoralised with sufficient speed, his continental admirers enlarged the net to make it capable of containing men also. Unmindful of the denunciation against those who called evil good, the fiercest and most fiendlike passions were enlisted in the service of virtue, if the thin phantom they raved about indeed deserved the

appellation. They had never worshipped her "as an imaginary good," but they certainly made her "a real evil." The contagion spread—the purest emotions were taught to seek a vitiated channel; our homes and hearths were insulted by the delineation of sentimental murderers and amiable adulterers; the worst cant and puerilities of the worst German school were held up to our imitative admiration, from Caroline de Lichfield down to Matilda.

Fortunately, "a change came o'er the spirit of our dreams." Public indignation and parliamentary inquiries induced a better system of treatment; air, exercise, and other improvements, materially diminished the number of candidates for lunatic asylums; and the ravings of hallucination are seldom heard now, and never, we believe, regarded otherwise than as an infliction.

The novels of Scott revived and strengthened a simpler and more rational taste; and even Romance, at his bidding, consented to walk within the bounds of reason and nature. Impossible achievements and events were no longer required, and simply because they were impossible. The Python and his brood were destroyed; and Galt came forward to vindicate Nature, even in her calmest seclusion. The triumph was complete;—the genius of Scotland was the presiding deity of the modern Babel itself; Scotch towns and Scotch literature became the rage; and even Allan Ramsay ran no small risk of perusal in his native Doric, amidst the fashionable circles of the Southron *dilettanti*. The mighty impulse, however, has been stayed for a time; and to Mr. Lister the praise, if praise it be, is due. His tale of *Granby* opened to the general view that state of society to which the highest alone could aspire. The smoothness, the glossing, and the polish of his characters—the novelty of his scenes, and their construction on exclusive principles—were felt at once. *Reality* became the order of the day. The initiated and the uninitiated rushed in one crowd toward this new arena, striving to depict what they had seen and not felt, or what they had neither seen nor felt. Peers and peeresses jostled along,

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mimæ, balatrones.

Writing was the universal object; for

the schoolmaster, as it has been said, was abroad. Alas, for his pupils! Why did not they stay at home? Let us, however, exempt from our general censure one work of supreme fashion, elegance, and ease. *Almack's*, we do not hesitate to assert, bears internal evidence of being what it professes to be—a register of fashionable life; it is enlivened by no extraordinary incidents: no one is robbed, or murdered, or dies in despair. Its very lovers are rational (in fashionable parlance), and never go upon their knees. The tale is smooth and dull in its course and its conversations—just as one might fancy the circles it represents to be. We have also given what appears to us a satisfactory reason why the best-educated classes of English society are dull, prosing, and uninteresting. *Almack's* has also one advantage above the rest of the fashionable novels. In these, generally, as has often been complained, the French phrases introduced are neither English nor French; but no one, we think, will venture to deny that the French in *Almack's* is not excellent English.

But "something too much of this," for the present (though we have given our word of promise to revert shortly to the subject). We turn now to the unpretending volumes before us.

The *Dominie's Legacy* is utterly distinct from all the preceding classes. The Dominie himself seems to have been a simple, single-hearted man, describing what he saw, or fancied he saw, in the first words that presented themselves. It is this that gives to the work a charm of utter unconscious simplicity—a rambling carelessness that throws us off our guard, but certainly does not injure the peculiar merits of the book.

The introduction brings before us the slight incidents of the Dominie's life and legacy; for the author has chosen, in compliance, we suppose, with established forms, to throw the responsibility of his labours on the shoulders of a fictitious personage. Having made this choice, he has treated it well and originally, which is no small praise for so hackneyed a mode of procedure.

The series of tales which form the *Dominie's Legacy* commences with one which is an especial favourite of ours, "The Rash Marriage," though we think the public will not agree

with us. It begins conversationally, thus :

"It was on a dark dirty night in the month of October, that I found myself impelled by motives of humanity, as well as a regard for my word, to gather myself up from my comfortable arm-chair, and to buckle on my leather leggings, in order to proceed through the dubs and the wet into the old town, and to climb the Castle-hill of Stirling.

"I could not help grumbling a little at my own readiness in making promises to bestow myself abroad, that were sure always to come due on the most disagreeable rheumatic days or nights in the whole year, as I thrust my arms into my ample Bavaria, and wrapping some half-dozen handkerchiefs round my neck, or rather my shoulders and face, prepared to go out into the rain and damp, and to take the high road to the town. 'There is a great pleasure in doing good, no doubt,' said I to myself, as I warmed my gloves at the fire ; but a man at least should have fine weather to do it in ; and it would certainly make any sensible bachelor begrudge his good works, to be obliged to leave his fireside on such a night, in order to get himself into other people's troubles.' But I had promised, and that was sufficient ; and although the night and the occasion were enough to raise all the blue and green devils that ever visit a forlorn single man in his melancholics, I armed myself with my confidential crumby, and set forth from the Laird of Muir-dyke's house, where I and my sister Margery were then staying, to splash my way a good mile of road into Stirling."

His visit is to a friend in distress.

"I knocked at the strong outer gate of the debtors' prison, and the very sound of the heavy falling iron conveyed to my heart a sad and solemn reflection. But this was no time for moralising ; and I saw that the ugly-looking Arguses, who watched over their unwilling lodgers, were a step beyond that. I had often heard of the riot and jollity of prisoners ; but assuredly there appeared no indications of such things as yet. As I entered, scarce a sound was heard ;—a light from the little, grated windows glimmered through the darkness, and shone upon the wet pavement of the interior yard (where the prisoners dare not enjoy the luxury of walking) ; the patient sentinel seemed to cower, solitary and cold, in his box as I passed, as if he felt uncomfortable on the very threshold of confinement ; and the turnkeys stared suspiciously at me, as they leisurely admitted me, and

directed me up the long stone stairs of the castle."

The following is true and characteristic, we imagine :—

"He received me, in the dimly-lighted corridor, with the look of gratitude with which a visit in adversity is generally acknowledged ; and with the prisoner's forced smile and somewhat bravaing manner, which endeavours to drive off the consciousness of degradation and the apprehension of disrespect, at being recognised by an old friend and equal, as an imprisoned debtor and an insolvent, and which covers for a moment the usual depression and humiliation of mind ; but he detained me at the door of his room, with a perplexed expression in his look, and a seeming hesitation, that appeared to me odd and unaccountable.

"While my old pupil was discoursing to me of bonds and securities, and captivities and hornings, and arrests, and so forth, I occasionally stammered out something in the way of assent or inquiry, while really occupied with nothing but musing conjectures regarding his fair companion, and I looked at her more than I felt to be strictly decorous ; for I found myself treating my own eyes as if doubtful of credit, so much was I confounded at the sight of such beauty and elegance of mien, in a place where they were so little to be expected. Farquhar continued to prose away about the fine prospects he had once thought he had in London, where he had lately been, and of his cunning partner, who chose to turn scoundrel to him, (according to his own account), and so forth ; but, in truth, I did not make out any sense or connexion in his weary story, so much was I absorbed with the apparition of the lady, and the mean, broken-edged teacups before them, and the tea from which she had risen on my entrance, and to which they did not appear to possess even the luxury of prison cream,—and the morsel of brown sugar, giving an idea of such meagre poverty,—and the female, with the look of a heroine, dressed, I might say, with elegance, and absolutely a beautiful creature ! I was more than confounded, and somewhat ashamed ; I knew not why, except it was that I saw she was evidently embarrassed by my presence ; and yet I could not properly leave the room on her account ; and then I incessantly caught myself watching for a proper sight of her face, while the man was talking to me.

"In short, after the first mutual inquiries between my friend and myself, I found my curiosity so much excited concerning the lady, that I could with

difficulty demean myself as I ought to the man I had come hither to visit. The little that I had heard her speak was in the best English accent;—she must have come down from thence with him. It could not be possible that she was his wife! I felt an inward grudging to come to this conclusion; but yet no female but a wife or sister could be thus circumstanced with a man in prison; and his sister could no more be like the female before me, than I could be like ‘the king of the Sandwich Islands.’”

The debtor's account of his situation and prospects strike the Dominie as mean-spirited; and he feels no small shame at the unblushing *exposé*. It is different with the lady; and the manner of that high-minded woman is well portrayed:—

“The feeling of shame which had evidently oppressed her on my entrance, from being found in such a state, seemed now to be succeeded by a returning pride—by those sentiments of dignity and self-respect so natural to a well-educated woman, which, with an occasional look towards her husband of contemptuous bitterness, she was evidently calling in, to overcome the previous feeling of embarrassment and humiliation; and which, by a natural re-action, seemed, as I watched her countenance, to rise above their usual level, as she reflected, no doubt, on the present strange appearance she made before one who saw her for the first time, and as her husband continued to degrade her by his ignoble complaint.

“He went on to speak of their at present living, poor as that living was, upon the sale of his young wife's trinkets, assisted by the scanty donations of his relatives. To my suggestions of plans for him when he obtained his liberty, they all seemed to him hopeless, or above his expectations; and when he came to express his satisfaction that he could still become a menial servant, and added, that what appeared to be his only alternative, the lady seemed to arouse as from a trance, and turning half aside, her eyes flashing with some strange emotion, she appeared ready to burst out into a fit of contemptuous laughter. I was really afraid as I looked in her face, tried to draw the conversation by degrees into another channel, and began to talk, without knowing well what I said, to give myself time to make my mental observations.

“I pitied her much; for, without as yet knowing the particulars of her past life, I thought, if she could judge, as I did of what was likely to be in reserve for her, as the wife of such a man, she

would have been affected in a very different manner. I offered my services to him, while half addressing her; but could not then understand the look she gave me, nor why she seemed to have been watching my countenance, as she sat with her arm leaning upon the edge of the table, and her long fingers stretched over her eyes; nor why she kept playing with my snuff-box, and busy with something she had taken from her pocket, with her back half turned to me. I repeated my offer as I rose to depart. She respectfully declined it, with acknowledgments gracefully delivered; he, with a hesitating reference to her, as if a momentary jealousy or dread had come across his mind; and I then left them.”

The worthy Dominie thus moralises on his return:—

“When the thoughtlessness occasioned by ignorance of evil, and the impatience caused by the fancied prospect of good, may in a few weeks or days induce steps to be taken, or engagements to be formed, which risk, if not destroy, the happiness, perhaps the virtue, of the whole succeeding and most valuable portion of life; when young persons (I went on), charming as the woman I have just left, may lose the proper pleasures of youth—of that season when joy dances in the spirits and levity laughs in the eye, before Care has fastened her talons on the vitals, and anxiety has begun to suck up the marrow of life; and, instead of enjoying the sweet period which is never to return, begin early to treasure up evil against the day of suffering, and then grow old in unavailing complaints at the miseries of existence; in envying in others the rewards of prudence, and the comforts flowing from sensible conduct, which, by early folly, may never be their lot.”

His contemplations are, however, interrupted by a circumstance trifling in itself, but serious in its apparent consequences.

“I gave my oblong receptacle of black rappee three distinct taps, as was my wont, and was proceeding to open the lid, and to bury my finger and thumb among the soft mass of fragrant stimulant, when my digits were prevented by some rustling thing which overlaid the snuff. I felt a sort of alarm at this, and could not help at the instant advert ing to the thought to the beauteous lady in the prison, who had handled my humble snuff-box so caressingly in her white fingers; and strange ideas crossed my brain about night intrigues and the dan-

gerous seductions of the sex, so that I almost regretted having seen her at all, and seriously hoped that I might never meet her more, it being as much as my peace of mind was worth ; when, bringing the box to the light, I found inside a small piece of paper neatly folded up, the very look of which put me into a trepidation.

"After some musing and fancying, before I could make out the meaning of this discovery, I was at length enabled, by the peeping light from a shop window, to read a pencil-writing on the paper, as follows :—

"'Excuse, sir, the freedom of a stranger, an unfortunate female, in taking this mode of addressing you ; but if your offers to serve my husband and myself be sincere, meet me in fifteen minutes after you receive this, or, at least, exactly at nine o'clock, at the end of the street next to this wretched jail. —Yours, JEMIMA FARQUHAR.'

"I stood aghast at the idea, and had no higher opinion of my own virtue than that of other people. 'But,' thought I, 'I must be so ready, forsooth, in offering my services to ladies in prison ; and here I am challenged to meet a pretty woman alone, at the ninth hour of the night !'

"I had not stood five minutes at the darkling corner of the street, before a lady, wrapped in a cloak, came suspiciously up to where I stood, and looked curiously in my face."

The conversation that ensues is somewhat singular ; and we cannot but consider the Dominie as very ungallant in the remark :—

"'Alas, madam !' I said, 'a woman usually marries from the power of some present feeling ; but reason she seldom has, even for her noblest actions.'"

The assignation is made, however ; for the Dominie's presence is wanted at an interview. The charms and situation of the distressed *damoysel* have deeply moved our philanthropical misogynist :—

"Indeed, as I lay in my bed, betwixt sleeping and waking, thinking of the dark eyes and appealing looks of the lady, and of the sad circumstances of life that so often cause such beauty as hers to be lost, and worse than lost, in this ill-divided world, I began to suspect myself of indulging evil thoughts ; and the very wind that whistled among the elm trees round the old house, and rattled round my creaking casement all night, and the rooks that cawed hoarsely

in the rookery near, seemed to accuse me of weakness, and of a secret disposition to break the tenth commandment."

We give part of the scene at the assignation.

"Well, the next night did arrive at length, and away I trudged to my dangerous assignation. The evening, happily, was a perfect contrast to the former ; it was quite dry, and solemnly calm : but there was neither moon nor star to be seen ; and the red light of the distant forges of Carron was the only thing that diversified the heavy blackness of the sky above. I got into Stirling, and mounted with a sort of guilty step to the Castle Walk, where there was not a soul to be seen or heard near. I stood for a time behind the parapet that surrounded the rock on which I was, and looked down upon the dark waste extending far beneath me, and in which I could not distinguish an object but the deep black lines of the winding Forth, which moved on so deadly silent that I could not hear a single murmur of its waters at the height whereon I was ; and the occasional tread of the pacing sentinel above me was the only sound to break the stillness of the night.

"I had not tarried long until a light step came pattering on in the distance, and a female figure, wrapped in a cloak, was quite near to me before I had discerned her in the darkness. 'Heaven bless you, sir, for this,' she said, as she came close ; and she took my hand in both hers, and pressed it. I declare the feeling went through me down to my very toes, for the poor young woman seemed ready to throw herself into my very arms from gratitude. I could not say much. I never was free of speech when I found myself affected. I only gave the lady my arm, which she took, I thought, as if she had found a new lover in my grave person ; and away she led me I knew not well whither.

"We descended from the castle without speaking, and she took me by several paths, which she seemed to know in the dark as perfectly as if it had been broad day, to the spot mentioned, by the side of the Forth : and she looked round her with a sort of suspicious dread as we drew near the large knarled tree that she had spoken of, which overhung the bank of the river. 'What a strange sensation comes over me, sir,' she said, 'on approaching this well-known spot. There is a dread I feel here, which is like the dread of guilt ; and yet I have been sorely sinned against. Alas ! sir, I am unworthy of your protection,' she added, clinging to me. 'My high and wilful spirit has been my own ruin !'

" 'Be calm,' I said, 'and collected, for I hear some one approaching, and I will be at hand as your protector.'

" 'Oh, sir,' she exclaimed, trembling, 'I owe you every thing;—let me conjure you, whatever you hear, to say nothing, nor even to shew yourself, unless Mr. Ellis actually intend some guilty design, and offer me some violence. Pray conceal yourself behind the tree on the side next the river, and do not move if possible, for Ellis is a fury, and blood will be the consequence.'

" 'The sound of footsteps soon indicated that some one was quite near. I crept behind the tree, and immediately saw the tall figure of a man approach the trembling Jemima.

" 'So—you are there at last,' said a low voice, in hollow accents, but, as I thought, in a tone of triumph. 'Times are changed with you now, Jemima,' he added; 'you were not always willing to be thus complaisant to me. But I knew—I was certain, it would come to this.'

" 'If you are only come to reproach me, Richard,' she said composedly, 'I shall return as I came. I have complied with your unreasonable request; and met you in this solitary spot under the cloud of night, not from the slightest sentiment of humility to you, but for the sake of my unfortunate husband.'

" 'Well, Jemima?'

" 'What mean you by questions? Will you still continue to oppress my husband? or will you shew yourself a man, by discharging him from his confinement?'

" 'That is not the way that it becomes the wives of imprisoned debtors to address a losing creditor,' was his haughty answer. 'I will not be spoke to in this manner, Mrs. Farquhar, even by you!'

" 'Have you not already mortified me enough, Mr. Ellis?' she said, almost in tears, at hearing herself called by this name. 'Will you, for my sake, discharge my husband from that horrid prison, and let me go home?'

" 'It was for your sake I sent him to jail, Jemima.'

" 'And will you for my sake release him, Richard?' she said, clasping her hands together.

" 'Perhaps I may—but not now.'

" 'Not to-night, after all!'

" 'If I do it not to-night I shall never do it, for I depart by daybreak for London; and your fine husband may then rot for years within the stone walls of the Castle of Stirling.'

" 'Heavens! what do you mean? But you will do it to-night still. You have not surely brought me here in vain?

A few lines from your pen will release my wretched husband.'

" 'There is no light from heaven at present to write by, Jemima; nor are there tables at hand on the cold bank of the Forth for penning letters to the jailor of Stirling,' he replied, with a scornful and almost ruffianly disregard of the young lady's anxiety.

" 'Then why did you not bring it with you?' she replied patiently. 'Have I not yet been sufficiently tortured by you?'

" 'No!' he exclaimed, with an expression that was almost ferocious. 'No! you will never suffer, wild, untameable girl, half the torture that you have made me feel! Is not my rising up and lying down, my very morning and evening outgoing and incoming, a torture to me on your account? to think that you—ah, but you are yourself suffering for it now, Jemima; now you are made to feel!'

" 'But did you bring me here at this dark hour,' she replied, 'only to mock me, without bringing my husband's discharge? Is your vengeance of so low a species, Richard Ellis?'

" 'How did I know,' said he, 'that you would not have mocked me yourself, as you did at the former appointment, by failing to meet me? And why should I then be so forward with a ready-made discharge for the wretch you call your husband, when you might not have even condescended to accept it?'

" 'Oh, Richard!' she said weeping, 'you have made sad use of the power you have had over me: but write me my husband's release, and I will follow you where you can'—

" 'You shall not!' he interrupted; here only I will meet you, and here alone will I enter into any compromise. Wait here until I bring it to you, or let the cut-throat remain a year longer in Stirling Castle.'

" 'You would not have me linger here till midnight, Richard? Surely you may be satisfied without that?'

" 'I shall never be satisfied on earth! Jemima, while you are satisfied to remain as you are—to sleep in the arms of that yellow, sickly—Oh God! and he stamped with the bitterness of the thought. 'Will you wait until I return again, and I promise to bring you a written paper in my pocket in reference to Farquhar?'

" 'I will wait, Richard!' she exclaimed, 'I will wait on this cold bank until morning, if that will satisfy you.'

" 'You shall not have to wait long. Ah! had you always been thus yielding, Jemima,' he said, with a stifled tenderness—'but let me not think of the past,

Farewell now, I will return anon ;' and having said this, he turned off along the bank towards the town, and was soon lost in the utter darkness of the night."

They wait his return—but in vain. The cogitations of our hero are well given : but we must pass them. It is daylight, and the absentee returns to the watchers. In spite of the redundancy of words, the scene is well done, and recalls the lovers' situation in *Don Juan* ; that brief but fatal moment,

"Even then their love they could not all command,

And half forgot their danger and despair."

The Dominic returns with his fair charge to the city, in the conscious pride of a virtuous heart ; but "virtue is its own reward"—and so it ought to be, since it never gets any other. He is recognised by some country people on his way, and his staid character is no protection against the suspicious circle of a' the lave, and the disorder of his lovely companion. He leaves her at a small public-house kept by a friend, and proceeds to his own quarters at the "old mansion of Murdyke," where he sleeps for two hours before the time for breakfast.

But, alas for the oppressed champion of innocence ! this young lady, who is described as "a woman of great readiness of speech," appears to complete his discomfiture.

"I saw by a glance at her face that she was to be the worst of all upon me.

"What is the matter now, Babby," inquired the Laird, observing her swollen face, and her look of determined passion, that would have made a very hyena tremble ?

"The matter, father ! the matter ?" she shouted, 'are ye asking the matter at me ; and that brazen man sitting at your own table ? Oh ! Miss Baggownie ! Miss Baggownie !' she exclaimed, going up to my sister, 'I am sorry for you ! sorry for you, more than for myself ! And what do ye think I have heard in addition to all that has been told us by Johnny M'Phun. I went down to the town on my ain twa legs to get at the bottom o' this disgraceful business ; and what do ye think I heard ?

"I'll believe any thing,—any thing whatever against him,' whimpered my sister ; 'he's brought me to scandal and disgrace, that I canna look up. Oh ! Miss Babby, Miss Babby !' she added, with tears of commiseration, 'ye ha'e had a narrow escape.'

"But I'll not tell you, ladies," added Barbara, clenching her fist, 'I'll bring it out of the vile man's own mouth !' and she stood over me like a fury.

"Now, Gavin Baggownie !' she croaked, after an awful pause, 'just look in my face and tell me if ye werna drinking this morning before five o'clock, in Luckie Bogue's Change House, wi' a womfn ; ay ! wi' a woman, Mr. Baggownie ! answer me, I say, before my father and mother ?'

"I was !' said I quietly, and, nodding my head, 'I was, just as you say.'

"Oh ! ooh ! hoo !' they all screamed round.

"With a young woman,' continued my enraged examiner, 'that has been seen sneaking out and in about the prisoners and soddgers in the castle !'

"Yes !' said I, 'just so.'

"Hoo ! hoo !' they all screamed : 'wha would think that a man o' your character would ever hae been guilty of such gross debauchery !'

"The whole town is ringing wi't !' exclaimed Miss Barbara, in continuation ; 'and he knocked up Luckie Bogue out o' her bed, wi' the limmer cleeled in his arm. Oh ! what an escape I hae had. — Whoo ! hee ! whee !' and she screamed herself into a faint or a fit, and kicked and sprawled in a manner that would have moved any feeling but pity ; while all the other women crowded round, and deepened the pathos of the scene.

"Is this really true, Dominic ?' said the Laird, pretending seriousness, when the confusion had a little subsided ; 'I see plainly that this stramash and sculduddery business will end in nothing less than your standing on the cutty stool with a white sheet round you. I only want to know, Dominic, if you confess to these facts ?'

"I do confess them !' said I, boldly.

"He's lost to all shame !' said my sister, Margery ; 'I'm sorry for you, Babby ; sorry for you all !'

"That's just enough ! he has said quite plenty ;' said the prim lady Muirdyke, taking up her voluminous gown, and preparing to go.

"I would not have believed it, if I had not heard it from your own mouth," said the Laird, ready to burst out into laughter, in spite of his assumed seriousness ; but thinking it best for the present to give way to the storm, he, with a wink of his eye to me, slipped out of the room."

The "much-enduring man" prepares, like his great prototype of the *Odyssey*, an eloquent oration, but finds no one to listen to his defence :

"Every one of the family, my sister Margery and all, had disappeared, having successively walked out, and left me standing alone in the middle of the apartment:"—

and accordingly abandons the scene.

"It is vain for innocence itself to contend against the clamour of popular opinion and women's tongues; and, finding that my character was broken and blasted in this whole neighbourhood, I stepped upstairs to my chamber, packed up the little et-ceteras of my travelling wallet, and with certain heavy thoughts about the pretty woman, with whom I had literally passed the previous night, and about the injustice of the contemporaneous world, I turned my back on Stirling, and took my departure for my own home in the west country:"

where we find his sister, Margery, characteristically

"disappointed, that I followed on in my usual quiet and regular habits, and did not fall away at once into a course of debauchery and abomination. Long before a year had passed away, therefore, the whole affair seemed to have fallen into total discredit, and I was regarded as the same moral, discreet man, as ever: and still I had heard no tidings upon which I could depend concerning the fate of the interesting, but ruined wife of my unrespected quondam pupil."

Comment upon this tale is, we think, perfectly unnecessary after the above extracts. The author's *forte* undoubtedly is graphic delineation by a few touches, interest of situation, and truth of character. The next story which we shall mention is entitled *Miss Peggy Brodie*. The author calls it a *clishmaclaver*, and so it is. It is a lady's lament for the days that are gone.

"Marriages," says the fair mourner, "may be made in heaven, or somewhere else that I do not know of, but there is none made hereway, to my certain knowledge, since ever the sharp-shooters laid down their arms, the strapping fellows."

"'But, Miss Brodie,' said I, 'they were all so busy taking wives that they seem to have quite forgot to take you, in these happy times.'

"'Ye need not be so very particular in your remarks, Mr. Thingum; for it was entirely my own fault, an' I might hae gotten a husband any morning, just for going to the Green of Glasgow, where the lads were taking their mornine's drill; for it was there all my acquaintances got men, to my certain knowledge:

an' now its naething but *Mistress* this, and *Mistress* that, wi' a' the clippy lassocks that were just bairns the other day;—an' there they go, oxtoring wi' their men, to be sure, an' laughing at me. Weel, it's vera provoking, Mr. Clishmaclash, isn't it?'

"'Deed, mem,' said I, 'it's rather a lamentable case. But why did you not catch a green sharp-shooter yourself, in those blessed days?'

"'Hoot, Mr. Balgownie, it was quite my ain fault, as I said. I was perfectly ignorant of the most common principles of the art, and knew no more of the way an' manner o' catching a husband, no more than if I had never been born in Glasgow. In fuck, I was a perfect simpleton, an' thought it the easiest matter in the worl; an' ye see, sir, I had a wee trifle o' siller, besides my looks (which ye ken, Mr. Thingumbob, were far frae being disparageable); and so I was perfect simple, an' just thought I was like the lass in the sang,

'Set her up on Tintock tap,

The wind I'll blaw a man till her.'

But ne'er a man was blawn to me;—an' there's all my giggling acquaintances married, ane after the ither. There's Bell Mushat, and Jeanie Doo, an' Mary Drub, an' Beanie Sma, an' Sally Daicle, naething but *marriet*, *marriet*;—an' here's puir me an' the cat, leading a single life until this blessed day. Hog-hay! isn't it very angersome, Mr. What's-your-name?'

"'It is really a case o' great distress, when one thinks o' your worth, Miss Brodie,' said I, pathetically; 'and if I did not happen to be engaged myself, it's impossible to say but'—"

"'Ay, there it is!' exclaimed Miss Peggy, 'there it is! Every decent sensible man like you, Mr. Clishmaclavers (I really forgot your name), that sees what I am, are just *marriet*, *marriet* themselves, and tied up. And so I may just sit here an' blaw my fingers ower the fire wi' the cat. Hoghay!'

"'But surely, Miss Brodie,' said I, 'you did not use due diligence in time and season, or you would not now be left at this sorrowful pass.'

"'I let the sharpshooter times slip out o' my fingers, like a stupid simpleton, as I say; but no woman could have been more diligent than I have been of late years, and all to no purpose. Haven't I walked the Trongate? haven't I walked the Green? Haven't I gone to a' the tea-drinkings within five miles, where I could get a corner for myself? Haven't I gone to the kirk three times every Sunday, forbye fast days, thanksgivings days, an' evening preachings? Haven't

I attended a' the Bible meetings, and missionary meetings, forbye auxiliary societies, an' branch associations? Wasn't I a member of a' the ladies' committees and penny-a-week societies, frae Cranston Hill to the East Toll? Didn't I gang about collecting pennies, in cauld March weather, climbing stairs, and knocking at doors like a beggar, until the folk were like to put me out, an' the very weans on the stairs used to pin clouts to our tails, an' ca' us penny-a-week auld maids? Ea, that was a sair business, Mr. Clashmaclash, an' little thanks we got; an' I got the chilblains in my feet wi' the cauld, that keepied me frae sleep, for three weeks.'

" 'It's really lamentable,' said I; 'but I should have thought that the saintly plan was a good one.'

" 'So it would have been, sir, if I had had more money; but ye see fifty pounds a year is thought nothing of now-a-days; and these kind o' people are terrible greedily o' siller. Na, na, sir, gie me the sharpshooters yet.'

" 'Well now, Miss Brodie,' said I, 'as we're on the subject, let me hear how it was you lost your precious opportunities in the volunteering time.'

" 'Oh, sir, that was the time, volunteering! There never was such days as the volunteering days. Drums here, and bands o' music there, sodgering up, and sodgering down, an' then the young men looked so tall in their regimentals, and it was such a pleasure just to get ane o' them by the arm, an' to parade wi' them before the Tontine, an' then a' your acquaintances to meet you walking wi' a braw sharpshooter, and talking about you after in every house; an' such shaking o' hands in the Trongate, an' such treating us wi' cakes in Baxter's; for the volunteering lads were sae free o' their siller in thae days, puir chields! Oh, thae were the times!'

" 'There are no such times now, I fear, Miss Peggy.'

" 'Oh, no sir! an' then the lads thought nothing to take you to the play at night, in thae days; an' what a beautiful thing it was to sit in the front o' the boxes o' the big theatre in Queen-street, wi' a red-coated or a green-coated volunteer, it was so showy, and such an attraction, and a talk. To be sure, Mr. M'Clishclash, it's no a'thegether right to go openly to common playhouses: but a man must be got some place, an' ye ken the sharpshooters couldna gang to the kirk in their green dress, puir fallows.'"

To those of our fair readers who yet live in a state of single blessedness, we earnestly recommend the perusal

of this piece, not only for the sake of the fair daughter of Jephthah, who thus bewails her virginity, but for their own improvement in the arts that lead to conjugal happiness, as practised in country towns.

Very different from the loveliness of this fair relic of the past is the mournful story of *George Wishart*, the young and accomplished artist. We turn from the more harrowing parts of the tale to a passage that shews our author's keen observance of what may be called the *moral oncus* of evil.

" Sunday was at all times a dull day at Morehill, where lived Fanny More with her uncle and aunt; but this seemed to her particularly and somewhat ominously silent and sad. She could not account for the fact, that for a number of days past her uncle had prevented her, by different excuses, from going out, or into Barhill, except in the company of her infirm and nervous relative; who, instead of paying any visit as usual, drove a short way further into the country; and all company seemed to have deserted the house, excepting one or two of the members of the family, who were more silent and baughtily dull than usual, and often spoke in whispers before her, and even appeared anxious to get rid of her presence.

" All this began to trouble Fanny More deeply in her present painful situation; but she never thought of associating it with any thing regarding George Wishart, until this present Sunday, when something struck her as being peculiar in the manner and behaviour to her of every one in the family; and even, as she thought, of the servants around her. At church, whither she had gone with her aunt, she was unusually affected with the tenour and tone of the solemn discourse of the minister; but could not conceive why the eyes of the people seemed every where turned towards her: as she was stepping into the carriage at the gate, she observed a group striving anxiously for a sight of her face; and as she wondered at their exchanging of looks and signs, she thought she heard Mr. Wishart's name pronounced, in a tone and manner that caused her involuntary alarm.

" But this was nothing to what she observed at home at the dinner-table; where, though no one would speak to her any thing but common place, she seemed to be an object of interest and observation, such as had never before been the case. Her aunt seemed to her to look haggard and anxious; her cousin, William More, who dined with them

this day, treated her with a painful politeness ; but his manner was uneasy and altogether inexplicable ; he exchanged looks with, and replied to certain observations of her uncle, in a manner that filled her with alarm ; and she saw him turn pale on two different occasions, when she fixed her eyes steadily on his face. When her aunt and herself retired to the drawing-room, she was so much excited by her own apprehensions from all she had witnessed, that she at once asked the meaning of what she observed ? But the answer she received, if the stammering and alarmed reply of the old lady could be called such, only tended to confirm her undefined fears, when her aunt, evidently wishing to avoid her, retired hastily to her own room.

"She sat for nearly an hour alone in the drawing-room, and pondered apprehensively, as the evening closed in, upon all the circumstances which had struck her during the last few days. Every thing around wore a Sabbath evening stillness, which was neither broken by a sigh of wind among the trees without, nor an audible sound from that part of the house where the gentlemen sat over their wine, within ; for they seemed to speak in distant whispers this evening, and the very servants stole up and down with a cat-like dread of letting a sound escape them. A book of sermons lay open before her, but she could not read ; and a thousand times she thought of throwing her mantle round her, and walking forth into Barhill, to endeavour to learn news of Wishart, for every moment added to the fears which began to harass her thoughts.

"She rung the bell hastily for her maid, from a thought that struck her on the instant. When the girl entered the room, she came forward reluctantly to the light, and even appeared to tremble, and to turn away from the eager and anxious gaze of the young lady.

"What means this strange manner to me, Peggy ?" said the young lady.

"The girl only stared with a guilty look, and was silent."

It is thus, though not always so strikingly, that incidental circumstances sink unperceived on the memory, till some exciting cause brings forward the accumulated impressions, and we recognise at once a *presentiment*. Far different from this are those vague apprehensions that spring only from a disordered stomach, and which are easily dispelled by a single glass of brandy. Reader, if man thou art, do not take a second ; or at least delay it till thou hast read *Mary Ogilvie* ;

and then, if thou wilt drink, and thine is real Cognac, we will pledge thee, with all our soul.

The absentee squire has returned to the place of his infancy in time to learn that "bonnie Mary Ogilvie" was on the eve of marriage with a young farmer ; but the world has thrown its dark shadows over his heart, and he wisely determines to think no more on that fair companion of his youth—but "man proposes, and Heaven disposes"—every step recalls some scene of lost delight ; and when he passed near the house, and paused under the influence of awakened feelings, "a voice, it was a woman's, and, like a strain, of former years, sounded home to the heart ;" not the less, perhaps, that it betrayed the speaker's interest in the squire's return. He hastens home, and it is only in bed that the chords of his memory awaken to their former tone. Mary was a farmer's daughter ; but surpassed in family, beauty, and accomplishments, all her compeers.

"I could not keep from her society, almost from my childhood ; and I loved her, as children differing in rank are sometimes permitted to love, because nature is irresistible, and early passion unspeakably delightful."

The next day he is invited, in quality of his rank as squire, to attend the first of the marriage ceremonies.

We had always in our innocence imagined that the phrase "being booked for it," in reference to marriage, arose from that highly-venerated practice of setting down bets in a long and slender volume, adorned with red leather loops to hold the willing pencil, and opened with due solemnity by the *cognoscenti*, in celebration of the mystic rites that seek to elucidate the properties of matter and motion. (It is true, that learned sage Diodorus Cronus once proved there was no such thing as motion ; but, we know, though thou dost not, that he is beat to a dead stand-still.) We had, therefore, we say, rejoiced in the classic allusion ; but the joy was premature. Behold the matter of fact.

"The first proceeding in a regular marriage in Scotland is the booking. In country parts, the parties, with a few of their young friends, meet usually in some public-house, if not in that of the parents of the bridegroom, and send for the session clerk (the person who

keeps the parish register), who inserts their names in his book, previous to his publishing the bans of marriage in the church."

The squire's feelings may be conceived. He had neglected an invitation to meet the betrothed before the booking, lest he should act too fondly for his future interests. He does meet her, however, alone, on the morning of the wedding, while in the sage process of reasoning himself out of love.

"Our start, at first, was nothing; the colour that mounted into both our faces was only what might have been expected; but we both seemed to have lost our strength in an instant: and, for myself, it was the beating of my heart, as I looked at her in her white wedding-dress, and, as I saw the effect that the same observation of me had upon her, that totally disconcerted me, and almost took away my breath.

"We continued to gaze upon each other for a little time, as in mutual astonishment, why we should have individually come hither, and met on this morning, on the most treasured scene of our early love. I held out my hands to her instinctively. She seemed to recover herself, and gave me hers, in a manner which would express the frank confidence of the early friend, yet mixing with the humility of the consciousness of her relative situation now, and the modest confusion of the bride. She said something, expressing surprise at my being so far from home at this hour, and at finding me lingering about this spot; but, without waiting for my reply, she began to account for herself being here in the wood, by saying, that while the servants were busy making preparations for the expected company, she had strolled abroad, to be out of the way, and had wandered thus far.

"I stood gazing on her as she confusedly told this story, still holding her hands, and replied, with more of passion than wisdom, that she needed not be thus particular in giving me an account of herself; and that the time was when she would not have thought of making excuses for meeting me in this wood. She looked at me with surprise when I had uttered this speech, as well she might; and, withdrawing her hands, she began to say, 'Ay, and I have seen the day, Mr. George, when ——' and her heart seemed to fill at her own thoughts.

"'When what, Mary?' I said, as she paused. 'Speak I love to hear you speak as you used long ago.'

"'When,' she answered, 'I would

not have needed to make excuses for meeting you in any place; and when, if it had been told me that ye would hae been absent frae the howms of Lillybrae for years and years, and that ye came back without ever asking to see me, or speak to me, as ye used to do, if it were nae mair,' she added, mournfully, 'but to gar me greet, by talking to me of our happiness when we were bairns, I wadna hae believed them; and if ye really like to hear me speak as I did langsyne,' she went on, her voice trembling as she spoke, 'what for did ye not come to Lillybrae and speak to me, George!'

"This last sentence was spoken in a tone so affecting, and with a look up into my face of such appealing expression, that it smote me to the soul with agonising conviction of injustice, and even cruelty to her, and took from me the power of giving utterance to the excuse which I meditated. I hesitated and stammered. 'Mary Ogilvie,' I at length said, 'I cannot now tell you all the reasons; but, believe me, my heart was not in them, Mary. I denied myself much, much in not seeing you, at least to talk of former happier days; but I learned that you were about to be married to a young man, of whom your father approved; and I knew not but that you might have forgotten me and our early love. And you know, Mary,' I continued, taking both her hands again, and looking into her eyes, 'we have other things to do in life than idling about these bonnie woods, picking primroses, and reading love tales; for the scenes of early youth are but like a dream, and pass quickly away, and the feelings may be very different in after-years. But my heart, assuredly, was not in fault, Mary; I have not forgotten these days, nor this pretty bank, nor your lovely blue eyes and golden locks, nor the day when we wandered to the Craigs of Glenvee — nor — you are in tears, Mary; I did not mean to pain you.'

"'Oh, George!' said she, while the tears fell fast from her swimming eyes, 'how can you speak so to me now, and not a word until my very wedding day! and yet, I know you do not mean to pain me; I know your warm heart: but you'll be designed for some grand lady, and I never should have thought about the like of you.'

"As I was about to reply, she took her hand from mine, and, holding it up before my mouth, exclaimed, 'Now dinna speak nae mair to me, George! dinna talk to me of bygone days, I canna bear it the day, for I'm but a weak woman, and I am gaun to be married to a youth of my ain station; but yet — now, dinna speak!'

" 'One word more, Mary,' I said, completely overpowered, 'and then forget!—

" 'I canna forget! No, I winna forget!' she exclaimed, with a look of despair: 'farewell, George!' and she tried to get away.

" 'Will you leave me that way, Mary?' I said, almost calmly: 'it is our last meeting,' I remembered lovers, the very last in our wood.' I drew her to me, she fell into my arms, our tears mingled, she broke from me after a sob or two, staggered with agitation as she glided off round the foot of the green mound, leaving me like one in the midst of a dream. I stood stockstill for some moments, in the bewilderment of shuddering agitation; then, throwing myself on the soft turf to recover my feelings, I pondered on the shortness of those scenes that live longest in our remembrance, and on the fewness of those illumined pages of the book of life, which are more precious to the heart, and dearer to the imagination, than all the rest of the dull and blotted volume."

We pass over the winning "the broose," and the consolation of the Session clerk to "Maister George," viz. "that there's as gude fish in the sea yet, as ever was brought up by huik, or net, or saymon leister," as well as the omens that follow, and the conclusion; for we would not antici-

pate the reader's gratification by farther extracts from the tale itself.

We have been liberal of extracts from these very amusing volumes, because we are sure they will justify any praise we have bestowed. In a collection intended to suit various tastes, there must be great differences as to subject and incident. But the author seems satisfied to narrate them as they occurred (for such is their *vraisemblance* that we would fain believe them real), and to mark the thoughts and sentiments that sprung out of them, without any farther embellishment. He sometimes reminds us, we know not why, of Sterne,—for there is nothing like imitation of that singular writer,—unless it is in the interest of situation, as creating a train of associations in the reader's breast. There is no other point of resemblance. The writer before us appears, indeed, too often careless of effect, and, at times, scarcely carries out his ideas and sketches so far as we could desire; but this is a fault on the right side. We must also object to the redundancy of his language, which too frequently mars the feeling of the moment by bringing minor details before the eye. Assuredly, the Dominie's bequest should have been subjected to the legacy-duty in a per-centage upon words.

SONG.

BY HERRICK.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

INTERPRETE GULIELMO M., JURIS
UTRIUSQUE DOCTORE.

ROSAS, dum possis, collige,
Nam citò tempus fugit;
Florem, qui ridet hodie,
Crastina dies luget.

Quò altiùs celi lampas, Sol,
Per æther nitens pergit,
Eò citiùs properat, edepol,
Ad mare, ubi mergit.

Peroptima juvenas, dum
In venis sanguis tepet;
Succedit hora pejor, cum
Senectæ pes obrepit.

Nunc tibi est ætatis flos,
Nunc nube sine morâ;
Sectaberis fortè pueros
Frustrâ, si transit hora.

ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

A LETTER TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ. FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

*Greenhead, Glasgow,
March 2, 1830.*

SIR,—I have been thinking, Mr. North, for a considerable time bypast, that there is something no correc in your philosophical consideration of things in general, especially anent the condition of the king's realm, and the heddles and treddles of trade; and since I got the shop off my hands, I have been telling our gldewife my sober opinions concerning some things that you have been upholding in controversy, the which would have been better left to the haps and chances of their own fortune. So, being at last at leisure, I have taken up my pen to give you an inkling of the same, in the hope that ye may return to a more discreet way of thinking; for you well know the difference between a party clamour and plain auld common sense.

It's an acknowledgment fully made by yourself, Mr. North, that this country was, during the war, in a very extraordinary state. It was like, as I have heard it well compared to, a privateersman who, in the time of battle, gets a drink of rum and gunpowther, which makes him fierce and terrible, contumacious and conquering, but, "when the battle's lost and won," leaves him weakly and disjaskit. Whether there is aught of similitude in the comparison, I'll no take upon myself to determine; but I have a notion, that what with my experience and observes, and the instances that I can shew of what has been the condition of mankind, and likewise of womankind, in the king's realm, since the year 1789, maybe I'll make it plain that we are no just in such a state of desperation and poortith yet, as some of your conjuncts and con-disciples would fain persuade us to believe.

First and foremost, Mr. North, you and I can very weel recollect when the sprucest hirkie about even the town of Edinburgh, if he got one new superfine coat in the twelvemonth, it was just as much as his heart desired, or his circumstance would allow; boots were for a life-time, and were barrowt and lent even among young buck writers to the Signet, when they had a journey anent an infestment, or a last will and

testament, to the country; a new hat was a most extraordinary thing; and as for trousers and pantaloons, all the cloth that's wasted now in the legs of them was saved to gang to the cost of a coat. As bein and as decent folk as now cannot live without they have self-contained lodgings, were right blithe in yon honest times to dwell in flats, and to mount thereunto on outside stairs. I'm not saying, Mr. North, that there was no straitened circumstances even in yon time; but I would have you to observe the awful difference between that couthy, canny, and hamely way of life, compared with the gauling and gulravitching that ladies and gentlemen cannot do without in this present day.

Now, Mr. North, as I'm speaking of facts, it behoves you to consider whether there has been an increase of means since the eighty-nine, to supply the increased cost and outlay of what some of your cronies call the improved condition of society. For my part, I misdoubt it. I cannot think that the earth has had any increase of fertility since that time; and I have a scruple in my mind to allow that there has been such an addition to the arable land as to make an augmentation of our national means equal to our more extravagant way of living. I'll allow (by a parenthesis in the argument) that there has been an addition made to our corn-fields; but, on the other hand, has not there been an increase of bairns and bodies to be fed, to the full equal to any increase that has been made to our stock of victual. But ye'll say, with your political economy, that there has been a great increase of the muslin and the cotton trade. But I say, what has that done for the increase of meal and malt? It's very true, that we, the Glasgow merchants, send abroad a world's wonder of more webs and manufactures; but what do we get back that can be put in the mouth? I'll allow that, if we got back cargoes of beef and meal, firkins of butter, and other needful articles, there would be to the laborous folk an incoming of the means of subsistence that would help to place them on a footing with their forbears of former times; but so long as neither money nor manufactures can

bring, or are allowed to bring, provisioning into this realm, I would be glad to see how ye'll make it out, that an increase of trade, as this country stands, is aught but an increase of labour to those that have the work to do. This, Mr. North, is as plain as a pike-staff, in spite of philosophy. Ye may export muslin and cotton-yarn, and get back silks and sattins; and for harn sarks ye may wear scarlet and fine linen; but what's the belly the better of it? Our warehouses, I'm thinking, instead of being built so proud and high for rare o'ersea commodities, would burden a better tale at the fire-side of the cotter and the weaver, were they as weel filled with the necessaries of life. In short, Mr. North, it looks to me, that we do not take a right view of the causes of the present public distress; for, I would ask you, unless there be a free trade in meat and drink, how is't possible that the comforts of the people can be increased? And that's an increase which can never be, if we look only at the products of the anvil and the loom, and forget those of the plough and the harrow.

But, Mr. North, I have something more to say to you. Since the eighty-nine there has been, as you will allow, a great multiplication of folk that live without adding one blade of grass to the stock of eatables for man or beast. And what's the effects? Starvation, hunger in their pots, and more making ready. They have woven webs till backs cannot be found to wear them,—they have made knives and forks till meat cannot be got to help with them,—they have biggit houses with a folly that has made the Babel-builders seem wise men. And what's the upshot? The fields, as I have said, are but little broader than of old,—the fertility of the earth is none increased. Whence, then, are your websters, your cutlers, and your masons, to draw support? It's no in the power of the soil of this land, as it is, to supply them. Many a rainy day have I discoursed in my shop with divers sagacious customers on these points; and after a season I have never heard one amang them who would not acknowledge, that unless there was an increase in the quantity of the necessaries of life, equal to the increase in the number of the people, all flourishing in trade and manufactures was but a hectical bloom betokening inward disease, that sooner or later

would kythe in fecklessness and mortality.

And, Mr. North, what is the fact of our national situation? Ye're ower honest a man yourself to maintain that there has been any over-trading with the God's blessing that's in the soil of the land. The very reverse, you weel know, is the case. Look at our fine parks, our policies, our pleasure-grounds, our gardens, and every other nonsensical whigmaleery, occupying the space that Heaven and Providence ordained for the growth of victual! I'se warrant you, if a calculation were made, it would be found that more of the best arable land has been deducted, since the eighty-nine, from the dominion of the plough, to make the such-like around our villas, forsooth, than all the new fushionless moors and commons that have been taken in and added to the corn-fields since.

In truth, Mr. North, our over-trading has been in superfluities; and all the evil that afflicts us is caused by, and comes from, that. There is not in all the wide world the means to take off the superfluities that mechanical men and means are producing; and, therefore, until some of the capital money, and the hands that are idly, and worse employed in raising superfluities, are directed to foster the fertility of the earth, and to cause her to fill her lap with a greater abundance, there can be, in a certain sense, no corn in Egypt. *Our calamitous state comes of too many hands being employed in making that which we can want, and too many obstacles being set in the way of getting that which we cannot want.* Our ships go forth laden with boxes of manufactures, barrels of nails, and crates of crockery; and if they come home with cargoes of things that we needed, it would be a plain and solid trading. But what do they bring? Cotton bags, dye-woods, and mahogany, far beyond all that we require for the tear and wear and waste of such articles. This breeds an overabundance of them; they grow cheap; the price of them will not bring food for the operatives, because the food—for not letting it come in as freely—is above its natural price, and partly because those that deal in it are already supplied with the superfluities even to superfluity. In short, Mr. North, I have lived to see that the *trading* part of the community has outgrown the *feeding* part; and until there

is an equalisation between them, there can be nothing but distressed weavers and decayed manufacturers in this land.

And here let me tell you, anent sugar and rum, I have had my own thoughts on the West India interest. It is not to be denied, that we have both sugar and rum, coffee-beans and treacle, at a cheaper rate now than ever was known, counting the difference in the value of money, in this world before. Well, what is the cause of that, Mr. North? Just the same cause that makes cotton goods no able to pay the makers—ower meikle rum and sugar, and other West India commodities, are now manufactured. They manufacture them above what's wanted; and, like our merchant manufacturers, the West India planters beguile themselves with thinking that some other than the natural cause of their making an overplus produces the rot and murrain that has fallen upon them. The planters, as ye weel know, Mr. North, were really, in a sense, manufacturers. The slaves and niggers that worked upon their estates had, except for the bit patches of gardens for themselves, nothing among them but what was brought in for the cargoes of commodities that they sent out; and the doited West India planters think, now when the world is overflowing with superfluities, that the same traffic may be continued with the same profit. Accordingly, day by day, they are besetting the king's ministers till they taver the very intellects of the Duke of Wellington with schemes and plans for their behoof, about reducing the duties, as if our tea was not sweet enough already. Stoopit folk! Do they think that there is one single auld wife within the king's realm that will put a bit of sugar more in her teacup than is necessary to sweeten it, with a due regard to the flavour of the tea? What's to be done with them? Just this, Mr. North—they must make less. Instead of keeping their niggers at planting and hoeing sugar-canes, and boiling sugar, and distilling rum, they must set them to plant kail and potatoes; instead of getting Osnaburghs and duffles from this country to cleed them, they must teach them to raise cotton, instruct the black wenches how to spin it, and to make cloth for their own cleeding. There is a natural equality between the products of the earth and the products of the hands; and it's neither in the power

nor the capacity of man to keep the produce of the hands always uppermost. The manufactures of the West Indies have been upheld above the necessities of life, till they have gathered to such a head, that unless more care is paid to the increase of the necessities, in order to cause a natural diminution of the manufactured articles, nothing can come but bankruptcy to the planters in the first instance, and either rebellion or an allowed independence to the slaves in the second. In short, the poverty that's bringing down the big-bellied hogsheads and puncheons of the West India interest to the lean barrels and keggies of the huxtry shop, is of the self-same element and principle as that which has taken the bombast out of the manufacturers. The earth—the earth is the only remedy for them all. Tillers of the ground they must again become; the fat of the superfluity has provoked the sentence, and labour, hard labour, is the doom that has been pronounced upon them all.

Seeing, then, what my experience has taught concerning the disproportionate produce of things superfluous to that of things necessary, I come now to touch upon the specialities of my observes.

In the first place, then, anent them: I have seen that prosperity in trade is a thing that does not entirely depend on the plentifulness of good victual, as might be supposed from what I have just been saying; but has its spring and life in the nimbleness with which money passes from hand to hand. When money has been plentiful, that is to say, when bills were freely melted, and the banker's notes were shuffling about like a gamester's cards, I have seen trade thriving, houses building, coaches louping up upon four wheels, and fat ladies louping into them that were come to a state of motherhood before they weel kent the difference between a chariot and a whisky. Now, what was this owing to? Just this: there was a property created and in hand; this property, by the ordinary devices of trade, changed hands, and a bill was begotten of it. This bill was taken to the banker's; and the banker's, forment their own property, coined bits of paper into notes; and these notes were given in exchange for the bill; and the flourishing manufacturers that got them, payed them away to the masons that biggit their fine houses;

and the mason bought meal and cleeding for the same from the shops; then the shopkeepers they bought cloth and other commodities from those that first sent out the bill; and then these, who were the wholesale dealers, took the banker's coined paper to the bank, and with it bought back, in a sense, their own bill. Now, the quicker all this was done, there was the more thrift. It's true that this circulation did not create any new property; but it did not let honest folk wait so long before they could get a return, or payment for their labour, as when the money was scarcer, which was just another term for saying the circulation was slower. It is, therefore, very evident to me, that if the circulation could be maintained in a constant regular motion, there would be fewer ups and downs among the merchants and manufacturers; the which conclusion leads me to observe another thing, and that is, the cause of those panics and blights that so often withered suddenly the green bay trees of our commerce.

The bankers being as greedy to make money as either the manufacturers or the merchants, often coined more of their bits of paper than they had value foremen in their property; and so when, by ill luck or misfortune, a merchant or a manufacturer could not get the coined paper fast enough to take up the bills by the appointed times, the bankers grew frightened, and said to one another, "Here we have Messrs. Muslin, Yarn, and Company's acceptances, for which we shall never get more than 2s. 6d. in the pound; therefore we must take up of our own paper coin, in the hands of their customers, no less than 17s. 6d. in the pound, which is, if not a clean loss, a diminution to that extent of the value of our property to ourselves; and, therefore, it behoves us to ca' canny, and to get our hands cleared of as many of the bills that we have taken in as will enable us to bear without dread the payment of the odds that we have issued on Messrs. Muslin, Yarn, and Company's bad acceptances." In this way they reduce the amount of the money in circulation; and the quantity being less, it becomes scarcer among hands; and so the masons and the others employed are paid slower, and trade in all shapes and kinds droops and falls off; so that, although ill luck and misfortune among the merchants and manufacturers are the first

cause of the blights that fall on trade, — the panics, the great calamities, are all cleckit behind the counters of the bankers. The Duke of Wellington may, therefore, dabble and squabble, and argle and bangle about the currency with Robin Peel till he grows as muddy as a country banker; for he will find, in the end, that there is no way of putting trade upon a sure footing but by keeping the money in circulation, as nearly as possible, aye at the same quantity. If he can do that, he will soon see that it matters little whether the money is made of gold or slate-stanes, so that the world is willing to take it for the amount in value of property it represents. This was one of the greatest observes that I made when I was keeping my shop. Another next came, in the course of nature, out of it.

It was, that stated gentlemen should not be allowed to be bankers; because, though they may have substance enough in their estates to pay their notes in full, many of their customers must be obliged to suffer great detriment before the estates can be sold and converted into money. But, over and above all this, I have made an observe, that bankers should not be allowed to issue notes at all.

It's an auncient prerogative belonging only to the king to coin money; and what are bank-notes but a coinage? I would, therefore, have the Duke of Wellington to consult the wisdom of our ancestors, and he will find that it will advise him to oblige the bankers to buy from the king, in the stocks, with their substance and capital, the coin and cash that they are to give in exchange for the bills of the merchants, less the discount. This would put all things on a sure and steadfast footing, and would go more to let the blood out of that plethora of superfluities, which makes the nation so feckless, breathless, and unwieldy, than all the nostrums of Professor Macculloch, and such like.

But the prime of all my observes, Mr. North, is anent the alteration in the ways of living. Unless the Duke of Wellington can take a pair of shears and dock the tails and flounces of the ladies, and abridge the waste of broad-cloth that's in the skirts of the gentlemen's suits, he may make a bonfire of all the candle-doups he can save in the offices. For the greatest evil of all

lies in the disproportion between the earnings and the expenses of individuals in private life.

I was for a long time unable to discover how it was that, with better learning, more enlarged knowledge, and a clearer understanding of causes and consequences, the present age should have so little of the forethought of their fathers. No man now thinks of laying up any thing for a sore foot : back, belly, and bravery, consume all. And what think ye, Mr. North, is one of the causes of this ? yea, two of them. I'll tell you. First, from more care and more comforts in the way of living, the world is less liable to the casualties of hurts and sickness than it was in times past, and this has bred such a confidence in health, that no one makes any preparation for a rainy day, until they have come to those years of discretion at which prudent people commonly insure their lives ? And, second, this insurance is the great source of all that wastery and thoughtlessness that makes so many be as the poor, while in the receipt of riches.

I am not sure that the practice of making an insurance on a man's life is in itself otherwise than prudent ; but I have observed that it is an instigation to disregard frugality ; and, hence, when a reverse happens to those who live but to spare the premium of the insurance on their lives, wasting all else beside, they suffer in a proportion that folks in their station of life would never have done in less artificial times. Thus it comes to pass, in periods of national distress like the present, that much of the cry rises from the pinching which such sort of people suffer ; and it is manifest, that if they had in a comeatable form the money which they pay to the insurance offices, and were accustomed to the sober habits of their forefathers, they would say less about public distress.

I am well aware that there are some who think the amount of insurances on lives, compared with the national wealth, is but a flea-bite ; but this can never be said by any man who has rationally considered the subject ; for it is the very nature of the present age

to deal in annuities, to seek for rents and incomes, and to eschew the gude auld custom of laying a nest egg in the shape of lying money. Who ever hears now, even at the very bienest burial, a word said about the deceased's lying siller : we hear of per cents and heritable bonds, and incomes from shares, and canal and water stock ; but the sterling term of lying siller is now an obsolete word. And what's the effect ? The means of one neighbour helping another are gone ; and, in consequence, distrust is widening between man and man, until credit itself shall be no more.

All that I have said, I doubt not, Mr. North, ye'll allow is weel worth heeding. But where's the remedy ? Ay, as the play-actors say, "there's the rub." How is a nation to be converted from extravagance to frugality, when the intent and purpose of all men's minds and endeavours is to foster this wonderful wastery. Ye may crop by statute and ordinance the overgrowth of superfluity,—ye may, by firmness and good handling, establish the health of trade and the regularity of circulation ; but the growth of private prodigality is, I doubt, beyond remeid. Not that I think it has yet come to its uttermost head, or that even the present distress which so wails throughout the land is more than a forerunner ; but, assuredly, or I have had my experience and made my observes to little purpose, it does behove rich and poor to look weel at the leprosy that is upon themselves, more than at the rust that's on the wheels of our national prosperity. For the means of meeting all that we have yet met with is to a certainty among ourselves. We have but to consider in what way we can apply the evil of our superfluity to the mitigation of distress. That's one way. And the other is, to find a method to stop the sources of the superfluity, and to turn the water of its mills, its cotton factories, and power looms,* to irrigation and to fertilising the earth. In short, and finally, our agricultural produce is too costly in proportion to the value of our manufactures.

A. TEMPLETON.

* Qu. Poor looms ?—Printer's Devil.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.*

IN the first Number of our Magazine we thought it right and proper to give Mr. Robert Montgomery a flogging. His unmeaning gabble had been from the first a severe infliction; and Heaven only knows how long he would have continued to play the cantitating gander to his wise group of admirers, and small-beer critics, and public, had we not produced wherewithal to silence the loquacious tyro. Our remarks on his last volume of trash have drawn on us "Letters" and "Observations" innumerable, in commendation of that so successful effort. Some persons, indeed, possessing bowels of tender mercy, have expostulated with us for that severity. To this we answer, our severity was commensurate with the offender's impudence. We used him as an angry pedagogue would use a school-boy (for such we consider Mr. Robert Montgomery) whom he loves, and would chastise with a birch-rod, for an often-repeated offence. The old jockey would turn up his coat-sleeves, lay bare the varlet's back, force him across a bench, and make the twigs of the broom whistle along the youngster's posteriors to the tune of three dozen. We hope that our castigation will have due effect;—we hope that the young man will, now that he is entered of Lincoln College, Oxford, and has time for reflection, think well, and be convinced that he has made himself an egregious boggler, and act up to the adage, though vulgar, that it is better to mend late than never. Then may he have some chance of attaining to a respected and honourable manhood; otherwise, he may depend upon it, the older he gets the longer will grow his ears, until they tower above his head in such altitude, that they shall be observed of all men, and make him the laughing-stock of the world, even whilst he is unconsciously reposing on the downy pillow of his own self-complacency. Mr. Montgomery and his immediate friends, will, doubtless, attribute these stern remarks of ours to every other save the one real and true cause—sorrow that the young man should have suffered his better senses to be so woefully deluded as they have been. What

terms of praise and adulation others may have used towards him, we know not; all we do know is, that *we* have told him the truth. We will repeat this truth again, for people can never have too much of a good thing. In point of learning, Mr. Montgomery is a nonentity,—in point of poetry, he is, as it were, a broken-winded, drudging, over-straining, and sweating mill-horse,—in point of common sense, he is, as it were, a nincompoop. Such things ARE; but, courage, friend! THEY MAY NOT BE FOR EVER. There is consolation in store for thee, if thou dost not mispend the time and opportunity now afforded thee. The stream which has been bearing thee to the shoals and breakers of folly and confusion, may yet, perchance, turn, and lead thee to distinction; but thy salvation depends wholly on thine own wisdom.

We were vain enough to suppose, that, immediately after the castigation in our first Number, Mr. Samuel Maunder, the publisher, would have sent the remaining copies of Mr. Robert Montgomery's poems to the first green-grocer's stall in his neighbourhood, and shut up his own shop in utter dismay and despair. We really supposed that "Othello's" occupation would have been gone" for ever; or, in other words, that from publisher-general to the methodists and dissenters of the kingdom, he would have turned his attention to wholesome literature. But the man is incorrigible: he is determined to make his hay whilst his sun is shining—to sell his poems of "*religious*" trash whilst devout fools flock to his counter to purchase them. Mr. Samuel Maunder is right; for his self-interest is concerned, whilst he salves his conscience with the belief that he is spreading good books amongst the deluded and sinful sons of men. Mr. Samuel Maunder is a prodigy in his way—a very phoenix in the creation—a man, indeed, whose existence was declared impossible by our Saviour himself;—Mr. Samuel Maunder is a servant to God and to Mammon.

That Mr. Maunder's example, in point of gain, has enticed the illaudable ambition of publishers; and Mr.

Montgomery's success been a bait too powerful for authors and rhythm-essayists, is a matter which can be put beyond all contradiction. Indeed, we have the fatal proof before us, in the shape of sundry poems, of ample thickness and balaam-weight, to wit, *Creation*, *Mount Sinai*, *the Impious Feast*, *Cain*, &c. &c. &c. Thus, then, the example and the bait have not proved ineffective. Amidst this waste of unmeaning rhapsodies, it has been a consolation to us to meet with, as Mr. T. Little Moore would say, one green and verdant island, and that is in the shape of the volume which we have presumed to place at the head of our article. It has a tone and a spirit so widely different from all its predecessors and companions, that we thought it would be high culpability on our part did we not immediately set it before our readers.

An Arabian poet, by name Alwahedy, has thus sung the praises of poetry. "If poetry," says the oid and bearded bard, "were a gem, it would be of the brightest lustre,—if it were a flower, it would be an odoriferous balm. Could it be transformed to stars, their radiance would eclipse all other radiance,—could it flow in limpid streams, their waves would never cease to play. Poetry is more tender than the liquid pearls that glisten in the chalices of flowers, when the plains have been moistened by an abundant rain; it is more delicate than the tears of the desponding lover; and sweeter than wine, when lightly tempered with water from the skies." The beauty of Eastern imagery is of rare excellence—and imagery is the garb of poetry. Imagery, however, when genuine, must be very different from the attenuated, sham, filagree work and cob-web clothing wherewith Mr. Thomas Moore has thought fit to fumble up the personages of his "*Lalla Rookh*, an oriental romance." The Arab and the Eastern poets love to dwell upon the visible objects of nature, and rising up in conception and fancy from things visible to things invisible, at length portray to their enthusiastic souls the enthrallments and paradisiacal blisses of an immortal and semperjuvescent life. The contemplation of things visible leads, by a direct inferential process, to the contemplation of the invisible. Thus far the Eastern poet is superior to the duller poetisers of more western countries, because with him the objects presented

by a prolific nature are more perfect in shape, more vivid in colour, more transcendent in loveliness, and the sources of inspiration are more immediate. But in the end the battle is for the bard of Europe, simply because he is THE CHRISTIAN. The imagination of the infidel, after having attained the golden glories of his "empyrean," becomes powerless and exhausted, because it is too far removed from worldly objects, from the contemplation of which alone does it draw its principle of vitality. The Christian, on the contrary, regards the earth as the mere faint reflection of the world above him, the beauties of which his aspiring soul is ever striving to behold—in the glories of which it pants to participate. The more his mind can be sublimated, the higher his genius can soar—the nearer is it to that ineffable bourn for which the ardent traveller has sought, and whence he would never, never more desire to return. To attain to any point were unavailing, if it could not be made of sure and lasting possession. Things earthly have a defined, circumscribed limit: things spiritual fly upward to their native and heavenly region, even as elemental particles obey the attractive centripetal force of the sun.

The above is the principle of the excellence of western poetry, when put in comparison with the workings of oriental inspiration. It is natural that the Arabians, or the other bards of the East, should never be able to define poetry abstractedly or metaphysically; for fancy with them being the propelling power, they obey its guiding influence, and hover past the outward semblance of things, without having the privilege or permission of pausing over those objects, and examining somewhat into their inward essences and pervading spirit, and by analogy and comparison tracing their connexion with one another, until they soar upward from "Nature's self to Nature's God." With European nations, however, their poets feel the influence, metaphysically considered, of poetry. Rarefied, by the alembic of philosophy, of all its earthly drosses and crude substances, poetry here becomes, indeed, to the spirit, as adept the liquor of perpetual youth—of everlasting life. How, otherwise, could Milton and the persecuted Dante have borne up against the tremendous ills of life to which their frail flesh was the woful heir.

The former, though fallen "on evil days," still consoled his steadfast spirit by the contemplation of the all-bounty and the exhaustless love of his God, who, though in heaven, yet forgot not the care and misery endured by his true worshipper on earth: the latter, with an overflowing and passionate heart, wept tears of blood for the folly and depravity of his countrymen, and in the plenitude of his love would have been a teacher, yet one of stoical sternness, where he was persecuted as a common enemy. Of his persecution he has himself given a simple and touching picture.

" 'Alas,' said he, 'had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe, that the occasion of this excuse had never existed; that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly; suffered, I say, the punishment of exile and of poverty; since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that fairest and most renowned daughter of Rome, Florence, to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment even to the ripeness of my age; and in which, with her good will, I desire, with all my heart, to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over almost every part, to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; shewing, against my will, the wound with which Fortune has smitten me, and which is often imputed to his ill-deserving, on whom it is inflicted. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty; and have appeared before the eyes of many, who, perhaps, from some report that had reached them, had imagined me of a different form; in whose sight not only my person was disparaged, but every action of mine became of less value, as well those already performed, as those which yet remained for me to attempt.' "

Since the time of Milton and Dante we have not had sacred or religious poetry of equal merit. For this a sufficient reason is at hand: man is so fond of self-love, and by his corrupt nature inclines so directly to sensual enjoyments and materialism, that if he have even the slightest opportunity, he is too ready to forget his Creator, and to prostitute his spirit to the infamous practices of this world of pleasure. To be taught to know his God, he must be made to suffer; punish-

ment must for a season be his doom; he must be chastised by the arm of mortal misery. In misery only is he moved in spirit, and he naturally looks to Heaven for support. Ethnic superstition and modern faith have been similarly actuated under such similar circumstances. The infidel of old sought his forest gloom and vaticinating oak; the believer of the present day kneels at the footstool of God in humblest contrition. Both, when thus placed and excited, utter words of simple and impassioned poetry; and this poetry has its source from the one true well—pure and undefiled. Our definition of poetry agrees with all this—being the elevated expression of elevated thought, with a corresponding conviction of its truth. The deeper is this conviction, of the more precious quality is the poetry.

We have neither space nor time sufficient to enter into a full consideration of sacred poetry; or into the merits of Milton or Dante, or of their superexcellence to all moderns; or into the causes of the inferiority of the moderns, when compared with the authors of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divine Comedy*. An early opportunity, however, may offer itself, and then we promise to gratify both ourselves and our readers. We have, meanwhile, to turn our attention to the *Descent into Hell*, though even on this production we cannot give that space which we could desire, for its merits are considerable. The author seems to have felt the difficulty of his task; and he was also sensible that the only two models worthy of observance are Dante and Milton. To cut the knot of difficulty, he has taken the measure of the former, with the style of the latter. This was not in the exercise of sound discretion. Those two poets are so opposed to one another in their spirit, that the measure employed by the one is in its nature wholly useless for the purposes of the other. Blank verse suited the grandiloquence, magnificent rhythm, and exhaustless learning of Milton. Dante's mind was more logically cast: thought with him roved not so widely; his language is the language of a man of many woes; his words are as though they were severally wrung from his bleeding heart. Each of his conceptions comes forth, as it were, in the naked, yet august majesty of a young Alcides—a sinewy, fearless, invincible athlete. Dante, moreover, composed in a more pliant dialect than

our stubborn Angle-Saxon; therefore it was no difficult matter for him to make use of the graces of rhyme. Had the author of the *Descent into Hell* paid due attention to all this, he would have avoided certain verbosities and circumlocutions, which otherwise were unavoidable evils. Very frequently, too, the necessity of finding a rhyme has driven him to the adoption of an old and obsolete word, which only seems to give his language an unnecessary and detracting quaintness.

This employment of old words is more frequent than is altogether consistent with good taste. Mr. S. T. Coleridge may do so, and with impunity; but it is an insufferable liberty in a young candidate for fame. Horace has very truly said,

"Verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata vi-
gentque."

The subject of the poem, which is inscribed to Mr. Southey, the poet laureate, "is succinctly included in that article of the Apostles' Creed, adopted into the articles of the church of England, which states, that 'He descended into hell,' on which Bishop Horsley has written so beautiful a sermon.

"Authorities for the doctrine are profusely scattered over the Scriptures for such as are capable of discerning them, especially in the Psalms and the Prophets; but the most explicit testimony occurs in 1 Peter, iii. 18, 21. 'Being put to death in the flesh but quick in the spirit, in which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, who onewhile had been disobedient, when the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a-preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water. The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save us.'

"The reason for Messiah's preaching is given by the same Apostle in the following chapter, verse 6. 'For this cause was the Gospel preached also to them who are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.'

"The word 'Hell' must be understood (and rightly) of the place of separate spirits in general, not of any place of torment in particular.

"The time of the poem embraces the evening and night after the Crucifixion. A dramatic spirit is attempted to be preserved throughout, and each part or act concludes with a choral canto. The measure adopted is the *terza-rima* of Dante."—*Preface*.

The poem opens with an Exordium, proposing the subject, and calling upon Hell to reveal its mysteries.

"Lift up, O Hell! thy diuturnal gate,
But not eternal; finite,—it began.
On the huge hinge harsh thunders hoarsely grate:
—Chaos afar shook where their echoes ran."

These lines are quoted for the purpose of pointing out their imitative harmony. The third line may be traced to Milton—but the fourth is of underived merit. The reader will perceive how the sound is made an echo to the sense by attending to the pauses as follow:—

"Chaos afar—shook—where their echoes ran."

The poem is divided into six parts, respectively entitled "Death," "Earth," "Chaos," "The Captivity," "The Restoration," "The Judgment." We are

introduced at once into Hades, into which Death enters on his pale horse, exulting of his conquest, as he deems, over the Messiah. The passage commences with one of those lines—and many such occur in the poem—the imitative harmony of which we have already shewn.

“ Hell slowly unfolds her damantine door ;
Hell hath her gates unfolded. Lo ! as it were
A mausolæum wide as chaos, or
The ninth of space, an infinite sepulchre,
Yet walled about ; the ward of death and sin ;
Not silent ;—Sleep, with Hope, is alien here.”

Death prologuizes after the manner of the Greek dramatists.

“ Who ruleth the down-rushing avalanche ?

Loosed by a whisper, or a breath too free,
Descending in its brightness terribly,
With the noise of torrents . . . it obeyeth me.

I ride upon the glacier, and do fly,
Yea, I come flying on the winged wind ;
And my pavilion of the snow pile I,
And wonne among the mountains, 'till I mind
To come abroad ; then I wend on my way
Precipitous in lightning, though not tined
From heaven surcharged, but kindling, as it may,
About my secret place, where royally
Dwelleth the hiding of my power, whose sway,
Felt only, doth abide invisibly,
And is in that it is, like to a god
Which lives but in his power energy.

The floods leap under me, and foam aloud,
And bear me onward, gathering as I go,
And armies come unto me from the cloud.
I triumph in my chariôt of snow . . .
Forth utter I my voice, . . . the thunder peals :
Forth from my sanctuary I rush, and, lo,
Forests confess me, nor the vale conceals
My presence, . . . and the village vanisheth ;
Ruin to my pleased ear man's shriek reveals,
Silence, depopulation.—I am Death !

A home in air have I. Winds hear my voice,
The four winds answer it with all their breath.—
—Lo ! the tornado doth aloud rejoice
In his ubiquity, and cometh out
With sudden and exaggerated noise ;
Scattering his hurtling arrows all about
Amid the sky, the while his iron shoon
Cottage and palace trample ; . . . with a shout,
Then whirls him in his dusty car aboon,
As with the ruin he would blot out heaven,
And quench the glorious sun,—as I shall soon.
And men are hurled into the clouds, and driven
As in a witch-dance, round, and eye around,
And perish in the flashes of the levan ;
I swoop, and strangle them in that dire swound,
For sport ;—and thus I gambol merrily.

My way is ~~on~~ the waters. Of the drowned
The last spasm makes the globule, wherewith I
Take innocent delight, and think when this
Strong hand shall, with the same facility,
Confound in one disruption, one abyss,
A bubble and a universe. I dance
Around the circles of the vortices,

And see the ship go down in a strong trance,
 And hear the shriek,—one, yet how manifold !
 There, where the steeds o' the tempest foam and prance,
 Am I ;—their wild manes o'er wild ocean rolled,
 Like fire-flakes, wreath the billows, and their neigh
 Doth chide the clarion-clang of Ocean old." &c. &c.

Death then goes on to describe the earthquake which occurred at the crucifixion of our Saviour, and to anticipate universal dominion from his destruction. The phantasm of pale Earth enters into this shadowy region, which accordingly vanishes, leaving only the darkness which accompanied the passion for the contemplation of the reader. The description of, and reflections upon, this darkness, constitute the first of the choral cantos mentioned in the advertisement to the poem. The reflections are, at first, of the terrible and sublime ; making a question even of the eternal existence of Deity itself, but finally rising into a grand display of the attributes of God, and concluding with an all-hail to Him " who, dying, conquered."

Upon the return of day, the poem proceeds to describe the mournful scene on Calvary.

" Day's second dawn on that portentous noon
 Brake west of the equator. Tardily
 It brake ; and, like the blank and quenched moon,
 The reappearing sun on Calvary
 Rose fearful-pale. Son of the golden morn,
 Thee once a mortal voice controlled on high—
 Now by no mortal voice thy beams were shorn !
 — Or did some planetary orb, elanced
 By the great shock wherewith the worlds were torn
 In the Creator's anguish, that entranced
 Them all in one astonishment intense,
 From its due sphere, a wreck, down rush—advanced
 Before thy broad and bright circumference—
 And blot thee from between the heaven and earth ?
 Or wept thy seraph so for man's offence,
 And for the passion whereto it gave birth,
 The copious flood did quell thy glowing light ?
 The heavens are girt as with a swaddling girth,
 Gathered the clouds into a pall outright :—
 And, out upon thy melancholy weed !
 Sackcloth of hair, more black than blackest night.

Now the mysterious hour, with tender heed,
 That sombre swathe moves from thy radiant brow :
 Heaven dares again to look upon that deed :
 The seraph's angel-aspect brightens now :
 The stars assert their courses and their orders ;
 And reinvested with thy beams art thou.

O Calvary ! how blessed are thy borders,
 More holy than God's sanctuary mount,
 Of whose high praise be angels the recorders ;
 But grateful man thy praises shall recount,
 There Jesus is adored, but here He died !
 O Calvary ! that rood is as a fount
 Whence with a sanguine stream thou art supplied,
 Yet healing as Bethesda. Calvary !
 The earthquake that did rock thee doth subside ;
 Thy sacred rood, and they who stand thereby,
 Dim and less dim in the returning light,
 Appear, and on thy summit paint the sky."

The departure of the darkness shews to the mournful group a stranger, who expresses himself anxious to be informed of the reason of the miracles by which he finds himself surrounded. The stranger (who afterwards appears to be the prophet Isaiah,—one of the saints who came out of their graves at the time of the earthquake, according to the Evangelists' account,) is referred to Mary, the

mother of Jesus, whose narrative of our Saviour's life and death forms a canto by itself; at the conclusion of which the stranger exclaims, "It is fulfilled," and suddenly vanishes. The burial of the Messiah is then described.

The chorus, in a canto entitled "*Elina*," sing verses over the tomb of Messiah. Amongst these occurs a description of the creation of the angels, which deserves considerable praise.

The next part of the poem relates Isaiah's return over Chaos to the place of disembodied spirits. "*The Way to Hell*," and "*The Valley of the Shadow of Death*," are the titles by which are indicated the subjects of the cantos occupied by the business of this mysterious transit.

All the succeeding action of the poem passes in the place of separate spirits. Paradise is described, with its joys and capacities of perfection. Then the poet proceeds "to that dream of a night-vision—the multitude of all the nations that had come up against her and her munition." Hell and Satan are hovering over the Holy City, the "heavenly Jerusalem," now a "childless widow," whose children are banished to a place which is called "*The Mountain of Seth*." Here Moses, and David, and Æschylus, and Plato, and Socrates, and Hesiod, and Cyrus, and the Son of Sirach, and Adam, with the patriarchs of the world before the flood, and the prophets, hold "high argument," until the arrival of Isaiah, who gives to them the account of his mission.

His narrative is interrupted by the sudden joy excited amongst all by the appearance of the glory descending upon the Holy City, indicative of Messiah's descent into Hell. All hasten forward, while the chorus celebrate the Judgment of the Deluge.

"Heaven! ope thy windows! send the flood abroad!
Thou, Earth! break up thy fountains, . . and spurn hence
The proud oppressor, son of force and fraud!
—The starting horse, hit by the hail intense,
Though small, intensely small, erects his ears,
His mane erects, and smarts in every sense.
With martial pride his arched neck he rears,
His veins with courage tremble while they madden,
His eye returns the lightning while it sears,
Till the surrounding storms his spirits sadden,
And reeling in the rain and wind and thunder,
He yields the life the hills no longer gladden." &c. &c.

The innumerable company of spirits in Hades proceed to the Holy of Holies, in which Messiah has descended upon the cherubim in all his glory. Prostrate at the footstool of his throne lies the penitent thief, to whom the Saviour said on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!" Satan stands in the presence of the Lord, and pleads against him the terrors of the law; but the arch enemy is rebuked by the Messiah, whereat

"The accuser fell
As lightning flashed from heaven; the Heaven-aborred
From God's right hand vanished into hell."

But a different fate awaits the penitent thief:—

"Then to that brand thus plucked from out the fire,
The Lord spake—'Stand upon thy feet!'—and lo,
The entering Spirit did with life inspire,
And set him on his feet! and, standing so,
The penaw swathings of his shame fell down
From off his limbs, which now with glory glow,
Invested with new raiment and a crown,
A mitre fair on his anointed head,—
Angelic garb, and he an angel grown."

Thus encouraged, Noah advances, and pleads for the antediluvian world, and is graciously answered. The Messiah then proceeds to preach the mystery of his intercession, and the redemption of the body from the grave. Abraham and Isaac, with Melchizedek, next present themselves before the throne. Abraham supplicates for his spiritual seed, and the acceptance of his prayer is followed by

the song of cherubim, who bear Messiah, in his living chariot, into the farthest abyss of hell. The choral canto celebrates the superseding of all mythologies and every previous form of religion by Christianity.

We are now introduced to the very abyss of hell :—

“ The depth of hell ! the immaterial centre
Of darkness ! Borne on wings cherubic, see,
Leading the hosts of heaven, Messiah enter !

A universe of darkness ! horribly
Built like a wall, profound, sublime, immense—
Chaotic verge, Creation's boundary !—
Real as life, . . as very death intense . .
And here they dwell together. Life in death,
And light in darkness ; but without the sense
To comprehend light's radiance or life's breath.
No eye, no ear, no mind ;—but Silence sits
Gibbering to Night what Desolation saith.
Unutterable mysteries ! it fits
No tongue of angel or of man to tell—
Too high for great, too mean for little wits.

Will without power, the element of hell,
Abortive all its acts returning still
Upon itself ; . . oh, anguish terrible !
Meet guerdon of self-love, its proper ill !
Malice would scowl upon the foe he fears,
And he with lip of scorn would seek to kill,
But neither sees the other, neither hears ;—
For darkness each in his own dungeon bars,
Lust pines for dearth, and Grief drinks its own tears,
Each in his solitude apart. Hate wars
Against himself, and feeds upon his chain,
Whose iron penetrates the soul its scars.
A dreadful solitude each mind insane,
Each its own place, its prison all alone,
And finds no sympathy to soften pain.”

Messiah, with his hosts, penetrates to the deepest centre. The throne of hell is vacant. At the Messiah's mandate, however, Satan appeals.

“ He rose majestic from the fiery lake,
Which did beneath that throne itself unfold,
Unfathomable depth ! and, upward borne,
Within a cloudy chariot inter-rolled,
Appeared. That quenched star ! the star of morn,
Fall'n from its place in heaven ; yet still the star
Of morning, beauteous, though of glory shorn
Beautiful, but not lovely. Not the scar,
'Twas not the scar of thunder on his brow,
That made him loveless ; but the pride of war—
Indomitable pride ; no overthrow
Could quell, no might subdue, no right convince,
Revenge and hate's insatiable glow.
These are of hell, befitting hell's high prince,
Not loveable nor lovely. But, from heaven
Derived, his beauty springs unalien since,
Whence strength and vigour to his guilt are given,
Greatness of soul, and energy of will,
Resolve majestic, column yet unruined,
With valorous virtue, calm, sedate, and still—
Royal investments, worthy of man's foe
And God's archangel, though depraved to ill.”

Satan insolently appeals from the Son to the Father, but in the end accuses the Father also of injustice, in creating beings for death and misery, “ transitive or enduring.” Nor is he unanswered by Messiah, who reminds him of his inferiority as a creature, and refers him to his personal demerit as the just source

of his punishment. Messiah foretells his final victory over hell and the grave, and the salvation of mankind.

" My heel thou woundedst. Men cried out in pain ;
The sons of labour murmured as they toiled,
Like captives galled with an ignoble chain.
But on thy head the vengeance hath recoiled —
For law was given but to this end, that they
Should conquer in my right, and be assoiled
Of thy temptation, and, from day to day,
Advance from dawn to noon, from law to love,
Itself a law unto itself always,
And in its light, in earth and heaven above,
And hell beneath, and over the wide seas,
Behold itself reflected, and approve
The wisdom of obedience. Lo, in these
Thy power shall be broken, and without
Creation be cast forth its carcasses,
Whereon my saints shall look, and, with a shout
Triumphant, o'er the mighty slain rejoice.

Who God reproves must answer ! Who shall doubt ?
Behold ! my deed is witness to my voice.

Within his soul the adversary felt
The fiat of Omnipotence, and shrank
Into himself with fear. Fain would he melt
Into original nothing. Down he sank,
He fell ; and with him fell, with hideous crash,
His throne tyrannic, which oblivion drank.
Wide hell yawned as a grave, and did forth flash
Horrible lightning thunderously outrolled, *
And took them in, closed with a sudden clash.
Over them passed the hymning orbs. Behold !
The chariot of his love passed o'er them there —
The living chariot of cherubic mould —
And where it moved, demolished. Disappear
Hell's waste dominions, and an Eden blooms —
The flowers of Paradise their blossoms bear
In that ungenial clime." &c. &c.

The remainder of the poem is occupied with the celebration of Messiah's triumph, and his return from the "plain of victory."

We have here described a true poem, written by a true poet. We now beg to turn the attention of our readers to the gesticulations of an ape. Not that we would wish to call Mr. William Phillips after the name of that animal, but really his book deserves no better denomination. Milton run stark staring mad, would be too gentle a term for this gentleman's performance. We thought that a rival could not easily be found for Mr. Montgomery—that none but himself could be his parallel ; but we were mistaken. There was, however, an excuse for our mistake : we were ignorant of the existence of Mr. William Phillips. How any individual, who has received the rudiments of the commonest polite education, could have sat down to waste his time in writing such utter and contemptible trash is to us most astonishing. How any bookseller could be found to pub-

lish such utter and contemptible trash, is equally so. It is an insult to the meanest sense—to the humblest capacity. Mr. Samuel Maunder, however, seems to be the hardy and adventurous man. Having sufficiently learned his trade by the sale of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, &c., he imagined, that by converting the pot-hooks and hangers of Mr. William Phillips into printed lines, he might bring them also to a ready market. These questions, then, remain : Is the man idiot enough to have offered unwittingly this insult to the reading public of Great Britain ? or, Are there people in the world consummate fools enough to read and devour such ineffable balderdash ?

Perhaps the thing, from beginning to end, is a hoax. If so, we are ready to give all credit to Mr. Samuel Maunder for his wit and facetiousness, and are proud to say, that we, for one,

(to speak in our plural singularity), are not taken in by his ingenuity. If it should prove to be a hoax, and we shall be glad to hear that it is so, for the credit of Mr. Maunder, it must, doubtless, be the production of a school-boy who had been trying his hand at what are called nonsense verses, and mightily well the young urchin has

succeeded. For very like nonsense verses they most certainly look,—rhythm being disregarded, prosody turned away from in scorn, grammar despised, lexicography treated with the contempt it so richly deserves. That we are right we are ready to prove by ample evidence, e. g.

“As when, on the vales
Of swart Natolia, or along the banks
That gird Euphrates, for full many a league
Extend the locust foragers: aghast,
Some lonely husbandman descries afar
(Unwelcome sight!) his reptile visitants,—[who are flying all the
And horror smites him: whilst above his head *whistle.*]
In living clouds careering the expanse,
These *fleck* the firmament. Their deadly course
Long devious wheeling, they o’erhang the soil,
Marking its goodliest produce, and anon,
Intent on rapine, mantling flutter down
Where autumn prospers: but how soon, alas!
Bleeds then the asphodel! the plantains shed
Their sometime graceful verdure: pleasant herbs,
’Neath fell infliction of the frequent fung,
Distain the sword with aromatic, whilst
At browse the dusky populace malign
In breathing acres batten. On the wild,
Thus numerous lay the sullen Hebrew host.”—Mr. William Phillips.

This is in “Ercle’s vein;” but it is a base coin—very base, perhaps, our witty readers will say. The source, whence the bard of Mount Sinai has borrowed, is near enough for us to lay our hands upon it.

“As when the potent rod
Of Amram’s son, in Egypt’s evil day
Waved round the coast, up call’d a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o’er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken’d all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell.”—John Milton.

Be it remarked, that Milton, who knew what he was about, compares the *bad* angels to locusts: Mr. Phillips [not any relation to Milton] is so ingenious as to compare “*the dusky populace malign*” with his own heroes!

Mr. Phillips, imagining that he has made a grand hit in the above passage, is constantly playing the same trick upon his reader. What an amazing power in writing down hard names and sesquipedalians does not the following passage manifest:

“As when the breath of Eurus, fetching deep,
Hath blown a blast on Scandinavian pines,
Or o’er Hardanger chill, or Dofrafield,
Or Sulitelma (mount without a peer!)
Their myriad heads majesticall commoved,
With boughs colliding, through the forest’s bound
Tell out their tempest diapason. Thus,
The voice of Israel, Or as Euxine dark
Some direful hurricane remote forebodes
In long-drawn muffled roar: the trader then
(To Azoph, or Byzantium voyaging,)
With ship in trim, and rigging yarely reef’d,
Expects a keel-distressing storm.”—Oh! oh! oh!

Milton voyages in a manner somewhat like the latter half of the quotation just given; but, ah! how different.

“As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past

Mozzabic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabea odours from the spicy shores
 Of Araby the blest, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles :
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
 Who came their bane."

Admire the majestic paces and *ore rotundo* mode of writing in the following paragraph. There is nothing better in *Chrononhotonthologos*, a poem of which *Mount Sinai* always reminds us.

" Not so aught else
 Of Him *denotive*, and his presence dread
 On great design accrediting. At once
 Dark shadows hurtle to eclipse the sun
 Half quench'd in terror, and with partial *gouts*
 Of light slow gushing. Steadfast heaven itself,
 From base to centre *estuate*, ejects
 Volcanic element. In solar sphere
 Could some vast planet, from its argent home
Erratic starting, disobedient mar
Celestial harmony, and thwart the course
 Of comet zoned with meteoric leagues
 Twice twenty thousand, horrible the crash,
 And loud the ruin of the rubied orb,
 And passing fierce were the combustion."—*Mr. William Phillips.*

" If, nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound."—*John Milton.*

What comes is also to be recognised as Miltonic, though not (alas!) in Miltonic measures.

" As a swarm of bees,
 O'er mead or garden clust'ring, follow forth
 At noon their leader on colonial quest
 With kindred instinct, in like manner throng'd
 Round Moses, Levi."—*Mr. William Phillips.*

" As bees
 In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters ; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
 Their state-affairs."—*John Milton.*

And this :—

" The descant sweet
 Of Philomela, minstrel of the moon,
 Its hour asserted, and the darkling sky
 Acknowledged evening."—*Mr. William Phillips.*

" All but the wakeful nightingale,
 She all night long her amorous descant sung."—*John Milton.*

Is this enough ? Perhaps the reader may suppose that this suet-dumpling mode of versifying is only visible in the more ambitious passages of the poem. We assure him it is all alike. Take the following passage—it is a nailer. The thunder of the *Times* never was grander.

" The mountain's sides
 With darkness crown'd as with a diadem
 Of night's investing, crimson-tissued shine,
 One burning swell of furnace unconsumed,
 Leaps forth exulting in peculiar hue,
 With barb thrice tripled, from its murky lair
 Long lightning fitful, and around the mount
 Wildly meanders. Hollow first of tone,

As vex'd with solid substance, and remote,
 The bratling thunders rumble under ground ;
 But soon more general, their rough gathering roar
 Tremendous deepens, and, with crashing burst
 Disrupt, reverb'rates repercussive harsh,
 From zone to zone, from zenith to profound.
 Now trembles Sinai ; trembles utter Zin ;
 Shur, too, is troubled ; and all Goshen quakes ;
 And Niger darkens ; and the ocean wave
 Westward of Zaara ; nor is Crete unmoved ;
 Nor distant Gades : even the fast terrene,
 Hereby deep shaken to its extremest bounds,
 Had been perchance irreparably impair'd,
 But that, appended to Jehovah's self,
 Therein was safety. From the mountain then
 Roll'd back the multitude. Dismay, and rout,
 And fear unspeakable, the souls of all
 O'erwhelm'd resistless, and that wondrous throng
 Moved as one solid, and one impulse felt
 Like individual creature. They roll'd back
 With hurried motion ; but to Sinai still
 Was fronted each in homage. Thus oft-times
 In some Canadian forest, when its leaves
 Autumnal, bedded on the soil, are strewn
 Thick, deep, and frequent, haply should the force
 Of dissonant Auster on a sudden sweep
 Such woodland o'er, the atoms of the branch
 Rustling are blown along. Like this appear'd
 The painful flight of Israel ; for they fled
 In wild disorder manifest, nor ceased
 (So great their fear !) till distant as its shade,
 When reaching farthest, had elongate lain,
 They stood from Sinai. Breathless and aghast,
 There late they rallied. Timid even there,
 With indecision fluctuate, and faint,
 Each tread half-planted transitory pause
 Bespoke equivocal. Their terror thus
 From thence to Moses wing'd its heavy way."

And in the same style of *Bombastes Furioso*, the poem wings—no, not wings—waddles its heavy way. Pistol, himself, might have been proud of the "crimsoned tissue shine, with barb thrice tripled, from its murky lair long lighting fitful, and around the mount wildly meanders."

"O! base Assyrian knight, relate thy news,—
 Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof."

Perhaps Mr. Samuel Maunder, having been troubled in spirit from the force of our observations on Mr. Robert Montgomery's *Satan*, determined himself to shew us and the world that that young, smooth-faced, psalm-singing, descendant of Sternhold and Hopkins, was not the only ninny-hammer ornamenting the fair face of creation. If this be so, it is an excellent trick of the Newgate Street publisher ; but it has failed somewhat in effect, merely because he has attempted too much. As it is impossible, in spite of the

fiction of the poet who has said so, to find a deep beneath the lowest depth, so it is out of the question to surpass the childish nonsense so conspicuous throughout the ten-syllabic, hard-hammered bars of Mr. Montgomery's production. He has a rival every way worthy of him in Mr. William Phillips. The *Mount Sinai* and the *Satan* are two glorious specimens of the dunder-headedness in composition, and their authors are indeed a *par nobile fratrum*. Of either, and of both, may it be said,

"With reverence speaking,
 He never was a poet of God's making ;
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—be thou dull!"

MRS. M'CRIE,

CHARLES MATHEWS'S OLD SCOTCH LADY.

THIS gentlewoman was simplicity itself, and her heart overflowed with the warmest affections of human nature. Mr. Josiah Flowerdew, of Manchester, had occasion to visit Edinburgh, that freestone village which Scotchmen call a metropolis, situated a mile or two from Leith, a sea-port town on the river Forth. He had a letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. M'Crie, and was received by them with all the frank and courteous kindness of their disposition.

One Sunday, after having attended divine service in the Doctor's church, he returned with his hospitable friends to their residence. A nice, hot, tasty, but frugal dinner, was quickly placed upon the table.

"Good folk hunger after the word," observed the old lady, putting a had-dock of fourteen inches long, with an ocean of oysters and butter, on Josiah's plate; "and tak' a wilywaught of that Malaga—it's gusty and priesome; our gudeman he was dry in the pulpit, and ye hae as gude right to be dry out of it—hein! Excuse me, Doctor—Lord, sir, ye are filing your hands."

Mr. Josiah was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and could not, even when an aged and wrinkled face met his gaze, fail to remember, that once the same cheek was dyed with the hue of the rose, and the eyes cast a lustre which would have maddened an anchorite. He therefore, out of devotion to what was past, ate and drank as directed of what was present. After having in this fashion laboured with a vigour and industry which would have done credit to an Irish labourer deepening the Thames, or a student of Stink-omalee etting at comprehending the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, he was constrained, from absolute want of local capacity, to give over—"to cease labour, to dig and to delve," in a horrid brute, of the bird species, which must have been cousin-german to the penguins of the Falkland Islands.

"The 'tither leg, Mr. Josiah Power-jew?" said the Doctor.

"The 'tither leg, Doctor! May I perish if one joint of the whole carcase has moved the flutter of a gnat's wing," answered Josiah.

"Ye are ower genty with the beast, Mr. Flowerdew," observed the old lady. "(Doctor, mark ye that, and abuse nae man's gude name.) Rive it, sir—rive it."

"It is tough—it is, of a verity," said the Doctor, as his eye-tooth snapped in a struggle with a tendon which would have held his majesty's yacht in a hurricane.

"And toothsome forbye," observed Mrs. M'Crie; "but it's wrang to sport wi' a human creature's distresses. Na, na, Mr. Josiah, ye needna look sae wae like. Possession, nae doubt, is nine points of the law; but the rightful owner of that yellow stump is lang syne gathered to his forbears. Of a troth, it would be an awfu' moment gin he cam to vindicate his ain."

Mr. Flowerdew shuddered, and, for reasons that can very well be understood, agreed most heartily with his hostess.

"But as I'm in the land of the living," continued Mrs. M'Crie, "our taupy lass has a'thegether neglected the syllabub. There it stands, in the pride of its beauty, in the aumry. Surely I've been carried mysell. Doctor, whenever you gae by the hour and five minutes, I'm clean done for ony mair use that day—I can mind naething."

"Neither can I, Mrs. M'Crie," observed Mr. Josiah, innocently.

"It's a blessing for you, Mr. Josiah," answered the old lady; "if I had minded a' I've heard, I would by this time have been demented."

"Right, my dear," replied the Doctor, "the female is the weaker vessel—a cracked pitcher, as a man may say, and in no way fit to be the repository of the wonders of art and science."

"And yet," retorted Mrs. M'Crie, somewhat piqued at the observation, "there are some airts of the whilk ye are as ignorant as a dead dog—saving the compairison."

"And in what, may I be permitted to ask?" answered the Doctor, with much solemnity. "In what! Ye see, Mr. Lourhew," he added, "I in nae-wise eschew the inquiry."

"Na, then, gudeman," exclaimed the old lady exultingly, "I hae you now on the hip—that is—God save us

—excuse the expression, Mr. Josiah; we are plain folk.”

“Madam,” answered Mr. Flowerdew, “make no apology. The recollections of youth are delightful. I have many warm remembrances of the kind. But pray, madam, don’t let us lose the advantage of knowing in what matter of lore you transcend the Doctor. Pray be so condescending.”

“Nay, kind sir,” said the old lady, “it’s a joke of my own; but, as it is connected with that very syllabub that our lass has set before you, I shall ask the Doctor again. Ye that ken the three wonnerful things in the world, yea, the four wonnerful things and strange, how mak ye the syllabub?”

“I tak the lass—”

“Whisht, Doctor; gin ye begin that gate,” interrupted the old lady, “I maun be the expounder of the text myself. So ye see, Mr. Flowerdew—”

But, before the secret is disclosed, we must inform our readers that there is a certain jug or pipkin of earthenware used in various culinary and detergent purposes in Scotland, called a “pig,” and which, from the tenacious kind of earth (laam or loam) of which it is composed, goes by the distinctive name of a “lame pig;” an utensil of which, fifty years ago, to have been ignorant would have been a confession of stultification as great as if you thought that the red sea was rubicund.

“So, sir,” continued Mrs. M'Crie, “when I want to make a syllabub—its grand for a cold, or a kittling in the throat—”

“Madam!”—

“Yes, its nae doubt of healing virtues,” observed the Doctor, “medicinal in all matters, thoracical, if I may use the expression; and, Mr. Towerflew, it has the advantage of being divertive and jocund in the swallow. Sir, I hold in utter execration your sennas and globars: the latter are, of a certy, an abomination before the Lord. I ance had a dose thereof—gin I live to the age of Methusalem, the day will be to me like yestreen: they took a good forty minutes to chow; my inside was curmurring like doos in a docket. It was most special unsavoury, Mr. Sourspew.”

“So,” continued the old lady, after an impatient pause, “I send to the

market, and our Bell brings me a lame pig.”

“But why a lame pig?”

“Why a lame pig, sir?—what way no? Sir, naething but a lame pig will answer the purpose!”

“I cry your mercy, good lady.”

“So our Bell brings me a lame pig. I aye tell our lass (she has been wi’ us these thirteen years come Martinmas; she is the O* of her grandfather, as the doctor says, when he is facetious,) to pick me out a clean ane.”

“Very right,” said Mr. Josiah. “But I’m afraid you would have but little choice in that respect.”

“Ye are wrang, Mr. Cowersew,” said the Doctor, “they are aye weel washed outside and in.”

“Oh, Doctor, no joking; this is a serious matter.”

“Na: there’s no joking,” observed the old lady. “They are weel scraped wi’ a heather ringe.”

“A what, madam!”

“A nievclu’ o’ heather; wi’ the whilk you get even to the most extreme corner of the concern.”

“No doubt, madam, if you are permitted”——

“Permitted, Mr. Josiah! and gin I buy a pig, may I no do what I chuse wi’ it? or wi’ ony ither face of clay for which I gave ready cuinzie! Ye have, sir, great character in England for cleanliness; and I am sure that Mrs. Flowerdew never has a pig in her aught but she washes it inside and out, as clean as the driven snaw.”

“Nay, in that,” said Mr. Flowerdew, “I can assure you you are mistaken. Before the pigs reach us”——

“Weel, weel; ither folk do it, and that is the same thing. So, when Bell comes hame, I says, hand me down the can with the virgin honey, and I drap twa dessert spoonfuls into the pig’s mouth”——

“Into its mouth, madam!”

“Ay, to be sure, sir; where would you have it put?—a pig’s mouth was na gien to it for naething—Or jelly will do as weel. Na, I’ve tried your large bergamot preserved pear; but whiles the pig’s neck is no that wide to admit of a pear of size, and it’s fashious squeezing it in.”

“No doubt, madam, and dangerous.”

"Yes, gin the neck break; but when ye mell and meddle wi' pigs, ye maun mind ye deal wi' slippery gear."

"Very true, madam."

"Weel, then, our lass carries the pig to the cow, and there she gently milks a pint and a half of warm milk in upon the henny, or jelly, or pear, as it may be."

"Into the pig, madam!"

"Ay, into the mouth o't. Surely that's nae kittle matter?"

"Now, madam, as I am an ordinary sinner, that is an operation that would puzzle all Lancashire. Into it's mouth!"

"Weel, I'm astonished at you, sir: is there ony mystery or sorcery in Bell hauding a pig wi' the tae hand, and milking a cow with the tither!"

"I really, madam, in my innocence of heart, thought that the pig might have run."

"Run o'er? Nae doubt; so it wud gin ye filled it o'er fu. So hame comes the pig!"

"Of itself, madam!"

"Sir! Lord, sir, you speak as if the pig could walk!"

"I beg you a thousand pardons, madam; I truly forgot the milk and jelly. It would be extraordinary if it could."

"Very, sir. So the lass brings me my lame pig."

"Ah, that's another reason. Well, may I be drawn to a thread if I could divine why you preferred a lame pig."

"Ye needna gang to Rome to learn that; a lame pig is aye fendiest. So I begin to steer and steer the milk and jelly."

"Steer and steer, madam!"

"Ay—mix a' weel up together."

"And may I entreat to know with what you stir it?"

"Wi' a spoon, to be sure; ye wadna hae me do it wi' my fingers!"

"God forbid, madam! I would use, if heaven ever employed me in the manner you mention, a spoon with a most respectably long handle."

"It's better of length, certainly, sir. Naething can escape you, then? Weel, the next thing we do is, to gently put the pig afore the fire to simmer."

"To simmer!"

"Yes, sir, and there stand or it reeks again. But you must not let it get o'er het: it would burn the milk."

"And the pig too, madam."

"Oh! that's naething. We dinna

fash ourselves wi' the pig. What were they made for?"

"Why, truly, madam, I thought, until this day, that I knew something of their history; but I find I have been woefully ignorant."

"We canna reach perfection at ance, as our gudeman says, (wha, by the bye, is, and has been this half-hour, as sound as a tap.) And so, after the pig has simmered and simmered, ye in wi' the spoon again."

"Again, madam!"

"Ay sir; ye wadna hae it all in a mess at the bottom!"

"Far from it, madam; as far as possible."

"So ye maun gie anither stir or twa, until it sings."

"Sings, madam? And does the pig make no other noise during all this operation?"

"Scarce ony other, gin it's a good pig; but all depends on that. I've seen a lame pig, that, afore the heat had touched its sides a matter of five minutes, would have gane off in a crack."

"I don't wonder at that in the least, madam."

"You would wonder, if your English pigs had half the value of the Scotch."

"Possibly, madam."

"Of a verity," continued Mrs. M' Crie, "there was a pig played me ance a maist mischancy trick. Ye see, I expected a pairty of our Presbytery to denner, and I had sent our Bell out for the maist capacious pig she could grip; and I had poured in the *quantum suff.*, as the mediciners say, of het milk on the gooseberries, (I was making a grosset posset, and a' went weel; but when I thought it was done to a hair, out lap a het aizzle; our Bell (the hizzey!) sprang to the tae side; the pig gaed the tither—a' was ruined."

"And the poor pig—what became of it?"

"Puir, indeed! It wasna worth the minding: its head was dung in, and it gat a sma' fracture on the side; but as it was bonny in its colour, and genty in its mak, Bell syned it out in clear water, then rubbed it up wi' a duster, and clapped it on the shelf in the kitchen, where it lies to this blessed day, in peace and quiet, as I may say. In my opinion, sir, the pig hadna been right made."

"Not right made, madam!"

"Not right made, sir. You look surprised. Think you any body can make a pig?"

"Far from it, madam."

"It would surely fash you and me, I'm jalousing, Mr. Josiah Flowerdew."

"Admitted, madam; admitted.—But, my dear Mrs. M'Crie, I have just one other thing to ask. You have told me—(here Josiah gave a shudder)—how the milk and honey gets in. Now, madam, may I be allowed to ask how you get the syllabub out?"

"How we get it out? Lord, sir, you surprise me! Just the way we put it in. How would you get it out? Sure, there's nae magic in that!"

"Nay, madam, I don't pretend to venture upon any speculations on the point. There are many reasons, no doubt, why the pig would easier let it out than in; and I am quite willing to prefer the mouth. But, after it is out, pray, madam, who eats the syllabub? or, pray, madam, do you also eat the pig?"

"Ha, ha! Weel, that's gude. Lord, sir, the pig's as hard as stane!"

"Ged, madam, you are right; I had forgot the frying. But as to the milk and jelly, or the bergamot pear, after the pig's, for whose intestines are they devoted?"

"Sir?"

"Pray, madam, who devours that?"

pointing with his finger to the horrid potion before him."

"You, sir, if you will do me that honour."

"Me, madam! Me! Good night, madam. Pray don't waken the Doctor. I am particularly engaged. Nay, madam, not a morsel—I would as soon bolt a barbecued toad, or mouth a curried hedgehog—I do entreat you to keep it for the next presbytery. If they resemble our clergy in the South, they are more familiar with pigs than I am.—Well, well!" Mr. Flowerdew was heard to exclaim, as he, in a manner, tumbled down, in his haste, from top to the bottom of the stair, "I have often heard that the Scotch were dirty; but, by all the stripes in a yard of gingham, they are born barbarians!"

"Mr. Dourstew!" exclaimed the Doctor, awakening. "Where are you? Here's my wife with the syllabub. Where are you, Mr. Moor-skew?"

"I'm off!" answered Mr. Josiah; and it is said by his friends, that, during a long life of some seventy years, no persuasion could induce him ever again to visit Edinburgh. "The lame pig," he would mutter to himself, "the jelly, and hot milk! Heaven save me from such a calamity!"

LETTER FROM LADY BYRON.

LADY BYRON has, for the first time since her separation from her late husband, broken silence on that subject. Moore's conduct towards the lady has not been the most honourable. He appears, indeed, to fancy that a determination to defend his dead hero through thick and thin gives him a sufficient privilege to traduce the living.

As we think Lady Byron's letter will be of some importance towards forming a judgment of his lordship, and his lordship's last biographer, we think it proper to reprint it in our pages. Mr. Moore is so kind as to promise that he will give it in the new edition of his book. We are quite certain that he will do so; it is a very old practice to publish a libel for the purpose of attracting a sale, and then, when that is falling off, to print the refutation, in the hope of bolstering it up. It is a most respectable way of doing business. Marsh and Miller have been so kind

as to print the letter in a pamphlet, for which they charge the moderate sum of a shilling: as it makes about a column of a newspaper (the price of which to a purchaser is the 24th part of sevenpence, *i. e.* about a farthing) the charge is truly reasonable.

Here follows the letter. The typography is exactly that marked in the original.

"I have disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorised friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention; if, however, they are so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the

subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I know to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersions on my mother's character, p. 648, l. 4:—'My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society.' The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, p. 645, l. 7. &c. 'A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.'s), who, in her better days, was a washer-woman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.' The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 646, with the words immediately following it,—'Her nearest relatives are a ———; where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies' employed by them. From the following part of the narrative, p. 642, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. 'It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.' In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching of any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could

conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. With the concurrence of his family, I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that in correspondence with Lord Byron I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently influenced to 'desert' my husband. It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings, incompatible with any deep sense of injury, had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped

to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron, by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease; and the reports of his medical attendant were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother. Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron.

"My dear Lady Byron,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally, consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to

render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed. I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully yours,
'STEPH. LUSHINGTON.'

Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830.

"I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised, that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron's life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

"A. I. NOEL BYRON."

Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830.

Such is the letter. Its publication has excited a warfare of a most edifying kind between two literary papers, with which respectable controversy we shall have nothing to do. We have higher matter in hand.

If there be anybody who cares a farthing for Lord Byron's reputation, the matter cannot end here. There are obvious reasons why we do not wish to be very minute in our inquiries; but some suggest themselves so naturally that we cannot avoid making them.

I. Lady Byron says that Lord Byron's conduct towards her, from the time of their marriage, was such as to induce her to conclude that he was in a state of mental alienation. This conclusion, it would appear, she had not come to in consequence of any acts of Lord Byron's, apparent to the world,—such as his affected diablerie, his intrigues with actresses, &c. which, whether they were true or false, were sufficiently before the public; for she says that her parents were unacquainted with any causes likely to destroy her prospects of happiness at the time that she returned to their roof. They must have been blind and deaf, if they did not know what was the gossip and prattle of every newspaper and magazine—the theme of every hack scribbler, *pro* or *con*, in the literary, or rather sham-literary coteries of the kingdom.

II. Lady Byron states that these acts, whatever they were, were of such a kind, that when she discovered they had not proceeded from insanity, nothing could induce her to return to her husband. What, then, could they have been? His conduct must have been peculiar indeed; for in ordinary acts of violence, persons have more to dread from a madman than a man in his senses. There must be something strange in the business, when she contemplated associating herself with an insane man, with more complacency than associating with Lord Byron, after “the nature of his conduct towards her since marriage,” supposing him sane.

III. This puzzle is still further increased when we learn that Lady B. had reason for reserving a part of her case from even her father and mother. In common cases, a lady, determined on separating from her husband, gives at once the strongest reasons for so doing to her relatives,—the contrary practice is pursued here.

IV. Whatever it was that Lady B. concealed from her parents, it must have been the most material and aggravating part of the whole business. Her father and mother were not averse to a reconciliation. Neither was Dr. Lushington, until this (whatever it may be) was disclosed. The learned civilian says,—“on receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such

an idea should be entertained, I could not, either *professionally* or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it.”

V. We do not pretend to guess what this secret may be; but that it was not any thing which was generally known to the public, in print at least,—that it was such as Lady B. concealed from her father and mother, and communicated only to her legal advisers,—that it altered their opinion the moment it was heard, and made a practised civilian declare, that, speaking *professionally*, it was an effectual bar to any reconciliation,—that her lawyers, armed with this knowledge, induced Lord Byron, by threats of legal measures, to consent to a deed of separation, which he had at first peremptorily refused,—that it was something which his lady could excuse, or account for, on the score of insanity only,—and that it deeply wounded her feelings;—all this is evident on the face of the letter.

The question, therefore, recurs,—What is it?

It is dreadfully unpleasant to be obliged to dive into the private history of any individual; but when a man's friend—God preserve us from such friends!—makes his life a matter of public notoriety, prints his private letters, ransacks his journals, pries into the privacies of his domestic conduct, and, without any regard whatever for the feelings of others, founds upon garbled documents and one-sided whispers, matter of insult and outrage against every one connected with him,—the biographer is to be blamed.

But what is this to Mr. Moore? He has answered his purpose by publishing Lord Byron's Memoirs, as he once before answered a similar purpose, by destroying his lordship's autobiography—(Is it true that there are at least a dozen MS. copies of that book extant?—one in the possession of Lady Hurchersh?)—and he cares little how Lady Byron is offended, or the memory of Lord Byron exposed to questionings such as those we have above suggested. We think the whole system of such biography nauseous and degrading to every body concerned; but as it has been resorted to, the matter, as we have already said, cannot rest here. If Lady B. cannot, or will not explain, the admirers of his lordship ought to call for an explanation from Dr. Lushington.

RICHARD TAYLOR'S HORNE TOOKE.*

MR. RICHARD TAYLOR, of Shoe Lane, has just published a new edition of Horne Tooke's *Ætia Illegitima*, which was for some time announced with a considerable flourish of trumpets. It was said that many and most important additions were to be made from the author's MSS.—that the *lacunæ* in the original were to be filled up—and that the editor would make several very material improvements in the work. We regret to state, that of these promises scarcely any have been kept.

What Taylor has added from "himself is merely rubbish. He defends Bruckner (the Cassander, who had attacked the *Diversions of Purley*) against the severe strictures of Tooke, by the aid of extracts from Magazines, Reviews, and Registers, now gone the way of all waste paper—writes etymologies for "about" and "adown," which have been discussed already—makes a few lists of words beginning with *for*, and ending in *ing*, all of which have been compiled before—and offers some fooleries, intended for wit, in answer to Dr. Murray and Mr. Fearn, who, if they are to be laughed at, must be laughed at by some more competent wag; and, if refuted seriously, must be refuted by some more competent scholar. On the whole, the thirty-four pages which Taylor has prefixed to the first volume of the *Diversions of Purley* are not worth thirty-four half farthings. If he had commented really upon Tooke, there was much to do. He would have had to exculpate his author from the charge of unlimited plagiarism, both of the theory on which his book is founded, and of the principal examples by which that theory is supported. He would have had to explain the unfounded attacks upon Johnson, which are in their very essence contrary to the rule for dictionaries laid down by Tooke himself; and, still more, to have accounted for the breaking down of his guide and philosopher, in what he himself admitted to be the main object of the philosophical grammarian—the defini-

tion of the verb. "In English," says Tooke, "and in all languages, there are only two sort of words, which are necessary for the communication of our thoughts, and they are noun and verb." There is not a grammarian of the set, no matter how ignorant, or how much soever insulted for his ignorance by Mr. Tooke, who has not said the same. He occupies himself very effectually in defining and describing the noun, and is very successful in accounting for the various contrivances of language, which are usually ranked among the parts of speech; but when he comes to what he allows to be the *crux*—to the verb, we are put off, as follows. His worthy interlocutor says:—

"If you finish thus, you will leave me much unsatisfied; nor shall I think myself fairly treated by you.

"You have told me that a *Verb* is (as every word also must be) a *Noun*; but you added, that it is also *something more*: and that the title of *Verb* was given to it on account of that distinguishing *something more* than the mere *Nouns* convey. You have then proceeded to the simple *Verb* *adjectived*, and to the different *adjectived Moods*, and to the different *adjectived Tenses* of the verb. But you have not all the while explained to me what you mean by the naked simple *Verb unadjectived*. Nor have you uttered a single syllable concerning that *something* which the naked *Verb* unattended by *Mood*, *Tense*, *Number*, *Person*, and *Gender* (which last also some languages add to it), signifies *More* or *Besides* the mere *Noun*.

"What is the *Verb*? What is that peculiar differential circumstance, which, added to the definition of a *Noun*, constitutes the *Verb*?

"Is the *Verb*, 1. '*Dictio variabilis, quæ significat actionem aut passionem.*'

"Or, 2. '*Dictio variabilis per modos.*'

"Or, 3. '*Quod adsignificat tempus sine casu.*'

"Or, 4. '*Quod agere, pati, vel esse, significat.*'

"Or, 5. '*Nota rei sub tempore.*'

"Or, 6. '*Pars orationis præcipua sine casu.*'

"Or, 7. '*An Assertion.*'

* *Ætia Illegitima*, or, the *Diversions of Purley*, by John Horne Tooke. A new edition, revised and corrected, by Richard Taylor, F.S.A., F.L.S.; with numerous additions from the copy prepared by the author for republication. To which is annexed, his Letter to John Dunning, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. Tegg.

"Or, 8. 'Nihil significans, et quasi nexus et copula, ut verba alia quasi animaret.'

"Or, 9. 'Un mot déclinaison indéterminatif.'

"Or, 10. 'Un mot qui présente à l'esprit un être indéterminé, désigné seulement par l'idée générale de l'existence sous une relation à une modification.'

"Or, 11. —."

To which Tooke answers :

"A truce, a truce.—I know you are not serious in laying this trash before me ; for you could never yet for a moment bear a negative or a *quasi* in a definition. I perceive whither you would lead me ; but I am not in the humour at present to discuss with you the meaning of Mr. Harris's—'Whatever a *thing* may *Be*, it must first of necessity *Be*, before it can possibly *Be* any *thing* ELSE.' With which precious jargon he commences his account of the *Verb*. No, no. We will leave off here for the present. It is true that my evening is now fully come, and the night fast approaching ; yet, if we shall have a tolerably lengthened twilight, we may still perhaps find time enough for a further conversation on this subject : and finally, (if the times will bear it) to apply this system of language to all the different systems of metaphysical (*i. e.* verbal) imposture."

Now, Tooke's twilight was lengthened considerably after he had written these lines—the times were quite ready to bear any thing he chose to have communicated upon the subject—in fact, it could have been communicated (if he knew it) in the quantity of time which he wasted in copying what he pleased to call "trash," but which, however, was certainly as good as any thing *he*, on his principles, could have given, without danger of any kind : but the truth is, that in the course of his book he had held doctrines so contradictory to any thing which he could, with any shew of reason, have adduced at last, that he found it much more convenient to sink out of the scrape by such bullying as the above, than to face the difficulty. Taylor would have given us something worth reading, if, out of Horne Tooke's papers, he could have discovered what were his opinions on this confessedly

the most difficult question in philosophical grammar [we mean philosophical grammar as conducted by grammarians in general ; and Tooke, shrewd as he is, seldom, if ever, when he ventures beyond what is set down for him in philosophy, escapes the reproach of Athenæus, quoted by himself*]; but, as it is, we have absolutely nothing. It is amusing to see how the editor goes out of his way to puff needlessly (p. xxxii.) a dull pamphlet of a Unitarian in disguise. We shall not assist the scheme by quoting the title of the stuff, or alluding to it more particularly. He has supplied a few notes, scattered up and down—very thinly indeed—for which (*i. e.* the *thinness* of the scattering) we feel obliged.

What is added out of Tooke's stores is principally (if not altogether) in the way of additional examples from Gawan Douglas, and his other favourite authorities. But to those who were acquainted with the original work, the principal object of curiosity was, what could have been the passages or words, which, in Tooke's own editions, were left in blank. "The blanks," said he, "in many of the pages, I must here [among the errata] place among the *errors* of the printer ; for the words which should supply these *blanks* were as fair, as true, as honest, and as legal, as any other part of the book ; and by them I should be very willing to stand or fall. He has printed for me thirty years, and never before hesitated at any word which I employed." We were, therefore, something curious as to what were those tremendous words. Sadly were we disappointed—the *blanks* were no prizes.

The most magnificent *catch* is the following. Tooke is lamenting the non-completion of a literary scheme imagined between him and G. Wakefield.

"It would, therefore, have been in some degree useful to the learned world, if the present system of this country had not, by a [shameful persecution, and a most unconstitutional, illegal, and cruel sentence, destroyed] that virtuous and harmless good man, Mr. Gilbert Wakefield. For he had, shortly before his death, agreed with me to

* Οὐ γὰρ κακῶς τοι τῶν ἰατρῶν ἡμῶν ἐλίχθη τὸ, εἰ μὴ ἰατροὶ ἦσαν, εὖδιν ἂν ἦν τοῖς γράμμασιν οὐκ ἀποφύγετον. [It was no bad observation of one of our friends, that, except the physicians, the greatest fools going are the grammarians.]

undertake, in conjunction, a division and separation of the Latin tongue into two parts: placing together in one division all that could be clearly shewn to be Greek; and, in the other division, all that could be clearly shewn to be of Northern extraction. And I cannot forbear mentioning to you this circumstance, not to revive your grief for the loss of a valuable man, who deserved [reward rather than punishment], but because, he being dead, and I speedily to follow him, you may perhaps excite and encourage some other persons more capable to execute a plan, which would be so useful to your favourite etymological amusement. I say, you must encourage them; for there appears no encouragement in this country at present, [but for the invention of new taxes and new penalties, for spies and informers], which swarm amongst us as numerous as our volunteers [in this our present state of siege]; with this advantage, that none of the former, [neither taxes, nor penalties, nor spies,] are ever rejected on account of their principles.

"Good God! This country [in a state of siege]!—What cannot an [obstinate system of despotism and corruption] achieve! America, [Ireland,] Corsica, Hanover, with all our ancient dependents, friends and allies, [All lost, All gone!] And in how short a time! And the inhabitants of this little [persecuted and plundered] island (the only remaining spot) [now in a state of siege!] Besieged collectively by France from without: [and each individual at home, more disgracefully and daily besieged] in his house by swarms of [tax collectors, assessors, and supervisors, armed with degrading lists, to be signed under precipitated and ensnaring penalties;] whilst his growing rents, like the goods of an insolvent trader, are [prematurely attached] in the hands of his [harassed tenants,] who now suddenly find that they too have a new and additional rent, beyond their agreement, to pay to a new and unforeseen landlord.

"F.—Turn your thoughts from this subject. Get out of the way of this vast rolling mass, which might easily have been stopped at the verge of the precipice, but must now roll to the bottom. Why should it crush you unprofitably in its course? [The die is certainly cast, although we had not a foreign enemy in the world.]"

We may remark, in passing, that though Tooke had the acuteness which would have been serviceable in such a work as is here sketched out, and Wakefield the dull industry suited for any kind of literary cart-horse

labour, neither had the knowledge; and if they had ventured upon it, they would not have proceeded together a single page without laying themselves open to as much jest and ribaldry as it is the fancy of Horne Tooke to pour upon Doctor Johnson. But, in a political point of view, what can be more melancholy than the affectation of pretending to think that the omitted words (which we have marked in italics) could excite the choler of any government whatever? Why, at the time the book was published, the *Morning Chronicle* was every morning of its existence teeming with matter ten times as libellous, with perfect impunity. Besides, is it not the shallowest of nonsense? We got through that war, in which we were in a state of siege, triumphantly: we beat and trampled upon all those whom Tooke and his honest co-dialogist pronounced to be invincible. The tax collectors, and the other formidable myrmidons of finance, did us no permanent mischief. We escaped them all to be assailed by a direr foe in the shape of liberal policy (to do Tooke justice, he would have utterly despised the political-economy gang); and the die was not then cast, nor is it now, unless we consent to put the box into the hands of those who opposed the principles which are here inculcated or insinuated.

Again:

"LORD—therefore means *High-born*, or of an *Exalted Origin*. With this explanation of the word, you will perceive, that [kings] can no more make a LORD than they can make a *Traitor*. They may indeed place a *Thief* and a *Traitor* amongst LORDS, and destroy an innocent and meritorious man as a *Traitor*. But the *theft* and *treachery* of the one, and the innocence and merits of the other, together with the infamy of thus mal-assorting them, are far beyond the reach and power of any [kings] to do away."

This, Tooke's honest printer, who printed for him for thirty years, without hesitating at any word of his writing, was afraid to print without omitting the bracketted word "kings." How squeamish! Why, it was said by the very pink and pattern of royalty, a century and a half before, even by Louis Quatorze himself, who declared that he could make a duke, but that it belonged to God to make a gentleman.

One more extract, and we are done. We have then given the jewels of the book. After quoting, under the word

shroud, a decree of King Athelstane, pulled in by the head and shoulders as usual, making provision for a particular class of the poor (that particular class which is now represented by the persons on the pension list), his honest collocutor is made to say :

"F.--Yes. I see the meaning of *SHROUD*; but I see something besides, worth more than the meaning of any word—*ȝif ȝe him habbað!*—What, Doubt whether an *Englishman* could be found so poor as to accept this bounty! Good God! Were Englishmen ever such a people as this? Had they ever such kings? And had their kings such counsellors? And was this the manner of providing (not out of any taxes, but out of the king's own estate) for a poor Englishman, if one could be found, who would accept such provision? Was this my country? And is this my country?

"H.—Oh, this was many ages ago. Long before the reign of Messrs. [*Pitt*] and [*Dundas*]. Long before the doctrine was in vogue, or dreamed of, which has made so many small men great (small in every sense of the word): I mean the [*traitorous doctrine of giving up our last guinea to secure a remaining sixpence; and the most precious of our rights, in order to secure the miserable rest:*] like pulling out the stones of an arch (and the keystone amongst them) to render the edifice the stronger; or surrendering all our strong holds to an enemy, that the rest of the country may enjoy the greater security.

"But a truce with politics, if you please. The business of this country, believe me, is settled. We have no more to give up, until some [*Chancellor of the Exchequer*] shall find out that

"A single jail in Alfred's happy reign
Could half the nation's criminals contain.
Stern Justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the lifted scales but sheathed the sword."

In this happy reign, if Dr. Johnson had looked about him, he would have seen that England was studded with prisons, and that stern Justice, so much adored, was in the habit of heading and hanging in all directions—even to

grand desideratum of a substitute for bread, as he has already discovered a substitute for money."

These are absolutely the very best things we can find; and poor are they indeed! It was a fancy among the reformers of Tooke's day, and it still lingers among the ignorant members of that fraternity, to puff off the days of the Anglo-Saxons, or indeed any other days, as golden in comparison with the miserable tyranny of George the Third. Hence we have the respectable F. bawling about such kings, and such counsellors, as Athelstane and his cabinet; and contrasting the happiness of the people, to whom were dealt forth "*iiiij penningas and ƿenub ƿon twelf monða ælc ȝear*," with the wretchedness of those who were called upon to deliver up their guineas. It did not agree with Tooke's scheme, or that of the honest man concerned with him, to consider how many famines, plagues, civil wars, and foreign invasions—how many, in short, of all the evils of savage life, which was the life of the court and country of King Athelstane, occurred in that panegyrised period. The skirmishes of kites and crows, says Milton, are as well worth description as the wars and battles of the heptarchy. He might have added, of all the Anglo-Saxon times; and the laws of the kites and crows are just as well worth studying as those of *Æþelstane cýning*. The ignorant only, we repeat, now talk this stuff: it once passed current as something very fine. Even Johnson said :

such a degree as to hang forty-four judges in one year. The account of the getting rid of these gentlemen in the happy reign, and the reasons why, are so pleasantly given in *Le Myrrour des Justices*, that we squeeze it into a note.*

* "*Abusion est que Justices et lour Ministres que occient la gent per faux Judgment ne sont destruits al foer de autres Homicides. Que fit le Roy Alfred que fist pendre 44 Justices en un An, tant come homicides, par lour faux judgments.*

"Il pendist Darling pur ceo que il avoit Judge Sidulf a la mort par la rettreit de Edelufe son fits, que puis s'acquita del fait principal.

"Il pendist Segnar que avoit Judge Ulfe, a la mort apres suffisant acquittance.

"Il pendist Cadwine pur ceo que il Judgeast Hachwy a la mort sans le Assent des toutes les Jurors, en Cas ou il soy estoiet mise en le Juree de xii. homes, et pur ceo que les trois le voient salver encoutre les neuf cyremov Cadwin les trois autres en queux cest Hachwy ne se mist nient.

The sneer about Pitt's discovery of a substitute for money may be easily passed by—the question of currency is not to be discussed in a passing paragraph on philology.

These, then, are the best specimens of the resuscitated paragraphs and words not to be whispered, that we can dis-

cover. Truly we may call this new edition, what Evans calls Falstaff's boy, "most dishonest and paltry." It is eked out by a reprint of Tooke's letter to Dunning, which is, indeed, a piece of supererogatory industry; for every word that letter contained of the slightest importance is already incor-

" Il pendist Coel pur ceo que il Judgea Ive a la mort quant fuit arragee.

" Il pendist Malmé pur ceo que il Judgea Prat a la mort pur faux Cognizance que il fit de felony per sperans.

" Il pendist Athulf pur ceo que il fit pendre Copping avant le Age de xxi. Ans.

" Il pendist Markes pur ceo que il Judgeast During a la mort per xii. nient Jurees.

" Il pendist Ostline pur ceo que il Jugea Seaman a la mort per vicious garrant founde sur faux suggestion que suppose celle Seaman ee lu person per le garrant eins ceo que il y'estat.

" Il pendist Billing pur ceo que il Jugeast Leston a la mort per fraud en ceste maniere. Il dit al people sees tous Jus forsque cestuy que occist le home, et pur ceo que Leston ne s'assist my ovesque les autres il comanda de mesme pendre, et dit que assest assets, la conust quant il ne soy assist.

" Il pendist Seafoule pur ceo que il Judgea Ordning a la mort, come non respondus.

" Il pendist Thurston pur ceo que il Judgea Thurgner a la mort p verdict de Enquest, prise de office sans sa mise.

" Il pendist Athelston pur ceo que il Judgea Herbert a la mort pur peche mortel.

" Il pendist Rombold pur ceo que il Judgea Leschild a la mort, en cas nient notoire sans Appeale, et sans enditement.

" Il pendist Rolfe pur ceo que il Judgeast Dunston a la morte pur escape de prison.

" Il pendist Freberne pur ceo que il Judgea Harpin a la mort ou les Jurors furent en doutes de lour verdict, car en doutes doit lun eins ceo salver que damner.

" Il pendist Seabright que Judgea Athebbrus a la mort pur ceo que il fauxa mie une ej en faux Judgment mortelle.

" Il pendist Hale, pur ceo que il salva Tristram le Viscount de la mort que avoit prise al oeps le Roy, de sicome de enterprise de le auter contra son gree, et Robbery n'ad nul difference.

" Il pendist Arnold pur ceo que il salva Bailiffs que robberont le gent p Colour de distresses dount ascuns per Naams aliens, et ascun p Extortion de fines, desicome perenter Extortion de fine, de torcevous Naam releaser, et Robbery; n'ad nul difference.

" Il pendist Erkinwald pur ceo que il pendist Frankling, pur nul autre desert, mes pur ceo que il enseigna a celui que luy vanquisht per bataille mortelle adire que la Mort de Cravante.

" Il pendist Bermond pur ceo que il fist couper l'est' Garholt per son Judgment en Anglittere per tant que il fuist Uilage en Ireland.

" Il pendist Alkman pur ceo que il salva Cateman, per colour de disseisin que fuit affaire de Hamsockne.

" Il pendist Saxmond pur ceo que il pendist Barrold en Anglittere ou le bre' le Roy court pur fait que il fist en mesme la terre, ou le bre' le Roy ne Court mye.

" Il pendist Alfist pur ceo que il Judgeast un Clerk a la mort, de que il ne poit aver Cognisans.

" Il pendist Piron que avoit adjudge Hunting a la mort pur ceo que il fist fornier le Jugement avant le quarantisme Jour pendant l'appele p bré de faux Judgment devant le Roy.

" Il pendist Dilling pur ceo que il fist prendre Eldons q occist une home per mischeace.

" Il pendist Oswin pur ceo que il adjudgea Fulcher a la mort, hors de Consistorie.

" Il pendist Muclín pur ceo que il pendist Helgrave per garrant del Inditement nemy especial.

" Il pendist Horne pur ceo que il pendist Simin, per Jours defendue.

" Il pendist Wolmer pur ceo que il Judgea Graunte a la mort per colour de Larceny de chose que il avoit rescève per titre de baile.

" Il pendist Therberne pur ceo que il jugea Osgot a la mort pur fait dount il

porated in the *Diversions of Purley*. In short, except the slight augmentation of a hundred pages of paper (which, to be sure, makes its due impressiou in the price of the book), there is nothing whatever contained in Mr. Taylor's edition of Horne Tooke, which is of the smallest consequence; and those hundred pages are idle enough in all conscience.

We cannot conclude, however, without saying a few words as to the honourable gentleman who figures as co-dialogist with Horne Tooke. He appears in the first volume by the initial of his surname, B; in the second by that of his Christian name, F; and the second line of the second volume gives us his name at length,—“*Cantantes, my dear Burdett, minus via lédit.*” In fact, the gentleman discussing grammar with Horne Tooke is Sir Francis Burdett, M.P. for Westminster.

Praises to this estimable patriot abound! He is a person “whose application, opportunities, extensive reading, acknowledged abilities, and universal learning, enable him to inform us of all that the ancients have left, or the moderns have written” (Vol. i. p. 11); and elsewhere (Vol. ii. p. 2), one from whom the author will never differ much in actions, wishes, or opinions. Farther on, he is a Me-

nenius, the name being applied, as Shakespeare applies it, as a friend of the people; and throughout, he is made the echo of sentiments burning with indignation against those who opposed what Horne Tooke described as the liberties of the people. We have since learned that this virtuous person came into Parliament for a sum of four thousand pounds, paid to the trustee of a minor; which transaction he brought forward in after-years in the hope that he might bully the money back again into his own pocket, by intimidating the patron of the borough by the fears of exposure. We know that he got into St. Stephen's, at the very time that this work of Tooke's was published, by means of corruption, far baser than any of the tricks that sent Sir Manasseh Masseh Lopez into jail; and that he now enjoys his seat by the virtue of bribery, distributed among the most rascally and shabby constituency in all England. We know the man; but what would Tooke have said, who, with all his faults, was an Englishman of one sect of the school of William III. and Queen Elizabeth—of that school from which alone true English feeling is to be looked for—what would he have said to Burdett's abandonment of the principles of Locke (“whom I reverence on this side of idolatry”)—what would he have thought of his

estoit avat acquite vers mesme l'actor, le quel acquitance il tendist de averror per-juree, et pur ceo que il ne voloit averrer per Record, ne voloit Therberne allower le acquitance, que il tendist.

“Il pendist Wolston pur ceo que il avoit Jugea Hubert al a mort a la suite le Roy pur fait que Hubert conus, et dount le Roy luy avoit pardon sa suite, mes il eut avoit nul Chre de quel pardon nequidant il voucha le Roy a garrant et oustre ceo de tendre de averrer per le enroillment de la Chauncery.

“Il pendist Oskitel pur ceo que il judgea Cutlinge a la mort per Record de Coroner ou per Replication allowable ne lui tiet lieu.

“Et fuit le Case tiel, Cutling fuit prise et paine tant que il conust d'aver peche mortelment, et ceo pur ce que de sa paine. Et Oskitel luy Judger a la mort pur sa Confession que il avoit fait al Coroner sans trier la veritie de la paine, el del fait, et oustre ceo fist prendre Coroners et Ministres Accessories qui pendent la gents, et tous ceux que puissent le faux judgment aver disturbe et ne les disturberent en toute points ou les justices fueront pendues; Car il pendust trestouts les judges que il poiet attandre que avoient fausement salve home culpable de la morte ou fausement pend gents contre droit, ou a aucun reasonable Exception.

“Il pendist les suitors Caleyot, pur ceo qu'ils avient Judge un home a la mort en Case nient notoire, tout eut fait il culpable, car ceux ne poient Judger nulle Realme forsque le Roy ou ses Commissaires forprise ceux Seigneurs en que fiens les bres le Roy ne courent nient.

“Il pendist les suitors d' Dorchester pur ceo que ils Judgerent un home a la mort per Jurors de lour franchise pur felony que il fist en le forrein, et dount ils ne puissent conustre pur la forrainte.

“Il pendist les suitors d' Cirencestre pur ceo que ils retiendront tant un home en prison que se voiloit acquiter p forreins, ou il duist aver peche feloniously tantque il morust en Prison.”

accession to the "more wretched mutumery of Pope and popery" (Vol. ii. p. 13)—or what would he, the defender of the liberty of the press, the upholder of the privilege of writing what we pleased, have said of Sir Francis Burdett's defence of Sir James Scarlett for prosecuting, in a time of profound peace, when no dangers threatened the country, at home or abroad, strictures upon the Prime Minister of 1830, which were trifles when compared to those that, in the days of the publication of the *Extra Nocturna*, excited the anger, or the fears of a government in all the agony of the French Revolution? . . .

What would Tooke have said? Perhaps, like all pseudo patriots, he might have proved to be as mere a lickspittle as his pupil, Burdett. These men, in fact, have no fixed principles—they are shuffled about by the rascality of the hour, turning with the infallible monsoon of baseness—steady to that one wind. But if a better spirit ruled, he would have denounced the partisan of the press-persecuting Scarlett, and condemned the ally of those, who, from filthy fear, broke in upon the constitution framed by Somers, Locke, and Newton. Would not he have despised those who preached "the traitorous doctrine of giving up our last guinea to secure a remaining sixpence; and the most precious of our rights, in order to secure the miserable rest. Like pulling out the stones of an arch (and the key-stone amongst them) to

render the edifice the stronger; or surrendering all our strong-holds to an enemy, that the rest of the country may enjoy the greater security?"

This has been done. The consequence is yet to come. If it was correct to have carried the Roman Catholic question, it can hardly be thought that the manner in which it was carried, or the reasons assigned for it, were calculated to exalt the movers and patrons of the measure. They gave up what they had for years described to be the most precious of our rights, on the plea that it would preserve the rest—they surrendered what for all their lives they had sworn to be our chief strong-hold, in order that the rest of the country should enjoy the greater security. To have been consistent, Tooke must have condemned such pretences, and the apostates who advocated them.

But enough. Menenius is sufficiently known. The belly, in one shape or another, is to be rewarded for the subserviency of the member. We had no notion of talking party politics when we began this article; but so it is. In fine, then—Mr Taylor has given us a poor thing: an edition of the *Diversions of Purley*, in a small type, and a judicious squeezing of the authorities (we would not cut out a word of his politics, for they are diverting enough in their own way) would be worth buying at 3s. 6d.; but, in its present shape, it must be (as it is) unsaleable.

SONNET.

* * *
How natural boyhood loiters on its way!
Reading the brook, the grass, the hedge-row flowers;
Praising all changes of the changing day,
And lost amongst the flattering fleeting hours;
And then Ambition comes, who is a god
(Sprung from below), and War flies raging by,
And Man scarce notes earth's brooks or flowering sod,
And careth nought for all the azure sky:—
At last, white wintered men steal forth, and dream
Of moneyed hoards, of bargains lost and sold;
Save some few who 'wake to a nobler theme;
These, soaring o'er the trodden path of gold,
Read once more (but more wisely) sky and stream,
Or dwell on mighty volumes grave and old!

J. B.

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The Rev. George Croly has announced his intention of shortly publishing a "History of the Jews, in Ancient and Modern Times."

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Mr. Stapleton, late private Secretary to the Right Hon. George Canning, has announced his intention of publishing, in the course of the present month, the Political Life of the Right Hon. Gentleman, from his Acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department, in September 1822, to the Period of his Death, in August 1827; together with a short Review of Foreign Affairs subsequently to that event. 3 vols. 8vo.

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The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney is in the press. The controversy about the breaking of the line has hastened this publication, which has long been in preparation by a member of the family. The work, it is supposed, will form a source of not less valuable information and instruction than the Life and Letters of Lord Collingwood.

During the present month will appear, the Landscape Illustrations of the *Waverley Novels*.

Sir Ethelbert; or, the Dissolution of *Monasteries*. By the Author of *Santo Sebastiano*, &c. 3 vols. 12mo.

Fiction without Romance; or, the *Locket Watch*: a Novel. By Mrs. Polack.

The Oxford English Prize Essays; now first collected. The Earl of Eldon, Mr. Grattan, Lord Sidmouth, Bishops Burgess, Coplestone, Heber, and Mait, Professors Milman, Sandford, and Robertson, Rev. R. Whately, &c. &c., are amongst the authors.

Part First, of a new, greatly improved, and cheap edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, being the Seventh, including the recent Supplement to that Work, with Preliminary Dissertations on the History of the Sciences. By the late Professors Stewart and Playfair, and by the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, and Professor Leslie. Illustrated with a new set of Engravings on Steel. To be published in Monthly Parts, and completed in 20 vols. 4to. Edited by Professor Napier.

Shortly will be published, Part I. of a New Series of *Pompeii*. *Pompeiana*: the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir William Gell, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. To be completed in about twelve Parts, forming two volumes.

No. XXX. of Paris and its Environs; displayed in a Series of Picturesque Views, from original Drawings, taken expressly for this work, under the direction of A. Pugin, Esq. The Engravings executed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath.

Two Volumes of Burckhardt's works, in addition to the three already published, which will complete the literary labours of that celebrated traveller; one being the result of his residence among those extraordinary people the Bedouins and Wahabys of Arabia; the other an illustration of the remarkable customs, manners, and opinions of the modern Egyptians, derived from their own proverbial sayings current at Cairo, where the author died. These volumes, we doubt not, are, like all Burckhardt's works, replete with curious and authentic information, and will afford a multiplicity of interesting and entertaining anecdotes.

Mr. Macfarlane, who is known to the public by his work on Turkey, has just completed a Tale, entitled "*The Armenians*;" the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Bosphorus. From the author's residence in these parts, we hope for characteristic illustrations of Armenian and Turkish life.

Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters; with Autographs. By Leigh Cliffe, Esq., Author of "*Parga*," "*Margaret Coryton*," &c. 1 vol. fcap. 8vo.

Derwentwater; a Tale of 1715. 2 vols. post 8vo.

The *Doom of Devorgoil*; a Melodrama. Also, *Auchindrane*, or the *Ayrshire Tragedy*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

By subscription, Frederick von Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*; with an historical and critical Notice of the Author, and of German Literature generally, By Francis Shulte.

Letters on the Physical History of the Earth, addressed to Professor Blumenbach, by the late J. A. de Luc, F.R.S., Professor of Philosophy and Geology at Gottingen, translated from the French: with a Vindication of the Author's Claims to Original Views, in regard to some Fundamental Points in Geology, by the Rev. Henry de la Fite, M.A.

The Family Cabinet Atlas, constructed upon an original plan, is announced for publication in Monthly Parts, not to exceed twelve. It will furnish all the information of the larger and more expensive General Atlases in a clear and accurate manner, embrace many new features of great utility, and form, when complete, a volume of the same size only as the Family Library, the Cabinet Cyclopædia, and the Family Classical Library.

Panorama of the Maine, from Mayence to Frankfurt; drawn from nature by F. W. Delkeskamp: accompanied with a description of the places on each bank of the river, and a minute account of Frankfurt.

Panoramic View of the most remarkable Objects in Switzerland, taken from Mount Righi, by Henry Kellers: to which is attached a circular View of Switzerland, from the same station, by General Pfyffer, accompanied with descriptive letter-press.

Mr. Babbage has nearly completed a work on the Causes which have influenced the Decline of Science in England.

In the forthcoming poem of "*The Reproof of Brutus*," by the author of "*The Revolt of the Bees*," distinct appeals are made on the state of the country to Sir Francis Burdett, Messrs. Peel, Brougham, Hume, Horton, Sadler, and Huskisson; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London; Southey, Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott; Malthus, McCulloch, and Mill. The title of the work is suggested by the Shade of Brutus appearing to the Irish Absentees at Rome.

In a few days, in 3 vols. 12mo, by the Author of *Flirtation*, a new Novel, entitled "*The Separation*."

On the Revenues of the Church of England; exhibiting the Rise and Progress of Ecclesiastical Taxation. By George Coventry, Author of an Inquiry relative to Junius.

Synopsis of French Grammar, with reference to Merlet's French Grammar. By P. F. Merlet, Teacher of the French Language at the University of London.

In the press, and shortly will be published, a new edition of the Hon. and Rev. Gerard T. Noel's *Sermons*. 2 vols. 12mo.

Charles Mackenzie, Esq. F.R.S., late H. M. Consul-General at Hayti, will publish, in a few days, a work called "*Notes on Hayti*," in 2 vols. post 8vo, with plates, &c. &c.

Mr. W. Howison, Author of *Sketches in Canada*, will shortly publish, in 2 vols. 8vo, "*Tales of the Colonies*."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 21. The lady of S. D. H. Hill, of Gressenhall, Norfolk, of a d.—22. In Upper Wimpole-st. the lady of G. Arbuthnot, Esq. of a d.—23. At Penge-wern, Flintshire, the Lady H. Lloyd, of a s. and h.—24. In Wimpole-st. the lady of E. C. Kindersley, Esq. of a d. At Edinburgh, Lady F. Thackeray, of a s.—25. At Oakley-pk. Ludlow, the Lady H. Clive, of a s.—27. In St. James's-sq. the Baroness de Rutzen, of a s.—30. At Fulham, the lady of J. Drummond, Jun. Esq. of a s. At Westhorpe, the lady of Sir T. F. Freemantle, Bart. M.P. of a son and heir.

Feb. 1. At Castle Craig, the lady of Sir D. Kinloch, Bart. of Gilmerton, of a s. and h.—2. At Parson's-green, the lady of J. A. Hammett, Esq. of a s. In Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Mr. Ald. Copeland, of a s.—3. At Blackheath, the lady of the Rev. W. Greenlaw, of a d. In Lower Berkeley-st. the lady of E. C. Macnaughten, Esq. of a son.—5. At Brighton, the Lady E. Dickens, of a s. and h.—7. At Stanstead Rectory, Suffolk, the lady of the Rev. S. Skeen, of a still-born s.—9. At Bath, the Lady G. Ryder, of a s.—11. At Eastdale, York, the lady of R. Raikes, jun. Esq. of a d. Lady Oakeley, widow of Sir C. Oakeley, Bart. of a d.—18. In George-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of the Hon. G. Talbot, of a s. and h.—20. At Bristol, the wife of T. F. Clarke, Esq. of a s.—22. Lady Agnes Byng, of a s. and h.—23. In Dublin, the Countess of Longford, of a d.

March 4.—At Stoke Park, Herefordsh. the lady of Sir H. Lambert, Bart. of a s.—10. The Right Hon. Lady Wedderburn, of a d.—11. The lady of E. P. Bastard, Esq. M.P. of a s.—16. In Regent's-pk. the lady of T. Peel, Esq. of the Swan River, of a s.—21. Lady Antrobus, of a s. The lady of Mr. Serj. Adams, of a d.—24. The lady of Sir C.

Wetherell, M.P. of a s. The lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir W. De Batte, of a d.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 20. W. Madox, Esq. of Upper Gloucester-pl. to Maria, eldest d. of the late W. Lucas, Esq. of Church-st. Soho. Col. Sir W. M. Gumm, K.C.B. of the Coldstream Guards, to Elizabeth A. eldest d. of the Right Hon. Lord R. Kerr. At Tuam, Capt. H. Gascoyne, 34th regt. to Elizabeth, d. of the Archbp. of Tuam.—22. At Gloucester, Walter Watkin, to Mary Brown: the united ages of the bride and bridegroom, bride's-maid and bride's-man, was nearly 300 years!—25. At Salcombe, Devon, the Hon. F. I. Shore, s. of Lord Teignmouth, to Charlotte M. d. of G. Cornish, Esq. of Salcombe.—28. At Kennington, C. D. Bowers, Esq. to Mrs. Abbott, d. of T. Courtney, Esq. Old Jewry.

Feb. 1. At Tichborne-house, Hants, Julia, third d. of Sir H. J. Tichborne, Bart. to Lieut.-Colonel Talbot, third regt. Foot Guards, and cousin to the Earl of Shrewsbury.—2. R. Elliott, Esq. R.N. to Bethia, d. of Dr. W. Russell, Gloucester-pl.—4. At St. George's, Hanover-sq. B. Knox, Esq. of the third Guards, to Louisa, only surviving d. of the late Admiral Sir J. Sutton, K.C.B. At the same place, J. Hankey, Esq. Jun. to Miss A. A. Alexander, half-sister to the Lord Chief Baron. At Lewes, R. S. Bosanquet, Esq. to Emily, eldest d. of G. Gourthorpe, Esq. of Whiligh Sussex.—9. At Bath, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Capt. Manning, of Portland Castle, Dorsetshire, to Miss Sherston, of Stoberry-hall, Somersetshire.—18. At St. George's, Hanover-sq. the Rev. R. W. Shaw, son of Sir G. Shaw, Bart. of Kenwald, Kent, to Sophia, d. of the late J. Cornwall, Esq. and grand-d. of the first Lord Gardner.—19. At the same place, A. J. Lewis, Esq. Barrister-at-law, to Mary, d. of M. Wiggins, Esq.

Piccadilly.—At Paris, Viscount Stuart, to Emeline, only child of B. Bathurst, Esq. R. Wellbeloved, Esq. of the Inner Temple, to S. only d. of J. Scott, Esq. sheriff of Worcestershire.

March 1. G. E. Pocock, Esq. to Augusta E. eldest d. of the late Hon. T. W. Coventry. R. Jones, Esq. of Chancery-lane, to Lady Radcliffe.—10. G. M. Yorke, Esq. to Marian E. d. of the late Sir H. C. Montgomery, Bart. J. Tarte, Esq. of James-street, Westminster, to Jane, d. of H. Thwaites, Jun. Esq. J. Paroninster, Esq. to Maria, and W. Gray, Esq. to Jane, daughters of W. J. Clement, Esq. proprietor of the Morning Chronicle newspaper.—16. At Edinburgh, W. F. Mackenzie, Esq. to Hebe H. eldest d. of Sir H. Montgomery, Bart. M.P. G. Wigram, Esq. to Fanny, d. of Lady Theodosia Bligh, and niece to the Earl of Darley.—18. The Hon. H. T. L. Corry, M.P. s. of the Earl Belmore, to Lady H. A. A. Cooper, d. of the Earl of Shaftesbury. H. Sutherland, Esq. to Miss Adolphine Both.

DEATHS.

Jan. 20. A. Langham, A. C. Russell, Esq. grandson of the late O. Cromwell, Esq.—21. The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, in the 74th year of his age. At Clifton, Bristol, Miss A. B. Wright, of Gayhurst-house, Bucks.—22. At Ripon, Catharine, widow of the late W. Harrison, Esq. M.D. aged 63. At Brompton, the Rev. T. Prince, D.D. aged 42. In Harley-st. the Hon. Harriet Petre, third d. of the late Lord Petre.—25. At his house in Saville-row, the Right Hon. G. Tierney, M.P. At Whiteford-house, Lady Louisa, wife of Sir W. Pratt Call, Bart. At Brighton, Silvanus Bevan, Esq. of Posbury-house, Wilts, and Gloucester-pl. aged 87. At Boulange, the Right Hon. Lord Sempill. In Hill-st. Berkeley-sq. Col. Burrows.—26. After two days' illness, A. R. Hankey, Esq. of Fenchurch-st. banker, aged 62.—27. At St. James's Palace, Sir F. H. Barnard, K.C.B. aged 87. At Byfield, Northamptonshire, Charlotte, w. of the Rev. C. Wetherell, aged 41. Suddenly, in Richmond-terr. W. Eytton Tooke, Esq. aged 24.—29. At Worthing, the Hon. A. D. Law, only child of Lord Ellenborough. At Sprinkell, N.B. Sir J. H. Maxwell, Bart. aged 57. At Winchester, the lady of the Very Rev. Dr. Rennell, Dean of

Winchester, and d. of the late Judge Blackstone, aged 65.

Feb. 1. In Warren-st. Fitzroy-sq. W. Lake, Esq. s. of the late Sir A. Lake, Bart. aged 80.—2. At Pimlico, aged 84, Mrs. Byerley, the favourite attendant of the Princess Augusta. At Bath, the Hon. Vesey Knox, brother to Viscount Northland.—3. At Methley Park, the Earl of Mexborough, deeply lamented. At Bath-house, Leicestershire, the Right Hon. Lord Tamworth, only son of Earl Ferrers.—4. At Woodseat, Stafford, Sir T. Wheler, Bart.—5. At Fufford Park, the Countess of St. Germain. G. T. Wyndham, Esq. of Cromer-hall, Norfolk, and Gayhurst-house, Bucks, aged 24. In Harley-st. T. Welsh, Esq. aged 80.—6. The Rev. L. Iremonger, Vicar of Clatford, and one of the prebendaries of Winchester. At Christchurch, Oxford, Rev. P. Pett, D.D. Archd. of Oxford, &c.—7. Suddenly, the Right Hon. Lord Graves, one of H. M. Lords of the Bedchamber, &c. &c.: the death of his lordship was caused by cutting his own throat in a fit of delirium. The Right Hon. Charlotte Arbuthnot, aunt of Viscount Arbuthnot, aged 81.—10. At Bath, Major-Gen. P. Coffin, aged 52.—11. At his residence in New Bond-street, W. Lloyd, Esq. M.D. aged 83.—19. In the 74th year of his age, Mr. Brennard, many years one of the principal clerks in the Bank of England.—20. At East Cholderton, Hants, General Calcraft, late of the Coldstream Guards. At Rolls Park, in the 72d year of his age, Admiral Sir E. Harvey, G.C.B. for many years M.P. for the county of Essex.—25. At her sister's, the Earl of Stamford's seat, Cheshire, the Lady Louisa Grey.—28. Margaret H. second d. of Sir H. M. Nepean, Bart. Lady Bensley, widow of Sir W. Bensley, Bart.

March 1. At Clandon, the Countess of Onslow.—12. At his house, Pall-Mall East, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird. Susanah, lady of Sir F. Dodsworth, Bart. 13. The Hon. Catharine A. Petre.—14. In his 73d year, Ad. Sir C. Nagle, K.C.B. one of the Grooms of H. M. Bedchamber. Aged 83, Col. W. Duncan, of the Bengal M. service.—15. Suddenly, Mr. Fitzharris, a comedjan of considerable talent.—16. In Russell-sq. aged 63, J. Beckwith, Esq. In Richmond-ter. Whitehall, Sir R. T. Farquhar, Bart. M.P. governor of the Mauritius.—Lately, at Paris, his Eminence Cardinal de Clermont-Tonnerre.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

WAR OFFICE, Feb. 1, 1890.—12th Reg. of L. Drag.: Capt. F. Barne, from h.-pay, to be Capt., vice G. Marryat, who exch. 6th Reg. of Foot: Capt. J. Galloway, from h.-p. 71st F., to be Capt., vice J. G. Cowell, who exch. 8th F.: Staff-Surg. J. H. Cardiff, M.D., from h.-pay, to be Surgeon, vice Mostyn, app. to the 47th F. 9th F.: Lieut. A. C. Chichester, from h.-pay, to be Lieut., vice J. H. Taylor, who exch. 12th F.: Lieut. R. Lechmere, from h.-pay, to be Lieut., vice G. Vandeleur, who exch. 14th F.: E. Senior, Gent., to be Ensign by pur., vice Goode, who ret. 15th F.: Gent. Cad. J. A. Cole, from the R. M. C., to be Ensign without pur., vice Campbell, prom. in the 22d F. 17th F.: To be Ensigns: H. Reynolds, from 63d F., vice Campbell, app. to the 42d F. R. Campbell, Gent., by pur., vice Robertson, app. to the 71st F. 22d F.: Ensign E. S. N. Campbell, from the 15th F., to be Lieut. without pur., vice Mylne, dec. 37th F.: Lieut. G. B. Whalley, from the h.-pay, to be Lieut., vice F. Cobbold, who exch. 41st F.: Ensign C. A. Sheppard, from the 71st F., to be Lieut. by pur., vice Glasgow, who ret. 42d F.: Ensign C. G. Campbell, from the 17th F., to be Ensign, vice Campbell, prom. 45th F.: Ensign J. C. Campbell to be Lieut. by pur., vice Tupper, who retires. R. W. Johnson, Gent., to be Ensign by purchase, vice Campbell. 47th F.: Surg. H. T. Mostyn, from the 8th F., to be Surg., vice A. Millar, who ret. upon h.-pay. 49th F.: Capt. H. S. Ormond to be Major, without pur., vice Lamont, dec.; Lieut. J. Otter to be Capt., vice Ormond; Ens. I. Parker to be Lieut., vice Otter; Gent. Cadet W. P. K. Browne, from the R. M. C., to be Ensign, vice Parker. 53d F.: C. Inge, Gent., to be Ensign by pur., vice Delné, prom. 54th F.: Ensign H. Brown to be Lieut. by pur., vice Tincombe, who ret.; H. Neville, Gent., to be Ensign by pur., vice Brown. 58th F.: Lieut. J. W. Boyes, from h.-pay 21st F., to be Lieut., vice R. H. Craghe, who exch. 63d F.: G. B. Pratt, Gent., to be Ensign without pur., vice Reynolds, app. to the 17th F. 71st F.: Capt. F. Upjohn, from h.-p. 2d W. I. Reg., to be Capt., vice N. A. Connor, who exchanges; Lieut. A. R. L'Estrange to be Capt. by purchase, vice Upjohn, who retires; Ensign W. J. Myers to be Lieut. by pur., vice L'Estrange. To be Ensigns: J. F. Scott, Gent., by pur., vice Myers; Ens. J. H. C. Robertson, from the 17th Foot, vice Sheppard, prom. in the 41st F. 79th F.: Lieut. T. L. Butler to be Capt. by pur., vice Fraser, who ret.; Ensign W. H. Lance to be Lieut. by pur., vice Butler; G. Gordon, Gent., to be Ensign by pur., vice Lance. 80th F.: Capt. H. S. Stephens, from the h.-pay, to be Capt., vice Lord W. F. Montagu, who exch. 83d F.: Ensign A. Watson to be Lieut. without pur., vice Ball, dec.; Gent. Cadet G. Gray, from the R. M. C., to be Ensign, vice Watson. 87th F.: Cornet G. A. F. Cunyngame, from h.-pay Cape Corps of Cavalry, to be Second Lieut., vice C. F. McMahon, who exch. 97th F.: G. R. Cummin, Gent., to be Ensign by pur., vice Gillow, whose appointment has not taken place. **HOSPITAL STAFF:** Staff Surgeon G. R. Melin, from the h.-pay, to be Surgeon to the Forces, vice Griffin, retired on h.-pay. **BREVET:** Colonel R. Hounstoun, of the H. E. I. Company's Service, and Lieut.-Gov. of the Seminary at Addiscombe, to be Colonel in the Army, whilst holding that appointment under the Court of Directors.

February 12.—1st Regt. of Drag. Gds.: Cornet E. B. Grant to be Lieut. by pur., vice Thompson, who ret. 4th D. G.: Lieut. H. Penleaze to be Captain by pur., vice Stamer, who ret.; Cornet G. W. Mayhow to be Lieut. by pur., vice Penleaze; Cornet T. S. Pix, from h.-pay Cape Corps (Cavalry), to be Cornet by pur., vice Mayhow. 6th Reg. of Dragoons: Capt. E. M. W. Greswolde to be Major by pur., vice Warrande, who retires;

Lieut. H. F. Mackay to be Captain by pur., vice Greswolde; Cornet Hon. H. Cole to be Lieut., vice Mackay; W. Scott, Gent., to be Cornet by pur., vice Cole. 11th Regt. of Lt. Drag.: E. F. Cherry, Gent., to be Vet. Surgeon, vice Gauley, dec. 16th Lt. Drag.: George Crofton, Gent., to be Cornet by pur., vice Blakelocke, who retires. 1st of Gren. Regt. of F. Gds.: Major and Colonel J. G. Woodford to be Lieut.-Col. by pur., vice Hon. H. G. P. Townshend, who ret. upon h.-pay; Captain and Lieut.-Col. H. D'Oyly to be Major, with the rank of Col. by pur., vice Woodford; Lieut.-Col. H. R. Ferguson, from the h.-pay, to be Capt. of a Company, vice D'Oyly. 1st Regt. of Foot: Assistant-Surgeon S. Duckson, from the 30th F., to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice M'Andrew, prom. in the 14th F. 9th F.: Lieut. W. Jackson, from the 25th F., to be Lieut., vice Wells, who exch. 23d F.: Lord H. Beauclerk to be Second Lieut. by pur., vice Lawrence, prom. 24th F.: Lieut. G. Kirkaldy, from the 62d F., to be Lieut., vice Grant, prom. 25th F.: Lieut. S. Wells, from the 9th F., to be Lieut., vice Jackson, who exch. 32d F.: Ensign R. Campbell, from the 17th F., to be Ensign without pur., vice Payne, deceased. 34th F.: Capt. H. Deedes, from the 52d F., to be Capt., vice Considine, who exch. 44th F.: Lieut. J. E. Codd, from the half-pay, to be Lieut., vice Lowther, who ret. 52d F.: Capt. W. Considine, from the 34th F., to be Capt., vice Deedes, who exch. 57th F.: Ensign J. Butler, from h.-pay 97th F., to be Ensign, vice Graham, app. to the 59th F. 59th F.: Ensign A. Hartford to be Lieut. without pur., vice Lukis, app. Paymaster of the 3d F. Ensign H. H. Graham, from the 57th F., to be Ensign, vice Hartford. 62d F.: Lieut. C. Buchanan, from h.-pay Royal York Rangers, to be Lieut., vice Kirkaldy, app. to the 24th F. 75th F.: Ensign W. J. Saunders to be Lieut. by pur., vice Davison, who ret.; Ensign and Adj. H. Boys to have the rank of Lieut.; W. R. Halliday, Gent., to be Ensign by pur., vice Saunders. 81st F.: C. Humfrey, Gent., to be Ensign by purchase, vice Symons, who ret. 92d F.: Ensign T. Ormsby to be Lieut. by pur., vice Rollo, who ret.; H. D. Drummond, Gent., to be Ensign by pur., vice Ormsby. 2d West India Regt.: Lieut. W. E. Stanley, from h.-pay Royal African Corps, to be Lieut., vice Buchanan, whose appointment has not taken place. Unattached: Second Lieut. A. J. Lawrence, from the 23d Foot, to be Lieut. of Infantry, by purchase. **Mem.**: The appointment of Assistant-Surgeon P. Fitzpatrick, from h.-pay 51st F., to the 24th F., stated to have taken place on the 10th of December last, has not taken place.

Office of Ordnance, Jan. 28.—Royal Regt. of Artillery: Second Capt. L. S. B. Robertson to be Adjutant, vice Ord, deceased.

Feb. 9.—R. Regt. of Art.: Second Capt. R. F. Romer to be Capt., vice Taylor, dec.; Capt. R. Clarke, from unatt. h.-pay, to be Second Capt., vice Romer; First Lieut. J. Trotter to be Second Capt., vice Weston, who returns to unatt. h.-pay; Second Lieut. P. S. Cambell to be First Lieut., vice Trotter.

The following changes in the quarters of the Guards took place on the 25th of February, in pursuance of the King's warrant:—

GRENAIER GUARDS.—First batt. from Portman-street barracks to Windsor; second batt. from Knightsbridge barracks to head-quarters; third batt. from Windsor to the Tower of London.

COLDSTREAM GUARDS.—First batt. to remain in Dublin; second batt. from head-quarters to Knightsbridge barracks.

THIRD GUARDS.—First batt. from the Tower of London to the King's Mews; second batt. from the King's Mews to Portman-street barracks.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS, &c.

From February 22d to March 25th, 1830.

- Armitage, G., Almondsbury, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Liverpool
- Armstrong, W., Birkenhead, Cheshire, draper. Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Frodham, Liverpool
- Atkinson, H., Doncaster, druggist. Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Nicholson, Waltham
- Bagnall, T., Wexwell, Oxford, baker. King, Serjeant's-inn; Price, Burford
- Baker, J., Birmingham, grocer. Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartleet, Birmingham
- Barron, T., Preston, Lancashire, money-scrivener. Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Southward and Co., Preston
- Bell, J. W., Pinner's-hall, Broad-street, merchant. Dyer, Took's-court
- Berquer, L. T., and Blaquiére, E., Pickett-street, Strand, printers. Yallop, Basinghall-street
- Bilton, H., Woolwich, Kent, druggist. Clutton and Co., Southwark
- Binney, T., Wakefield, York; Binney, R., and Binney, M., Morton, Lincoln, corn-factors. Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
- Bowling, T., Gunthorp, Lincoln. Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartleet, Birmingham
- Briston, W., Horstead, Norfolk, builder. Austin, South-square; Staff, Norwich
- Brown, Phillip, Commercial-road, draper. Parrey, Newgate-street
- Bryant, E., Regent's-park, surgeon. Gadsden, Furnival's-inn
- Burden, T., Gloucester, grocer. Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol
- Calvert, J., Wressle, Yorksh., corn-factor. Capes, Gray's-inn; Walmsley and Co., South Cave
- Clark, R., and Tucker, J., Blackfriar's-road, oil and colourmen. Parker, Furnival's-inn
- Cruckshank, W., and Whitehead, E. L., Lewisham, Kent, corn-dealers. Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square
- Clayton, J. jun., Goldington, Bedfordsh., miller. Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings; Day and Fowler, St. Ives
- Cattell, J. W., Huggin-lane, silk-shag-manufacturer. Austin and Co., Gray's-inn
- Cunliffe, J., Rainhill, Lancashire, miller. Blackstock and Co., Temple; Curry, Liverpool
- Crumpton, T., Shrewsbury, cordwainer. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Coleman, E. W., Bond-street, auctioneer. Robinson and Sons, Half-moon-street
- Chambers, J., West Keal, Lincoln, draper. Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Brough, Boston
- Dandy, G., Tarlton, Leicester, corn-dealer. Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Bray, Preston
- Deans, J. R., Bath, grocer. Fisher, Castle-street, Holborn
- Dawson, J., Keswick, Cumberland, ironmonger. Chisholme and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Dench, H., Seymour place, Bryanstone-square, upholder. Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square
- Davies, T., Glandary, Carmarthen, draper. Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Co., Bristol
- East, S., Lavenham, Suffolk, innkeeper. Harris and Co., Beaufort-buildings
- Evans, David, New Court, Lanwenrog, Cardigan
- Smith and Co., Red Lion-sq.; Franklin, Bristol
- Field, T., Blackfriar's-road, flour-factor. Spence and Co., Sise-lane
- Flutter, T., Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, draper. Waugh, Great James-street
- Friedeberg, M., Paternoster-row, medicine vendor. Hughes, George-street, Minories
- Forster, E., Blackrod, Lancashire, shoemaker. Milne and Co., Temple; Hopwood, Wigan
- Gibbons, D., and Garrett, C., Bristol, millers. Williams, Verulam-bdgs.; Watts and Co., Bath
- Goulden, J., Hackney-road, carpenter. Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate
- Green, B., Almondsbury, Yorkshire, corn-miller. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Garlick, J., Balsall, Warwick, flour-dealer. Hemming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Gooch, T., Crawford-street, draper. Brough, Fleet-street
- Hardy, W., Kirby-Moorside, York, tailor. Sandon and Co., Old Jewry
- Heatley, J., Manchester, victualler. Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester
- Holland, J., Thornaugh-street, Bedford-square, cheesemonger. Wright, Richmond's-buildings, Soho-square
- Hutson, H., Spillsby, Lincolnshire, tailor. Van Sanden and Co., Old Jewry; Jacob and Co., Huddersfield
- Hyams, J. P., Liverpool, brandy-merchant. Taylor and Co., Temple; Miller, Liverpool
- Hartop, H., Hoyland, York, iron-master. Holme and Co., New-inn; Birks, Hemingfield
- Hindla, R. K., Boroughbridge, York, innkeeper. Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court
- Howorth, J., and Howorth, G., Spotland, Lancashire, worsted-manufacturers. Emmett, New-inn; Craven, Halifax
- Hyde, J., and New, H., Birmingham, carriers. Winter and Co., Bedford-row
- Hyde, J., Manchester, cotton manufacturer. Scott, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Greenhaigh, Manchester
- Hayton, J. B., and Bell, T. F., Kingston-upon-Hull, brokers. Shaw, Ely-place; Brown, Hull
- Holmes, M., Leeds, builder. Wrigglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Souby, Leeds
- Heighington, G., Sheffield, wine-merchant. Mitchell, Red Lion-square
- Horking, J., Claines, Worcestershire, builder. Pratt and Co., New Boswell-court
- Holt, G., Walton-on-the-Hill, Liverpool, school-master. Appleby and Co., Raymond's-bdgs.
- Holt, W., Kearsley, Lancashire, shopkeeper. Mayhew and Co., Carey-street
- Isaacs, L. and L., Manchester, furriers. Rowlinson, Liverpool
- Isaacs, L. and L., Manchester, furriers. Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester
- Jones, E., Liverpool, victualler. Taylor, Clement's-inn; Davenport, Liverpool
- Johnson, H., Trowel, Notts, coal dealer. Hurd and Co., Temple; Gressley, Nottingham
- Jenner, J., Lindfield, Sussex, wine-merchant. Squires, Kennington
- Johnson, O. T., Huddersfield, Yorkshire, wool-stapler. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Jackson, T., Carter-street, Walworth, mariner. Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square
- Isherwood, J., Bolton, Lancashire, victualler. Hurd and Co., Temple; Walker, Manchester
- Ireland, T., Manchester, dyer. Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester
- Jacobs, L., Gloucester-place, Chelsea, broker. Spyer, Broad-street-buildings
- Kay, H., Leeds, victualler. Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds
- Kirkhouse, T., Marthyr-Tydfil, Glamorgan, grocer. Brittan, Basinghall-street
- Lawson, W. and J., Lombard-street, bill-brokers. Clayton, John-street, Bedford-row
- Lloyd, H., George-street, New-road, jeweller. Wills, Ely-place
- Lees, J., Newton Moor, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. Makinson and Co., Temple
- Lees, Isaac, Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Milne and Co., Temple; Ratcliffe, Oldham
- Lonsdale, J. and A., Manchester, warehousemen. Hurd and Co., King's-bench-walk
- Lauriere, J., St. James-street, goldsmith. Roe, South-square
- Lloyd, D., Brecon, tanner. Evans and Co., Gray's-inn-square; Habersfield, Bristol
- Morris, G., jun., Norwich, slater. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Powley, Norwich
- Mortlock, J., Bury St. Edmund's, innkeeper. Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields
- Moulton, J., Warwick, grocer. Sharp and Co., Broad-street; Poole and Co., Kenilworth
- Moulton, W., Warwick, grocer. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row; Poole and Co., Kenilworth

Mellor, J., Almondbury, York, dyer. Battye and Co., Chancery-lane
 Mulloy, J., Bristol, merchant. Pearson, Temple; Daniel, Bristol
 Nathan, J. and B., Westminster-road, music-sellers. Paterson, Mincing-lane
 Parkinson, T., jun., Liverpool, brewer. Dean, Palgrave-place, Temple-bar; Crew and Son, Liverpool
 Pecqueur, L., and L., jun., and W., Paddington-street, Marylebone, mattress-makers. Rowles, King's Arms-yard
 Percival, W., East-gate, Lincoln, farmer. George, Wardrobe-place, Doctors'-commons
 Pope, J., Yarmouth, cabinet-maker. Dax and Co., Bedford-row; Waters, Yarmouth
 Paulin, H., Berwick-upon-Tweed, innkeeper. Burn, Bell-yard, Doctors'-commons
 Pearce, W., Bodmin, chemist. Taylor, Clement's-inn; Chapman, Devonport
 Pettifer, H., Holborn, cheesemonger. Brough, Fleet-street
 Pocock, G. A., Dartford, Kent, printer. Took, Dartford
 Poult, L., Bristol, carver. King, Castle-street, Holborn
 Perceer, L., Paddington-street, upholster. Smith, Basinghall-street
 Perkins, C., Worthing, Sussex, coach proprietor. Waugh, Great James-st.; Edmunds, Worthing
 Phillips, T., Strand, draper. Coombe, Tekenhouse-yard
 Pratt, H. C., Norwich, draper. Brutton and Co., New Broad-street
 Roobard, J., Kensington Gravel-pits, brewer. Branscombe, Fleet-street
 Rayne, J. and C., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, seed-crushers. Plumtree, Temple
 Robins, T., St. John's-square, silversmith. Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn-square
 Rendell, E. and P., West Coke, Somerset, sailcloth-makers. Williams, Verulam-buildings
 Roberts, C., Leeds, clockmaker. Jones, John-street, Bedford-row; Hick, Leeds
 Raven, G., Sildmouth-street, Gray's-inn-road, apothecary. Sawyer, Staple-inn
 Ridgway, R., Manchester, brewer; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Timperley, Manchester
 Randal, T., Hebble-end, Halifax, innkeeper. Battye and Co., Chancery-lane
 Smith, T., Bride-lane, Fleet-street, and Lambeth, wine-merchant. Gellatly, Linthouse

Smith, H. T. and J., York, drapers. Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester
 Shepherd, J., Beaumont-news, Weymouth-street, Marylebone, corn-dealer. Sole, Aldermanbury
 Sutton, E. P., Clement's-inn, money-scrivener. Conway, Castle-street, Holborn
 Sampson, P. S., Brighton, bookseller. Woolley, Tokenhouse-yard
 Simon, J., Regent-street, hosier. Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane
 Somerseld, P., Bloxwich, Stafford, victualler. Turner and Co., Bloomsbury-square
 Sweet, G., Upplowman, Devon, maltster. Holme and Co., New-inn; Waldron, Wivelscombe
 Sambruck, M., Fishguard, Pembroke, draper. Brittan, Basinghall-street
 Thompson, W., Rochester, glass-dealer. Rochford, Borough
 Thredder, H. V., jun., Barking, smack-owner. Stratton and Co., Shoreditch
 Wagner, J., Piccadilly, tailor. Tribe, Clifford's-inn
 White, J., Taunton, Somersetshire, upholsterer. Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn-square
 Westlake, G., Great James-street, Bedford-row, boarding-house-keeper. Nias, Copthall-court
 Walker, W., Drury-lane, looking-glass-maker. Walton and Co., Girdler's-hall
 Wallace, W., Workington, Cumberland, shipwright. Falcon, Temple
 Wilde, W., Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
 Wilkinson, T., Audershaw, Lancashire, gingham manufacturer. Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chea, Manchester
 Woodward, C., Manchester, innholder. Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester
 Ward, W., Coventry, riband-manufacturer. Hemming and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Woodcock and Co., Coventry
 Wood, J. E., Shrewsbury, tanner. Philpot and Co., Southampton-street, Bloomsbury
 Wainwright, M. and W., and Johnson, J., Cateaton-street, warehousemen. Fisher, Walbrook-buildings
 Wainwright, M. and W., Leeds, woollen manufacturers. Fisher, Walbrook-buildings
 Wilkinson, R., Epworth, Lincoln, draper. King, Holborn; Mason and Co., Doncaster
 Whitaker, M., Esholt, Yorkshire, stuff-manufacturer. Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; Butterfield, Bingley

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Bull, John, Taunton, Somersetsh., woollen-draper
 Connop, J., and Evill, T. L., Tokenhouse-yard, and Old Ford, dyers
 Fuller, William, Fimlico, builder
 Glover, J., Derby, tailor
 Ince, F., and Ellice, E., Dudley, Worcester, coach-builders

Moody, R., Romsey, Hants, plumber
 Roberts, Sir Walter, Bishop Courtland, Devon, and Fowey, Cornwall, banker
 Schofield, J., Middleton, Lancashire, coal-dealer
 Walker, J., Clehonger, Herefordshire, miller

DIVIDENDS.

Alfred, J., Outwood, Lancashire, dealer and chapman; April 19
 Allen, T., Oxford-street, bookseller; March 23
 Antrobus, J., Liverpool, draper; March 27
 Adams, J., Union-street, Southwark; April 2
 Aakham, H., Norfolk-st., Strand, tailor; April 1
 Ardill, J. M., Hunsdon, Hertford, mariner; Ap. 6
 Atkinson, J., Leeds, dyer; April 12
 Biggs, T. C., Russia-row, silk-manuf.; March 16
 Bowen, C., Crawford-street, draper; March 16
 Bell, J., Liverpool, merchant; March 19
 Bonner, T., Monkwearmouth, Durham, felt; March 17
 Bray, A., Red Lion-yard, St. Giles's, horse-dealer; March 23
 Baglehole, C., and Redgate, J., Mark-lane, merchants; March 26
 Baker, R., Birmingham, linen-draper; April 20
 Bartram, T., Warwick, slater; April 14
 Bowyer, J., Petworth, Sussex, scrivener; Ap. 19
 Bourne, T., Norwich, draper; March 20

Burman, R., Southam, Warwickshire, scrivener; April 14
 Brett, T., Rotherham, Yorkshire, innkeeper; April 13
 Burnett, G., Piccadilly, &c. &c., book-keeper; March 26
 Bennett, J. J., Plymouth, draper; March 26
 Bage, A., Shrewsbury, linen-manuf.; March 31
 Bruton, C., Cheltenham, grocer; April 1
 Bridges, J., Bristol, brewer; April 6
 Bird, E., jun., Cardiff, ironfounder; April 7, 21
 Badocke, H., Wells, mercer; April 23
 Beekton, J., Manchester, boot-maker; March 31
 Beleo, A., Norwich, silk-manufacturer; April 2
 Bignell, W., Colchester-street, Savage-gardens; April 16
 Boothby, Hulme Walfield, Cheshire, factor; Ap. 3
 Beale, J., Winchester, draper; April 2
 Bainbridge, W., Leicester-sq., cordwainer; Ap. 6
 Burbury, R., and Wigley, G. J., Coventry, riband manufacturer; April 27

Ball, G., Regent-street, tailor; March 26
 Briggs, D., Hincley, innkeeper; April 6
 Bramble, T. G. F., and J. W., Swinton, York,
 manufacturers; April 19
 Bennallack, J. P., Truro, scrivener; April 6
 Breasley, J., Roshdale, Lancashire, shopkeeper;
 April 14
 Collinson, T., and Tritton, J. H., Lombard-st.,
 bankers; March 5
 Capes, G., Barton-upon-Humber, draper; Mar. 27
 Christopherson, J., Liverpool, merchant; Mar. 27
 Copley, T., Shrewsbury, hosier; April 6
 Crokat, C., and Wilkie, T., Lawrence Poultney-
 lane, merchants; March 26
 Curtis, T., and Hall, R., Angel-court, Throg-
 morton-street, merchants; March 12
 Curtis, W. J., New-street, Dockhead; April 2
 Cheesement, R., Bishop-Wearmouth, wine-mer-
 chant; April 8
 Cooke, H., Nottingham, watchmaker; April 6
 Dryden, B., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, brewer;
 March 16
 Dawson, J., Castle-street, Holborn; April 2
 Dew, J., Bristol, brewer; April 6
 Edwards, W. and W., Fleet-street, bootmakers;
 March 30
 Evans, W., Rotherhithe, ship-builder; March 30
 Ellis, W., late of Liverpool, draper; March 25
 Ebers, J., Old Bond-street, bookseller; March 30
 Fetherbridge, E. and W., Whitechapel, drapers;
 April 27
 Gilbert, W. D. and T., Leadenhall-street, opti-
 cians; March 23
 Goodale, W., late of Derby, silk-throwster; Mar. 25
 Green, W. and J., Sampson, H., and Smith, R. A.,
 Sheffield, metal-ware manufacturers; Mar. 17,
 and April 8
 Griffin, C., Skinner-street, mercer; March 26
 Guy, T., late of Liverpool, corn-dealer; March 26
 Gallimore, T., Burslem, Staffordshire, earthen-
 ware-manufacturer; April 3
 Gibson, J., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper; Ap. 30
 Gosling, G., Chesterfield, Derbyshire, wine-mer-
 chant; March 31
 Garbett, S., Birmingham, merchant; March 30
 Griffith, F. and C., Southampton-street; April 2
 Garner, J. G., Ryton-upon-Dunsmuir, Warwick,
 miller; April 5
 Gnanham, J. H., Romford, grocer; March 26
 Garbett, E. W., Lambeth, zinc-manufacturer;
 March 26
 Grayson, J., Bury St. Edmunds, cutler; April 6
 Green, J., Great Yarmouth, brick-maker; Ap. 16
 Hall, H. B., Twickenham, innkeeper; March 16
 Hill, J., City-basin, and Red Lion-st., Holborn,
 coal-merchant; March 26
 Hughes, W., and Paris, W., Newbery, drapers;
 April 16
 Horsefall, W., Wakefield, spirit-merchant; Ap. 16
 Hall, J., Rupert-street, Goodman's-fields, vic-
 tualler; March 26
 Hassell, G., Hanover-square, dealer; March 14
 Halse, H., Musbury, Devonshire, sheep-aleman;
 April 27
 Harris, J. and F., Bristol, carpenters; April 15
 Jackaman, S., Ipswich, money-scrivener; Mar. 26
 Jellicorse, J., Manchester, warehouseman; Ap. 14
 Jones, W. R. and G., Southwark, wharfingers;
 March 23
 Jackson, J., Liverpool, corn-dealer; March 24
 Jones, W., sen., and W. jun., Kensington,
 builders; March 30
 Jones, H., Brecon, builder; April 7
 Jones, J., Upper Brook-street, tailor; April 6
 Kirby, J., and Thomas, J., Knightsbridge, dra-
 pers; March 30
 Leigh, J., Stringstone, near Bridgewater, tanner;
 March 16
 Logan, C. and S., Stubs, P., and Welsh, W.,
 Liverpool, merchants; April 6
 Lillyman, A., Poulton cum Seacombe, Cheshire,
 innkeeper; April 20
 Moulton, S., Pugin-street, Ludgate-hill, sta-
 tioner; March 19
 McCarthy, D., Shadwell, coal-merchant; Mar. 26
 Morgan, M., Shipston, Worcester, draper; Mar. 23
 Marsh, A. C., Great Scotland-yard, navy agent;
 March 30
 Melling, E., and Higginson, J. H., Liverpool,
 merchants; March 26
 Meyer, J. and W. B., Old Broad-street, mer-
 chants; March 30

Matthews, W., late of Old-street; April 2
 Martin, J., Preston; April 5
 Morgan, W., Llanelly, Brecon, butcher; April 9
 Moyes, J., Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, printer;
 March 30
 Mason, J. B., Cambridge, cook; April 12
 Millar, J., Liverpool, merchant; April 14
 Mulgatrody, W., Sculcoates, Yorkshire, grocer;
 April 16
 Myers, M., Houndsditch, hatter; March 23
 Oldfield, F., Pall-mall, wine-merchant; April 2
 Oxley, J., Barnsley, butcher; April 12
 Palmer, J. A., and Bouch, W., Lawrence-lane,
 drapers; April 13
 Pollard, W., Manchester, tailor; March 22
 Peck, W., Bache, Cheshire, wine-merchant;
 March 19
 Pool, W., Lisson-street, New-road, Paddington,
 stage-master; April 13
 Poole, S. A., Exeter, dyer; March 25
 Price, J., and Unwin, W., Highbury, victuallers;
 March 30
 Price, J., Highbury, victualler; April 2
 Perin, J., Marlborough, cheesemonger; April 16
 Parkinson, J., Louth, grocer; April 16
 Rankine, D., Pratt-place, Camden-town, and
 Wilson, J., Sydney-street, Goswell-street-road,
 merchants; May 21
 Robinson, C., sen., New Brentford Wharf; Mar. 19
 and May 7
 Rudland, J., Marylebone-lane, stable-keeper;
 March 30
 Rowbotham, Ashton-under-Line, hat-manufac-
 turer; March 30
 Rexworthy, J., Wells, Somerset, currier; April 7
 and April 16
 Rashleigh, W., Lattiford, Somerset, cheesemon-
 ger; April 13
 Snowden, J., late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dra-
 per; March 22
 Stony, J. B., late of Blandford St. Mary, Dorset,
 brewer; March 22
 Sharpe, J., Duke-street, Westminster, bookseller;
 March 23
 Sheirs, N., Aldermanbury, warehouseman; Mar. 19
 Storey, J. B., Blandford, Woresshire, maltster;
 March 25
 Square, J., Pridenau, W., jun., and Pridenau,
 W. W., Kingsbridge, Devon, bankers; Mar. 31
 Stephenson, W., Leeds, merchant; March 29
 Swettenham, T., Burslem, Stafford, earthenware
 manufacturer; April 2
 Smith, J. T. and S. C., King-street, Cheapside,
 hosiers; April 2
 Stubbs, J., Pant-on-street, Leicester-sq.; April 2
 Smith, R., Old City Chambers; April 2
 Smith, R., Manchester, muslin manufacturer;
 April 8
 Stansfield, T. W., Briggs, H., and Stansfield, H.
 and H., Leeds, merchants; April 8
 Symmonds, A., Kennington Common, carpenter;
 April 6
 Stanfield, R., and Rigby, J. G., Ashton-under-
 Lyne; April 12
 Slingsby, J., Manchester, warehouseman; Ap. 14
 Soulbey, M., Swinfleet, Yorkshire, draper; Ap. 14
 Shaw, H., Ulverston, Lancashire, scrivener;
 April 27
 Taylor, J., Golcar, Yorkshire, clothier; Ap. 16
 Timberlake, E., Marylebone-street, poulterer;
 March 26
 Tucker, W. G., Exeter, watchmaker; March 5
 Turner, S. A., and Sharp, J., Cambridge, dra-
 pers; March 12
 Thurston, J. N., Bath, upholster; March 10
 White, A., and Metcalf, W., Lamb's Conduit-
 street, drapers; March 23
 Winn, J., Brownshill, Gloucester, clothier; Mar. 16
 Willis, T., Bath, carpenter; March 27
 Walsen, C. J., Gloucester, victualler; March 26
 Woods, S., and Webb, G. G., George-yard, Lom-
 bard-street, drapers; March 30
 Webb, G., and Stewart, G., Threadneedle-street,
 merchants; March 30
 Wood, S., Manchester; April 3
 Watson, J., Manchester, dealer; April 8
 Williamson, J., and Rishworth, T., Heighley,
 Yorkshire, worsted-spinners; April 15
 Worrall, S., Bristol, banker; April 15
 Wintle, A. S., Mark-lane, merchant; April 6
 Wells, J., Aldbourn, Wilts, corn-dealer; April 23
 Young, J., Upper Brook-street, plumber; April 30

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Bruce, Alexander, Edinburgh, appraiser
 Campbell, J., and Campbell, A., Lochhead, Argyshire, cattle-dealers
 Carth and Co., Leith, merchants
 Cookburn, R., and Hardie, R., Edinburgh, tin-smiths
 Cochran, John, jun., Glasgow, grain merchant
 Dow, Alexander, Edinburgh, spirit dealer
 Dunlop, J., Provenhall, cattle-dealer
 Easton, R. and R., Glasgow, manufacturers
 Ewart, G., Dunse, saddler
 Fitchie, H. S., Dundee, merchant
 Fraser, J., Inverness, draper
 Gall, G., Dundee, haberdasher
 Glanetti, Jos., Edinburgh, perfumer and toy merchant

Gibb, W., Glasgow, vintner
 Gourlay, C., Craigrothe, farmer
 Guild, J., and Co., Port Dundas, Glasgow, merchant
 Lancaster, Duncan, and Co., Glasgow, merchants
 Mackay, J. D., Banff, grain-dealer
 Macnought, J., and Co., Glasgow, merchants
 Scott, Alexander, Dundee, grocer
 Scott, D., jun., Dundee, grocer
 Sharpe, T. P., Glasgow, merchant
 Stuart, J., Dundee, coach proprietor
 Walker, De Ferney, Edinburgh, brewer
 Weir, W., Glasgow, innkeeper
 Whyte, James, Banff, merchant
 Wilson, J., Renfrew, grain-merchant

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Right Rev. Dr. Wm. Carey has been promoted from the See of Exeter to the Bishopric of St. Asaph.

The Rev. George Chandler is appointed to the Deanery of Chichester, vacant by the death of Dr. Samuel Slade.

The Rev. R. W. Jelf, M.A., is promoted to one of the Canonships of Oxford, void by the death of Dr. Thomas Hay.

The Rev. J. S. Cocks is also promoted to one of the Canonships of Oxford, void by the death of Dr. Phineas Pett.

The Rev. J. S. Cocks is appointed one of the Canons of Worcester Cathedral, in the room of the Rev. Sir Herbert Oakley, Bart. deceased.

The Rev. James Wright to the church and parish of Oxnam, in the presbytery of Roxburgh, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. Hunter, Patron, the King.

The Rev. J. H. Seymour, M.A., to the Rectory of Northchurch, Herts, void by the death of the Rev. F. H. Barker. Patron, the King.

The Rev. R. Meiklejohn to the church of Strathdon, county of Aberdeen, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. George Forbes. Patron, the King.

The Rev. A. Crowdy, M.A., of Brazenose College, Oxford, to the Vicarage of King's Somborne. Patron, Sir C. Mill, Bart.

The Rev. Crosbie Morgil, M.A., one of the chaplains of the Bishop of Winchester, to the Rectory of Chulbolton, Hants.

The Rev. C. Holloway, B.A., to the Rectory of St. Simon and Jude, Norwich. Patron, the Bishop of Norwich.

The Rev. J. Bowen, B.A., to the Rectory of West Lynn, alias St. Peters, Norfolk. Patron, the Rev. C. H. Townshend.

The Rev. J. B. Schomberg, B.A., to the Rectory of Belton, Suffolk. Patron, the Bishop of Norwich.

The Rev. J. Ashby, M.A., to the Rectory of Wenham Magna, Suffolk. Patron, the Rev. G. H. Deane.

The Rev. T. W. Booth, B.A., of Brazenose College, Oxford, to the Vicarage of Friskney, Lincolnshire. Patron, John Booth, Esq., of Ingoldmells.

The Rev. W. Church, B.C.L., of Emmanuel College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire. Patron, the Duke of Rutland.

The Rev. L. E. Towne, A.M., of Emmanuel College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Knipton, Lincolnshire. Patron, the Duke of Rutland.

The Rev. W. H. Groene, A.M., of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Steppingley, Bedfordshire. Patron, the Duke of Bedford.

The Rev. H. Rose, M.A., to the Rectory of Brington, Northamptonshire. Patron, Earl Spencer.

The Rev. W. Norton, M.A., domestic chaplain to Lord Crewe, to the Rectory of Eyke, Suffolk. Patron, Earl Stradbroke.

The Rev. C. Navine, M.A., of Trinity College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Shadoxhurst, Kent. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. G. Rooke, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, to the Vicarage of Guildon, Northumberland. Patrons, Warden and Fellows of Merton College.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO SERVE IN THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

Feb. 23d.—Borough of Fowey. The Hon. J. T. Brudenell, commonly called Lord Brudenell, of Brooksby Hall, Leicester, in the room of the Hon. R. H. Eden, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Feb. 25th.—Borough of Wenlock. The Hon. G. Cecil Weld Forester, of Willey Park, in the county of Salop.

March 2d.—Borough of Clonmell. Eyre Coote, Esq., in the room of James Hewitt Massey Dawson, Esq., who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

County of Meath. Arthur Plunkett, Esq., commonly called Lord Killen, of Killen Castle, in the said county, in the room of Thomas Taylor, Esq., commonly called Earl of Bective, now Marquess of Headfort.

March 5th.—Town and Port of Rye. Philip Pusey, of Pusey, Berks, Esq., in the room of Henry Bonham, Esq., who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

County of Radnor. The Right Hon. Thomas Frankland Lewis, of Harpton-court, in the said county of Radnor.

March 9th.—County of Waterford. The Right Hon. G. T. Beresford, commonly called Lord G. Beresford, of Curraghmore, in the room of H. Villiers Stuart, Esq., who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

March 16th.—County of Essex. T. G. Bramston, of Skreay, in the county of Essex, Esq., in the room of Sir Eliab Harvey, deceased.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SECURITIES.

The following Table exhibits the daily prices of the English Funds at the close of the market, from February 23d to March 24th, inclusive. The extreme fluctuation in Consols for the Account, it will be seen, is 1 per cent. The selling prices only are given.

	FEBRUARY.							MARCH.																			
	23	24	25	26	27	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	15	16	17	18	19	20	22	23	24	
ENGLISH.																											
3 per Cent Cons....	92½	91½	92	91½	91½	91½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	91½	91½	91½	91½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½
Do. for Account.....	92½	91½	92	91½	91½	91½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	91½	91½	91½	91½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½
3 per Cent Red.....	92½	91½	92	91½	91½	91½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	91½	91½	91½	91½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½
3½ per Cent Red.....	100½	100	100½	100	100	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½	100½
4 per Cent Red.....	102½	102	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½
4 per Cents. 1826.....	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½	105½
4 per Cents. 1826.....	102½	102	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½	102½
Long Ann.....	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½
Do. new, 30 yrs.....	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½	19½
India Stock.....	243	244	248	246	246	246½	246	242	Shut.	Shut.	19½	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	Shut.	
Bank Stock.....	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	218½	
Exchequer Bills.....	77	76	74	75	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	
India Bonds.....	79	76	74	75	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	
FOREIGN.																											
Brazilian 5 per C.....	69½	68½	69	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½	68½
Buenos Ayres 6.....	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	
Chilian 6.....	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	
Colom. (1824) 6.....	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½
Danish 3.....	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½
French 5.....	109½	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	109	
Greek 3.....	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	84	
Italo 3.....	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½
Mexican 6.....	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	
Ditto 5.....	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22½
Peruvian 6.....	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	
Portuguese 5.....	59	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½	58½
Russian 5.....	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½
Spanish (1822) 5.....	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½	13½

* Where no price is quoted, there was no variation in the market from the preceding day.

Note.—The next account day for Consols is April the 16th.

Price of Shares on Wednesday, March 24.

Anglo-Mexican	£37 10 to £38 10	Brazil Comp. Impl.	£80 10 to £81 10	Del Monte	0 to £53 0
Bolancos	475 0	Ditto National	20 0	Ditto new	2 0
Brazil Company	9 15	Colombian	8 10	United Mexican	19 10
					20 0

LONDON COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Bonâ fide Prices, as negotiated on the Royal Exchange, from 20th February to 23d March, inclusive.

	TIME.	BILLS, &c. {M.		MONEY.		REMARKS.
		Maximum.	Minimum.	Maximum.	Minimum.	
Amsterdam	3 months.	12 8½	12 7	12 9	12 7½	
Ditto	3 days' sight.	12 7½	12 6	12 7½	12 6½	
Rotterdam	3 months.	12 8½	12 7½	12 9	12 7½	
Antwerp	12 8½	12 7½	12 8½	12 7½	
Hamburgh Mar. Bc.	14 2	14 0½	14 2½	14 1	
Alona	14 3½	14 2½	Nominal.
St. Petersburg	10	Nominal.
Paris	3 months.	25 07½	25 02½	26 2½	25 07½	
Ditto	3 days' sight.	25 75	25 72½	25 80	25 75	
Bordeaux	26 15	26 10	Nominal.
Frankfort on the Main	155½	154½	155½	154½	
Berlin	No quotation.
Vienna, <i>effective</i>	10 17	10 14	10 20	10 15	
Trieste	10 18	10 14	10 20	10 15	
Madrid	36½	36	36½	35½	
Cadiz	36½	36½	36½	36	
Bilboa	36½	36	36½	36	
Barcelona	35½	35½	Nominal.
Seville	35½	35½	Nominal.
Gibraltar	47½	Nominal.
Leghorn	47½	47½	47½	47½	
Genoa	25 97½	25 95	26	25 97½	
Venice	47½	Nominal.
Malta	40½	Nominal.
Naples	39½	...	39½	...	
Palermo, 118 per oz.	119	118½	118½	118½	
Lisbon	60 days' date.	45½	44½	45½	44½	
Oporto	Ditto.	44½	44½	44½	44	
Rio Janeiro	60 days' sight.	23½	23	23	22½	
Bahia	25	Nominal.
Buenos Ayres	No quotation.
Calcutta	20½	...	21	...	
Bombay	19½	...	20	...	
Madras	19½	...	20	...	
Canton	47	

Foreign gold, in bars, £3. 17s. 9d. per oz. Standard silver, in bars, 4s. 11d.
New dollars, 4s. 8½d.; and 4s. 8½d. per oz.

* Little or nothing has been done during the month in those places to which Nominal is annexed.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, 1830.

		Thermometer.	Barometer.			Thermometer.	Barometer.
FEB. Thursday 18		From 26 to 36	29.61 to 29.67	MAR. Sunday 7		From 55 to 40	29.93 to 29.99
Friday 19		25 - 39	29.67 - 29.74	Monday 8		36 - 47	29.99 - 29.98
Saturday 20		21 - 38	29.75 - 29.89	Tuesday 9		35 - 47	29.66 - 29.64
Sunday 21		20 - 43	29.62 - 29.43	Wednesday 10		37 - 50	29.55 - 29.66
Monday 22		24.5 38	29.65 - 29.69	Thursday 11		40 - 58	29.60 - 29.64
Tuesday 23		28 - 54	29.60 - 29.62	Friday 12		38 - 55	30.09 - 29.96
Wednesday 24		43 - 56	29.68 - 30.00	Saturday 13		35 - 51	30.12 - 30.25
Thursday 25		43 - 55	30.11 - 30.02	Sunday 14		30 - 82	30.12 - 29.84
Friday 26		43 - 54	29.63 - 30.02	Monday 15		32 - 80	29.50 - 29.35
Saturday 27		43 - 56	29.96 - 30.00	Tuesday 16		30 - 48	29.52 - 29.75
Sunday 28		41 - 55	29.94 - 30.08	Wednesday 17		33 - 61	29.70 - 29.95
				Thursday 18		34 - 66	30.04 - 30.17
MAR. Monday 1		38 - 53	30.23 - 30.31	Friday 19		48 - 55	30.18 - 30.12
Tuesday 2		42 - 55	30.32 - 30.33	Saturday 20		37 - 66	30.05 - 30.09
Wednesday 3		39 - 55	30.33 - 30.30	Sunday 21		33 - 58	30.26 - 30.20
Thursday 4		24 - 43	30.16 - 30.00	Monday 22		37 - 60	30.13 - 29.96
Friday 5		26 - 46	29.92 - 29.94	Tuesday 23		31 - 54	29.96 - 29.98
Saturday 6		26 - 52	29.95 - 29.96	Wednesday 24		43 - 57	30.01 - 30.10

LONDON:

J. MOYES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. IV.

MAY, 1830.

VOL. I.

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LONDON: -

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;
AND JOHN BOYD, EDINBURGH.

M.DCCC.XXX.

1. We thank our friend F. M. for sending us the *Dublin Literary Gazette*. It complains bitterly of the Blackwoodish spirit displayed in our notice of Mr. Donovan's book. If that sapient apothecary himself wrote the article in the *Gazette*, all is well; for we can and will excuse the vituperative overflowing of an apothecary's wrath. But if it be ———, we are much amused, seeing that he was himself, not very long ago, one of the illustrious *coterie* of Blackwood.

We have received a real communication from Mr. Donovan of London. It appears that we have been hoaxed by some witty wag. We are prepared to arrest any mischief we may have inadvertently committed, and we therefore print that gentleman's missive to our publisher:—

6, Howard Street, Norfolk Street, Strand, April 8, 1830.

SIR,—I was very much surprised, and you may imagine by no means agreeably so, on seeing, in your Magazine of this month, a notice headed "Mr. Donovan of the Strand," which, I suppose, alludes to me, though I have not the good fortune to be the owner of a *gin-shop*, as the expression "a proprietor of wine-vaults" means in the London phrase. I did not read the article entitled "Donovan the Intoxicator;" but had I done so, and conceived that it was "a hit at myself," worthy of serious attention, I would either have waited on you, or written for an explanation: therefore, I should have been under no necessity of getting an *anonymous* deputy (for I presume your correspondent is such) "to address you in most angry terms on the subject." The hoax, consequently, though at my expense, has been played upon you; for I assure you I had no knowledge whatsoever of the letter which gained me the unexpected honour of being noticed in print. Feeling thankful, however, for your politeness in so promptly endeavouring to remove the delusion which you supposed I laboured under on this point, I remain, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

CORNELIUS DONOVAN.

2. An Edinburgh friend has sent us a weekly journal which issues from the printing establishment of Mr. Ballantyne. It contains a fire-and-fury notice of our august selves. We shall do what, perhaps, will astonish the heathens of Modern Athens—print the brimstone passage, without curtailment. Fear is only the companion of weakness. We feel ourselves too strong to mind such a puppy-dog squirt.

"HAD WE BEEN SUBSCRIBERS TO 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE,' WE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED OUR SUBSCRIPTION AS SOON AS WE RECEIVED NO. II. IT CONTAINS SEVERAL ARTICLES MOST VULGAR AND DESPICABLE, WRITTEN APPARENTLY BY THE TOAD-EATERS AND UNDERLINGS OF LEIGH HUNT, IF IT BE POSSIBLE FOR LEIGH HUNT TO HAVE ANY UNDERLINGS. IN PARTICULAR, THE FIRST ARTICLE, UPON MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON, INSPIRES US WITH UNQUALIFIED DISGUST. IT IS COMPOSED IN THE VERY WORST SPIRIT OF COCKNEY MALVOLENCE AND LOW-BRED ENVY. NEITHER IS THE REVIEW OF BOWRING'S POETRY OF THE MAGYARS MUCH BETTER; AND ALL THE OTHER ARTICLES, WHICH ARE NOT POSITIVELY OBJECTIONABLE IN POINT OF SENTIMENT, ARE INSUFFERABLY DULL IN POINT OF EXECUTION. WE SPOKE LENIENTLY OF THIS NEW PERIODICAL ON ITS FIRST APPEARANCE; BUT WE NOW SEE THAT IT HAS A TAIN OF VULGARITY, AND, WE FEAR, SOMETHING WORSE, WHICH INEVITABLY DOOMS IT TO PERPETUAL OBSCURITY."

There are only two men in all Scotland worthy of this elegant little morsel of composition. The first is *The Shepherd's Cornal* and *Constable's Maggy's Undertaker*. If so, the fellow is too contemptible to notice.

The second man is WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. If so, is not this mode of insidious attack very childish? If Ebony wish to abuse us, let him do it openly. The Baillie is no hand in a duello; but he has a champion of approved power, whom he may send into the field, and we will meet him either at fisty-cuffs, single-stick, bludgeoning, rapier-passado, broad-sword diversion, pistol-shot aim, duck-gun sport, 32-pounder amusement, or bombshell annihilation. In either or all these attainments we are, we flatter ourselves, of efficient prowess. If we really should come to a Pass, it will be a matter for history. The nature of the meeting must, of necessity, be dreadful.

"Se vediste insieme mai scontrar due tuoni
Da levante a ponente al ciel diverso,
Così proprio s'urtar quei due baroni."

So sings old Boiardo of Orlando and Agricane; and so some modern bard will sing of the champions of Ebony and Fraser. But we love the calumet of peace; and why can we not proceed together, hand in hand, like loving and adoring brothers?

A parting word of advice, however, we must give to Ebony. Have done, Baillie, with all underhanded work and assassin blows. Meet us fairly; or, by our troth! we will ourselves write such a "Ryder" for your series of the "Noctes," as will not be, we opine, exactly to your relish.

3. The *Morning Journal* of the 10th of April favoured the world with the following notice:—

"FASHIONABLE NOVELS—A NEW MAGAZINE."

"*Fraser's Magazine* for Town and Country' contains an article upon which we feel ourselves called upon to make some comment. It is published in the 11th number for April. Although we have borne testimony to the talent with which the work has been hitherto conducted, we cannot pass over in silence an attack made through its pages upon the firm of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. Its object is to bring into contempt them and several of the authors for whom they publish—a class described by the epithet of the 'Colburno-historical.' There is a bad spirit manifest throughout the whole composition. The feeling to which it owes its existence is so evidently personal—the terms made use of so gross and ungentelemanly—that the object of the writer has been defeated even by the very means by which it was sought to be attained. Scurrility and abuse can never be mistaken for argument. It is, however, to be regretted that a new Magazine should have sought favour with the public by pursuing so unbecoming a course. If the editors are resolved

'To run a-muck, and tilt at all they meet,'

the proprietors will soon discover that a wiser plan might have been adopted—a plan equally remote from mean servility and open and daring *bravado*.

"The principal charge brought by the writer against Messrs. Colburn and Bentley is, that they are publishers of a class of works usually denominated 'fashionable novels,'—a charge to which they must plead guilty; but whatever punishment, is to be awarded, should, we think, in common justice, be inflicted upon the public, and not upon those who, in listening to and obeying their call, only discharge their duty as publishers. If, however, the establishment of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley were but the rival of the Minerva Press, and we obtained from thence only such three-volume publications as those to which we refer, we, who, it is to be presumed, lay claim to more taste and judgment than the novel-reading race generally, might have some reason to complain of the great degree in which their names engross the public attention. The fact, however, is far otherwise. The columns of our journal have from time to time afforded ample proof that the most valuable and important works of modern times are issued from their house. Within the last two or three months we have been called upon to notice, among others of similar character, 'Lander's Wanderings in Africa,' 'Lord Londonderry's Narrative of the War,' 'Field Sports in the North of Europe,' 'Carne's Recollections of the East,' 'Diary and Correspondence of Ralph Thoresby,' 'Dodderidge's Life,' 'Jefferson's Memoirs,' &c.; and there are now lying upon our table three or four works of high merit and value, to which we shall shortly draw the attention of our readers.

"The article to which we have referred is, therefore, equally unjust and silly. The firm of which Mr. Bentley has recently become a partner has done more to advance modern literature, by rewarding with liberality the labours of literary men, than any other establishment in the metropolis. It is far from our wish to compliment Messrs. Colburn and Bentley at the expense of other publishers; but it is notorious that they have published a greater number of works than any other London bookseller; and we assert, without the fear of contradiction, a greater number of works which every man of superior mind would desire to place in his library. That they have given large sums—in many instances preposterously large—to authors for their productions, is a matter strangely twisted to their disadvantage by the writer of the article in '*Fraser's Magazine*.'

"We have conceived it our duty to say thus much upon the subject, first, because we desire to do justice to Messrs. Colburn and Bentley; and next, because, in the course of our hasty review of the Magazine in which the objectionable remarks are contained, they escaped our notice, and we expressed ourselves in terms of approbation of the article of which they formed a comparatively small portion. We desire it, however, to be understood, that with those parts of the paper that condemn the present popular rage for fashionable novels we perfectly agree; and we are consequently well pleased that a writer of much power has wielded a sharp and strong weapon against them. He has, however, committed a flagrant error in spending his force upon the outworks when the citadel was open to attack, and has subjected himself to a charge of spleen and malice when he might have obtained a character for honest and plain dealing."

We have the highest possible respect for the *Morning Journal*. It is ultra Tory—so is *Fraser's Magazine*—and now that we have "fallen on evil days," one ultra Tory should not quarrel with another. We beg, therefore, the *Morning Journal* to take the following observations in good part, as we assure the Editors that these observations do not apply to them, but solely and exclusively to Messrs. Colburn and Bentley.

Only four or five days previously to the appearance of the article headed A NEW MAGAZINE, the *Morning Journal* had generally commented on the No. of *Fraser's Magazine* which contained the obnoxious paper on FASHIONABLE NOVELS—particularly mentioning in terms of praise that very paper. This will be sufficient to prove to all persons acquainted with the management of newspapers, that the above extract, being a defence of Colburn and Bentley, is an advertisement, sent to the *Morning Journal* in the common course of business, and written by some person in the pay of those *Fashionable* booksellers.

Our reason for this conclusion is, that whereas the critical article in the *Morning Journal* shewed an intimate acquaintance with the No. of *Fraser's Magazine* containing the article, the person who has written the bookseller's defence or advertisement HAS NOT READ any part of it. "The object of the paper is to bring into contempt them (Messrs. C. and B.) and several of the authors for whom they publish—a class described by the epithet Colburno-historical." The object of the paper is NO SUCH THING—it is written against *Fashionable Novels*—and *historical Novels* are merely mentioned by the way.

"If the Editors," continues the advertisement, "are resolved

'To run a-muck and tilt at all they meet,'

the proprietors will soon discover that a wiser plan might have been adopted—a plan equally remote from MEAN SERVILITY (ye gods!!!) and open and daring bravoism.”

The charge of “servility,” and mean servility too, against us—US OF FRASER’S MAGAZINE—is really too laughable for a reply. Has the booby who scrawled this elegant advertisement for the *Morning Journal* read any one article in either one of our Numbers? He has not, else he would be convinced of the THUMPER which he has been impudently uttering. As to tomahawk-wielding, bludgeoning, &c., why these are something nearer the mark, though bravoism is as little applicable to us as servility. The fact is, the booby penman of the advertisement does not know the meaning of the word BRAVO—BRAVO signifies a man that murders for hire. Now, although the booksellers of New Burlington Street have asserted that, inasmuch as they had given their advertisements to *Fraser’s Magazine*—(which is as much as to say, that they had tried to bribe the Magazine)—they thought it very hard that they should be attacked,—still, we of the Magazine, disregarding of all lures and temptations, endeavoured to expose the humbug of the New Burlington Street system. Was this bravoism?

See, good reader, how the arrant booby contradicts his former assertion in the commencement of the following paragraph. “The principal charge brought by the writer against Messrs. Colburn and Bentley is, that they are publishers of a class of works usually denominated ‘Fashionable Novels,’—a charge to which they must plead guilty; but whatever punishment is to be awarded, should, we think, in common justice, be inflicted on the public,” &c.

Reader, con over our article on *Fashionable Novels*, and you will there see in what manner the ignorant public are gulled into the perusal of these self-styled fashionable novels. The assertion made in the advertisement is impudent as it is heartless. As to the high and extravagant prices which the booksellers in question have paid to writers, and of which they are eternally boasting, to their own disgrace, we answer, that in almost every one of these cases, the fame of these writers has been the manufacture of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley; and that in every case where large sums have been paid by them, they have, by their egregious system of false puffs and well-concealed advertisements, turned a neat penny by the transaction. And we would ask, in one word, if HUMBUG and MISCHIEF stalk abroad in the world, relying on their length of purse, boasting of virtue which they do not possess, and spreading abroad as they proceed along deadly disease (so to speak), is that the season to be standing on ceremony,—to be taking off hats, bowing and scraping, and making grimaces; or is it the time to wield the tomahawk, or take down your duck-gun and shoot Humbug and Mischief as you would shoot a mad dog?

As to “personal feeling” having given rise to our article,—that is nonsense. Have we, or have we not, proved our case by logical deduction—and laid before the public a regular argument? Answer us, most sapient booby of the advertisement.

This said booby has put down exactly seven works published by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley; and he asks, with a chuckle and grin, if the gentlemen who have produced these notable works ought to be run down? We happen to have the publication lists of these booksellers for the five past years, and we will very shortly give our account—drawn out in a regular debtor and creditor form—and therein, we think, will be made appear to the public, that the odds for excellence is so decidedly against Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, as to be like Gratiano’s wit—even as two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff.

1. We now turn to the *Literary Gazette* of the 10th of April, which contains the following passages:—

“*Satan; a Poem.* By R. Montgomery. Second edition. London, 1830. Maunder.

“We are induced to take up this second edition of R. Montgomery’s volume not more for his sake than for our own. To the first we did not pay that sufficient regard which we purposed, and which it merited; and the gauntlet run which the young poet has experienced from our brethren seems to require that we should do him justice.

“Of his design and of its execution we spoke in our former Review; objecting, in some measure, to the former, and pointing out the overwhelming burden which both imposed upon the most skilful and ambitious author. But because we felt these obstacles, and because we noticed blemishes and faults in Mr. Montgomery’s page, were we, therefore, to shut our eyes to the original beauties and true poetical powers which he also displayed? Far be it from the *Literary Gazette* to dispense such criticism, or subject youthful genius to ordeals of ridicule and tests of composition which no genius that ever existed could withstand. Be it ours, while we adhere to justice, to be the encouragers of literature; to any others we will leave the distinction of earning notoriety by the easy paths of censure and abuse.

“And here, brief as our specimens are, we conclude; claiming for the young bard that public favour, of which, in some instances, notoriously jealous criticism has endeavoured to rob him. Be it remembered, that we, the objects of his early assault and his castigations, therefore, can entertain no sentiment upon this subject, but such as the fair, liberal, and honest exercise of our functions demand, not simply with respect to the author, but to the public and to literature. We hold it to be

the boudan duty of the press to expose empiricism and put down immorality; but we are as certain that it ought to avoid the paltry and easy triumph of exhibiting smartness and rancour (though such means do attract notice) to the injury of real talents, and the depression of that cause common to all who write and publish, be it for fame or be it for profit. If we cannot be generous, we ought at least to be just."

We have the highest possible respect for the *Literary Gazette*, and its Editor; but we cannot allow it to say unmeaning things of our Magazine without reply.

We are very willing to take the allusion in the above passage to ourselves; for we are a little proud of having been the first in exposing the shallow pretensions of Mr. Robert Montgomery. We have shown how Messrs. Colburn and Bentley have accused us of being actuated by personal pique; and here we have the *Literary Gazette* uttering the same sentiment. Mr. Thomas Moore expressed himself in nearly the same words. Dr. Dennish Lardner and Mr. Donovan did so likewise. Mr. Buckingham has done the same thing;—so has Mr. Tegg, of Cheapside, and so has Mr. Richard Taylor, the printer;—so will Messrs. Rickards and Crawford;—so will Mr. St. John Long;—and so will every other person who shall chance, in future times, to come under the castigation of our befouling (to use an epithet which has been applied to us) fingers. But we are losing sight of the *Literary Gazette*.

1st, Has it ever contained an annihilative article against any book? It has—for we, at this moment, remember some two or three stirring ones—and yet, would not the Editor have felt it as an insult to have been told that such articles were the result of spleen, malice or envy, or personal pique? 2d, The Editor of the *Literary Gazette* may enjoy and act upon his notion of the principles of Religious Poetry, but he should permit others to enjoy the like immunity. Our principles we know and can state—the *Literary Gazette's* we never saw; and though we have read in its pages many articles commendatory of poems, we do not think any one of them contains an exposition of the Editor's principles of poetry. 3d, What right has any one (save, of course, the unhappy Author himself,) to accuse us of "notoriously jealous criticism," when we have fairly stated our reasons, in argument, for our conclusion. That "the youthful genius" (!) Mr. Montgomery has been subjected to ordeals of ridicule (what kind of phrase is this?) is not our fault—if the pious youth had not given his fair portrait with one of his volumes of contemptible trash, we should not have been guilty of personality. 4th, Will the *Literary Gazette*, when it next censures us, give us, *metaphysicè*, its definition of the word so common in its mouth—*Genius*? 5th, The fact is, the Editor of the *Literary Gazette* is a little sore that all the world do not take his dictum about the excellence of a work—and the confuting his dictum makes him angry—and in his anger he accuses us, the unhappy offenders, of an unworthy motive—he cannot effect his purpose, and he blames us.

Says Æsop, in deducing the moral from one of his best fables, Οὕτω καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἔστι, τῶν πραγμάτων ἐφικόμεθα μὴ δυναμένοι δὲ ἀσθενεῖν, τοὺς καίρους κρίνουμεθα.

5. The pious Mr. Montgomery is, we hear, either licking into shape a new edition of his "Age Reviewed," or writing a pamphlet, to be called "Mr. R. Montgomery and his Reviewers," purposely that he may "*philippiz*" an Appendix against our illustrious selves. We anticipate the compliment, and return him our best thanks. We may, perhaps, write a second Appendix, and insert it in The Magazine; or, perhaps, another Baviad, and settle, once and for ever, the existence of all the summer-evening insects that are making such a constant buzz, and are so troublesome.—Will the "Satanic" and "Omnipresence" youth, when he publishes, include in his concoction his doctrine of the Principles of Religious Poetry? Now that he is at Oxford, it will be easy enough for him to get the help of Bishop Lowth's book, "*De Sacra Poësi Hebræorum*." This may materially assist him.

6. We have also before us the *Sheffield Mercury* of February the 20th, but have not space to quote it. It calls us a set of "LITERARY ADVENTURERS." We have given the date of the paper; and further add, that it may be seen at Peel's Coffee-house, and at our Publisher's.

7. We hear that Mr. Moore means to make a reply to our article on Lord Byron's Life. We wait for the reply.

* * * "Three Courses and a Dessert,"—"Mount Sinai,"—"Life of Raleigh," &c. &c. &c., in our next. Such has been our abundance of matter, that we have in this No. thrown out our sheet of miscellaneous information, and given, besides, half a sheet beyond our stipulated quantity.

††† If our friends or foes will, before the 20th of every month, forward any Newspaper or Periodical containing matter abusive of our Magazine, all such matter shall and insertion in the following Number of REGINA.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. IV.

MAY, 1830.

• VOL. I.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THIS being one of the greatest edifices undertaken for the accommodation of royalty in the present age, not only in this country, but in Europe or elsewhere, we have been at some pains to make ourselves acquainted with the design and the details, persuaded that few topics connected with the Arts can be more interesting to our readers.

It may seem, to some *political save-alls*,—for we have a better opinion of political economists than to admit such a sort of persons among them,—that, at a time of great acknowledged difficulty and distress, the completion of so costly a pile might have been postponed till a happier period. It is, therefore, not to such that we address ourselves, when we venture to say that the erection of some such building was become a moral duty,—we repeat the words, A MORAL DUTY,—on the part of the British government; not in relation to the personal comfort of the King, nor to the acknowledged necessity of such an appanage to a monarchy; but in relation to humanity and the commercial interests of the country. Accordingly, before we proceed with the immediate object in view, we shall take this opportunity to offer a few words of explanation with reference to what is meant by a moral duty in this particular case.

The progress of society towards refinement is characterised by the variety of individual skill developed in improving the comforts and elegancies of life. All history shews, that so long as nations are progressive, individuals of talent become more and more

numerous, and that in their decline the reverse takes place. Assuming, then, that the advancement of a nation in the honours of arts and arms is what is understood to be a progressive state, and therefore desirable,—it must, upon these premises, be conceded, that the cultivation of the arts is productive of good, inasmuch as it tends to excite intelligence, and to bring the intellect to operate more largely on the condition of man.

There is a vast difference between what society may *do* with, after mere necessities are supplied, and what it may require to stimulate the sense of enjoyment. Society, in this country, has long been far beyond the stage of contentment. We are no longer satisfied with necessities, nor even with comforts;—we must have delicacies and ornaments. We are still a progressive people; and although, in the great staples of our commerce, a temporary blight has fallen, there is yet, at this time, a greater demand for the productions of refined talent than there ever was before in the history of the kingdom. •A vast number of individuals are brought up to the various branches and departments of art, the effect of progression and prosperity, and they are as justly entitled to receive a share of public sympathy as any other of the industrious classes.

The carver and gilder, the operatives of the sculptor and painter, and all the manifold artisans engaged in the production of household elegancies, are as justly entitled to the careful consideration of government as the ruder opera-

tives at the forge and the loom, even although their productions may appear to a numerous body of the people as things of less importance than necessities to society. There can, indeed, be no stronger instance, we do not say of a vulgar mind, but of an understanding incapable of comprehending the constitution of man, than the distinction which the "save-alls" affect to make between the useful and the ornamental. Where can the limit be placed? It is the progress of knowledge that pushes forward the landmarks of improvement. Thus, the things which are almost necessities to us, were to our ancestors, superfluities.

But, as all artisans and operatives are employed in supplying the wants of individuals, it may be contended, that the moral duty of giving the higher order of them employment, by the erection of palaces and other public buildings, is not very obvious. We think it is. The nation, by its progress, has acquired many artificial tastes and wants. To supply these, a numerous population has been created; and that population must be supported, as well as any other class of the community. There is neither reason nor justice in supposing that a weaver of tapestry for the walls of a palace should be deemed less an object of encouragement than a weaver of rugs for the cottage couch. On the contrary, we contend that the tapestry-weaver is an object of far greater importance, inasmuch as he belongs to a higher order of intellectual beings; for it is not with relation to the value of individual life that the question can be properly understood,—it is with respect to the interests of society; and, unless we admit this, there can be no sense in the distinction which is made between public talent and mere private worth.

The inference, then, which we would draw from all this is, that times of public distress are precisely those in which great public works should be undertaken. When the body of the people, by bad harvests or commercial stagnations, are unable to give employment to the artists of ornament and their innumerable operatives and assistants, there is both policy and humanity in the public giving them employment; for, so much of the public welfare depends upon keeping the currency at an equal amount and in constant motion, that

restriction in expenditure, in periods of privation, can have no other effect than to diminish the power of overcoming it. The circulation of the currency is the life-blood of a country; and as it is slow or fast, so is the prosperity of the community in good or in bad health.

But the nation cannot advance, unless refined individual talent be encouraged. Now, is it not the fact, that, in the course of the last seventy or eighty years, the fine arts have been domiciliated amongst us, and cultivated, until they have attained an equality in excellence with their condition in other countries? The productions of British artists have come into demand abroad, and, besides supplying a growing and extensive demand at home, do actually furnish a surplus for exportation. If, then, it be, on commercial principles, an object to encourage improvements in silks or cottons, or any of the common articles of trade, it must be admitted that improvements in the productions of the fine arts are also of great importance to trade, although not yet of equal amount in value to any of the great staples; and therefore, we would inquire by what means our improvement in fine art, for commercial purposes, is to be promoted, unless employment of the highest kind be given to the artists? Until we excite by superiority so great a demand as to make it an object with commercial capitalists to undertake the manufacture of statues, paintings, &c. solely with views to trade, artists must rely on the individual patronage of the opulent, the great, and the public. We are not yet, however, arrived at that point of refinement when artists become connected with merchants; but we are approaching it. The erection of a palace may, therefore, be considered equivalent to a bounty such as is given to encourage the establishment of fisheries or manufactures. Who will say that the peasantry of Ireland, which have for so many years been receiving enormous sums in the shape of bounties on linen, are better entitled to such a boon than the ingenious and accomplished, sober, well-conducted, peaceful, and loyal artists who are now engaged in preparing the ornaments of Buckingham Palace, and other public edifices? Will the Chancellor of the Exchequer prove to us that the worthy herring-

fishers of Montrose, or Aberdeen, or Greenock, or Campbelton, or Tobermorey, are a whit better members of society than those who are engaged in what we contend to be an equally advantageous branch of industry. And we would ask the landed interest, or the "ror roots," as they are called, for what purpose are they allowed the monopoly of supplying the nation with corn? Is it not that they may get higher rents to employ artisans and skilful workmen, and buy those things which the manufacturers prepare? Obtruse as they often shew themselves to the true interests of the empire, we cannot believe they are actually so stupid as to suppose that John Bull submits to pay that enormous income tax to them, viz. the price between what corn could be imported for, and the price at which it is sold in the markets here, for nothing. We call it an "income tax" because it is so; and it is an "income tax" which the operatives and artisans, and fundholders and annuitants, EXCLUSIVELY pay. The enormity is such, that if the parties enumerated were not sensible persons, and knew that the tax returns to themselves in the shape of employment, it would never be endured. Every old woman able to swing a stone round her head in the foot of a stocking would marshal herself to try the thickness of the skulls of certain persons that we could name, who conceive they have any other right to rents or monopolies of any sort or kind than what belongs to the trusts and reciprocities of social life and political expediency. "THE ROR ROOTS" are paid a premium in the shape of a high price on corn, not because they are proprietors of the land, but because it is well known they are so brainless that they cannot keep a shilling when they get it, but must lay it out in purchasing articles the dealing in which constitutes so much of the trade of the country.

It is silly now to gabble about necessities; employment is the grand want of the country. All that is said about low rents and low prices is the effect of the want of employment. At this moment, there are not fewer than two thousand families of what may be called the intellectual class of operatives directly or indirectly maintained by the works at the New Palace and Windsor Castle, not one of which two thousand could find

employment were the works suspended; for, owing to the state of the country, the demand by individuals for their productions is generally also suspended.

It may be said, that to build palaces for employment to operatives is a very thriftless application of the public wealth. We deny it, both for the reasons stated, and other reasons. The state of society in this country, and of our political institutions, requires that the King should be suitably accommodated; and is there not wisdom in rendering the style of accommodation subservient to the fostering of a new, great, growing, and splendid branch of commercial means? Why should we not aspire to supply all Europe with works of art, as we do with cotton goods or other articles?

This brings us to another turn of the argument. Can it be disputed that public edifices are the monuments of nations? Can it be denied that they are the only memorials by which posterity is enabled to estimate the worth and greatness of a people? What awakens the wonder and admiration of the traveller in Egypt, but the vast piles of human effort and ingenuity which he sees there, and which stand like facts in evidence to prove the historical truth of the old Egyptian grandeur and wisdom? If all Grecian literature were obliterated, the remains of the Parthenon at Athens would be sufficient to prove that the Greeks were a more elegant and refined people than has appeared in the world since. It is, however, unnecessary to descant on this topic, or to illustrate it by reference to other nations. The "moral lesson" which the Duke of Wellington gave to the French, for stealing the Italian images, is conclusive as to our purpose. It shews that the world has so far advanced in refinement, that works of art are estimated among the valuables of kingdoms, and that the possession of them promotes the happiness of communities. No doubt literature is an essential part in national monuments: it is the inscription, and without it the ornaments and the statues could not be understood. Certain it is, that no man of any intellectuality can enter a museum of Greek or Roman antiquities without being profoundly impressed with a conviction that we are yet only in the vestibule of social elegance, as com-

pared to the people for which the antiquities were originally fabricated.

But the political, commercial, and moral utility of public ornamental buildings is a topic too extensive and multifarious in its bearings to be discussed here. We shall, therefore, proceed at once to the consideration of our immediate subject; and, in order that the grounds of the opinions we have to express may be perfectly understood, we shall state one or two preliminary principles by which we expect the correctness of our criticism will be judged, for it was by them we were ourselves guided.

In the first place, then, we premise that, before proceeding with the examination of any work of art, it is the duty of the critic to ascertain the intention of the artist in his design. In the next, to consider whether the design is applicable to its purpose. And, thirdly, whether the execution has been equal to the design.

These rules are not applicable to private buildings: they can be applied only to great works; for it is but in the construction of palaces that the highest talent can find scope for its powers. There is another point which may be noticed incidentally here; viz. the productions of architecture are not like those of other branches of fine art. The painter and the sculptor may veil their works from the eye of criticism until they are completed; but it is not so with the architect. His are constantly in the view of the public, and it requires all the philosophy couched in the Scottish proverb, that "*fules and bairns should ne'er see unfinished wark,*" to enable him to preserve his equanimity under the crude conjectures and petulance of daily criticism. We well recollect the flippancy of the *Morning Chronicle* when Mr. Nash's plans for Regent Street and the New Park were first unfolded. But, whatever may be the objection to parts in the details, there can now be only one opinion with respect to the general effect of these magnificent undertakings. It was his success in them which assured us, when his Majesty selected Mr. Nash for the architect of his town residence, that the work, when finished, would be found not unworthy of his own acknowledged taste.

Elegance is the great quality of Mr. Nash's genius. No architect of the present age can compare with him in

the perception of the fitness of the ornaments and the convenience of the distribution of domestic accommodation. Without any exception, he best understands the distinction between public and private edifices. We therefore had reason to expect that elegance would be the pervading principle of the whole design of Buckingham Palace; not simple elegance, but that adorned erudite kind which is almost grandeur. In this expectation we have not been disappointed.

The intention of the architect is manifestly to combine elegant minuteness with general elegance in effect. It is, however, necessary, before we proceed to any description, to remind the reader that a great restraint was laid upon his taste and genius, by the poor economy of obliging him, for the sake of a few rods of the old brick walls of the late Buckingham House, to limit the height of the ceiling of the ground-floor to eighteen feet. Mr. Nash is, therefore, in no degree to blame for this particular defect. On the contrary, an inspection of the building shews that a great deal of skill and taste has been exercised in the manner by which this inherent incapacity has been managed. As a *rifacimento*, his ingenuity in it deserves the highest praise, particularly in respect to the hall and great staircase.

SITUATION.—More objection has been made to the situation of Buckingham Palace than can be excused, far less justified. In passing along Piccadilly, it no doubt appears very low; and, in consequence, it is supposed to be smothered in the prospects from the windows. We acknowledge that this was our own opinion until we visited the Palace; but we now retract that opinion. At one time, it was thought that the Green Park afforded a preferable site, especially as the same advantage which is at present obtained by Buckingham Gardens could have been possessed by attaching them to the one side of the building proposed for the Green Park. But cause for public discontent would have been given by the invasion of the public right to the use of the Green Park and the ride on Constitution Hill. Indeed, there was no other spot on which a palace could have been erected without some infringement of public privilege; and, therefore, some feeling of acknow-

ledgement is due to the King on this account.

But, strange as it may seem, there is no situation, either in Hyde Park or the Green Park, which can compare with that of Buckingham Palace. From Hyde Park, the view of the Surry hills and the surrounding country is, no doubt, a spacious expanse of English landscape; but it comprehends no great feature of the vast metropolis. The view from the Green Park, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, is inferior to that from Hyde Park. But in all directions from Buckingham Palace, except on the Piccadilly side, the views are not only extensive, but the finest in all the metropolis.

From the front, there is no other, in any part of the metropolis, so magnificent. In the foreground lies St. James's Park, with the lake and islands;—on the left is the superb classic mansion of Lord Stafford, and that of Lord Spencer, one of the best designs of Inigo Jones, with the other fine buildings which face the Green Park;—on the right is Westminster Abbey; and, in perspective, the Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the Admiralty, and, beyond them, the dome of St. Paul's and the spires of the city. This is the prospect from the front of the Palace, as it stands at present. It will, however, be much increased in grandeur, when the lofty piles and colonnades now erecting in Carlton Gardens, and the corresponding terraces to them, are raised on the Bird-cage Walk side of the park. For a town situation, we cannot conceive where a nobler could have been found; and we are inclined to think that it was a knowledge of this fact, possessed only by the inhabitants of Buckingham House, which, with the influence of personal reminiscences, induced his Majesty to prefer it. Situation, indeed, cannot be duly appreciated by looking at it;—by looking from it the extent of the prospects can only be rightly estimated.

The view from the north side comprehends the Green Park, with the magnificent terrace of Piccadilly, from the residence of the Duke of Devonshire to the new princely mansion of the Duke of Wellington, with the triumphal arches at Hyde Park corner. The garden front overlooks of course only the garden, an extent of sixty-

three acres, laid out in the very best style of landscape gardening, adorned to the utmost limit that an English garden admits of. We have said that the south side looks towards Piccadilly.

APPROACH.—The approach to the Palace is by the main mall of St. James's Park. This mall is three furlongs in length, and it is contemplated to open a direct communication to it from Charing Cross. When this shall have been completed, the approach will be by a noble straight avenue, already in maturity, to the marble triumphal arch. Behind the arch the Palace comprehends a quadrangle or open square of two hundred and forty feet in extent on each side, being about the same size as that of Somerset House.

APPEARANCE.—The principal and governing order of the palace is the Roman Corinthian, raised on a Doric basement. The central mass of the design, which directly faces the spectator from the entrance underneath the triumphal arch, is composed of a bold *porte cochère*, superior portico of eight coupled columns, and corresponding towers with four columns each at either extremity. The deep shadows of these three prominent parts being relieved by the repose of the intermediate spaces, gives to the whole a commanding appearance, and indicates that here is the principal entrance to the Palace. The tympanum of the centre portico is filled with sculpture, and the pediment crowned with statues. The projecting wings or sides of the quadrangle are of a subdued character, thereby denoting their more subordinate appropriation, and giving importance to the main building. The centre part only of them, which serves as the entrance on either side to the lord steward's and the lord chamberlain's houses, is to be decorated with pilasters, and to be surmounted, the one by a clock tower, and the other by a corresponding wind tower, both enriched by beautiful and appropriate groups of sculpture, designed by Mr. Westmacott. The ends of the wings towards the park present Corinthian porticoes, surmounted with statues and adorned with sculptures, which we shall hereinafter describe. In one sentence, the exterior towards the park bears an impress of great elegance; but some parts of it may still be objected to as presenting an

appearance of *mancoisa* or baldness, which the application of the sculpture will correct. The dome has been hitherto more justly subject to this criticism than any other part; but when it shall be ribbed as a cupola, and crowned with appropriate ornaments, which we believe to be the intention, so as to make it accord with the general character of the edifice, it will no longer be a defect, but a beauty.

It may here be remarked, *en passant*, that, theoretically, doubts may be entertained of the propriety of ornamenting the dome, considering the place it occupies in the garden front, where alone it is seen to proper advantage; nor is there a good principle wanting by which its present simplicity may be defended; for the Palace, although not, strictly speaking, a building in the severest Greek taste, has yet an evident sentiment of classic propriety in every part. Were we, therefore, to speak of the tower, which the dome crowns, as an edifice of itself, we should regard the suggestion to ornament the dome as the idea of some one who had no knowledge of architectural proprieties; but as that tower and the dome belong to an extensive series of buildings, we contend that it requires ornament to adapt it as a part to the general character of the whole. At the same time, we regret that the original plan of Mr. Nash, by which the dome would have been concealed from the spectators in the Park, has not been executed. It had in it, we think, the principles of a desirable picturesque effect. It was to have raised the interior walls of the Palace above the present roof in the form of an attic, to the extent of the whole body of the central building: this, ornamented with statues, would have been incomparably finer than all that is now practicable to be done to the dome.

It has been objected to the porticoes of the wings towards the park, that they give an idea of too slender a building; but the plan of the palace comprehends two additional courts, to which these porticoes are only wings; others, corresponding to them, will be necessary to complete the unity of the building. There is but little chance, however, of this part of the design being at present carried into effect.

TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—The first ob-

ject of detail which attracts particular attention is the triumphal arch, the greatest work of mere ornament which has yet been attempted by the moderns. In general effect it resembles the Arch of Constantine at Rome, to which it is equal in dimensions; and that of Napoleon, in front of the Tuilleries at Paris, which is on a smaller scale. The arch at Milan, founded by Napoleon, and now completing by the Austrians, can alone vie with it in dimensions. The Buckingham arch contains three gateways, the centre one rises to the architrave. Over the two side gates are tablets, containing on the one side female representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and on the other, the Genius of England inciting youth. Between each arch or gateway is a column, twenty feet high, of one block: these columns will support groups of trophies and figures. Behind these groups is a representation in bold relief of the battle of Waterloo. Above this is a large pedestal, with statues of Victory at each corner, having in the centre Europe and Asia, bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington. Surmounting the whole will be an equestrian statue in bronze of his Majesty. The equestrian statue is by Chantrey, the other sculpture was designed and executed by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The side of the triumphal arch facing the Palace presents emblems and decorations of a similar character to those on the other side. Over the small gateways are figures of Valour and Virtue on the one side, and Peace and Plenty on the other. Occupying the same place with the representation of Waterloo is the battle of Trafalgar, in bold relief, and corresponding with Europe and Asia, bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington, is Britannia with her attendants, contemplating a medallion of Nelson. The bas-reliefs are from designs by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The whole of this gorgeous pile will, when finished, be about sixty feet high. The gates are to be of mosaic gold; and the palisade, which is to connect it with the wings of the palace, are to be spears of the richest workmanship that has yet been executed for such a purpose in that superb metal.

Having passed through the triumphal arch into the quadrangle, which is surrounded by a peristyle

of Grecian Doric columns, instead of an arcade, admittance is gained to the interior under the portico which opens into the hall.

HALL.—Here the taste and skill of the architect justly entitle him to great applause. The ceiling, as we before mentioned, is only eighteen feet high; but he has so arranged the double columns which support it, that the eye is at once attracted to details, and the attention taken from the general defect of the lowness of the ceiling by statues placed in front of those coupled columns, and by the white marble pavement being surrounded by a mosaic border, formed of different marbles, as a Vitruvian scroll.

GUARD CHAMBER.—Ascending from the hall by a wide flight of steps is a superb guard chamber, about one hundred and twenty feet in length, also ornamented with marble pillars, each of a single block.

The total number of columns in the hall and guard-room is one hundred and four, all of white marble, with golden capitals.

THE GREAT STAIRCASE.—On the left hand, at the end of the hall, a spacious flight of two or three marble steps leads to the great staircase, which is also of white marble. It consists of a centre, and two returning flights. The centre flight beyond the first landing is carried up to the entrance of the armory, from which the effect is beautiful and theatrical. But the staircase, notwithstanding its beauty of outline and details, is perhaps liable to objection, as being too small for a palace. The impression, however, of the columns, the statues, and the reliefs, is undoubtedly elegant in the strictest meaning of the term.

We shall now proceed through the state apartments, as they are intended to be used on high days and holidays.

SALOON AND THRONE-CHAMBER.—

On ascending the great stairs, leaving the flight which leads to the armory on the right or on the left, the landing-place opens into a vestibule. The saloon is beyond the vestibule, and the throne-chamber beyond the saloon. These apartments are of noble dimensions; the saloon is fifty, and the throne-chamber sixty feet in length, and forty in elevation. They will, when furnished, be the most gorgeous in the palace. It is, indeed, not easy to conceive any thing more splendid

than the designs for the ceilings, which are to be finished in a style new in this country, partaking very much of the boldest style, in the Italian taste, of the fifteenth century, and recall to recollection the splendid works of the great masters of that school, as seen in the works of Bibiena and others. They will present the effect of embossed gold ornaments, raised on a ground of colour suitable to the character and other decorations of the rooms. The walls are to be hung with silks. The cove ornaments of the throne-chamber will exhibit the arms of the kings of England, and those of distinguished warriors, and other individuals connected with the royal family: four bas-reliefs will occupy as many compartments of the walls, each representing some celebrated circumstance in the history of the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, and the St. Patrick. The walls of the saloon are also to be decorated with bas-reliefs; and it will be particularly agreeable on crowded court days, as it opens into the portico, which affords to the visitors in the state apartments the enjoyment of a splendid pavilion for promendaing in the open air, and will be one of the most attractive parts of the palace.

PICTURE GALLERY.—It is one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, lighted by two rows of circular windows of ground glass in the ceiling, representing the stars of all the orders of knighthood in Europe. It would seem that a star-chamber is a necessary appendage to the English monarchy; but from the gaiety of this room, we have some assurance that it will be applied to far different uses than those of the ancient star-chamber in the palace of Westminster. The ceiling of this gallery is not only picturesque and splendid, but really curious; possessing all the richness and play of outline of Gothic architecture, produced by a most skilful combination of classic forms; and certainly overthrows a position frequently advanced, that classic architecture could not in this effect vie with the Gothic.

STATE BED-CHAMBER.—Passing across the gallery, a door leads into the state bed-chamber, behind which is the King's closet. This chamber is fifty feet in length, and, like those of all the other state rooms, the ceiling is of that richly ornamented character already described.

Drawing Room.—The next apartment is the *drawn drawing room*: it is nearly finished, with the exception of the gilding. The cornice is supported by eighteen Corinthian columns of lapis lazuli in scagliola. The stucco work of the dome exhibits the national emblems, and is in effect exceedingly rich, but at the same time light.

From this room the great drawing room opens, which, from its dimensions and the style of the ornaments, will be extremely superb and striking, even in this suite of splendid apartments. It is seventy feet in length. The cornice is supported by coupled columns of a rose-coloured scagliola, formed in imitation of a very rare Bohemian mineral granulated with gold, like lapis lazuli.

Music Room.—This apartment is sixty feet in length. It opens from the great drawing room and into the picture gallery. It likewise communicates with the armory, from which the egress is by the flight of steps that joins the great staircase, as already described.

Before concluding our remarks on the general style of the state rooms, we should notice some of the details. The floors, for it is not intended that any carpet shall be used, are of inlaid woods of different colours, repeating the designs of the ceilings. The door-cases surpass in elegance every thing of the kind which we have seen in this country, and are even superior to the finest we have met with abroad. They are formed of statuary marble richly sculptured, and with different figures on several of them as large as life,—some as caryatides. The cornices of these door-cases are ornamented with infant genii, cornucopias, and baskets of flowers. In their design and execution, these sculptures are not only exquisite specimens of art, but a classic feeling pervades them of a very refined character. Hitherto, in this country, sculptural ornament has been, principally, if not entirely, confined to chimney-pieces; in this palace, however, not only are the door-cases and chimney-pieces noble examples of sculpture, but historical or allegorical bas-reliefs, executed by the first talent in the country, are to adorn compartments in all the state rooms.

The general effect of these rooms is in accordance with the style and character of the building itself. Greatness is not attempted, but ornamented ele-

gance is carried to its utmost extent. Grandeur is not wanting, but magnitude in the parts certainly is, owing to the circumstance of the building having been originally designed, not for a palace of state, but only as a residence for the King; and yet it is a vast pile. Had the front been expanded in a straight line instead of being a hollow square, it would, without containing more accommodation, have presented a façade more than four times the extent of that of the Register Office in Edinburgh.

The great beauty of Buckingham Palace is the impress of nationality which it exhibits: all the ornaments, as will be seen by the descriptive catalogue of the sculptures, have been formed to gratify the national predilections, and executed with the highest skill and taste which the age affords, as the names of the artists employed on them will verify. Even in the very cast of the rooms of state, if we may be allowed the expression, an English snugness is evident in the midst of the greatest profusion of splendour. There is no single room for the accommodation of the multitude that assembles at levees and on state occasions, but there are several capable of accommodating that select number which our associations expect should always surround the King. It is, in fact, rather a royal residence than a national palace of state; and when we apply the word snugness, we beg to be understood as doing so in this sense, and not invidiously. In England we have lost all right ideas of palace building, according to our particular notions on the subject, since Westminster Hall was erected. The Banqueting-House is certainly a noble fragment of a palace that befitted the sovereign of the three kingdoms; but even Inigo Jones's plan belonged to a very different sovereign from the King of the United Kingdom, who is also lord of the ocean and the Indies.

One thing we had almost forgotten—the CHAPEL. It is formed of the octagonal apartment of the late King's library. We have no doubt, when finished, that it will be one of the finest things for its extent in the whole world, inasmuch as the compartments of the walls are to be adorned with the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court. But we take leave to protest against this removal, and forbid his Majesty to attempt it. Being, however, of his

council in matters of taste, we advise his Majesty to give orders to the painters of his own time to prepare pictures that shall, if possible, equal, if not excel, the cartoons. The age does not require that the old Penates of the palaces of other kings should be removed to ornament an edifice of this time, which ought to exhibit the actual state of the arts. Let the cartoons remain where they are, in their own special gallery. Nothing that has not been formed in his Majesty's own time, or by his orders, should be allowed to come within the walls of Buckingham Palace. We can easily appreciate the feelings which dictated the order for the removal of the cartoons, but we think it would be as well were it reconsidered.

These sort of removals we shall never sanction. What was the effect of the late transportation of the vases and statues from Hampton Court to Windsor? They were sent back, and now rest in boxes.—For that instance of high treason (the removal) against taste, we would, were we a political sultan as we are but a literary potentate, chop off Mr. Segurier's head, and place it on the trunk of some decapitated leaden god, being of corresponding material.

Buckingham Palace, besides being a residence for the King, contains several private houses of an elegant description; viz. a residence for an heir apparent, houses for the lord chamberlain and the lord steward, and two other houses which have not yet been appropriated. It is not, however, our object to describe the details, but only those parts in which the splendour of the building may be said to be concentrated; and therefore we shall, merely add, that the principal front, in an architectural sense, is that which looks into the garden. It is three hundred and forty-five feet in length, consisting of five highly-ornamented Corinthian towers, the centre one being circular, and surmounted by the dome. A terrace, extending the whole length of this front, between two conservatories in the form of Ionic pavilions, adds greatly to the general effect, by seemingly increasing the elevation, while it spreads a broad base, that augments the apparent strength and grandeur.

After these cursory sketches, we come now to revert to the principles by which we have professed to have

been guided in our estimate of this great work.

We have no hesitation in saying at once, that the execution reflects great honour on the taste and talent of the age; and we are persuaded that, when his Majesty comes to examine the works, (for he has never yet seen them,) he will acknowledge that the impression under which he approved and sanctioned the plans has been fully realised. This the public will admit to be greatly to the credit of the architect; for we need not observe how difficult it is to produce in execution effects equal to designs in drawing, especially in the figures and details of sculpture. Moreover, in no former age could this excellence have been produced by English artists.

The second principle is, whether the design is applicable to its purpose. We say decidedly, as a residence for the King it is so. But our notion of a palace of state is something far beyond what has been attempted here. We have already alluded to the diminished ideas of the age as to regal magnificence, compared to those of William Rufus, some seven hundred years ago, when Westminster Hall was first erected. There should, in our opinion, be something always about a royal palace that would give the idea of affording access to a nation; and, therefore, while we bestow with sincerity our approbation both on what has been attempted, and what is doing, at Buckingham Palace, we are really obliged to say that it is too small.

* * It had almost escaped us to observe, that the meanness of the entrance for the public on gala days to the sovereign, although it be but temporary, is yet such that it ought not to remain. The exterior towards Pimlico is neat enough, and would do passably for a private gentleman's house; but the moment the door opens, it presents a lobby not more respectable than that of an ordinary inn, and is, besides, very awkward. Two or three steps are to be ascended to reach a platform; from this platform, of some twenty or twenty-five feet in extent, the descent to the corridor is by an equal number of steps,—thus literally fulfilling, in going to see the King, what the old song says,
“Up stairs and down stairs, into my lady's chamber.”

What excuse is to be made for this to those courtiers who are afflicted with gout, lumbago, or sciatica? The corridor itself is open to the weather, so that "the gorgeous dames," in the flimsy paraphernalia of a court day, with naked bosoms, perishable complexions, and transient atmospheres of essences, are at the mercy of the winds and showers before they reach the entrance hall. This defect ought to be forthwith remedied.

CATALOGUE OF SCULPTURES.

Having described the triumphal arch, we shall not revert to it here, but confine ourselves to those details which are distributed over the palace.

NORTH WING.—The three statues on the portico represent Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The tympanum exhibits the Arts and Sciences, designed by Flaxman, and executed by Rossi. The frieze under the portico exhibits the emblems of the four Seasons, designed and executed by Rossi.

SOUTH WING.—The three statues on the portico represent Astronomy, Geography, and History; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The tympanum exhibits the Muses, designed and executed by Bailey. The frieze under the portico exhibits Britannia distributing rewards to the Arts and Sciences, as they are presented by Minerva and Apollo; designed and executed by Bailey.

MAIN FRONT TO THE COURT.—The statues on the portico are Neptune, Commerce, and Navigation, designed and executed by Bailey. The tympanum exhibits the triumph of Britannia on the waves, designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The frieze under the portico exhibits the progress of navigation in compartments. 1st. The birth of navigation, as an infant within the lotus. 2d. The Genius contemplating the nautilus. 3d. The Genius in a boat, holding a sail in his hands, and proceeding before the wind. 4th. The Genius in a boat, with a mast and yard to which the sail is fixed. 5th. The forging of the anchor by two

genii. 6th. The Genius in a boat on the open sea, sailing by the compass, which he holds in his hand. This allegory is very prettily told; but there should have been a seventh compartment, representing the Genius in a steam-boat. The design is by Westmacott, and executed by Carew.

GARDEN FRONT.—The dome is surrounded by statues of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, Hope, and Charity, designed by Flaxman, and executed by Rossi. On the one side is Alfred expelling the Danes, in bas-relief, consisting of thirty figures, designed by Flaxman, and executed by Westmacott; and, on the other, Alfred delivering the laws, consisting of twenty figures, also designed by Flaxman, and executed by Westmacott. These two fine compositions are intended to represent the final establishment of the English monarchy.

ENTRANCE HALL.—Twenty-two statues are to be the ornaments of this apartment.

STAIRCASE.—It contains four large bas-reliefs, descriptive of the Seasons, designed by Stoddart, and modelled by his son. It is also to contain four groups, one in each angle.

THRONE ROOM.—Bas-reliefs, all relating to the battle of Bosworth Field, designed by Stoddart, and executed by Bailey. It was by that event that the royal family, as descendants of the Tudors, came to the throne.

NORTH DRAWING-ROOM.—Twelve compartments, representing the Progress of Pleasure, designed and executed by Pitts.

Bow Room.—Bas-reliefs of Harmony, Pleasure, and Elocution, designed and executed by Pitts.

SOUTH ROOM.—To be ornamented with designs by Stoddart.

The sculptures of the chimney-pieces and door-cases would form too long a catalogue for our limits; we therefore conclude by remarking, that the names of the artists are an assurance that the best talent in the country is employed, viz. Bailey, Westmacott, Westmacott junior, Carew, Pitts, Wyatt, Sievier, Rossi, Thealestor, Chantrey, Behnes, and Stoddart junior.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.*

PUBLIC attention has of late been much attracted towards the Canadas by two causes, so opposite in their nature to each other that it requires some exertion of the reason to believe in their co-existence. The one consists of the rapid improvement of the provinces as respects public works, the increase of population, and the amelioration of the condition of the inhabitants, arising from the effects of their own industry; the other, of the open dissatisfaction of a large body of the people, and majorities of the legislatures, with the administration of the government. How it happens that countries in a state of rapid progression should be discontented with their governments, which professedly and decidedly favour and forward that progression, is one of those curious phenomena in politics of which the fact *à priori* seems incredible. But, nevertheless, it exists in the case of the two Canadas.

In Upper Canada there is undoubtedly a party which, without being disposed to join the UNITED STATES, is yet more inclined to recast the laws and institutions of the province after American models, than to preserve them in their integrity as derived from the mother country. This naturally leads to collision of opinion between that party and the other inhabitants who are more decidedly British. Those infected with what may be called Americanism have been always obnoxious to the officers and adherents of the government, who have perhaps taken but little pains to convert them from their heresy. But beyond that difference in *dogma* there is no discontent in Upper Canada (notwithstanding the impressions in this country to the contrary) which may not be subdued by a judicious and temperate consideration for public opinion. We, therefore, deem it unnecessary to enter at this time upon the alleged discontents of that province. We regard

these as necessarily evolved by the progress of settlement, and to be charged among the natural effects of planting institutions, as well as inhabitants, in new countries,—a topic worthy of special and very deliberate consideration.

But in Lower Canada the case is different: there a great and permanent cause of discontent exists, to which no immediate remedy can be applied. It lies in the state of the population, the majority of which, the descendants of the French settlers, are, by language, habits, religion, manners, property, and all that law affects, divided from the British settlers.

The British, regarding themselves as the conquerors of the country, claim a superiority in consequence over the Canadians, and, with the wonted energy of the national character, have constantly endeavoured, almost from the conquest, by every expedient, to procure the establishment of British law, and the abrogation of the old institutions of the country. Lower Canada is, in fact, a divided nation. It resembles in one respect the kingdom of Great Britain, which consists of two distinct nations, the English and Scotch,—with this difference, however, that the British and French dwell in a state of intermixture without incorporation, whilst the English and Scotch are domiciled apart. But although England and Scotland have been united in their legislature for a much longer period than has elapsed since the first British settlers entered Canada, yet in how little has it been deemed expedient by the imperial legislature to assimilate the laws and judicature of Scotland with those of England! It is impossible to deny the praise of wisdom to this; and it is certainly to be regretted that the example and the spirit are not respected with more reverence by the British party in Lower Canada; for, however desirable it may be to see the subjects

* Analyse d'un Entretien sur la Conservation des Etablissements du Bas-Canada, des Loix, des Usages, &c. de ses Habitans. Par un Canadien. Dans une Lettre à un de ses Amis. Montreal, imprimé chez James Lane.

Political Annals of Lower Canada; being a Review of the Political and Legislative History of that Province, &c. By a British Settler. Montreal, printed at the Office of the Montreal Herald.

of the same king under one uniform system of language and of law, it is not an effect which can be produced by legislative enactment alone.

"Dans la thèse générale," says the author of the *Analyse*, "on peut admettre que le gouvernement d'une empire peut tirer souvent, pour la facilité de ses opérations, des avantages de l'identité des loix et des mœurs, de la langue et des établissemens, dans les différentes parties qui le composent. Mais d'abord il est bon de remarquer de suite, qu'il faut que cette identité soit le fruit de ces causes générales qui agissent sur les peuples *graduellement* et d'une manière *insensible*, et qui la produisent sans effort. Tous les moyens directs et qui peuvent tenir de la coercion ne sont propres, outre l'injustice de la chose en elle-même, qu'à inspirer du dégoût, provoquer des résistances, exciter des mécontentemens, allumer des haines. Dès-lors un sentiment de vengeance se réunit à celui de la cupidité. La persécution commence, et avec elle s'établit le règne de la tyrannie et de la violence."

In time we doubt not the British will in numbers and in power exceed the Canadians; but at present it is impossible, without the exercise of a coercion obnoxious to justice, that the amalgamation of the two parties can be effected. The causes which resist it are of a more extensive character than is commonly supposed.

As a preliminary to the right understanding of the question, it is necessary to explain that some great misconception exists in the minds of the British settlers in Lower Canada as to the relationship in which they stand to those of French descent, who call themselves *la nation Canadienne*. The British entertain a notion, that, because the province was taken possession of by force of arms, they ought to enjoy some sort of power and superiority as subjects, which has not been sufficiently asserted, and that Canada did not possess a constitution, and a connected frame of municipal laws, before the conquest.

But the country was not acquired by conquest, according to the ancient meaning of the term: it was acquired by a treaty of cession, and upon conditions. The cession was the result of equivalents, given or acknowledged in various forms by a general treaty. Had it, however, been, as the British party supposes, an absolute conquest,

and retained without conditions, established by treaty, still that would be no justification for regarding the people as an inferior caste, or for abolishing their laws and institutions. Whatever may have been the usage of the cruel and contemptuous genius of Roman or more ancient conquest, the honour of the British name, and the law of nations, would not now permit the exercise of that sort of arbitrary authority for which the Anglo-politicians of Lower Canada are so importunate.

Blackstone, following Puffendorf, states, in relation to the superiority which one nation claims to exercise over another:—

"The original and true ground of this superiority is what we usually call, though somewhat improperly, the right of conquest—a right allowed by the law of nations, if not by that of nature, but which in reason and civil policy can mean nothing more than that, in order to put an end to hostilities, a compact is either expressly or tacitly made between the conqueror and the conquered, that, if they will acknowledge the victor for their master, he will treat them for the future as subjects, and not as enemies."

A limit is, therefore, now imposed on the power of conquerors by the humanity of the world; and, indeed, what is it but humanity which can justify the interference of foreign states in the domestic quarrels of nations? It sanctioned the pretence of the French to interfere in the American rebellion, and it has authorised the allies to assume the Greek cause. The conquered people become subjects; and where no specific stipulations are laid down, they are as much entitled to the protection of their own laws, and the enjoyment of their own property, as any other class of the lieges of the same sovereign.

But, in point of fact, the precise relation in which *la nation Canadienne* stands in respect to the British empire is no where so well understood as amongst that nation. Lower Canada is not a colony quoad *la nation Canadienne*, nor possessed of the privileges which British colonies derive as their birthright from the mother country. It is not connected by an incorporate union, in which two contracting states are absorbed in a third, which arises from their conjunction; nor is the connexion a federate alliance, where an infringement of the conditions of

alliance would rescind the compact; but it is a conditional adoption, in which terms were laid down by the parent before the natural ties were renounced.

By the universal applicability of the principles of the British constitution, a remedy has been provided against the possibility of any question being raised as to a departure from the conditions of the adoption; and since the people have enjoyed representative organs to express their opinions, no appeal can lie to the original parent. They have come of age. The power of providing for their protection—the intent and purpose of all governments—is placed in their own hands, and the legislature is the ultimate authority now to which appeal in any matter affecting the rights of the people can be made. But, before we conclude this branch of the subject touching the matter of conquest, we must enter our strongest protest against the opinion of the Anglo-Canadian party—that the military capitulations ceased to be obligatory on the conqueror after the treaty of cession.

The writer of the *Political Annals*, a distinguished advocate of the Anglo-Canadian party, says, with a ridiculous arrogance, that “it is our duty at the outset to declare (by what authority?) them (the capitulations) to be temporary arrangements;” and that “the first and only legitimate act of diplomacy on which the conquered country can support its rights, is such articles of the treaty of cession as may be found inserted in the general definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and France, after the conquest of Canada.”

Now the very reverse of this is the law of the subject: those “temporary arrangements” constitute essential conditions in the agreement of adoption; they form the basis upon which the adoption proceeded, and the treaty of cession was but the completion of the agreement. The very quotation which he gives from the treaty of cession upon the subject has no meaning without reference to the capitulations.

“The obligations of his Britannic Majesty,” says he, “which have reference to our subject are briefly expressed in a paragraph of the fourth article of the definitive treaty, concluded at Paris on the 10th Feb. 1763, as follows:—His Britannic Majesty, on his

side, agrees to grant the liberty of the Catholic religion to the inhabitants of Canada; he will consequently give the most effectual orders that his new Roman Catholic subjects may profess the worship of their religion according to the rites of the Roman church, as far as the laws of Great Britain permit.”

The obvious intent and meaning of this stipulation is simply, that the Roman Catholic worship shall be protected; not one word or allusion is made to aught but to the worship,—no civil privilege is spoken of—nothing touching property is adverted to—and why? because every thing regarding them was secured by the capitulations. What, indeed, at the period of 1763, were the civil privileges of Roman Catholics in Great Britain? and what would have been thought of the policy of declaring to a nation of new subjects, that they were to consider themselves as an inferior caste, at the mercy of their masters in all that related to privilege and property? for such would have been their case had the article referred to been of the restricted character which the author of the *Political Annals* has ascribed to it. *La nation Canadienne* became subjects of the king; and this special stipulation can only be regarded as made to secure to them protection in the public exercise of their worship: the British authorities were necessarily in those days Protestant, and it was natural for the French to regard them as not entertaining indulgent feelings towards Papists.

Having thus shewn that, as an absolute conquest, granting it had been such, the law of nations would have prevented *la nation Canadienne* from being regarded so helplessly at the disposal of their new masters as the adversaries of their laws and institutions would fain persuade us to believe they were, we now proceed to the consideration of the second erroneous assumption of the Anglo-Canadians. *La nation Canadienne* are a conquered people, say the Montreal politicians, and should be treated as such. Pray, gentlemen, how should a conquered people be treated? By their submission to, and acquiescence in, the military capitulations alone, they became subjects of the king, and had a right, as such, to enjoy their ancient constitution and laws until the same were legally altered. But their

Anglo-Canadian adversaries cut the matter short by boldly declaring that *la nation Canadienne* had neither a constitution nor a connected frame of municipal laws before the conquest. The author of the *Political Annals* would seem, however, to be somewhat doubtful on this point; but he has expressed himself in a way that should procure for him the praise of considerable address :—

"A compilation of the laws existing before the conquest," says he, "was framed so skilfully by Monsieur Cugnet as to present the appearance of a connected code;" and that this compilation was "employed to mislead the British Parliament in the year 1774, and to give that body an idea that Canada enjoyed a constitution and a connected frame of municipal laws before the conquest."

But what was the truth? Soon after the military capitulations gave possession of the country, Governor Murray, the first governor, instituted an inquiry into all matters concerning the government of the province under the French administration; and in the year 1762 transmitted home a report of the result. By this document it appears, that the country enjoyed a sovereign council, constituted originally, as we find from another source of information, by an edict of Louis XIV.; issued in April 1663, and registered at Quebec on the 18th of September following. This edict recited, that New France had belonged to a company; that they voluntarily surrendered it on the 24th of February, 1663; that, in order to give it prosperity, and render the people as happy as other subjects, the establishment of courts of justice was necessary; that, on account of its vast distance and the mutability of its affairs, it could not be governed but by powers on the spot; and that, therefore, the king created a sovereign council, &c. Then follows a description of the parties who were to constitute this body. It consisted, at first, of only four counsellors, in addition to the governor-general, the intendant, who was president, and the bishop, with a clerk. In 1675 the counsellors were augmented to seven, and in 1703 to twelve, thus enlarging as the colony increased. There were also counsellors' assessors, who had a consultative voice. These supplied the places of counsellors as they became vacant.

The powers of this sovereign council were :

"Cognisance of all causes, civil as well as criminal; to judge sovereignly, and, in the last resort, according to the laws and ordinances of the kingdom, (France); and therein to proceed, as near as possible, in the form and manner practised and observed in the jurisdiction of our court of parliament of Paris."

This sovereign council also exercised legislative functions, as far as, under the absolute monarchy of France, that could be done. It deliberated on the laws and ordinances of France, and suggested to the king such alterations as were required to fit them for the circumstances of Canada.

Besides the sovereign council, the law was administered by three several courts of separate jurisdictions, at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, from which appeal lay to the sovereign council. But it would only serve to fill our pages, without adding any thing to the strength of the argument, to state the respective powers of the different courts, and of the officers by whom they were administered. No doubt all this CONSTITUTIONAL apparatus might have existed, without having any other laws to administer than those of France; but it was not so. Canada had laws of her own, distinct from those of France. The code consisted of,

1. The titles and articles of the customs of Paris.
2. The edicts and ordinances of the kingdom of France.
3. The edicts, declarations, and ordinances of the king, founded upon representations made to him by the sovereign council, suited to the locality of the country, several of which altered, abrogated, or augmented some articles of the custom of Paris, and even of the principal articles of the ordinances of the kingdom of France.

Moreover, an edict of the king, in 1679, suppressed a great number of the forms of law proceedings used in France, which rendered them for Canada more simple and easy.

Here, then, we have not only a code of municipal law as complete as that of the kingdom of France, but also differing from it in many particulars suggested by the sovereign council of

Canada. It is needless to animadvert on the want of candour and contempt of historical truth which would represent such a state of things as so little approximating to a constitution and municipal code as to merit no consideration as such.

We shall, therefore, proceed to remind the reader of the fact, that *la nation Canadienne* is strongly attached to its laws and usages, and that it regards with extreme jealousy every attempt to annul the one and change the other, when it is done merely to introduce English laws and practices. Of Norman descent, it may be said of them, that they cling to the remains of national independence with the constancy which distinguished their ancestors; nor are they without both plausible and philosophical reasons for the fidelity of their nationality. Leaving the practice of the Romans towards the countries which they conquered, especially their particular severity in the eradication of the state of Carthage, and passing over the barbarian conquests of the middle ages, we shall here quote what their ingenious advocate, the author of the *Analyse*, states, among other reasons, for that adherence to their ancient laws and customs which renders his countrymen seemingly so averse to improvement, in the opinion of those who would wish to change them.

He is speaking of the mournful effects of conquerors depriving nations of their ancient laws and institutions, and says:

"Jamais peuple ne s'était, sous ce rapport, trouvé dans une situation plus affreuse que les Anglais, après la conquête qui soumit leur pays aux rois Normands, et qui eut des suites si funestes. Ces vainqueurs, également avides et féroces, mirent ce système en pratique. Les lois nouvelles se rédigèrent en Français, et on changea, on abolit les anciennes. Il n'était pas permis de plaider dans une autre langue dans les cours de justice. On l'apprenait, par ordre du gouvernement, dans toutes les écoles: on n'en parlait pas d'autres dans les palais des rois. Bientôt la langue, comme le nom Anglais, devint un opprobre. Du mépris à l'injustice il n'y a qu'un pas; ou plutôt, quand on veut écraser un peuple, on commence par l'avilir. C'est ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver. L'Angleterre devint, et continua d'être pendant plus de deux siècles, un théâtre de rapines et de brigandages, de dévastations et de

meurtres. Les suites furent, pour la nation comme pour les individus, la perte de leurs droits et de leurs propriétés, de tous leurs établissements, qui furent renversés à la fois. * * *

"Après avoir passé en revue différentes parties de l'histoire moderne, j'ai fait remarquer, entre autres, que dans ces derniers temps l'Empereur Joseph II avait fait des tentatives de cette espèce dans plusieurs des états qui composaient le patrimoine de sa famille. Les événemens avaient prouvé que ces injustes efforts avaient également nui à ses intérêts comme à ceux des peuples, dont son devoir lui faisait une loi de respecter les droits. Les flatteurs avaient pourtant applaudi aux actes d'autorité arbitraire qui avaient découlé de cette fausseté politique: ils s'étaient extasiés sur les moyens mis, suivant eux, en œuvre avec tant d'habileté pour resserrer les liens qui unissaient les différentes parties de son empire, en introduisant l'uniformité dans les établissements, la ressemblance dans le langage, l'analogie dans les lois. Quel en avait été le résultat? La confusion et le mécontentement; des sujets de collision sans fin et toujours croissant; l'affaiblissement de l'affection des citoyens pour l'ordre de choses établi—la véritable force d'un empire. Il avait, surtout, perdu l'attachement des habitans de ces belles provinces des Pays-Bas, si long-temps l'appanage de sa famille. C'était lui qui avait abattu les barrières qui avaient arrêté les Français, et servi contre eux de boulevard à la Hollande et à l'Allemagne, qu'il avait pourtant cru par-là rendre inexpugnables."

He then proceeds to remark, that if a difference in language and laws was detrimental to the adherence of the parts of an empire, how does it happen that the small Norman islands of Jersey and Guernsey have adhered, with the preservation of their laws, with so much constancy to England? and reminds his readers, *en passant*, that their language is the same as that of *la nation Canadienne*. He likewise touches, with considerable impression, on the long misrule of Ireland—the consequences of attempting to govern her by laws and usages in opposition to the genius of her people. But we shall quote his own words with respect to Scotland, in which he has managed, with considerable dexterity, to comprehend the essence of his whole argument:—

"Il eût été, sans doute, bien plus facile de réduire en pratique ce système d'amalgamé en Ecosse, à raison de sa

situation, du mélange des deux peuples dans les pays qui bordaient les frontières, de l'ascendant que devait nécessairement donner aux Anglais la grande supériorité du nombre, de l'état de la société beaucoup plus avancée chez eux. Cependant, l'Ecosse a conservé un corps de loix et de jurisprudence civile absolument différent de celui de l'Angleterre, et qui, pour le dire en passant, a la plus grande analogie avec celui du Bas-Canada, puisqu'il a pour base le droit Romain, contre lequel les jurisconsultes Anglais ont montré quelquefois des préjugés aveugles. * * * Les principes et le culte religieux des deux nations sont encore dans une opposition beaucoup plus fortement marquée; et on sait la différence que les écrivains politiques ont attribué à l'une et l'autre de ces deux religions sur la forme et les principes du gouvernement. Quelle a été la suite de ces contrastes? L'autorité du gouvernement en a-t-elle souffert en quoi? A-t-elle perdu de sa stabilité? C'est exactement le contraire. Les haines qui divisaient les deux peuples ont cessé avec les persécutions, qui avaient pour but de les réunir au moyen de l'uniformité dans les institutions. Pour tout dire en un mot, la conservation et l'affermissement de tous les établissemens Ecossais ont été de pair avec ceux de l'autorité du gouvernement commun aux deux peuples."

But how has it happened that there should be such an extraordinary disposition amongst the British settlers to pull down the institutions which habit and hereditary affection have endeared to the *naïve Canadienne*, a people singularly attached to all their old household virtues, and no less remarkable for their integrity in the daily vocations of life? The question is natural; and, in the course of what we have yet to say, an opportunity will be afforded of touching upon this topic, especially when we come to consider the motives which may possibly have induced so many of the Anglo-Canadians to desire the erasure of the Canadian laws. In the mean time, our immediate business lies with the author of the *Political Annals*.

He maintains that the British settlers have been deceived, almost ever since the conquest, by the government of his late Majesty George III.; and he complains that the proclamation which was issued after the general peace of 1763, to encourage emigration to the new conquests, has been falsified towards those who settled in

Canada; speaking of the proclamation as if it related exclusively to that particular province, whereas it was general as to all the newly-acquired countries. In fact, a special ordinance of the governor in council of Quebec was found necessary to adapt its promises to Canada, when courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction were established.

"Thus," says the author of the *Political Annals*, alluding to the proclamation, "were the laws of England introduced in perfect accordance with the spirit of the capitulation, and with the promise contained in the proclamation already referred to."

We, however, contend that it was directly in the face of the capitulation, and so the governor and council soon discovered; for, in less than two months after, it was found necessary to pass another ordinance, enacting, that in actions relative to the tenure of lands and rights of inheritance, the laws and usages of Canada should be observed as the rule of decision; but the English criminal law was allowed to remain; so that, with the exception of the criminal law, it could not be said that the English law was established two months, if in such a time it could be said to be established at all. We are persuaded that there never was one decision under it.

Now, in what way could it be said that the British who settled in Canada under the encouragement of the proclamation of 1763 were deceived, when the error of attempting to introduce exclusively the English law was so speedily corrected? But, granted that before the error was corrected, that is to say, between September and November, a few settlers may have come into the country, and, considering the season of the year, we do not think it probable that there were any, what would have been the amount of the evil produced? Those who settled subsequent to November 1764 did so in the full knowledge of the fact, that the Canadian law was in operation as to tenures and inheritance, and that it was only as to criminal matters that the English law existed. How, then, could it be said, that deception was practised upon the British settlers by the act of 1774, that is, the act 14 George III. cap. 83? and how could deception have been practised upon those who settled subsequent to the passing of that act, when the avowed

purpose of the act was the restoration of the Canadian law in all matters of controversy relative to property and civil rights? If the new settlers went upon seigniorial lands, lands held under the French tenures, they knew they were to be under the Canadian law; and if they settled on lands granted subsequent to the conquest, and holden on English tenure, were they not honestly dealt with, when, by the 9th section of the same act, it is explicitly provided, that "nothing in this act contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to any lands that have been granted by his Majesty, or shall hereafter be granted by his Majesty, his heirs and successors, to be holden in free and common soccage?" These facts, connected with the history of the act itself, we do think, completely put down the charge of deception having been practised by the British government towards the British settlers. But it is upon that statute, says the political annalist, "the existing pretension on the part of the French Canadians to be a separate people" is founded. This, however, as we have already shewn, is not true; for they were made a separate people by Louis XIV., and had, from the edict of 1663, acquired laws, usages, and ordinances of their own, independent of those of France, though not of the French king, and regulated, even in their forms of administration, in many respects different from those of France; viz. by the effect of the edict of 1679, entitled "*Redaction du Code Civil*."

It is unnecessary to pursue the history of Canadian legislation farther than the act of 1774—the great source of all the grievances of which the Anglo-Canadians complain; and complain, in our opinion, without justice. But the author of the *Political Annals*, occasionally by the inadvertency of his own language, lets the cat out of the bag, and shews very clearly that the discontented party in Canada, i. e. the party discontented with the measures and moderation of the British government, is not *la nation Canadienne*.

"Meantime," says he (between 1774 and 1791), "the increasing importunity of the English part of the community which had settled under the proclamation of the year 1763 had prevailed upon the British cabinet to take the petition of the year 1784 into serious considera-

tion, and frame a free constitution, including a legislative council, in a permanent form, and a house of assembly, renewable quinquennially;"

which was carried into effect by the 31 George III. cap. 31.

It was hardly possible in fewer words to have stated that these British settlers had assumed a dictatorial power in the province which did not belong to them. At the period of the petition (1784) they probably did not amount to a fiftieth part of the population; for even in 1825, when the amount of the total population was 423,630, only one-sixth or 70,505 was reckoned of British descent. It is only indeed since 1791 that the country has in any considerable degree been resorted to by emigrants. What, then, are we to think of the conduct of those—a mere fraction—who induced the imperial government to pass so prematurely the constitutional act in 1791; for much of the heartburning in Lower Canada has arisen from the passing of that act—from giving a British constitution before a great majority of the inhabitants were prepared for it. We even persuade ourselves, that reasonable men will doubt if the country, by the state of the population in 1825, was prepared for such a constitution, seeing that at that time not more than one-sixth part of the population was estimated to be of British origin.

It is in vain that the faults of the constitutional act, or its omissions, are objected to as the sources of the disagreements between the inhabitants of French and British descent; for, as we have already sufficiently shewn, these disagreements had existed from an early period, prior to the constitutional act: the act itself was in truth an expedient devised or projected by a small faction in 1784, to give the British settlers, notwithstanding the minority of their numbers, an ascendancy. But when the act came into operation it necessarily produced an effect the reverse of what was intended; for the French population greatly outnumbering the British, sent of course by far the greater proportion of representatives to the House of Assembly, and thus at once obtained that very ascendancy which the British were so desirous of exclusively procuring for themselves. But it would now seem, after all, that there is not

that permanent ascendancy secured to *la nation Canadienne*, which such writers as the author of the *Political Annals* strive to prove to be the effect of faults inherent in the constitutional act; for, without any alteration in that act, ways and means have been found to induce the provincial legislature to open the doors of the House of Assembly this very year to representatives from the townships settled under English tenure; and no doubt in time, if the English population grow upon the *Canadienne*, there will be, along with its growth, a gradual increase of British influence. There is no other way but by that gradual increase, through which the British can expect to become predominant. But is there any superiority in the state of law which they would wish to establish over the law of *la nation Canadienne*? Much of the controversy seems in fact to resolve itself into some sentiment of national vanity; for the British civil law is not acknowledged so much superior to that of other countries as to make it an object of any great degree of preference. Perhaps, however, independent of any sentiment of national pride or vanity, there may be interested reasons among the Anglo-Canadians for the objections which they have so long taken to the Canadian laws.

It has been suggested to us, in a speculative form it is true, that all this dissonance about the Canadian laws being continued to the prejudice of the British settlers, has probably originated in sordid motives. It is alleged, that, in the early stages of the British dominion, when many of the French seigneurs were averse to remain under it, considerable speculations were made by British individuals in the seigniorial lands, under a persuasion that the Canadian laws would be abrogated; and that without the conditions of settlement imposed by those laws, they should thus become lords of the most valuable domains in the province. We believe there is a good deal of truth in this; but, unfortunately for the speculators, the realisation of their hopes is as distant as ever.

The committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1828 on Canadian affairs, have expressed themselves in terms with respect to the French mode of settlement that will have great weight with the legislature.

"The Canadians of French extrac-

tion," says the Report of the Committee, "should in no degree be disturbed in the peaceful enjoyment of their religion, laws, and privileges, as secured to them by the British acts of Parliament; and so far from requiring them to hold lands on the British tenure, they think that when the lands in the seignories are fully occupied, if the descendants of the original settlers shall still retain their preference to the tenure of *feif et seigneurie*, they see no objections to other portions of unoccupied lands in that province being granted to them on that tenure, provided that such lands are set apart from, and not intermixed with, the townships."

Such is the noble spirit of British legislation, contrasted with the huckstershop politics of Lower Canada. It is not enough, however, to notice merely thus incidentally the magnanimous and politic spirit in which this suggestion is framed and conceived; it must be taken in connexion with others; and, to give full effect to the whole, it must be again contrasted with the sinister policy of the Anglo-Canadian party.

The Committee, in speaking of the *Canada tenures* act passed in 1826 (on which boon to the speculators in seignories, we abstain from remarking at present), observes:—

"That means should be found of bringing into effective operation the clause in the tenures act, which provides for the mutation of tenure, and they entertain no doubt of the inexpediency of retaining the seigniorial rights of the crown, in the hope of deriving profit from them. The sacrifice on the part of the crown would be trifling, and would bear no proportion to the benefit that would result to the colony from such a concession."

We hail with pride this liberality of sentiment, as worthy of the present reign; but we do not agree with the Committee, that any profit should be relinquished. In the meantime, it has alarmed the traders in lordships, we mean the speculators in seignories, as we see by a paper of considerable ability, dated 16 Sept. 1828, ascribed to an eminent organ and leader of the Anglo-Canadians.

"As to the seigniorial rights of the crown," says he, "the report is vaguely expressed; and if it extends to the relinquishment of the *quints*, as well as the *lots et ventes* payable to the crown without pecuniary consideration, the question is, what effect is it meant to

have upon the censitaires (vassals) of seignories; for if *lots et ventes* payable by them were required to be relinquished, as a consequence of the others, it would be a confiscation of a material and growing part of the seigneur's property and rights *unless compensated*; and if they were to obtain a relinquishment of the *quints*, it would be a sacrifice of the rights of the crown, and tend to the expectation of a relinquishment of *lots et ventes* without pecuniary recompense to the seigneur."

This is very shrewdly framed; but the impression intended cannot be mistaken.

The lands and rights in the seignories are spoken of in this paper as the absolute property of the seigneurs, and a caveat for indemnification is adroitly entered, in case that, in consequence of the relinquishment on the part of the crown of the *quints* payable by the seigneurs, the censitaires should demand a similar relinquishment on the part of the seigneurs of the *lots et ventes* payable by them. But the answer to this is—the seigneurs have no absolute property in the seignories, they but hold them in trust for settlement, and by analogy they are as liable to be dispossessed for the non-fulfilment of the conditions of their trust, as the settlers or censitaires are for the non-fulfilment on their part of their settlement duties. In proof of this, we need only refer to the tenure of the original grants, of which in general the *reddendo* is "to bear faith and homage at the castle of St. Louis, of which it shall be held, to the duties and dues accustomed, according to the custom of Paris practised in this country; to preserve, and cause to be preserved, by the tenants (tenanciers) wood of oak proper for the construction of his Majesty's vessels; to give information to the king, or the governor of the country, of mines, minerals, and ores, if any shall be found in the said extent; to settle (*d'y tenir feu et lieu*) and cause it to be settled by the tenants; to clear the division lines," &c. &c.

In addition to this, Governor Murray states in the report to which we have alluded, that "by law the seigneur is restricted from selling any part of his land that is not cleared, and is likewise obliged (reserving sufficient for his own private domain) to concede the remainder to such of the inhabitants as require the same, at an

annual rent not exceeding one sol, or one half-penny sterling for each arpent in superficies." And there are examples of seignories being reunited to the king's domain for neglect of settlement.

We beg particular attention to this circumstance, being convinced that attempts will be made to enlist the British aristocracy on the side of the holders of the Canadian seignories, as if there were any similarity in peopled lands which have been held under tenures of military service, and wild regions granted expressly for the purpose of being peopled. It is, therefore, as well to apprise not only the aristocracy, but the honest De Coverlys of the House of Commons, of the snares that will be laid for their judgment, when the time comes that a revision must be made of the terms and conditions on which the Canadian seignories have been granted, in order to correct the enormous evil which the province suffers from such large tracts of the finest and most accessible land being allowed to remain unsettled. As King James I. said of the view from Belvoir castle, when he halted there on his way from Scotland, "What a brow forfeiture it would mak!"—we would hint to the crown that it knows not the wealth and patronage which lies at its claiming in the unsettled portions of the seignories of Lower Canada. But this article has so far exceeded the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, that we must now somewhat abruptly pause.

We have shewn that the discontent in Lower Canada arises from the divided state of the people, which time and the progress of improvement alone can heal. We have also shewn that the nature of the discontent is aggravated by the unjustifiable endeavours on the part of the Anglo-Canadians to procure a premature abrogation of the ancient laws and institutions of the country, by their pretensions to a power which the law of nations denies to be a legitimate result of conquest. The existence of *la nation Canadienne* as a distinct people has been made sufficiently manifest; and we think the complaint of the British settlers having been deceived by the British government in the act of 1774, has been clearly refuted; while grounds have been given to suspect that the

animosity with which the existence of the Canadian laws is regarded by the Anglo-Canadians, may have its foundation in motives less honourable than

the pretence of superiority in the rules and principles of the English civil law, for which they so zealously claim its substitution.

I HAE NAEBOODY NOW.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I HAE naebody now—I hae naebody now
 To meet me upon the green,
 Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
 An' joy in her deep-blue een;
 Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
 An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
 An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
 That had happened when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
 To clasp to my bosom at even;
 O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
 An' pray for a blessing from heaven;
 An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome face,
 In the morning that met mine eye:
 Where are they now? Where are they now?
 In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens--there's naebody kens,
 An' O may they never prove
 That sharpest degree of agony
 For the child of their earthly love!
 To see a flower in its vernal hour
 By slow degrees decay;
 Then softly aneath in the arms o' death
 Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break my poor auld heart,
 Nor at thy loss repine;
 For the unseen hand that threw the dart
 Was sent from her Father and thine.
 Yes, I maun mourn, an' I *will* mourn,
 Even till my latest day;
 For though my darling can never return,
 I shall follow her soon away.

JOHNNIE MENZIES.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

I'LL tell a tale—and sic a tale
 As ne'er was tauld in rhyme—
 John Menzies was a mason gude
 As e'er laid stane in lime.

Head-stanes he hewed, and biggit kirks,
 Carved shank-banes and sand-glasses,
 Wrote epitaphs in rhyme, and winked
 At sermons on the lasses.

It happened in that doleful year
 In which Mirk-Monday fell,
 That meat was dear, and work was slack,
 And winter sharp and snell.

All kirks were built, all cots complete—
 All seemed on dale and down,
 What douce Lochmaben looked to Pat,
 Ye powers ! a finished town.

With trowel in his apron-string,
 And hammer in his hand,
 John left auld Aberdeen, to seek
 Work in some wider land.

Along the greenwood side he trudged,
 Where Tyne runs deep and strong ;
 And whiles he went hap-step an' loup,
 Whiles hummed a pleasant song.

Day closed—night came—and with the night
 There came a sweeping breeze,
 With snow upon its rustling wings,
 To powder towers and trees.

The frost ruled king owre all, and reigned
 On furrow and on fell—
 John wi' his hammer strack the ground,
 The ground rang like a bell.

Night round him gathered in her wings,
 As dark as any raven ;
 “ Fiend cares,” quo' John, and hummed a song,
 “ There's sappy queans in Craven.”

A churchyard lay upon his right,
 With all its grim grave-stones—
 A gibbet creaked upon his left,
 Where swung a felon's bones.

John glowered, and took a pinch o' snuff,
 His wallet higher heized ;
 Loot out a langer stride, and said,
 “ The land seems civilised !”

A hand was laid on Johnnie's arm,
 A tongue, of merry tone,
 Said, "Mason, are ye seeking wark?"
 "Ye may say that," said John.

"I've sought for work in tower and town,
 And journeyed to and fro;
 There seems nae work aboon the earth,
 I watna what's below."

The stranger laughed, and loot an oath,
 One national and hot—
 "I want a mason, come wi' me,
 My gay and cannie Scot.

"My wark is light—time ower full,
 The payment all in gold;
 My workmen have complained of heat,
 But never yet of cold."

John clinked his tools, and cocked up queer
 The corner o' his ee,
 "I like your words—I like your looks—
 But wha the deil are ye?"

The stranger on John Menzies laid
 A kindly hand and hot,
 "Far kenned and noted is my name,
 My slec and sleeky Scot.

"Douce Scotland calls me, when she prays,
 Auld Nick and Cloven-cloots,
 Judge ye." He shewed as fair a leg
 As ever trode in boots.

"Some cast me in a burning lake,
 And tie me with a tether"—
 He turned him round, a manlier form
 Ne'er trod the land in leather.

"And some," he said, "add horns, and give
 A tail both lang and swinging,
 And sooty curls, like a tup's head,
 When it is at the singeing."

"I see, and I jalouse," quo' John,
 "Ye're no the thing ye should be;
 But fiend may care—I'll tell ye mair,
 There's few sae gude's they could be."

Loud laughed the stranger—cried, "That's gude!
 Ye are a merry chap,
 Can take a joke, and pass a joke;
 I see ye're up to trap.

"So come and work and bide wi' me
 While Winter wears her cloak;
 This is the wide way to my home,
 I see the chimneys smoke."

"Aweel," quo' John, "the bargain's made"—
 He gaured his tools play clink,
 And took a stride, and said aside,
 "He seems to have the chink."

The first mile was of gude hard road,
 The second was of mire ;
 John floundered on—cried, “ Deil ma’ care!
 He keeps a rousing fire.”

The third mile was a weary waste,
 Beside a raging flood—
 The fourth mile was a way that went
 Right through a gloomy wood.

The trees stood there like sapless shapes,
 That seemed as they wou’d speak ;
 A gray smoke crawled along the ground,
 John swore ’twas brimstone reek.

A rill ran trickling ’mongst the trees,
 And glowed as glows the brass
 When from the melting pot it runs—
 It seemed to singe the grass. .

There gleamed a light along the ground
 That round its rays did toss,
 Like Willie’s lantern once that led
 Me moist through Lochermoss.

“ There has been thunder here,” said John ;
 “ I see the lightning’s scars ;
 But where the mischief is the moon,
 Wi’ her unnumbered stars ?”

“ My firmament it owns no star,
 And has nor sun nor moon ;
 And yet my dwelling shines as bright
 As shines the sun at noon.”

John cocked his ee, and wi’ his hand
 He strove his sight to clear,
 “ If there’s a rum ane in the land,
 I’m bothered but he’s here.”

John passed his right hand o’er a brow
 That seemed in doubt to labour—
 “ I wish I were in Aberdeen ;
 He seems a kittle neighbour.”

They came unto a mansion huge,
 John’s friend por calls nor hollos,
 But stamped his foot—the ground it reeled,
 As when the thunder bellows.

He stamped his foot—the mansion large
 Its gate wide open flings,
 And takes them in as takes the hen
 The brood aneath her wings.

“ I’ve roamed o’er Ireland wide,” quo’ John,
 “ And England, too, on tramp ;
 But this coves a’—there’s neither star,
 Nor candle-light, nor lamp.

“ And what wild shape is that wi’ horns,
 In its black tail a sting is ;
 I’ve seen lang-nebbit things, but nought
 Like that,” quo’ Johnnie Menzies.

"These are my servants—this my hame—
Yon is my burning throne;
This is the pit, and I'm auld Cloots."
"I guessed as much," quo' John.

"That lang-backed fiend who comes this way,
He brings to me in squadrons
The prime o' earth; yon dun one dips
Them in my cleansing caudrons.

"The sword, the law, the poison cup,
The guillotine, the gallows,
And woman's wiles" — "I'll swear," quo' John,
"They bring ye clever fallows!"

"Ay, we have rank — look there!" A hole
Yawned blacker than the steerage
Of Leith's grim smacks. John peeped and cried,
"Here's sundry of the peerage!"

A wee fiend wi' a ladle stood,
And fed them all by turns;
"Take that for poisoning Chatterton—
Sup that for starving Burns."

John glowered in gladness, and he leugh—
"Weel done, wee deil," he muttered;
"Give them a dose of brimstone brose,
And give them't het and buttered."

John's friend here, with an aspect grave,
Said, "Cut yere speech more nice;
Be pure in word, and gross in deed—
There's decency in vice."

John glowered into another hole,
Where harpies stood for jailors—
There cross-grained critics chalked and cut
Away like army tailors.

Old Nick looked in, and smiled, and said,
"With such the world is swarming,
For knowledge, like Prince Julian's beard,
Is populous with vermin!"

John peeped into another hole,
A cry rose loud and furious,
"Let no light in, thou heretic!"—
It cured him of the curious.

"My son," quoth Satan, "heed them not,
They live best in the dark:
Time flies apace—souls come in shoals,
And we maun to our wark."

John Menzies 'tween twa lasses stood,
On earth they had been queens—
"To wark!" said John, and fidgeted and leugh,
"I marvel what he means!"

John Menzies nigh twa spirits stood—
One was a learned clerk,
And one a justice. "Fiends!" quo' John,
"Is this a place for wark?"

"My son," quoth Satan, "purge your speech,
Fit for a learned ear;
Such words are rude—be smooth of mood,
There's reverend people here."

"Weel, what's your will wi' me?" said John,
For I was bred to whunstone
• And tempered lime—I never trowed
To lay a trowel on brunstone."

• A My will," quo' Cloutie, "take thy tools,
And furnaces build three,
For purging sundry sorts of sin—
Their names I'll tell to thee.

• The first is insolence of wealth —
The second is the pride
Of vulgar violence—the third
Is worse than all beside. • •

"It is the sin which shuts the sight
When lights of knowledge shine:
So take your tools." John's face grew red,
As crystal glows with wine.

"Were I to take my tools," quo' John,
"I'd make right crooked wark;
Am I a monk, think ye, or mole,
To labour in the dark?"

Nick pulled a tailor from his perch,
Lit him, and fanned him prime—
John dashed his hammer down, and cried,
"I canna see a styme!"

Nick caught a new-come quean—she squealed;
"Be mute, ye flaunting limmer,"
Quo' he, "and lend us light." "I vow,"
Cried John, "its just a glimmer."

Nick laughed, and said, "I thought so. Lo!
Here, come my choicest spunks:"
John looked, and through the darkness came
A troop of jolly monks.

• He nabbed the foremost ane, and said,
"Though this be but a splinter
Of Spain's fat church, I'll pledge my word,
He'll burn a Lapland winter!"

Nick tossed him up, and like a torch
He flamed. As one delirious •
Wi' joy, John wrought, and muttered oft,
"He burns, and spitte as furious."

All cried, "A light—a splendid light!"
And clanked their brazen sandals;
For all was bright, as if he'd light
Ten thousand dipped candles.

• John wrought and wrought, and better wrought,
And still the light burned prime;
"It never sets," quo' John; "and how
Am I to keep my time?"

John wrought and wrought, and muttered whiles,
 "Wow but it burns fu' bonnie ;
 There's nae sic light in Aberdeen,
 For either love or money."

John wrought his darke, and wiped his brow,
 And said, "Now, Symmie, trow me,
 The wark's done weel—be a gude deil,
 And dinna try to *do* me."

"Ye've wrought your wark, John Menzies, weel,
 Its right and tight and nice,"
 Quo' Nick ; "I'll now baste haggard sin
 Wi' fat and jolly vice."

"Ye've wrought your work, John Menzies, weel,
 Its right and tight and sound,
 Sae there's your ~~wage~~ in good red gold
 Coin, heavy, large, and round."

"I've wrought sax weeks," said John, "and do
 Think on this sultry clime ;
 A groat a-day for grog, and then
 There was some overtime."

"Man, have a conscience," quoth old Nick,
 "Ye lost sax hours carousing
 Wi' twa fair queans frae Aberdeen—
 Then there was three days' bousing."

"With yon wild lads from gay Dumfries,
 Dunfermline town, and Newry ;
 Ye've lost three days and sax lang hours,
 If it were tried by jury."

"Now, cannie Cloots, and Symmie dear,"
 Quo' John, wi' speech like honey,
 "I've wrought your work, and wrought it weel,
 Sae hand me owre the money."

"Ye came a broken bankrupt here—
 I hate all tick and trust ;
 My siller works while I'm asleep,
 Sae knuckle down the dust."

Nick grimly smiled, and said, "There—there"—
 John roared as soon's he felt it,
 "Its heavy and red-het," quo' John,
 "What mischief made ye melt it ?"

He took his tools in wrath, and cried,
 "If ye wad coin in guineas
 Your cloven foot and baith ye're horns,
 I'd scorn't," quo' Johnnie Menzies.

"Quo' Cloots, though ye're a chield o' spunk,"
 He fair and fleecing spoke,
 "Ye're northern skin is far owre thin
 To stand a pleasant joke !"

"A joke," said Johnnie, holding up
 His right hand flayed and smoking,
 "My hale loof's to a gloyder gane :
 I winna stand sic jokin."

"My son," quoth Satan, "ye might learn
From your north-country carritch,
Man's wrath cools, and comes to itself,
Like Will Macgibbon's parritch."

"Your son!" quo' Johnnie, and he sneered,
And proudly looked and hie,
"Can your black bairn time kindred claim
Wi' man as white as me?"

"Yes, thou'rt a brother of the worms,
On earth thy day is dated
From dust—and, John, I speak it free,
Ye might be worse related."

"Related!" John set forth his leg,—
"That word were better spared;
My brither is a gauger gude,
My uncle is a laird."

"My cousin is a critic keen,
And lives by wise opinions
On men and books—he'll write you down,
You and your dark dominions."

"He wrote Montgomery down—he wrote
Down Coleridge, Lamb, and Byron—
Quenched Wordsworth's light—stayed Southey's flight—
Bound Moore in triple iron."

"He plucked fair Fancy by the nose,
Froze up all noble passion;
Wrote Genius down—and now he'll write
Your fires out of fashion."

"Enough, enough," cried Satan; "John,
Pray, in your speech have patience—
Ye've proved the pedigree—I see
We stand as blood relations."

"Of posts of honour pick and choose,
Look round, there is a dozen;
I wish to do all honour to
Thy mighty Cousin's Cousin."

"I own, good cousin/Cloots," quo' John,
"Your offers smooth and fair;
But look—there's fires at my right hand,
And ten times hotter there."

"And then your dubs of darkness too,
Are no that safe to swim in;
There's far owre mony masters here,
And far owre mony women."

"Your dinner broth—if it be broth,
Is black as that of Sparta;
And then your flaying taws—have ye
Ne'er heard of Magna Charta?"

"Your private cells, whence issue yells,
Are far mair than suspicious;
Besides I'm tender of the heart,
And not at all ambitious."

O, fierce of spirit—hot of head,
Are they who work in fire;
Nick proved the proverb true, his face
O'erflamed with living ire.

He caught up Johnnie by the sleeve,
And round and round he swung him—
Then whistled and cried, "Plotcock!" thrice,
And high and high he flung him.

Away flew Johnnie, leaving quick
Nick's fiery cleugh afar;
And now he drops in Aberdeen,
As drops a shooting star.

In Aberdeen there rose a cry—
Out wife and maiden ran:
"O, marvels they, are manifold,
For here's a flying man!"

One came with clap of hand and cry,
Another with a prayer,
"What news frae the celestial land,
And how long were ye there?"

"Sax weeks I lived," quo' John, and groaned,
"Right glad I'm to get back—
I dwelt wi' angels hand and glove,
But they were maistly black!"

An old and coiffless carline cried,
"Hegh, sirs! what tales ye bring us;
Let me see this romancing loon—
Losh, bairns, its Johnnie Menzies.

"Up, up, and rin, ye ne'er-do-weel!
Went ye, O wicked rhymers!
To get auld Cloots to mend your wit,
And make yere lies sublimer?"

"Rise up and rin—start, neer-do-weel!
Art come from hell to tempt us
Wi' glosing tales to love auld Nick?
Rin if ye're compos-mentis."

Then up got Johnnie Menzies syne,
And he ran down the stair,
And all the wives o' Aberdeen
Were hinging in his hair.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER'S REVIEW OF MADAME
DE STAEL'S "ALLEMAGNE."

[Continued from p. 37.]

CONCERNING the chapters in the first volume, one might say of our authoress in her absence almost the same thing as before her face. For generalities, such as nations, countries, cities, are seized and judged of by her wide traveller-glance, better than specialities and poets, by her Gallic, narrow, female taste; as, indeed, in general, large masses, by the free scope they yield for allusions, are, in the hands of a gifted writer, the most productive. However, it is chiefly polite Germany, and most of all literary Germany, that has sat to her on this occasion; and of the middle class, nothing but the literary heights have come into view. Moreover, she attributes to climate what she should have looked for in history: thus (t. i. c. 5) she finds the temperate regions more favourable to sociality than to poetry ("ce sont les délices du midi ou les rigueurs du nord qui ébranlent fortement l'imagination"); therefore, South Germany, that is, Franconia, Swabia, Bavaria, and Austria. Now, to say nothing of the circumstance that, in the first three of these countries, the alternation between the flower-splendour of spring and the cloudy cold of winter raises both the temperate warmth and the temperate coldness to the poetical degree, thereby giving them *two* chances, the opinion of our authoress stands contradicted by mild Saxony, mild Brandenburg, England, Greece, on the one hand, and by warm Naples and cold Russia on the other. Nay, rather extreme frost and extreme heat may be said to oppress and exhaust the poet; and the Castalian fountain either evaporates or freezes. On the other hand, regions lying intermediate between these temperatures are those where mind and poetry are met with unshackled.

In chap. ii., de *l'esprit de conversation*, she describes very justly the art of talking (different from the art of speaking), p. 68:

"Le genre de bien-être que fait éprouver une conversation animée, ne consiste précisément dans le sujet de conversation; les idées ni les connaissances qu'on peut y développer n'en sont pas le principal intérêt; c'est une certaine manière d'agir les uns sur les

autres, de se faire plaisir réciproquement et avec rapidité, de parler aussitôt qu'on pense, de jouir à l'instant de soi-même, d'être applaudi (applaudie) sans travail, de manifester son esprit dans toutes les nuances par l'accent, le geste, le regard, enfin de produire à volonté comme une sorte d'électricité, que fait jaillir des étincelles."

The passage (p. 81) where she counsels the Germans to acquire social culture and resignation in respect of social refinement, merits German attention. It is true, she should not, before denying us and prescribing us the French art of talking, have said (p. 70)—

"L'esprit de conversation a quelquefois l'inconvénient d'altérer la ténacité du caractère, ce n'est pas une tromperie combinée, mais improvisée, si l'on peut l'exprimer ainsi:"

which, in plain language, signifies, in this art there is one unpleasant circumstance, that sometimes your honesty of heart suffers demerit; and you play the real, literal knave, though only on the spur of the moment, and without special preparation. For the rest, it must be such passages as this, where she denies us these moral and æsthetic Gallicisms, allowing us, for compensation, nothing but learning, depth of heart and thought; such passages it must be by light of which the *Journal de Paris*, finding we denied not only the *tromperie combinée*, but now even the *improvisée*, has discovered that our authoress is a secret enemy of the Germans, who will surely (hopes the journal) get into anger with her, though, as always, not till late. For sharply as she attacks the French, she does it only on the moral side, which these forgive the more easily and feel the more faintly, the more she is in the right; but we again are assaulted in graver wise, and with other consequence, namely, on the side of understanding, which, as compared with the Gallic, in regard to business, knowledge of the world, nay, in combining, in arranging works of art, she every where pronounces inferior.

"Les Allemands mettent très-rarement en scène dans leurs comédies des ridicules tirés de leur propre pays; ils n'observent pas les autres; encore moins

sont ils capables de l'examiner eux-mêmes sous les rapports extérieurs, ils croiraient presque manquer à la loyauté qu'ils se doivent."

To form the plan, to order the whole scenes towards one focus of impression (*effet*), this, says she, is the part of Frenchmen; but the German, out of sheer honesty, cannot do it. Nevertheless, our Lessing vowed that he could remodel every tragedy of Corneille into more cunning and more regular shape; and his criticisms, as well as his *Emilia Galotti*, to say nothing of Schiller and all the better German critics, are answer enough to Madame de Staël's reproach.

Three times, and in as many ways, she accounts for our deficiency in the art of witty speech. First, from our language: but had she forgotten her German when she wrote concerning it—"La construction ne permet pas toujours de terminer une phrase par l'expression la plus piquante?" (t. i. p. 84.) For does not directly, on the contrary, our language, alone among all the modern ones, reserve any word it pleases, any part of speech without exception—nay, sometimes a half-word*—naturally and without constraint, for a dessert-wine of conclusion? Madame de Staël should also, to inform herself, have read at least a few dozen volumes of our epigram-anthologies with their thousand end-stings. What do Lessing's dialogues want, or our translations from the French, in regard to pliancy of language? But, on the whole, we always—this is her second theory of our conversational *maladroitness*—wish too much to say something or other, and not, like the French, nothing: a German wishes to express not only himself but also something else; and under this something we frequently include sentiment, principle, truth, instruction. A sort of disgust comes over us to see a man stand speaking on, and quite coolly determined to shew us nothing but himself: for even the narrator of a story is expected to propose rather our enjoyment in it than his own selfish praise for telling it.

In the third place, we are too destitute, complains our authoress, of wit,

consequently of *bon-mots*, and so forth. Reviewer complains, on the other hand, that the French are too destitute thereof. A Hippel, a Lichtenberg, like a Young or Pope, has more and better wit than a whole French decade will produce. French wit, reflection-wit (Reviewer here perfectly coincides with Jean Paul in his divisions of wit), surprises with one light resemblance, and with its prompt visibility, like a French garden, only once: British and German wit treats us with the comparison of resemblances reflecting one another, and with the continuous enjoyment of an English garden. For the reperusal of Lichtenberg, Reviewer commonly waits a year; for the reperusal of Voltaire ten years; for the reperusal of French Journalists sixty years; for that of Hamann as many minutes. The German of spirit is almost ashamed to be so light-witted as a Frenchman; and he must make an effort not to make an effort. If he do not grudge the labour, he can heap up, like Weisse in his *Satires*, more antitheses in a page than a Frenchman in a book. Men of the world, who in German are merely smooth and correct, glitter in French with witty turns: it is will, therefore, that chooses here, not inability. One may say, not this and that Frenchman, but the whole French people, has wit: but so common a wit can, even for that reason, be no deep one.

What farther was to be said against our want of French skill in talking, Reviewer leaves to the English, Spaniards, Italians, who all share it with us.

The following passage (t. ii. p. 2) may reconcile the French with our authoress: "En France la plupart des lecteurs ne veulent jamais être émus, ni même s'amuser aux dépens de leur conscience littéraire; le scrupule s'est réfugié là." In p. 13, she makes Hans Sachs compose *before* the Reformation; and (p. 14) Luther translate the Psalms and the Bible. This to a Frenchman, who would shew literary, may be detrimental, if he repeats it. In p. 17, she finds a likeness between Wieland's prose and Voltaire's. Give her or give him Voltaire's wit, conciseness, lightness, pliancy, there can

* Paul has made this very sentence an example of his doctrine; one half of the word "reserve" (*heben*) occurring at the commencement, the other half (*auf*) not till the end.

be nothing liker. Reviewer has a comfort in having Wieland called at once, by this class of admirers, the German Voltaire, and by that other, the German Greek: he needs not, in that case, reflect and confute, but simply leaves the speakers to their reciprocal annihilation. For the rest, the whole of this chapter, as well as the twelfth, lends and robs the good Wieland so lavishly, that we rather beg to omit it altogether. His Comic Tales are, in her view (p. 67), *imitées du Grec*; so that most of the French painters, their subjects being mythological, must also be imitators of the Greeks. In p. 62, she must either have misunderstood some Germans, or these must have misunderstood the Greeks, when she says of Fate, in contradistinction to Providence, "*Le sort (the Greek Fate) ne compte pour rien les sentimens des hommes.*" Sophocles *seven times* says no to this; and as often Æschylus. Nay, so inexorably does Fate pursue every immorality, especially audacious immorality, that (unlike Providence) it inflicts the punishment, even *under* repentance and reform. In p. 90 she calls Klopstock's Ode to his Future Love a *sujet maniéré*:

"Klopstock est moins heureux quand il écrit sur l'amour: il a, comme Dorat, adressé des vers à sa maîtresse future, et ce sujet *maniéré* n'a pas bien inspiré sa muse: il faut n'avoir pas souffert, pour se jouer avec le sentiment, et quand une personne sérieuse essaie un semblable jeu, toujours une contrainte secrète l'empêche de s'y montrer naturelle."

How could her soul, that elsewhere responds to all pure-toned chords of love, mistake the yet unloved longing, wherewith the unloved and yet loving youth looks into his future heart, as with a coming home-sickness? Does even the prosaic young man paint him an ideal, why shall not the poetical incorporate and draw nearer to him the dear form that is glancing for him, though as yet unseen? It is true, this holds only of the first love; for a poem on a second, third, and future love, would doubtless merit the blame, which, indeed, she probably so meant.

The long passage from Voss's *Louise* (t. ii. p. 82) seems introduced to bring even the German reader, by the bald translation, into a state of yawning; and the happier French one into

snoring and even snorting. Quite as unexpectedly has she extracted from *Maria Stuart*, instead of bright lyric altar-fire, the long farewell of Maria, too long even for German readers, and only for the epos not too short; and rendered it moreover in prose.

To Goëthe she does justice where she admires him, but less where she estimates him. His poems she judges more justly than she does his plays. Every where, indeed, her taste borders more on the German when applied to short pieces than to long ones; above all, than to theatrical ones; for here the French curtain shrouds up every foreign one. With her opinion of Goëthe as a literary man, the Germans, since the appearance of his autobiography, may readily enough dispense.

Of ch. 15, *de l'art dramatique*, Reviewer could undertake to say nothing, except something ill, did time permit.

Shakespeare, in whose child-like and poetic serene soul (as it were, a poetic Christ-child) she celebrates an *ironie presque Machiavellique* in delineating character; she ought to praise less on hearsay, since neither hearsay nor her own feeling can teach her how to praise Goëthe's *Faust*. It is probable she knows only the French (unsouled and un-hearted) Shakespeare, and so values the man; but for Goëthe's *Faust*, too, she should have waited for a French version and perversion to give him somewhat better commendation than that she sends him to France with.

If a translation is always but an inverted, pale, secondary, vain-word of the original splendour, Madame de Staël's, as in general any French translation of *Faust*, is but a gray, cold, mock-sun to Goëthe's real flaming sun in Leo. At times, in place of a pallid translation, she gives a quite new speech; for example, (t. iii. p. 137) she makes the Devil say of *Faust* — "*Cet homme ne sera jamais qu'à demi pervers, et c'est en vain qu'il se flatte de parvenir à l'être entièrement.*" In the original (p. 114) appears no word of this, but merely the long, good, quite different passage, "*Verachte nur vernunft und wissenschaft,*" &c. That weighty omissions have prevented light translations in her work, is happy for the work of Goëthe. This (like Dante's *Divine Comedy*) diabolic tragedy, in which whole spiritual universes act and fall, she has

contracted and extracted into a love-tale. Of this sole and last zodiacal light which the set sun of Shakespeare has cast up over Germany, our lady authoress wishes heartily (p. 160) that another such, or more such, may not be written. Reviewer ventures to give her hope of fulfilment herein; and pledges himself for all Frenchmen. Consider only (p. 127)—

"Il ne faut y chercher ni le goût, ni le mesure, ni l'art qui choisit, et qui termine; mais si l'imagination pouvait se figurer un chaos intellectuel tel qu'on a souvent décrit le chaos matériel, le Faust de Goëthe devrait avoir été composé à cette époque."

Readeresses, why will every one of you insist on thinking herself a reader?

Her hard judgment on *Faust*, Madame had before-hand softened (p. 402) by the praise she bestowed on Gotz von Berlichingen: *il y a des traits de génie ça et là* (not only *here* but *there* also) *dans son drame*. Less warmly (p. 125) does she praise the *Natural Daughter*; because the personages therein, like shades in Odin's palace, lead only an imaged life; inasmuch as they bear no real Christian directors' names, but are merely designated as king, father, daughter, &c. As for this last defect, Reviewer fancies he could remedy it, were he but to turn up his French history and pick out at random the words Louis, Orleans, &c. and therewith christen the general titles, father, daughter; for, in the structure of the work, Madame de Staël will confess there are as firm, determinate, beheading machines, arsenic-hats, poison-pills, steel-traps, *oubliettes*, spring-guns, introduced, as could be required of any court, whither the scene of the piece might be transferred.

There is one censure from our authoress, however, which Reviewer himself must countersign, though it touches the sweet orange-flower garland, Goëthe's *Tasso*. Reviewer had been used to notice, in this piece, which cannot be acted in any larger space than within the chambers of the brain, no down-come, save the outcome, or end, where the moral knot, which can only be loosed in Tasso's heart, is, by cutting of the material knot, by banishment from court, left unloosed to accompany

him in exile; and can at any hour raise up a second fifth act. This want, indeed, is not felt in reading the work so much as *after* reading it. Our authoress, however, points out (p. 122) another want, which, in the piece itself, has a cooling, at least a shadowing influence: that, namely, in the first place, Princess Leonora is drawn not according to the warm climate, but rather as a German maiden; and so thinks and ponders about her love, instead of either sacrificing herself to it or to herself; and that, secondly, the poet Tasso acts not like an Italian accustomed to outward movement and business, but like a solitary German, and unskillfully entangles himself in the perplexities of life.

For the rest, her whole praise of Goëthe will, in the sour head of a Frenchman, run to sheer censure; and her censure again will remain censure, and get a little sourer, moreover.

Perhaps the kindest and justest of all her portraits is that of Schiller. Not only is she, in her poetry, many times a sister of Schiller; but he also, in his intellectual pomp and reflex splendour, is now and then a distant though beatified relation of Corneille and Crebillon. Hence his half-fortune with the French: for, in consideration of a certain likeness to themselves, some unlikeness and greatness will be pardoned. If Gallic tragedy is often a centaur, begotten by an Ixion with a cloud, Schiller also, at times, has confounded a sun-horse and thunder-horse with the horse of the Muses, and mounted and driven the one instead of the other.

The *Donau-Nymphe* (Nymph of the Danube) obtains (tom. iv. p. 36) the honour of an extract, and the praise.

"Le sujet de cette pièce semble plus ingénieux que populaire; mais les scènes merveilleuses y sont mêlées et variées avec tant d'art, qu'elle amuse également tous les spectateurs."

Reviewer has heard Herder, more in earnest than in jest, call the *Zauberflöte* the only good opera the Germans had.

After sufficiently misunderstanding and faint-praising Goëthe's *Meister* and *Ottilie*,* she ventures, though a lady,

* She finds *Ottilie* not moving enough;—the Reviewer again finds that *Ottilie* not only moves the heart, but crushes it. This more than female Werter excites deeper interest for her love than the male one; and, in an earlier time, would have intoxicated all hearts with tears. But, what always obstructs a heroine with the female reading-world is, the circumstance that she is not the hero.

and a French one, to let fall this and the other remark about *humour*; and, as it were, to utter a judgment (here Reviewer bounds on the printed words) concerning Swift and Sterne. Sterne's humour, in *Tristram*, she imputes to phraseology, (p. 79); nay, to phrases, not to ideas; and infers that Sterne is not translatable, and Swift is. Nevertheless, both of them have found very pretty lodgings in this country with Bode and Waser. Thereafter, in the same chapter on Romances, she makes Aasmûs, who has written no romance, the drawbridge for a sally against Jean Paul.

Her shallow sentence, as one more passed on him, may, among so many—some friendlier, some more hostile—pass on with the rest, till the right one appear, which shall exaggerate neither praise nor blame; for, hitherto, as well the various pricking-girdles (cilicias) in which he was to do penance, have been so wide for his body that they slipped to his feet, as in like wise the laurel-wreaths so large for his head that they fell upon his shoulders. Our authoress dexterously unites both; and every period consists, in front, of a pleasant commendation, and behind of a fatal *mais*; and the left hand of the conclusion never knows what the right hand of the premises doeth. Reviewer can figure this jester comically enough, when he thinks how his face must, above fifteen times, have cheerfully thawed at the first clauses, and then suddenly frozen again at the latter. Those *mais* are his bitterest enemies. Our authoress blames him for over-doing the pathetic, which blame she herself unduly shares with him in her *Corinne*, as Reviewer, in his long-past critique thereof, in these very *Jahrbücher*, hopes to have proved; and, it may be, had that review of *Corinne* met her eye, she would rather have left various things against J. P. unsaid. In p. 79, she writes, that he knows the human heart only from little German towns, and (hence) "Il y a souvent dans la peinture de ces meurs quelque chose de trop innocent pour notre siècle." Now, it is a question whether J. P. could not, if not altogether, disprove, yet uncommonly weaken, this charge of innocence, by stating that many of his works were written in Leipzig, Weimar, Berlin, &c.; and that, consequently, his alleged innocence was not his blame,

but that of those cities. He might also set forth how, in *Titan*, he has collected so much polished court-corruption, recklessness, and refined sin of all sorts, that it is a hardship for him—saying nothing of those capital cities—to be implicated in any such guilt as that of innocence.

However, to excuse her half-and-quarter judgment, let it not be concealed that scarcely have two of his works (*Hesperus* and *Siebenkûs*) been gone through by her; nay, one of them, *Hesperus*, has not so much as been fairly gone into: for, after introducing a not very important scene from *Hesperus*, the couching of a father's eyes by a son, properly a thing which every century does to the other, she tables some shreds of a second incident in this same *Hesperus*, but with a statement that it is from a different romance. Of the *Rede des toten Christus* (Speech of the dead Christ) she has indeed omitted the superfluous commencement, but also more than half of the unsuperfluous conclusion, which closes those wounds. Reviewer willingly excuses her, since this author, a comet of moderate nucleus, carries so excessive a comet-train of volumes along with him, that even up to the minute when he writes this, such train has not yet got altogether above the horizon.

On the whole, she usually passes long judgments only on few-volumed writers—for instance, Tieck, Werner; and short on many-volumed—for instance, the rich Herder, whom she accommodates in a pretty bowerlet of four sides, or pages. The new poetic school, at least August Schlegel, whom she saw act in Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February*, might have helped her out a little with instructions and opinions about Herder (nay, even about Jean Paul,) as well as about Tieck; the more, as she seems so open to such communications, that they often come back from her as mere echides: for, strictly considered, it is the new, much more than the old school, that really stands in opposition to the French.

The thirty-second chapter (*des Beaux Arts en Allemagne*) does not require seventeen pages, as *Faust* did, to receive sentence; but only seven, to describe German painting, statuary, and music, not so much compressedly as compressingly. Nevertheless, Reviewer willingly gives up even these

seven pages for the sake of the following beautiful remark, (p. 125):

"La musique des Allemands est plus variée que celle des Italiens, et c'est en cela peut-être qu'elle est moins bonne: l'esprit est condamné à la variété—c'est sa misère qui en est la cause; mais les arts, comme le sentiment, ont une admirable monotonie, celle dont on voudrait faire un moment éternel."

The fifth volume treats of Philosophies—the French, the English, the old and new and newest German, and what else from ancient Greece has to do with philosophies. Concerning this volume, a German reviewer can offer his German readers nothing new, except perhaps whimsicalities. "While men,—for example, Jacobi,—after long studying and re-studying of great philosophers, so often fall into anxiety lest they may not have understood them, finding the confutation look so easy, women of talent and breeding, simply from their gift of saying No, infer at once that they have seen through them. Reviewer is acquainted with intellectual ladies, who, in the hardest philosophical works,—for instance, Fichte's,—have found nothing but light and ease. Not what is thought, only what is learned, can women fancy as beyond their horizon. From Love they have acquired a boldness, foreign to us, of passing sentence on great men. Besides, they can always, instead of the conception, the idea, substitute a feeling. In p. 78, Madame de Staël says, quite naïvely, she does not see why philosophers have striven so much to reduce all things to one principle, be it matter or spirit; one or a pair, it makes little difference, and explains the all no better. In p. 55, she imparts to the Parisians several categories of Kant's, with an *et cætera*; as if it were an alphabet, with an *and so forth*. If jesting is admissible in a review, the following passage on Schelling (p. 83) may properly stand here:

"L'idéal et le réel tiennent, dans son langage, la place de l'intelligence et de la matière, de l'IMAGINATION et de l'expérience; et c'est dans la réunion de ces deux puissances en une harmonie complète que consiste, selon lui, le principe unique et absolu de l'univers organisé. Cette harmonie, dont les deux pôles et le centre sont l'image, et qui est renfermé dans le nombre de trois, de tout temps si mystérieux, fournit à Schelling des APPLICATIONS les plus ingénieuses."

But we return to earnest. Consider, now, what degree of spirit these three philosophic spirits can be expected to retain, when they have been passed off, and in, and carried through, three heads, as if by distillation ascending, distillation middle, and distillation descending: for the three heads are, namely, the head of the authoress, who does not half understand the philosophers; the head of the Parisian, who again half understands our authoress; and finally, the head of the Parisianess, who again half understands the Parisian. Through such a series of intermediate glasses the light in the last may readily refract itself into darkness.

Meanwhile, let the former praise remain to her unimpaired, that she still seizes in our philosophy the sunny side, which holds of the heart, to exhibit and illuminate the mossy north side of the French philosophy. Striking expressions of noblest sentiments and views are uncovered, like pearl-muscles, in this philosophic ebb and flow. Precious, also, in itself, is the nineteenth chapter, on Marriage Love, though for this topic, foreign in philosophy, it were hard to find any right conductor into such a discussion, except, indeed, the philosophers Crates and Socrates furnish one.

As the sixth and last volume treats of Religion and Enthusiasm,—a French juxtaposition,—it is almost her heart alone that speaks, and the language of this is always a pure and rich one. The separate pearls, from the philosophic ebb, here collect themselves into a pearl necklace. She speaks nobly (p. 78—86) on Nature, and Man, and Eternity; so, likewise, in chap. x., on Enthusiasm. Individual baldnesses it were easy for Reviewer to extract—for they are short; but individual splendours difficult—for they are too long.

To one who loves not only Germany, but mankind, or rather, both in each other, her praise and high preference of the German religious temper, in this volume, almost grows to pain: for, as we Germans ourselves complain of our coldness, she could have found a temperate climate here only by contrast with the French ice-field of irreligion from which she comes. Truly, she is in the right. The French, in these very days, have accepted their Sunday as crabbedly as the Germans parted with their second Sundays, or

holidays, when forced to do it. Thus does the poisonous meadow-saffron of the Revolution, after its autumn-flowers have been left solitary and withered, still keep under ground its narcotic bulb for the awakened spring, almost as if the spirit of freedom in this revolution, like the spirit of Christianity, should construct and remodel every foreign people—only not the Jewish, where were the Nativity and Crucifixion.

The bitterness of the Parisian journal-corps, who have charged against this work of the baroness more fiercely than against all her romances, shews us that it is something else than difference of taste that they strike and fire at: their hearts have been doubly provoked by this comparison, and trebly by this discordance in their own most inward feeling, which loves not to expose itself as an outward one. In romances, they took all manner of religion as it came: they could charge it on the characters, and absolve the poetess; but here she herself—not with forty lips, but with her own—has spoken out for religion, and against the country where religion is yet no *émigrée*.

A special pamphlet, published in Paris, on this work, enlists the method of question and answer in the service of delusion, to exhibit bold beauties, by distorting them from their accompaniments, in the character of bombast. It is but seldom that our authoress sins, and, in German fashion, against German taste, as in tom. vi. p. 11, where she says,

"Tous les moutons du même troupeau viennent donner, les uns après les autres, leurs coups-de-tête aux idées, qui n'en restent moins ce qu'elles sont."

In presence of a descriptive power

that delights foreign nations, one might hope the existing French would modestly sink mute—they whose eulogistic manner, in the *Moniteur*, in the senate, and every where, towards the throne, has at all times been as strained, windy, and faded, as its object; and in whom, as in men dying the wrong way, (while, in common cases, in the cooling of the outward limbs, the heart continues to give heat,) nothing remains warm but the members from which the frozen heart lies farthest.

It is difficult, amid so many bright passages, which, like polished gold, not only glitter, but image and exhibit, to select the best. For example, the description of the Alps by night, and of the whole festival of Interlaken, (tom. i. ch. xx.);—the remark (tom. v. p. 87) that both the excess of heat in the east, and of cold in the north, incline the mind to idealism and visuality;—or this, (tom. v. p. 27), "*Ce qui manque en France, en tout genre, c'est le sentiment et l'habitude du respect.*" So likewise, tom. v. pp. 11, 97, 109, 125, 207.

Still more than we admire the work is the authoress, considering also her sex and her nation, to be admired. Probably she is the only woman in Europe, and still more probably the only French person in France, that could have written such a book on Germany. Had Germany been her cradle and school, she might have written a still better work, namely, on France. And so we shall wish this spiritual Amazon strength and heart for new campaigns and victories; and then, should she again prove the revieweress of a reviewer, let no one undertake that matrimonial relation but

FRIP.*

* *Frip* is the anagram of J. P. F. R., and his common signature in such cases.—T.

HORACE IN OTHER SHAPES.

By various Hands.

"To what base uses we return, Horatio!"

LIB. I. CARMEN VII.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen, &c.

Some say that the air is much finer in Paris,
 Or puff Naples in strains all as soft as its soap;
 Others laud in their journal the City Eternal,
 The Piazza di Spagna, the Corso, the Pope;—
 Some more waste their pennies in tumbledown Venice
 Or beggarly Florence, where Burghersh is queen;
 And we've heard some dull villain bepraising of Milan.
 Some, like mulligatawny, are stuck in Turin;—
 It me very much puzzles to find what's in Brussels;—
 As for Spa or Liege, why that's only a bam.
 Their taste is not much, sir, who, lauding the Dutch, sir,
 Speak well of that big-breechesed town, Amsterdam.
 I'd as soon read Tom Roscoe, as sojourn in Moscow
 Or in Petersburg, frosty-faced home of the Czar;
 And as for your Hamburgers, and all other d—— burghers,
 God keep us from such cursed cattle afar.
 Let them prate of the Prater, while others so great are
 On Berlin, where Blucher I knew in old times;
 But I vow unto you, Nick, that sooner than Munich
 I'd dwell in, I'd listen to Ludwig's own rhymes.
 In jack-boots or pattens, away off to Athens,
 Philhells and bluestockings, dear women! repair;
 While the Turcophiles ramble to Mahomet's Stambol,
 But, by Allah!—dear fellow—you'll ne'er catch me there.
 As for Stockholm, in Sweden, (which Rudbeck thought Eden),
 I'd as lief go to Boulogne or Botany Bay;—
 He must be a Pagan, who thinks Copenhagen
 A spot where a Christian could venture to stay.
 My head I'm not troubling about dirty Dublin,
 Or Edinburgh city, small place in the north;
 The first in the Liffey I'd pitch in a jiffy,
 'Tother village might fill some thin creek of the Forth.
 To conclude—To Madrid, sir, farewell do I bid, sir,
 And garlicky Lisbon, strong town of Miguel;—
 So, on casting the tour up of all parts of Europe,
 I conclude for the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

EPOD. XIV.

Mollis inertia, &c.[Please read the Latin as it ought to be read, minding your *arsis* and *thesis*, and making the elisions.]

What influence soft, you ask, has scattered thus
 Oblivionem sensibus,
 As if the cups of Lethe to the brim
 Arente, fauce traxerim.
 The question, dear Mæcenas, lays me flat:—
 Deûs, Deûs, nam me vetat.
 The lips commenced and promised long by me
 "Ad umbilic' adducere,
 I quote as precedent to all and some
 Anacreonta Teiûm,
 Who sung his loves in many a lyric gem,
 Non elabòrat' ad pedem.
 'Twill be your turn—and if no fairer one
 Accendit obsess' Ilion,
 Rejoice—a hussey not with one (verb. sat.)
 Contenta Phryne macerat.

OLIVER YORK.

LIB. I. CARMEN IV. *Ad Alvanleium.**Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vicè veris et favord, &c.*

The streets are dry and warm with vernal gales,
 And sparrows chirp, and joyous cock their tails;
 No more do simpering misses love the fire,
 Nor grumbling dowagers bright suns desire.
 Now spring begins to bloom o'er Richmond fields,
 And Park of Hyde its richest verdure yields.
 Beneath the chandelier's dispensing light
 Fair opera-dancers trip their devious flight,
 With petticoats that scarce their haunches hide,
 Showing their sturdy legs in conscious pride.
 Thou worn-out rake, spit forth thy drivelling ire—
 Applaud, mustachio'd dandy, and admire,
 Heave sighs slow-drawn from thy salacious breast,
 And stand of De Varennes the slave confess'd.
 Cabs and landaus stream down gay Regent Street,
 And Beauty walks with silver-tinkling feet,
 To gaze on Howell's rarities;—and now
 Young foplings canter along Rotten Row.
 Oh! be it mine to join in the carouse
 Frequent and full in noble Devon's house,
 Whose livery'd lacquey, like fair-dealing Fate,
 Calls every body to his master's gate,
 Where all the “*ton*,” and each Exclusive blade,
 Frisk through and caricole a galopade,
 And, proud of gaudy dress or cambric shirt,
 Cut capers, ogle, waltz, and laugh and flirt.
 And now at Crockford's, hark! the *doctors* rattle,
 And every noisy swindler there shews battle;
 And now the sporters all, with knowing look,
 Seem to bet odds 'gainst Gully's Mameluke.
 Make haste, my Alvanley, fan well your fire,
 And quaff the howl, my venerable sire!
 And take of every thing a quantum suff,
 Till Death shall make you vanish like a pinch of snuff.

JOHNNY WHISTLECRAFT.

LIB. I. CARMEN XV.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus, &c.

When o'er the Straits of Dover hied
 The German with Law's lovely bride,
 Dame Shipton, on each tottering limb-o
 Stood upright, and, with arms a-kimbo,
 Sang forth, “Ye think, by speedy flight,
 To cheat the dandy Lord outright;
 But Hardinge, as the friend of Law,
 Will souse you with his oily jaw.
 Alas! what boots the ire of Hume?
 Why's Phillimore in such a fume?
 Or why, without the feeing pence,
 Doth Wetherell use his eloquence?”

This sudden flight will stir of all
 Town exquisites the bitter gall,
 That *she* should all their number scoff,
 And with that *Teutscher* chap be off!
 Now Esterhazy girds his loins
 For hot pursuit, whom Duncombe joins;
 And Ranelagh young, doth with them gather,
 (A lad all worthy of his father);
 And G——e, skilled in dice-box rattle,
 Posts with them for the prize to battle;

And Alvanley and H. de Roos
 Are seen amidst the chase of goose;
 And in the throng of curs the bay
 Is heard of Mill and Castlereagh,
 And Anson, aye so neat and gay,— }
 And thus they scud away, away!

Then Armstrong laughs aloud — the wit —
 As if his sides were nigh to split,
 And with old Sefton mounts aloof,
 Ev'n to the top of Crockford's roof,
 And with his spyglass looks afar,
 To see the chase and tug of war.
 That he may *first* go round and tell
 Who slunk behind — who won — who fell!
 But *SHE*, as stag, when, after spying
 A sneaking wolf, is seen a-flying
 Aghast — so like that timorous brute,
SHE'll leave behind the hot pursuit;
 And London will in hubbub be
 At her miscalled treachery,
 And Dawson, Peel, and Hardinge, will
 Get SIGNED The Separation Bill."

PIERCE PUNGENT.

Dear Fraser,

If the following translation is of use, it is at your service. Don't forget, however, to hand over the halfpence. Yours, &c. M. O'D.

SONG BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

LIB. III. CARMEN XIX.

Quantum distet ab Inacho, &c.

Don't bother me with your old tales of Plantagenet,
 Your stories of Richard, or Harry, or Ned,
 Greater nonsense than such, why, I cannot imagine it —
 We have heard long ago what of *them* can be said.
 Come, tell me the place where I'll get the best bottle,
 The strongest of tumblers, the mildest cigars,
 Or where I'd most chances of wetting my throttle
 By the fire of a friend, when the coppers are scarce.
 I call for a bumper — here, waiter, clean glasses! —
 Here's the moon, or the stars, or whatever you please; —
 For your health, Jack Mulroony; so, off with "the lasses"
 Why, thirty jugs more we'd demolish with ease.
 Let the poet, God help him! — I see he's half muzzy —
 Take no more than nine tumblers, that's one less than ten;
 And those who've a fancy to shy getting boozy,
 Should not venture much further than twice that again.
 So ho! What's the matter? Let's kick up a riot.
 Here, piper! you ruffian, come blow us a jig; —
 Do you think, for a moment, I mean to be quiet?
 If I do, may old Scratch run away with my wig!
 Make a row! push the bottle! whoop, shout, boys, and caper.
 Why the deuce should I *not* raise a tumult and roar?
 The neighbours, you say, will look sulky and vapour,
 And so will the pretty young doxy next door. —
 What? old fellow's *friend*? Pish! Tom, here, } the lady,
 Black-haired and black-eyed, you've been courting so long.
 As for me — fill the glass for the dear Widow Brady
 Whose three hundred year wakes your Munsterman's song.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

'Importuna e grave salma.'—MICHAEL ANGELO.

CHAPTER I.

The fountain of my heart dried up within me,—
With nought that loved me, and with nought to love,
I stood upon the desert earth alone,—
I stood and wondered at my desolation."—MATURIN.

AT the age of ten years I was left an orphan, under the direction and tutorage of guardians. Did I say that they were negligent of the trust committed to their care, or failed in the fulfilment of their duties towards their ward, I should be affirming what I have no reason to believe, and gratuitously doing them an injustice. But how many little kindnesses are there which we can expect to find in the exercise of parental solicitude alone!—how many nameless, countless blessings, which, sought everywhere, are nowhere to be found, except within the delightful precincts of home! Alas! I was doomed to feel the truth of all this by melancholy conviction; and the tears with which I have but too often moistened my boyish pillow, attest what must be the sorrows of that heart which is left by sad destiny to a common care.

My constitution was naturally but slender and weakly; and when my compeers were abroad in the clear bracing air, I was but too often condemned to the trappings and bucklings of the nursery. But I was the darling of my mother. Nothing that could soothe or please me was withheld, and all my little wants were attended to with a solicitude, that not only seemed to delight in their gratification, but grieved only that it could not forestall them. Of my father I remember nothing: he was a colonel in the army, and had died at Demerara when I was yet a very little child; but I have heard that his features and my own were very similar,—a circumstance which, doubtless, had no tendency to lessen my poor mother's regard for me, for they are said to have lived together in the closest bonds of affection. I recollect yet distinctly, that she one day took a miniature from her

bosom, and burst into tears, as she gazed first on it and then on me. I asked her what made her cry? Little did I think then that it was the anniversary of my father's death.

Instead of being oppressed by early deprivations and by the feeling of misfortune, it would have required all the gentle fostering of a parent's hand to cherish such a hothouse plant as I was, to the strength and stability of vigorous manhood. What can be said? Providence had decreed it otherwise. My dear, dear mother was cut off by a sudden fever; and the home of my childhood was left unto me desolate. An only sister, but five years old, was left to share my orphanage. Poor Matilda! how we used to sit and cry together, half conscious, and half marvelling at our untoward destiny. Methinks, as in those far off days, I yet see thy raven hair, and thy bright black eyes, as when I carried thee on my shoulder through the garden, and thou wouldst pluck from the wall the fresh green herbs for our favourite canary-bird.

My poor sister was too young to feel the full weight of the loss we had sustained; and, even to myself, the remembrance of my mother's love soon came to me but as a dream—as the memory of some sunlight landscape, which floated before my mind with a vague brilliance. Yet I still remember our house, and the pictures in the drawing-room, large, and stern, and gloomy, in their deep gilt frames—and Turk, the shaggy watch-dog, that lay in its green painted kennel in the court-yard, with its tremendous bark, and rattling chain—and the two moss-greened lilac trees beside the porch—and the old woman, Barbara, that kept our gate, and used to sit in the sunshine, amid the rose-bushes, knitting

stockings. Other fragments of the olden time, besides these, occasionally come to mind, like shattered wrecks floating on the ocean,—and then I see my mother's face, as when in rapture she used to lift me from the ground, and press me to her maternal breast,—and now I seem to behold her darkened death-chamber, and hear her faint low voice, as when she blessed me from the depths of that heart, which the lapse of a few moments was to still for ever!

On the day subsequent to my mother's funeral, I recollect sitting on the sofa of the drawing-room beside Mr. Elton, one of my guardians, who was paying off all the servants. Al had been long, long in the family, which had become to them, as it were, their own; and each, in turn, shook me by the hand and kissed me. The "old familiar faces" were all scattered. One only remained to extinguish the last household fires; and then I heard the window-shutters barred, and the great door locked. My sister had been taken away, two days before, to the house of one of her guardians, preparatory to fixing her at some seminary for female education. I looked back, as we hurried down the little avenue of limes, at the silent and deserted mansion, every room and nook of which was familiar to my childish remembrance. Mr. Elton chid me for looking so sorrowful, and gave me some sweetmeats. When we came to the turn of the road, a postchaise was in waiting; and from this scene of silence and sorrow I was hurried away to a boarding-school ten miles distant.

But a week before, I had a parent—and I had a home: now I was an orphan, committed to the care of strangers. Yet I must confess, that nowhere could I have been more fortunately placed than under the care of Dr. Singleton, a gentleman of learning and judgment, faithful alike to his pastoral charge and to his pupils, ruling with a mild yet firm hand, and exercising an almost parental sway over the minds of his young charges. Still the boarding-school was a boarding-school; and the house being crowded, was consequently noisy; while, as in all such miscellaneous assemblages, the large boys tyrannised over the smaller.

Brought up, as I had been, on the lap of indulgent attention, it is needless for me to say, that I was but ill calculated to sustain my own part in

this bustling and heterogeneous assemblage; for all my wants had been supplied as soon as signified—and all my humours had been gratified—and I had reigned in the affections of a whole household almost without a rival, for my sister was still too young to be considered in that light. Here I found myself but one of many, all of whom were contending, by mental or corporeal exertion, for mastery and pre-eminence. When wronged, I had no one to whom I could appeal. Scenes of sombre industry and attention alternated with hours of tumultuous relaxation. From my simple and unsuspicious disposition, I was for some time continually exposed to the dupery of cunning; yet, when pride called upon me to resist, I was too often doomed to find resistance in vain, and obliged to bow down before petty tyranny. Quiet, solitary, and reserved, I was kept in a perpetual fever by the noisy, the mischievous, and the frivolous. In short, I was at once an unwilling actor in a miniature theatre of life—in a drama for which I had no relish; and tiny though its concerns might seem to be, it was at the time as important to all engaged in it as the great one is now, and as pregnant to its performers in chances and changes, in griefs and pleasures, in all that can elevate the heart to gladness, or sink it into despondency. To firmer nerves and more robust frames it might seem otherwise; but to one constituted like me nothing could be worse suited. From being the sole, the engrossing object of parental love, the apple of my mother's eye, the cherished of all visitors, I was thrown loose amid a crowd of uncaring strangers, to be an insignificant portion of a great unit. Hating all noise and contention, my tortures were as of one chained beside the thunder of a cataract.

I was a lover of solitude; a haunter of the green forests; a wanderer by the still waters; and the perpetual bustle around me transformed my existence into a kind of slow fever—a state of misery, which the attentions, nay, even the marked kindness, of our preceptor, though they tended in some measure to alleviate, were never adequate altogether to remove.

With none of the boys at this seminary did I ever form any thing like a cordial friendship; save with one, whose name was Matthew Berkley, the son of

a post-captain. He was two years younger than I; and, notwithstanding my withdrawing manners, he persisted in attaching himself to me, by doing me numberless little kind offices, by consulting me in all his concerns, and calling on me occasionally to assist him in redressing his supposed grievances. He was a slender, graceful-looking boy, with yellow hair, florid complexion, and bright blue eyes. Methinks I see him standing before me still on the green turf, as on that calm, cloudless, delicious summer day, when we reached the margin of the Ouse, for the purpose of bathing together. Poor Berkley was all joy and happiness, from having that morning received a letter from his father, whom he had not seen for two years (his mother was long since dead), of his having arrived at Plymouth, and of his intention of being down at Dr. Singleton's in the course of a fortnight. I envied him the felicity of having a father, and shared in the anticipated gladness of their meeting. Matthew had brought some biscuits in his pocket, and he divided them with me. We were sitting by the water-side, with our waistcoats unbuttoned, cooling ourselves, when we espied several tempting clusters of hazel-nuts on an old tree, overhanging the stream. Immediately we both started up, and Matthew, being lightest, proffered to mount. After having thrown down several clusters, he ascended higher, and trusted his weight on a too slender branch. It broke with him—I saw him caught on some inferior boughs, and hanging, with his feet uppermost, for a second, then plunge into the flood beneath. I raised a wild cry of desperation, and stood for a few moments spell-bound; then rushed into the water, to endeavour saving the life of my friend. His hat was sailing on the surface; but the body of poor Berkley arose no more. I ran about frantic with agony, and, supported by the branches of the trees, floundered beyond my depths; I then mounted aloft, and, tearing off the longest bough I could lay my hand on, groped about with it in the pool, but to no purpose. Amazement, and terror, and confusion, paralysed me. Could it be, that the being who, but a few minutes before, divided his biscuits with me, and whose lesson I had on our way assisted him in conning over, was now gone for ever! Was I

never to behold him more! Were the laughing blue eyes of Matthew Berkley shrouded in an eternal eclipse!

After remaining by the river for nearly an hour in a sort of lethargic stupor, I awoke to a sense of undefinable horror—I had even some feeling as if the guilt of his death rested on my head. Then hurrying home, I rushed into the study of Dr. Singleton, and told him all. Search was instantly made, the body of Matthew Berkley was recovered, but life had been long extinct.

Perhaps few—and it is well—are so constituted as to be able fully to enter into the feelings of my mind which followed this melancholy circumstance. When wandering alone—and I now hated society more than ever—often, methought, did I hear the voice of Matthew Berkley in its joyous playfulness, then awoken from my reverie to the dread consciousness that it was hushed for ever; and often did I awake at midnight from the dream that pictured him in all the kindest looks that he wore in life, to feel that he had perished, and that perhaps his death was occasioned by my negligence.

Matthew Berkley had been a general favourite, and his melancholy end threw a gloom over the whole of our little society; and though I was now more miserable and discontented than ever, to the credit of my schoolfellows let me confess, that the misfortune, to which I was more nearly connected, instead of lessening me in their eyes, seemed to have, in a great measure, broken down the barriers which separated us, and given me an additional claim to their sympathy and regards. But not the less certainly or severely on that account was I the victim of my over-sensibility.

What boots it, however, to relate the accidents and changes that chequered my lot, or the methods I took to break, one by one, the Lilliputian cords of bondage which fastened me to the groundbed of affliction; for, although accounted an apt scholar, and having unconsciously wormed myself into the friendship or esteem of most of my schoolfellows distinguished for talents and worth, still I never enjoyed that daylight of the mind, that buoyancy of spirit, which is glad, it knows not why or wherefore, and revels in the luxury of its own feelings, extracting delight from every thing, as the bee is said

to collect honey, even from poison-flowers. No! nature had moulded me on another construction, and mine was despondency and gloom, instead of that healthiness of soul which triumphs over every care and regret, like sunlight breaking through the morning twilight, and, looking on every object in its most felicitous point of view, sheds, even upon turmoil and tempest, the calm Ausonian serenity of a summer landscape. My mind was a rest-

less thing, never at ease; its surface was like a dark pool, constantly stirred into agitation by the hand of thought. To the present I could not confine myself. I was either reverting to, and mourning over the brilliancies of the past, or conjuring up dark anticipations for the future. Bitter was the cup that destiny had set for my drinking; but at the bottom of it was found a precious unmelted pearl.

CHAPTER II.

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast,
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed.”—HOOD.

Time, which, whether in joy or in sorrow, passes over alike regardlessly, brought scarcely any alleviation to my distresses; for my sufferings were of that internal kind which, in a great measure, originates in peculiarity of constitution, and which outward things can neither entirely calm nor obliterate. Three years had elapsed since I came to reside under the hospitable roof of Dr. Singleton; and now a circumstance occurred which formed a new epoch in my existence.

“Cabin’d, cribb’d, confin’d” in all the aspirations of my spirit, with longings after some good yet unseen and unattained, my existence, during that long period, had glided away in a dreamy pensiveness and a solitary gloom, while I, a romantic visionary, looked forward to the future for a happiness I had not yet tasted, at the too early arisen traveller tarried anxiously in twilight for the dawning of day. My dispositions were now known, and my companions had long ceased to harass me. They knew that I hated participating in their noisy sports; and so I was left in the freedom of my own will with regard to my reading and my rural rambles.

Well do I remember—indeed the picture and the season are as fresh in my recollection as things of yesterday (ah, fresher far! for when yesterday hath for me passed into irrevocable oblivion, the things of that hour will remain unobliterated still);—well do I remember the evening, when, entering the parlour, I beheld a new and beautiful inmate. Anna Singleton was

the only daughter of my preceptor, and had that day returned home from the metropolis, where she had been boarded for several years in the completion of her education.

Surely there is a sympathy in human souls, some undefinable attraction, that links us, as it were by instinct, to spirits of a similar temperament; while between others, whose minds are of jarring elements, a barrier seems to be set up by nature, which no familiarity is capable of overleaping. There are some faces that excite an interest, a friendship at first sight; from others we experience an immediate revulsion. With the thoughts of some our own thoughts blend and amalgamate spontaneously, like kindred elements, whose properties are the same; but from the feelings of others our own are as opposite as oil and water. Circumstances may cause them to be dashed together, but, though seemingly commixed, they never coalesce. The compound soon shews itself a heterogeneous one, and, in the calm that succeeds, they separate into individual entireness.

My mind was, at this very time, in one of its vaguest and most uncomfortable moods. It was restless, unsatisfied, foreboding, and irritable. Existence weighed like a burden on the shoulders; and, though one malicious thought towards a breathing thing never entered my heart, I could have quarrelled with my own shadow following me in the sunshine: Without a recent tangible sorrow over which I might find a melancholy luxury to brood—without one fostered hope to

which my aspirations might cling in the anticipation of happiness, the change was electrical.

This apparent delegate from heaven, sent in mercy to be the soother of my troubled mind, cast her blue eyes upon me. In those eyes dwelt luxurious happiness, chastened by the calm of serener worlds. Never shall I forget the beauty of that countenance, which, while it kindled with the soft music of a voice that, even in its playful cadences, made my heart swell within my breast, awakened me to the sense of a new and more exquisite existence. A hitherto unseen paradise opened its enchantments before me, and I felt that, whatever might be my fate hereafter, the span of being had not been wholly unblest.

Anna Singleton! How the syllables yet thrill like magic through my frame! —Anna Singleton! I dare hardly attempt to describe her, such as she flashed on my sight and soul at this our first interview. If ever there was a seraph who put on for a while the habiliments of mortality, it was she who then stood embodied before me. The glance of her soft blue eyes subdued my soul by a divine magic all their own, and her voice thrilled through me with the power of a music to which I had heard nothing equal. Before that sound care and sorrow were dissipated; yet, while it exalted my soul to rapture, it subdued my heart to the brink of tears. It sounded like an echo from Elysium. I was spell-bound.

I lay down that night, not to sleep, but to dream. When I had extinguished my candle, the full moon flooded my chamber with its silver radiance, and the acacias encircling my windows twinkled through all their multitudinous leaves, as if alive to the luxury of the hour. Earth and heaven were still; it seemed as if peace governed the universe, and the tranquillity of the season and the scene mingled itself with my thoughts, while, ever and anon, the angelic loveliness of the being I had left haunted my thoughts like an illusive angel, too beautiful for a creature of earth, and too pure to be the partner of man. Night glided over sweetly in these paradisaical reveries, and in the calm of morning my thoughts were still with her: as the rainbow hangs over the stream, so brooded my spirit over the treasured remembrance of her loveliness.

During the whole of the succeeding day, my mind was in a state of ferment, ruffled, unsettled, alternately tossed to and fro with gloomy doubts, or elevated by pleasant anticipations. A load of luxurious sorrow oppressed my heart. The bird sings not more imploringly for its absent mate, than watched mine eyes for a glimpse of their sudden idol; and, although already intoxicated with love, I thirsted to drink deeper and deeper of the Circean cup. My passion amounted almost to a superstitious frenzy, and my spirit was haunted by the feeling that she could not be altogether this low earth's denizen. Soon, to my delight, I discovered that her nature, like that of all who are noble, impassioned, high-toned, and generous, had in it a dash of the romantic—in other words, she valued virtue for its own sake, and loathed meanness, whoever was the perpetrator. "Romantic," after all, is perhaps not the word; and perhaps "ideal" is the term more calculated to express my meaning; as I allude only to her imaginative belief in all that thought can conceive of the beautiful, pure, and great, cherished almost against conviction, and amid the debasing thoughts and things of this terrestrial delusion.

Let it not appear paradoxical; even at this very time, though no pleasure beamed in upon me, either from the external world or the light of my own thoughts—though solitude was preferred to the society of my fellow-creatures, and melancholy bowed me to the dust, yet was I an optimist, a steadfast believer not only in ultimate perfection, but in the present fitness of all things. The whole world was tinged with the chivalrous glow of my imagination, and all objects were sublimated by the furnace flame of my passions. As a cloud sailing over the blue expanse, and finding nought but the brilliant and empty air, such had been I, till the image of Anna Singleton satisfied my vacant longings, and filled my whole heart.

My anxiety for acquaintanceship must have appeared obvious to her; for, shunning all others, I sought but her only. In a short time, indeed, living under the same roof as we did, similarity of tastes must have brought us more and more together; but her mind's mirror betrayed not the bedimmed haze of mine. Pure was she

and good, gentle and affectionate, and her magnanimity supported her in the belief that all were as pure and good, as gentle and affectionate, as herself. Could unhappiness spring from such elements? Forbid it, Heaven! Her buoyant young spirit had, as yet, been seldom damped by the presence of care; and she seemed to shake sorrow from her thoughts, as a thing which had no business there, as easily as the swan scatters the water-drops from her plumes. She seemed to breathe an atmosphere of delight; and the grass and wild-flowers, to my eyes, appeared to glory in the pressure of her footsteps. Knowing not her superiority, she banished far from her every idea of self-conceit and affectation. The rose not more luxuriantly beautiful, the lily not more chastely pure, the violet not more withdrawingly unassuming, what must not Anna Singleton have appeared to a wayward heart like mine? She seemed formed by nature, in mind and mould, as the pattern of a perfect woman—as a specimen of how much of divinity might be blended with terrestrial elements. Who was worthy to exchange affections with such a being? Una, Desdemona, and Imogene,—purity, passion, and nature, bleit together to form one paragon! All—utterly unworthy did I feel myself; yet, even in the depth of my self-abasement, did my heart's core burn to receive her, and hallow her image, as an altar before which its passions would bow, and its longings be satisfied for ever!

Years have passed—times and circumstances have changed—and, like the waves of the ocean, joys and sorrows succeeding each other have mingled and melted away—and, like the illusive hues of the rainbow, hopes have beckoned on, only to vanish before the pursuit—and thoughts, the deep, silent, agitating thoughts of the bosom, moulded by casualties, have taken another bias—a larger and more extensive communication with mankind has been opened—faces as beautiful, perhaps, to unprejudiced eyes I may have seen—I may have listened to the music and the melody of tongues which, in other years, sounded as sweetly and as ravishingly to the ears of others as hers did to mine—but nothing which the world, amid all its sights and shows, has presented to me, has been capable of altering the deter-

mined conviction of my mind. Yea, at this moment, when my hand is shrivelled, and my head silvered by a long conflict with Time, I would not give up the remembrance of Anna Singleton, the shadow of a shade, for all the breathing and blooming beauty of earth, the longevity of Methuselah, or the wealth of Cræsus. Ah no!—if there be a season in existence when earth seems heaven—a time when the heart exults in the consciousness of having found at length something capable of satiating all its longings and desires, it is in its expansion to first love—alas! how often to be utterly disappointed.

Being ever a fond contemplatist of nature, perhaps this predilection, more than any particular taste, led me to amuse my leisure hours in the delineation of her charms with the pencil. There was a tangible bond of union betwixt us. Anna Singleton was fond of drawing, in which she was an adept, and she lent me her sketches to copy. Beautiful these sketches were, the offspring of feeling and taste; yet I thought more of the hand that traced the lines before me than of the intrinsic excellence of the performances. Often have I sate on a sunny bank in the garden with her portfolio opened before me, dreaming sweet dreams; and while I gazed over the sheets, did I vision the seraphic form that had bent over them. It was even a sorrow—a task to part with them at night, and, when I awoke in the morning, my first thought was to pull aside the curtains and behold my treasure on the table.

Time glided on in this state of blissful uncertainty, and bright visions floated before me, colouring all the aspects of external nature. In the afternoon, I went out to take sketches of the most beautiful spots around us, and wonder not that I laboured with assiduity and success, when the object of my exertions was to place them before the eyes of Anna Singleton. Sometimes, while sitting, she would come and overlook me. In bending forwards, her ringlets sometimes touched my cheek; our fingers also sometimes casually met. Oh! heavens! I dare not attempt in words to embody my feelings at such moments.

It is in vain to conceal love; and when we think our passion secret as the grave, it is a riddle long before

solved by the penetrating around us. The shrinking delicacy of my natural disposition rendered my passion, however, less easily perceptible to common observers; and, for a considerable time, I believed it "a book sealed" even to Anna Singleton, herself. My ill-concealed agitations — my embarrassed absence of mind — my half-stifled breathings — my stolen and sometimes detected glances, could not, however, be long misunderstood. I perceived that she began to watch my motions narrowly, and that, when our eyes met, her's were not withdrawn more hurriedly or more confusedly than mine. I perceived, for love is lynx-eyed, that she was partial to my company; or, at all events, that my presence was not disagreeable. I perceived — oh! thrice happy the youth in my situation who beholds the heaven of his longing opening on his mind — I perceived that her interest in me daily increased — that our hearts were drawing nearer and nearer together — that, in short, our love was mutual.

Long, however, was this consciousness of reciprocal affection allowed to remain without a tongue — a secret unrevealed and silent — a sharp sword hid in the scabbard — a lightning flash pent in the cloud. But we were happy, thrice happy in the intensity of

our mutual feelings; and being blest in the company of each other, a thousand trifling pretexts served to bring us a thousand times together.

Months passed over in this deep and delicious consciousness of reciprocal love, without the smallest approach to a declaration, so subdued were our young hearts by the ecstasy and by the delicacy of our situation. When I looked in the eyes of Anna Singleton, so bright and so withdrawing, so affectionate and yet so coy, my delighted spirit told me that I could not be mistaken. Yet at times a dash of gloomy uncertainty overclouded my prospects, and for a while I could deem myself the dupe of my own enthusiastic passions: but with brighter circumstances my buoyant hopes revived within me, and the very idea of uncertainty on such a theme was in itself a painfully rapturous feeling.

The desert of existence has its oases — its few sunny verdant spots, with their green trees and welling waters; and the autumnal afternoon that witnessed the disclosure of a passion so long silently treasured up was one of these. As my hand writes, how thrillingly the past awakens; even yet I see the mighty sun setting in glory behind the hills, and listen to the blackbirds, singing from the old grove.

CHAPTER III.

'She wept with pity and delight,—
She blushed with love and maiden shame,—
And like the murmurs of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.'—COLERIDGE.

As the afternoon was melting into evening, I was indulging in my usual saunter along the banks of the Ouse, which, in our neighbourhood, were beautifully wooded to the margin of the water. The landscape around us was such as a Cowper must have admired, and a Claude would have loved to paint; but from gazing on the shrubs and wild-flowers, the leaping trouts, and the bright-plumaged birds, I was at length attracted by dense, gigantic masses of cloud floating suddenly towards the west, and lighted up into a thousand varieties of tint, by the vividly darting rays of the setting sun. The air, which but a little before was still and sultry, was suddenly stirred into fierce agitation. The trees were

pent back, the ripple of the stream curled into waves, and a few heavy rain-drops fell in the interval of the renewing gusts. The song of the birds ceased, and though light was yet abundant, the clouds had gone down over the sun's disc, leaving the landscape in sombre obscurity. A thunder-storm was brooding over the earth, the elements of the tempest congregated in murkier and murkier folds, and a sudden lightning flash, vivid and angry, compelled me to look about for the nearest shelter.

Not far distant there was a turf-seat in a bower of closely-twisted hawthorns, whose gnarled branches I had myself taken delight to trim into beauty; and although I might have

every thing seemed in conspiracy to add to my melancholy gloom. The ripe rustling corn had been cut down and carried to the farm-yard; and yellow, withering leaves, whirling through the abandoned fields, spoke prophetically of decay. The skies had put on the solemnity of earth; and frequent showers fell from the heavy clouds. Here and there, as I beat up against the winds in my lonely rambles, might be seen the sportsman, prowling over the sterile wastes with his gun and dog; while ever and anon the piping

note of the widowed partridge mingled with the sighing breezes.

What added to the poignancy of my feelings was the delicate state of health into which Anna Singleton appeared falling, and the thoughts of my being constrained to leave her in that state. What availed my complaints? Often was this question put to my conscious heart; no alternative remained; and yielding to the destiny over which I had no control, I gazed steadfastly on the star of wormwood which was to preside over my after fate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE AND THE SEASONS.

BEAUTY in the flow'r and tree,
Beauty o'er the hill and lea,
Fragrant breezes, freshful showers,
Smiling sky and budding bowers.
Laugh we now and jocund play,
Love is born—make holyday.

Joys the earth in fruitful teeming,
Smileth Love with manhood beaming;
Summer, Nature's matron bride,
Greeteth Love in lusty pride.
Laugh we yet, and jocund play,
Love attaineth manhood's day.

Autumn comes! All hail to thee,
Love, of doubtful augury!
Varied now thy mixed career,
Mimicking the varied year—
Now of Spring a gentle gleam—
Now the flash of Summer beam—
Now anticipation's pains
Shade thy brow, and Winter reigns—
Now again thy dubious mind
Feels emotion undefined:—
Shall we smile or weep for thee,
Love, of doubtful augury?

Winter comes with chilling face—
(Who withstands his cold embrace?)—
Gone is youth and youthful glee,
Fled is manhood's bravery;
Gone is e'en the fitful feeling
O'er the heart of Autumn stealing.
Laugh no more, and cease to play,
Love is dead! Ah, well-a-day!

H. F

AN EXPOSTULATION WITH THE LAW OF DIVORCE.

THE proceedings on the Ellenborough Divorce Bill are abominable in their detail; but the subject is full of interest, as exposing one of the most inexcusable and gross departures from common sense that ever disgraced a code of justice.

We all know from history, and many of us daily experience, the consequences of the usurpations of the legal courts of the Church in all matters likely to be productive of increase of its power or of its worldly comforts. During the reign of priestcraft and intolerance, lordly knights, yeomen, and peasantry, were no better than helots. Thank Heaven! we are at length, in most important points, free from such disgraceful slavery; but still, to our utter and everlasting shame, we allow the old, absurd, insufferably pernicious dogma of the church to interfere in one matter, where, of all others, we should listen to nothing but plain, homely, honest, good sense. We mean in the trifle of marriage.

We do not intend to dispute that a great many of the regulations relative to the parties by whom, and the means by which, marriage may be constituted, are well enough: it would be dealing too harshly and uncharitably with those worthies who established the procedure of canonical law in England, to deny that, in some slender particulars, they stumbled on the right; but as to their views and doctrines relative to what they called "the sacrament of wedlock," nothing could be more nefarious and unjust. These daily produce misery, crime, wretchedness, and disgrace; yet, the only comfort we have is, being told that it is all *pro salute anime!*

It is very plain that the canonists did not consider that joining the hands of a loving couple would necessarily be followed with uninterrupted sunshine; and this melancholy fact is brought home to the mind of every person, in the very act of committing matrimony, by the ominous words "for better and for worse:" yet, singular it is, that the ecclesiastical courts, aware of the imperfections of human nature, provide no satisfactory remedy, should the union prove disastrous and

unhappy. The instant the smiling pair leave the church, and the blushing bride hangs on the arm of her simpering swain, they become one with such intensity, that you might as well try to hew adamant with a straw as effect a separation. They are dovetailed into an unfrangible integer—Siamesed by a cord which defies the knife of the most skilful surgeon that ever shred limbs in an hospital.

No doubt, there is relief given in certain cases where, from previous impediments, there never should have been a marriage at all; but no true solace remains for the unhappy pair with whom the "worse" predominates over the "better." No excess of termagant temper—no abomination of life or conversation—give the innocent party ground for procuring effective relief. The husband who finds that he has wedded a very devil incarnate, must still be contented to continue her spouse. "This is," say the canonists, "*pro salute anime!*" It may be so; but only by the same process of reasoning that led the kitchen wench to believe that she was gratifying the eels by skinning them, and to exclaim, "Down, wantons, down!" when she was incommoded by their mirthful evolutions. We repeat, that the existing law of the land is, that if a man marry a fair deceiver, and she becomes a drunkard, common as the wind, a shrew, and a monster of depravity, the unbending maxim of the learned blockheads who have entailed on us the curse of their legislating talents, dooms the unfortunate husband to continue the society of this precious daughter of Eve, or live in unholy singleness. Such is the law of Great Britain—a country arrogating to itself the character of being the patron of liberalism and the advocate of unlimited improvement in all sub-lunary systems. Ours is the abode, we are told, of wise men—the soil where legislators spring up like mushrooms; and yet we allow this atrocity to exist! The schoolmaster is said to be abroad. He might profitably employ his time in flogging right and left through every cranny of Doctors' Commons.

But we shall be informed that there is a remedy ;—that, although we cannot be relieved from the very bond or chain of wedlock, yet, on good cause shewn, a separation will be granted from bed and board. If a wife becomes incurably addicted to pale sherry, and runs off with the butler, then the husband will not be obliged, when she thinks proper to return, to eat a cornuto dinner with his frail spouse, nor share her detestable couch. Truly, a great boon ! Most men would think that alternative to be in their power, whether law interfered or not.

But, again we shall be caught up by the petty tyros, who see nothing but wisdom in existing institutions, though supported by error and bottomed on stupidity, and be told, that, although veneration for our canonical fathers prevents a divorce *à vinculo*, being granted, and only permits a separation *à mensâ et thoro*, the aggrieved party can go to Parliament—(we have printed the word in black letter, out of respect)—a blessed relief, to be sure !—and so my Lord Ellenborough has found. We shall suppose it to be quite true that a foreign prince did lace, as he had previously, it is to be presumed, unlaced, her ladyship's stays ; and that his lordship, having obtained a great name for erudition, law, science, and legislation, was anxious to have offspring, in whom the father's image might again live ; and as he disliked that the lady of the corsets should have any concern with the new creation, he looked about where to find a sweet, amiable, fecund girl, to be the mother of a family likely to emulate their parents in sense and beauty. He, however, applies to Parliament to free him of the toils which still entangle him. And how must he proceed ? First, he must prove his shame to the entire satisfaction of the Ecclesiastical Court. (There is nothing too curious for a doctor of laws, nor too minute for a proctor.) Then, in all form, he discloses the same agreeable facts—relieves “ the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart ”—to a grinning jury, and to the infinite amusement and edification of the shoals of mingw chancellors who infest the Inns of court, and scrupulously attend divorce cases, to improve their law and morals. Then the witnesses, warming with the repetition of the subject, are ushered

into the House of Lords ; and there, in slow and audible voice, that the Aristocracy may not lose a word, reutter the execrable detail. What has, perhaps, been dull and common-place, receives raciness and flavour from the pleasing cross-interrogatories of the noble lords ; and, after all this trituration, the whole mess of shame and wretchedness may be carried into St. Stephen's, and there dished up into a savoury pottage, enriched with the sweet herbs which the priests of that chapel cast in, to give a crowning glory to the “ tittle of the whole ! ” Would any man purchase freedom from matrimonial shackles, though the fetters were encrusted with pollution, at such a price ? Who could endure the daily, weekly, and monthly vomitings by the press of the most minute private habits,—to have the moments of unsuspecting confidence betrayed—those hours divulged, when, full of love and happiness, the husband cast the world aside, and thought only of the soothing delights of reciprocal affection ? Nay, who could bear that (whatever may be her faults) the woman whom he prized, and believed he had reason to adore, should be the subject of vulgar merriment to every fetid varlet who quenches his grovelling soul in tobacco and porter, or knew the abject contempt with which was now treated the infatuated wretch who had sought in pollution for the joys that only purity can give.

But, according to our sane system of law, not only may the unfortunate husband or wife be exposed to this fearful gantlet, but, by an additional exercise of wisdom, the price at which this unenviable remedy can be procured, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would utterly impoverish him. No doubt the rich and affluent can thus bring repose to their disturbed bosoms, and peace to their firesides ; and after they have forgotten the ignominy with which their name has been worked up, may enjoy something like serenity. But what are men to do who have no fortune, no estate, no place, post, or pension ? Their feelings are as acute as the feelings of the great—perhaps more so—for the heart has not been deadened by the cold artificial rules of high-life education ; nor have they been taught to regard vice as only vicious if disclosed. Well, we again ask, what is a poor man to do ? The

wife of a honest yeoman, with a hundred or two a year, takes a fancy to the squire, or the squire's barber, and, in the frenzy of her passion, deserts her home and flies to her paramour. The husband's heart is wrung with agony. The only cure the injury can receive is an utter and absolute separation from the faithless object of his former esteem. To tell him that he can devour his meals in solitude, and lie diagonally in his bed, is very sorry comfort. But it is worse when you console him with the good tidings that he can go to Parliament, and obtain a bill of divorce. "Alas!" he answers, "I have no money." "What! no money?" replies the attorney, "Good day." "No money!" observe the gentlemen of the long robe, "Good morning." "No money!" repeat the officials in the Houses of Parliament. "Get out of the way you impertinent scoundrel. Have you come here with an empty purse? Get home, sir; take back your wife—forget and forgive. She is not much the worse of the barber, we don't think."

So that, out of the millions of inhabitants of this fair and flourishing country, there is scarcely—when compared with the whole—a perceptible fractional part which can purchase the only redress that our system of legislation affords for the most cruel injury which mortality can suffer. Mr. Peel, can you cure this defect? The bitter mournings of one shivered heart, whose owner's poverty leaves no means of rending asunder the cursed union with impurity and licentiousness, are more intolerable than all the evils which your loppings and trenchings of the criminal law have eradicated. Become the physician here, and you will have indeed a claim to the lasting blessings of the people. And thus may you, arrant turncoat as you are in politics, do a great good in reparation for that Mighty Mischief, the commission of which is still to you a matter of chuckle and boast.

But what is infinitely more vexatious, —we, honest, independent, haughty (we are proud of the epithet) Englishmen, when we look to the poverty-struck, sandy-headed, unlicked, inhabitants of the north, we find, to our utter shame and discomfiture, that they have avoided this grievous blunder—have adopted a wise, effective, econo-

mical system, which preserves the peace of families—protects the bed of virtue—gives redress to the injured—and yet dislocates no salutary rule of society.

If a Scotch lady be unfortunate enough to have a Turk of a partner, she institutes before the consistorial court of her country a simple suit called a summons of divorce. In a few pages she states when she was married, and to whom; that, although by the law of God, as well as by the mutual vows and faith plighted to each other on entering into marriage, the parties were reciprocally bound to a strict adherence to each other; yet true it is, and of verity, that casting off the fear of God, and disregarding his said matrimonial vows and engagements, whereby he stood bound to preserve the marriage bed inviolate, the said Turk has for a considerable time past, &c., and then follows the charge of unlacing stays, and so forth—and concluding, that the fair complainant should be divorced—discharged from his society, fellowship, and company, in all time coming—and that she should be entitled to marry any free man, as if she had never been married to the said Turk, or as if he were naturally dead. Thereafter she appears, and, by a peculiarly solemn oath, swears that the suit is not collusive, and that she verily believes the truth of the charge—a proof is led, with all decent privacy, compatible with the forms of justice; and if the facts warrant the conclusion, a divorce is decreed—an out-and-outer, as Cribb would say.

No doubt this procedure, like all legal steps, may, in very extreme cases, be rendered tedious and expensive by the procrastination and obstinacy of a defender interested in preserving the union; but that is a risk to which all mortal institutions of the kind are exposed. Taking the general run of cases, the outlay is a trifle, and the redress is ample; and what is as valuable, it is equally open to the poor and rich. The Scotch nobleman or wealthy landowner, the burgess, the ploughman, the very beggar (by the humane provision of the poor's roll), can free their home from its meretricious mistress. Nay, more, the proceedings are not blazoned forth to titillate the diseased taste of the

public. A modest woman is not put to the blush when she lifts up the newspaper of the day, nor are the old maids of the metropolis gratified with peeps into those visions which their unhappy celibacy has made to them a sealed book—all is conducted with quiet and propriety—no heart is torn, and no feelings are insulted.

No doubt when this felicitous example of the northern barbarians is mentioned, there is an instant outcry of the horrid inlet this would afford to collusive divorces. "Why," say the grave blockheads who defend all defenceless points, "there would not be a glutton whose soup had been overpeppered by his wife but would give an instant opportunity of securing mutual freedom. The lawyers would run riot; every old gouty citizen would be ogling the country chambermaid, and unblushingly courting a divorce." But no such consequence has occurred in Scotland. There may have been occasions where parties, very well pleased from other circumstances to be separated, have willingly afforded grounds for the court to proceed upon. But no real injury has been done to the ties by which society is held together. An eloquent writer* says (we quote from memory), "Since separations *à mensâ et thoro* for adultery (which once were known in Scotland) fell into total disuse, and divorce *à vinculo* was introduced, the conjugal relation has stood infinitely more sacred and secure: while, since it was competent and open to persons so injured, in whatever rank of society they might be, to obtain divorce *à vinculo*, the number of actions, in proportion to the number of the population, has continued the same."

Fie upon it, John Bull! can you permit your bare-legged, barbarian neighbours to beat you in the matter nearest and dearest to every honest man's heart? But we shall cease gibing and jeering, and offer to our countrymen the only solace in our power. Be it known, then, that, if you are unfortunate enough to require such a remedy, you have only to proceed to Scotland by a steamer—(by the by, you can get to that fearful country in a smack for two guineas)—acquire a domicile, raise a suit of divorce, prove the delinquency,

and be utterly freed—i. e. in Scotland—for, no doubt, in England you will be frowned mightily upon by the twelve judges; and if you marry again south of the Tweed, you will have the chance of promotion to Botany Bay without personal expense. But still you are a liberated man in one end of the island; and if you can be contented to vegetate in Scotland, you may wed some healthful lovely daughter of the mountains, in her society pass the rest of your days in happiness and tranquillity, and laugh at the courts of Westminster, Old Bailey, or others.

John, we recommend you to try this expedient. If you but once saw the glancing blue eyes and taper limbs which met our gaze, when wandering with our friend Hogg over the soft sward of the Cheviots, and along the margins of the glassy lakes, which lie like gems in the green hollows, you would not endure for a moment your English abomination of *mensâ et thoro*. For ourselves, we almost wish that we were married and our wives unfaithful, that we might but for once essay this delicious experiment.

Think, John, an instant for yourself. Where is the rational fear of all the frightful evils which babbling idiots have predicted on this subject? Husband and wife are connected by too many indescribable ties, both of affection and convenience, to permit the relation of marriage to be broken on any trivial quarrel or disagreement. Possibly there may be incongruity of disposition, unevenness of temper, and dissimilarity of habits; but are there many couples, in whose house really considerable discord reigns, who, if asked in a moment of coolness whether they chose to be utterly parted, would be prepared to fly to the extreme remedy? There are such things as marriage settlements; and the goods of this life are not always to be sacrificed to the gnawings of irritation, or even the purchase of a little tranquillity. Habits of society, even when the parties are not enjoying perfect serenity or domestic felicity, go far to operate as a dead weight and check on the velocity of this supposed divorce steam-engine. There are the considerations of the interests and future fortune of your family—the intense love of pa-

* Ferguson's Reports of Consistorial Cases.

rents for their children. But are such holy affections to fly before the momentary ebullition of bad temper, or the aches of a restless night, or the misery of an over-eaten, ill-digested dinner? Human nature may be bad enough, but she would have good ground for an *ex officio* against old Scarlett himself, if he ventured to lay such a charge to her account.

It has been observed, that the due meditation upon ten paces and hair triggers keeps many a tall bully peaceful as the new-dropped lamb. We would almost think that the same contemplation of consequences would, in the matter before us, operate beneficially; and that, instead of easy divorcing increasing the dissolution of the matrimonial tie, it would banish half the idle spleen which poisons domestic peace. If the wife—in her heart honouring her husband, and devoted to her children,—knew that the first set of china she kicked to the devil, because her husband would not agree that Blasis sung better than Malibran, or any other tweedledum than any other tweedledee, would be the certain prelude to everlasting separation; and if the husband—also, in his soul, proud of his wife, and perhaps not unsolicitous as to certain lands, tenements, and hereditaments, &c., and hopes from a city uncle,—felt assured that, the moment he buried the poker in the fire, kicked Pompey, and called the lady's maid a slut, no better than her mistress, and stalked off to dine at the Athenæum, there would be effective measures adopted in Doctors' Commons,—an instant command of temper would be exercised—the wife would draw in her tiny foot and look persuasive—while the husband, patting his spouse on her cheek, would propose an airing in the Park, stopping, by the way, at Howell and James's.

And even if some sour, harsh, disagreeable, discordant, unsuited, unhappy wretched couples did take advantage, somewhat collusively, of the law, would that shake morals to the foundation? or would thereby a blot be placed on our judicial polity? Would the church sink, because a few poor creatures had greedily sought the means of ceasing to live the life of a tom-cat buckled to a she-bear?

We cannot venture to trust ourselves further with this subject—at any rate, until we receive some further information as to the state of the feelings of those unfortunate individuals who have been obliged recently to seek for common justice, at the expense of revealing all that a man and a gentleman would be desirous of preserving secret.

To conclude: the case is simple. Let adultery and maltreatment be declared good grounds, when proved, for a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*; and the question cannot be confined to a court appropriated to such investigations, let it, like other matters of fact, come before a jury. Their verdict will decide. The injured will be redressed, as far as human means can, in such matters, administer relief—the least possible offence will be given to the feelings of the party, whose sufficient misery it is, that he must complain and state his grievances in a court—and (for even the wretch whose misguided affections have caused the ruin of her own honour and the honour of her family is still an object of pity) the poor, betrayed, deserted woman, who has left a fond husband, abandoned the heart-seeking embraces of her prattling infants, sacrificed her good name, brought shame to her mother's cheek, and burning tears to her father's eyes, while she reaps the reward of her folly, will, at least, be spared from over and over exhibiting to the vulgar gaze the humiliating spectacle which, of late times, we have seen the fairest and loveliest of God's creatures presenting to the world.

We have merely further to observe, that we shall be glad, when Mr. Peel finds time to turn his attention to this matter, to give him some hints on the subject—we might have said "*valuable hints*;" but, whatever may be our failings, at least vanity is not in the category. We, certainly, consider our Magazine superior to any other existing, but, Heaven bless us! is that arrogating any unreasonable merit? Would you blame even a water-newt, escaping from a stagnant puddle, if the animal swelled with complacency, on instituting a comparison between its own symmetry and the chuckle-headed tadpoles whose society it had just relinquished?

SPECIMENS OF A TRANSLATION INTO LATIN OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

[Some years ago it was proposed, at a very pleasant party near the banks of the Thames,—it is not necessary to say who composed it, but those who can decipher what is meant by the initials T. E. H., I. S., J. W. C., will allow that it comprised some of the most witty and agreeable people in London,—to write a variorum commentary, in the manner of Malone's "Shakespeare," on the "Beggar's Opera." One critic was to perform the part of Warburton, another of Johnson, a third of Farmer, and so on. Part of the jest was to consist in proving that Gay imitated the ancient classics very palpably;—something of the kind is often done by the Shakespearian commentators, (see note on "the sea of troubles," in Hamlet, and a thousand other places;) and as it would be rather difficult to find Augustan authorities for the songs of the "Beggar's Opera," I was engaged to make them. The four following scraps of doggrel Latin were part of these originals. Nothing further was done towards completing the commentary.—M.]

I.

PEACHUM.

THROUGH all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;
All professions be-rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

II.

FILCH.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat: when most she is kind, [hearts.
She tricks us of our money, with our
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey, [charms;
And practise every fraud to bribe her
Forsuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

III.

MRS. PEACHUM.

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd:
By keeping men off, you keep them on.

POLLY.

But he so teased me,
And he so pleased me,
What I did you must have done.

IV.

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?

POLLY.

Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!

CAPTAIN MACHEATH.

O pretty, pretty Poll!

I.

PEACHUMIUS.

Vitæ cuncta negotia per,
Homo hominem semper infamat,
Fur et scortum sunt uxor et vir,
Ars artem lacescere amat.
Flamen hostis caudici fit,
Causidicus flaminem lædit,
Et senator, excelsus quod sit,
Probum æquè ac me sese credit.

II.

FILCHIUS.

Corruptit viros femina illos, hos—
Artes fallendi mulier prima docet;
En! oculi fraudant! blandula cum nos
Aspicit, cordi et crumenæ nocet.
Hanc propter noctu rapimus lupi ceu,
Hanc propter omnis fraus et scelus fit;
Venus ut Themis est venalis, heu!
Nunquam ni empta intra brachia it.

III.

DOMINA PEACHUMIA.

Nisi jocos dedisses et oscula nil—
Pelle viros, et, Polla, redibunt ad nos.

POLLA PEACHUMIA.

Sed sic sollicitavit,
Et sic basiavit,
Quod feci, O matres! fecissetis et vos.

IV.

MACHEATHIUS CENTURIO.

Pulchra Polla, dic,
Cum non essem hic,
An mansisti sic
Fidelis—an mutasti?

POLLA PEACHUMIA.

Nil celem te,
Acies hæ
Suspiriaque
Respondeant quod rogasti.
Amplectere mi sol.

MACHEATHIUS CENTURIO.

O pulchra, pulchra Poll'!

THE MAGYARS *versus* DR. BOWRING.

DR. BOWRING's volume was subject of critical consideration in our second Number; and we then took occasion to bear testimony to the talents and great industry of the worthy Doctor, as a translator generally. This testimony we are not now disposed to retract; but, with reference to the particular case of Magyar poetry, we find ourselves compelled to say, that Dr. Bowring is not deserving the praise which we, and others, following our example, have bestowed. It is painful to us, who were the most zealous in eulogising and extracting from this volume, now to assume a severer aspect, and to

“Take what kings call an imposing attitude;”

which, however, we do, and with perfect consistency. In our former review of the work, we considered the versification and imagery of the poetry, published by Dr. Bowring. We pretended to no acquaintance with the original language; for we possessed none,—and a distinguishing feature of our pages is the absence of all unfounded pretension. We thought well of Dr. Bowring's performance, in as far as we, or any man *then* in England, could be competent to form a judgment of it. We took the Doctor's word for his fidelity, though, to say truth, we have always suspected that a shrewd fellow like himself might possibly be nineteenth-centurizing us, with this same knack of translating from all the tongues of Babel. Our suspicion was well founded as regards the Magyar poetry; but we are happy to say that the Doctor's occupation's gone! With pride and gratification we announce, that, by extraordinary good fortune, we have associated to ourselves a gentleman of unbounded erudition and the purest literary taste, who, having spent twenty of the best years of his life among the Magyars, is every way competent to the task of pointing out and supplying the deficiencies in Dr. Bowring's book. Before, however, we proceed to give some of the best pieces, untranslated by Dr. Bowring, we must say a few words on one of his biographical notices. We allude to that of *Csokonai*. After some sentences of

nothingness, the critical biographer thus concludes:—

“His (*Csokonai*'s) history is a melancholy one of flightiness and folly. He lived, as his epitaph says,—somewhat slanderously for his art,—*poeta mure*. After his disappointment (in love), he became indifferent to opinion, and produced a series of profligate writings, whose highest privilege will be oblivio!”

Now, would it be believed that the poet, thus held up to the moral abhorrence of English readers, was a man of the keenest sensibilities, and wrought to frenzy by the pangs of unrequited love? True, Dr. Bowring mentions this love; but merely says, that “the lady refused her hand, and that he, in his gloom, abandoned his professorship.” He makes no allusion to the beauty, caprice, and coquetry of the lady,—says nothing of the devoted and enthusiastic passion of the poet,—is silent on the subject of that mental agony and distracting grief which brought *Csokonai* to an early grave, and which, if they do not justify, may surely, to a liberal mind, in some degree palliate the errors and occasional excesses of his later years. Was Dr. Bowring aware of these circumstances? If so, what shall we say of his silence? Was he ignorant of them? Then what must we think of his daring to denounce a man, of whose real history he had taken no pains to inform himself? What would be thought of a Magyar scholar, who, posting through Scotland, and meeting with some bilious blockheads of the quill, and some inheritors of asses' ears,

“Tenth transmitters of a foolish face,”

soul-less “bodies” of high degree, should take from them his estimate of the moral and intellectual character of Burns? Sadly is it true, that, in the history of the Scottish bard, there is much for the moralist to lament, but nothing which the liberal mind and generous heart cannot reconcile with

“The faults that daring genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows.”

One of the purest moralists, and the most philosophical poet of our day, has well considered the character of

Burns; and he thus concludes his address to the sons of the bard:—

“Let no mean hope your souls enslave,
Be independent, generous, brave;
Your father such example gave,
And such revere;
But be admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!”

thus admitting for him all the manly qualities; yet, with impressive mildness, alluding to errors which none will attempt to justify, and which the poet himself, were he living, would scorn to end. Now, we cannot, for the life of us, conceive what there is in the history of Csokonai to call for a different style of remark from that just described, unless, indeed, it be his not having possessed, as Burns undoubtedly did, the woman whom he loved. And then the epitaph! We must defend the epitaph from the charge of slander, brought against it by Dr. Bowring. It says, that Csokonai lived *poeta more*. Abundant examples might be adduced to prove that he has been equalled in his style of living by many who had not such well-founded cause for their extravagant excitement. If he sought solace—where assuredly it is not to be found—in plenary potations, there is nothing violently opposed to the *poeta more* in this. As regards the immorality of his later writings, they of course cannot lay claim to the ethical worth of Little's *Lyrics* or Byron's *Juan*; but neither are they of a character to call for the condemnatory sneers of Dr. Bowring. In support of this assertion, we give one of these later pieces:—

TE PIKKE MEGGE.
Hogy, wogy, Pogy!
Xupumxé trtzááá bnikttn; 3;
Pogy, wogy hogy!
Bsdnro plgvbz cttntstn;
Wogy hogy Pogy!
Mlészr vbquógp fvikttn.

THE PIOUS MAIDEN.
Holy little Polly!
Love sought me, but I trick'd him;
Polly, little holy!
You thought of me, “I've nick'd him!”
Little holy Polly!
I'm not to be your victim.

Surely, here is nothing very preposterous, or likely to frighten an LL.D. from his propriety. To us, it seems a piece most innocently playful, and worthy of translation. Dr. Bowring,

it appears, thought otherwise. He may be right; but what will be said of his having omitted the following beautiful stanzas?—

Azrtv! Azrtv! negptq qpm,
Mltdn dsgr lffz;
Azrtv! Azrtv! ptqds qpm,
Qqfp ctttbg wffz!
Gbgv vzfty ltxgg ndvy,
Tvzy qftbzx,mcnx,
Cmddg yyyu mpn gdvy,—
Legx bdqv lacz vgnx!
Azrtv! Azrtv! mgptq qpm,
Lqtg vmdfb vggz;
Azrtv! Azrtv! bzfrz tpm,
Lggg bmz trsggz!

Now, we ask Dr. Bowring why he did not translate this, instead of the stuff about the Strawberry? What can be more beautiful than the tender reproach, contained in the last two lines—

Azrtv! Azrtv! bzfrz tpm,
Lggg bmz trsggz?

Never, we venture to affirm, was the pure and unalterable devotedness of a deserted maiden, more touchingly and delicately expressed. Yet this is one of those later writings, so sweepingly condemned by Dr. Bowring as profligate, and entitled to the privilege of oblivion. Really, it is too bad, that a man should hurry through a country, and, upon the knowledge, necessarily superficial, thus obtained, concerning the personal and literary history of the poets in such country, construct his theory of reprobation or extolment, which theory, be it remembered, we islanders are called upon to believe.

In the remaining biographical notices by Dr. Bowring, there is nothing to condemn, and very little to commend. However, we most heartily concur in his remark, that Dugonics, who died in 1818, was “a man of fine presence and ready wit.” Egad! you're right enough there, Doctor—Dugonics was, indeed, a wit. But why have you omitted to mention the most important incident in his life? We allude to his visiting London. Well, 'tis no matter, since we can supply this and all other deficiencies, in a manner most satisfactory. Dugonics came over to London with a jovial intention of enjoying himself—an intention, which he fulfilled in a masterly style. His knowledge of the English language was considerable; so much so, that he punned and versi-

fied with great facility and elegance, as we shall presently have occasion to shew. But we must first say a word on his intimacy with the late Michael Kelly, since, out of it arose one of the most remarkable among his shorter productions. Mich. Kelly, as is well known, was closely connected with Mrs. Crouch, her husband having been, as Mich. says in his *Reminiscences*, unable to appreciate that lovely woman. At the delightful *soirées* given by Kelly and Crouch, Dugonics was a constant guest, and contributed not a little to the general hilarity. Every thing went on very pleasantly, till Dugonics became to Mich. Kelly a "necessary evil," as Mrs. Crouch used to call him. The fact is, these two fellows grew so desperately fond of hob-nobbing over whisky-punch, that poor dear Mrs. C. found herself comparatively neglected, and her indignation kindled against Dugonics with a fury, which found vent on the following occasion. It happened that a most respectable and utterly stupid gentleman, in defiance of destiny and his better angel, had written an ode to Mrs. Crouch, addressing that fair frail one by the name "Euphrosyne." A presentation copy was duly forwarded to the siren, and it formed the subject of much facetious criticism to the two friends, Kelly and Dugonics. Our readers have, in all human probability, escaped this ode, and we have no design of inflicting it on them here. Some extracts, however, are necessary, to shew that Dugonics was not unjustifiably severe in the quizzical remarks, which were made the pretext for the furious ebullition of Mrs. Crouch. The braying of the animal soundeth thus :—

"Euphrosyne!—with sudden bound
The magic sound
My conscious soul excites ;
Like some stray kidling, whom the de-
vious sweets
Of distant herb had severed from the
flock,
If chance sweet sound of shepherd's reed
Salute his ear,
Light skipping o'er the *fleeting* field he
bounds,
Nor once remits his wild career,
Till, rushing on his *glowing* mind,
In all their *greeny* grace arrayed
Of laughing meads and mazy rills,
His darling haunts he gains."

The *glowing* mind of this kidling is

the most impressive subject which could be offered to a wise man's contemplation. The poet proceeds :—

"I see! I see th' enchanting fair!
Robed in all her lovely state,
From my *fancy's faithful* seat;
Mid the gay tumult of my soul,
I see the smiling image rise!
Her sweetly-gliding path,
Where'er the goddess bends,
In *purple lustre swim the sequious* loves.
But fraught, ah me! with amorous woe,
From their shoulders' *plumy* pride
Depend their quivers glancing sheen.
And see! the silver bow they bend,
And swift, in *rosy smiles involv'd*,
The *pointed lightnings fly*!
Ah me! my flaming heart they pierce—
I die! I die! I die!"

When this great man thus expires, Mrs. Crouch is supposed to be making her appearance on the stage, in the character of Euphrosyne. The dear departed noodle returns to life at the sound of the lady's song, which he calls

"A *mazy flood of modulated flame*."

This song plays the deuce with the poor poet, and his frantic passion is poured forth as follows :—

"O thou! by whose imperious charms
Their paly rays obscured,
The heavenly group of British beauties
pine!
Fair Circe of the scenic plain! I come
A voluntary slave;—
The soul-enchanting draught I crave,
And court the blissful bane.
On me, on me the potent spell employ!
O lap my captive soul in silken folds
Of that *dedalian labyrinth of song*!
O bind me with the rosy link
Of love-entwined charms!
Swelling bosom's magic play,
Of polish'd arm the tapering sway,
Fairy wave of witching waist;
And with the graceful gesture join
The furtive force of *sidelong ray*
And robber-glance that bears the soul away!
And, O! withal, the *dimply* magic twine
That plays delightful round that mouth
divine!"

Enough, enough,—the *soul-invading*
blaze
My *beauty-dazzled* sense can bear no
more!

O guide me giddy to the bower of bliss!
There, on downy lap reclin'd,
O grant me such a kiss
As guardian angels give,
When, near celestial bounds,
The soaring saint they greet,
And, smiling, lead him to the blissful
seat!"

The sensual rogue now becomes an unbeliever, exclaiming,

“ Vain tale of future joy !

Let air-fed bigots hug the meagre hope.

To me, O better fate ! be given

That certain bliss, that richer heaven,

That little Paradise of love

Which on that heaving bosom blooms !

There, mid the lilies of delight

That wave in breeze of fond desire,

O let me press the panting joy !

O let me prove the draught divine !

Fill, fair Enchantress ! fill the magic bowl

Till the foaming bliss run o'er !

O let me quaff the lovely folly !

O let me lave in frenzy fond

The love-parch'd longing of my soul !

Wisdom ! I bid thy weary way farewell,

And leave to fools thy frigid lore.

February 1788.

The placing the two last lines at the end of the ode is an instance of absurd transposition. These lines are manifestly an introductory flourish on the bard's harp-strings, and their proper place is, therefore, at the head of the ode. Now, we think that there can be no doubt as to the general merits of this composition : it is perfect in its kind ;—bombast can go no farther. Mrs. Crouch, however, actuated by that benevolence which induces the fair to look kindly on any production, however absurd, so they be extravagantly praised in it,—Mrs. Crouch took it into her little head to be violent in her admiration of thisrodomontade. Dugonics and Mich. Kelly, on the other hand, thought it rare trash—an opinion which Mich. took no pains to keep to himself, though his friend was too well-bred to utter it in the presence of the lady ; but, being suddenly appealed to by Mrs. Crouch in a small party, when Kelly was rallying his fair one without mercy, Dugonics, who had his noddle full of vinous fancies, was taken off his guard, and immediately scrawled the following lines, and gave them into the hand of John Kemble, who, at the general request, immediately recited them, in his own unrivalled way :—

“ O Mrs. Crouch,

I dare avouch

This stupid slouch,

And scaramouch,

Though he might crouch,

And blest his pouch,

Ne'er reach'd thy couch !”

The scene which followed beggars

all description. Mrs. Crouch, mindful of her old grudge against the Magyar, who had made her Mich. so oft beside himself, snatched a bottle of champagne from the servant's hand, and hurled it at the head of Dugonics. The wire had been partially disengaged from the cork, which fired off into Joe Munden's eye ; and he, in his blind fury, having caught the bottle, drained it to the dregs. The Magyar escaped, ran out of the house, and next morning revenged himself by the forcible lines which we are about to quote, and which he sent to Kelly, under an envelope, addressed to Mrs. Crouch. The proceeding was not polite, nor do we approve of it ; but our duty is to adhere to facts, and the fact is, that he sent the lines. Here they are :—

TO MY FRIEND MICHAEL KELLY, ESQ.

“ Mich. Kelly,—When the other Mich.
shall blow his brazen trumpet,

To summon you to ruthless Nick, with
your as brazen strumpet,

Console her, man ! and tell her that not
hell's most weighty curses

Are half so cursed hard to bear, as those
infernal verses,

Which Mr. Thingumbob, the dull and
diabolic bore,

Thought fit upon her loveliness so hea-
vily to pour ;

And that, as she had strength to bear
with that most louden ode,

'Tis not in Hell itself to heap too damna-
ble a load !

(Signed) DUGONICS.”

After the incident just related, the Magyar poet became a terrible rake, and exceedingly attached to what should have been his aversion : yet, he was so merry a fellow in his cups, and had such a rare knack of uttering unpremeditated drolleries, that no one could find it in his heart to cut him ;—albeit, some of his vagaries were carried on in purlieus, not recognised by the well-regulated part of mankind. “ He's a strange creature, that Dugonics ; but he'll mend some of these days,” was the expression of all who knew him. And they were right ; for mend he did, and, as Dr. Bowring truly says, he lived to a happy old age. But this reformation took place subsequently to his departure from London. Of the nature of his habits and feelings, in the fluctuations of a dissipated career, the following singular

and forcible stanzas may furnish a competent idea :—

LIFE IN LONDON.

“ In London, when man’s cash is low,
All sad his path seems, to or fro,
And dark and dreary is the flow
Of Time-waves, swelling sullenly.

But London sees another sight,
When the purse chinks with shiners
bright,
Commanding eyes and hearts to light,
With hope of wine and queanery.

By star and lamplight then array’d,
The rambling wit, and rattling blade,
Have paid their debts, and, undismay’d,
Fly off to fun and revelry.

Then, d—— the bills! they may be riv’n,
And duns be to the devil driv’n,
And Earth be match’d against high
Heav’n

For all things, save artillery.

And, oh! the red, red goblet’s flow,
In London, thrills with madd’ning glow!
What sight has this queer world to shew,
Like wits, all quaffing rapidly?

But morn must come; — the blessed sun
Peers through the pane; — the tavern
dun

Prefers a claim for one pound one,
‘Gainst each; and more we canna’ pay.

Our faces lengthen: these we lave,
Nor further consolation crave,
While, Lethe! we can seek thy wave,
Or list into the cavalry!

Pooh! pooh! Till death, lads, let us
meet.

Who cares about a winding-sheet?
The earth, we spurn beneath our feet
Shall furnish us a sepulchre!”

No apology need be made for the insertion of these animated stanzas; yet, we must confess that not their intrinsic merit only induced us to quote them. They have been transcribed as a remarkable illustration of the truth, that poets are often charged with plagiarism, when, in fact, the coincidences, however striking, are purely accidental. There can be no doubt of the fact, that the above stirring verses were written long before the equally forcible composition by Mr. Campbell. Of course, every reader will know that we allude to *Hohenlinden*. We repeat, there can be no doubt of Dugonic’s priority of claim; yet far, very far, are we from making this, or the striking similarity between the two pieces, a ground for charging Mr. Campbell with plagiar-

ism. We sincerely believe that he never read the *Life in London* of Dugonics; and that, when casting his eyes over the pages of our present No., he will, for the first time, be aware of the existence of the Magyar poems here translated. But, while admitting this, we put it to his candour, whether some public testimony of admiration be not due from him to the memory of one, so much resembling himself in the peculiarities of style and poetic feeling. On returning to his native country, Dugonics left off drinking, and wrote many works of three several kinds—good, bad, and indifferent. He wrote many dramas, all of which escaped damnation by being never acted: but his romances are the best in the whole range of Magyar literature. Where Dr. Bowring heard that Dugonics was, at any time of his life, wholly engaged in antiquarian studies, we are at a loss to conjecture. The Magyar poet never cared a brass farthing about antiquities, and was often heard to declare, that he would rather dine with an anchoress than with an antiquary. The learned Doctor tells us, also, that the higher flights of Dugonics are all failures; from which remark we infer, that Dr. Bowring has only read the first volume of these pieces, the second being replete with beauties of every kind. Before we leave Dugonics, we must again dissent from his biographer, who says that the *Magyar példa beszédek és jeles Mondások* is by far the most valuable work which he (Dugonics) ever produced. This is mere assertion. The work, in question, is about the most insipid, twaddling, unsatisfactory affair that ever issued from the press, as we, who once had the toil of wading through it, can confidently affirm.

The next poet to whom we shall allude is Kohári. He, like Dugonics, has been decried, by Dr. Bowring, unworthy of translation. Speaking of him, the Doctor says, “He is a moralist; ‘dwelling among the tombs,’ and bringing the shortness of life to bear constantly on his moralities. He was born in 1648,” &c. That he was a moralist, we have no wish to dispute, and, for aught we know, he may have “dwelt among the tombs:” but we think the subjoined fable by him will go far to shew that he could convey a moral, facetiously enough:—

THE FLY AND THE GRASSHOPPER;
OR, THE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

As I walked out one May morning,
In seventeen hundred and three,
An argument I chanced to hear,
Betwixt a Fly and a Grasshopper,
Concerning their pedigree.

Bear about, fol de rol!

Fol de riddle lol!!

Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

And said the Grasshopper to the Fly,

"As your fathers did, you does;

You vagabondise this count-r-y

With an everlasting buzz."

Bear about, fol de rol!

Fol de riddle lol!!

Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

And said the Fly to the Grasshopper,

"You're a lying old hopping dog;

And, let your mother go how she would,

Your father hopped like a frog."

Bear about, fol de rol!

Fol de riddle lol!!

Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

And said the Grasshopper to the Fly,

"If you say any such things,

I'll take a hop, and I'll hop to you,

And hop off your legs and wings!"

Bear about, fol de rol!

Fol de riddle lol!!

Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

The Grasshopper began to hop,

With an energetic tread,

But the Fly took to his legs and wings,

And spat upon his head!

Bear about, fol de rol!

Fol de riddle lol!!

Bear about, fol de riddle lol de re!!!

"Methinks," continues the poet, "Methinks I see, in my mind's eye, a noble and puissant grasshopper rousing himself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking his invincible legs, but in bootless perturbation; while the wit and the wings of the arripotent fly enable him to scoff at gravity, and scorn the threatened punishment!"

This fable is held in the very highest estimation in Germany, where a translation, but little inferior to our own, is so generally known, admired, and chaunted, that it may be, without much exaggeration, called one of the national songs. This translation we are now about to subjoin; but must first correct an error, which has obtained much credit among Germans—namely, that either to Lessing or Kotzebue they are indebted for the version

of the Magyar stanzas. We are justified, by the strongest documentary evidence, in declaring, that no less a man than Klopstock, the German Milton, spent the last four years of his life on the first four verses of the translation, which he completed, leaving the fifth unfinished: but, by the joint exertions of August Wilhelm Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck, the work was perfected, and here it is:—

Die Fliege und der Grashüpfer.

Als ich spaziert' eines Mai-morgens früh,
Anno siebenzehn hundert drey,
Ein argument ich hörte da,
Zwischen 'ner Flieg' und 'nem Grashüpfer,

Von wegen ihrer stammbaumerey.

Trink herum, dud'lum dey!

Dudel dud'lum dey!!

Trink herum, dudel, dudel, dud'lum dey!!!

Und sagt' der Grashüpfer zu der Flieg',

"Treibst dich wie dein vater 'rum,

Schwärmst umher in diesem land,

Mit 'nem immerwährend zumm."

Trink herum, dud'lum dey!

Dudel dud'lum dey!!

Trink herum, dudel, dudel, dud'lum dey!!!

Und sagt' die Flieg' zum Grashüpfer,

"Du bist'n alter lügen hund,

Und, mocht' dein' mütter geb'n wie sie wollt,

Dein vater hüpf't frosch-gleich rund."

Trink herum, dud'lum dey!

Dudel dud'lum dey!!

Trink herum, dudel, dudel, dud'lum dey!!!

Und sagt' der Grashüpfer zu der Flieg',

"Wen du sprichst von so 'nem ding,

Mach ich ein hopps, und hopps' auf dich,

Hopps' ab dir bein und schwing!"

Trink herum, dud'lum dey!

Dudel, dud'lum dey!!

Trink herum, dudel, dudel, dud'lum

Der Grashüpfer er hüpfete,

Mit kraft 'gen füsstritt dann;

Doch die Flieg' bewegte schwing und bein,

Und spuckt' ihm sein haupt an!

Trink herum, dud'lum dey!

Dudel dudel dey!!

Trink herum, dudel, dudel, dud'lum dey!!!

Besides his poems, Koháry published a volume of puns, with explanatory notes, clearly shewing the principle

upon which each pun was entitled to a laugh, moderate or immoderate, as the case might be. This work was never popular, and is now most satisfactorily scarce. Kohári died in 1730, "leaving," as Dr. Bowring truly says, "a reputation for integrity, which has passed into a proverb."

In Dr. Bowring's estimate of Döbrentei's character we fully agree. He is a pure, contemplative, and noble spirit. The translations which the learned Doctor has given from this poet are really beautiful, and tolerably true; but we think some other pieces might have been selected, more characteristic of Döbrentei's peculiar manner. He was born at Hűgyész—a place so called from the abundance of wild boars which infest the neighbourhood. In infancy, Döbrentei very narrowly escaped the fangs of one of these furious animals, to which circumstance is attributed his great horror of them, and his peculiar attachment for the harmless domestic pig—an attachment which gave birth to the following simple and convincing address—

TO A NAVIGATING PIG.

Interesting quadruped !
Why with the watery element at strife ?
Why quicken your pace to shorten your life ?
You're not born to swim — isn't that enough ?
And why should you die till you're fat enough ?
An erroneous view of the subject you've taken
For yourself and for us—oh ! pray save your bacon !
In cutting your throat, it will cost you a mile ;—
Come back ! and we'll do it in far better style,
When we find that you're apt to be troubled with bile—
Interesting quadruped !

There is, in Döbrentei, a singularity which we are surprised that his biographer and critic has not noticed. It is this;—In nearly all his contemplative pieces, he, as in that just quoted, ad-

dresses his object so directly and vividly, that the reader, by an involuntary operation of the mind, fancies he beholds the said object palpably before his eyes. Take, for instance, the address to an old man, standing by a pool in a violent shower, heedless of the offers of shelter made to him by those around :—

Singular old man !
I considerably wonder
What secret 's hidden under
That garb of outward mystery !—
I wish I knew your history.
The people shout and bawl,
And you do not move at all !*
Yet I'll be sworn you can,
Singular old man !

Obstinate old man !
Why the devil don't you stir ?
Fast rooted, as a fir,
You seem, though not so straight.
Confound your crazy pate !
To hear my admonition,
Yet shift not your position.
Deuce move ye, if he can,
Obstinate old man !

One more instance, and we have done with Döbrentei : it is in a lighter vein :—

Merry old tinker !
A moderate thinker,
And desperate drinker,
Are you !
Seldom you axes
A word 'bout the taxes,
Nor care you a straw about
What mankind jaw about.
You'd drain a whole river
Of wine, for your liver
Is proof against all
The vengeance of gall ;
And your notable nose
Will glow, as it glows,
Till you finish your revel,
And give to the devil
His due !

There is a Magyar poet of whom no mention is made by Dr. Bowring, though he is one of the most popular with Hungarian readers, or rather, drinkers ; for his best productions are *chansons à boire*. His name is Quaffypunchovics. The circumstances, under which this

* Here is a similarity to a passage in Wordsworth, which passage occurs in a poem somewhat resembling this of Döbrentei, Wordsworth says,

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth altogether if it move at all."

Now, this passage is more elevated, but by no means so effective as that of Döbrentei, which, by its simplicity and truth, is clear to the commonest capacity.

young poet died, are so singular, that we venture to call attention to them. He had led a very dissipated life from his eighteenth till his twenty-first year ; but, in the intervals of his riots, he contrived to acquire a very competent knowledge of the English language. By accident, a volume, written by a young English lady whose intellectual fecundity has long been the theme of astonishment in her own country, fell into his possession. He devoured it with avidity, and suddenly became thoughtful, reserved, and fond of solitude. As his wit had been the sunlight of the circle wherein he had so often groggified, it may be readily supposed that he was a "very limb lopped off" from the body corporate of festive fellows. This being the case, a deputation of friends waited upon him, to point out the propriety of his sacrificing his hours at the shrine of nothing whatever, when he interrupted them, exclaiming,

(*indignantly*)
 "Blunders, bluster, boheration,
 Bore and blast the boys of blame !
 (*tenderly*)

Lighter, love's alliteration—
 Matchless Mary Mitford's name !"
 and he immediately expired.

The suddenness of his demise had a powerful and somewhat sobering effect on his quondam associates, who, to mark their sense of the unexpected blow which had deprived them of Quaffypunchovics, placed a tablet to his memory, with these words graven thereon :—

"Here I lies,
 To my own surprise !"

Szevitmiklossy is rather a voluptuous writer, though he never passes a certain limit, which, to say the truth, is extensive enough. We give some playful, but harmless extracts :—

I love to walk on a showery day,
 When 'tis neither wet nor dry ;
 For then the legs of the ladies gay
 All manifest I spy ;—
 While the sun, like a smile from a tear-
 ful eye,
 Is shedding mild beams through the
 moisten'd sky,
 I love those legs to see,—
 Oh, dear me !

The following is simple and pretty :—

There are people whose fancy is strange,
 And who, tired of this life as it goes,
 Are anxious that Heav'n should change
 Their form, and thus finish their woes.

Could I but be alter'd, by Jove !
 At the foot of his throne I would beg
 To be as a garter enwove,
 And to live round your own little leg.

This poet is also author of the song "On a Woman, with all her Virtue loose about Her," which we have translated ; and, singularly enough, as we are informed by a musical friend, the measure exactly suits the popular melody of "Alice Gray." If this be the case, we expect to see this translation on the pianofortes of our fair countrywomen, throughout the kingdom, as the song really conveys "a great moral lesson."

ON A WOMAN WITH ALL HER VIRTUE
 LOOSE ABOUT HER.

She has all her virtue loose about,
 As loose, as loose can be ;
 And I fear, some day or other,
 'Twill fall away, d'ye see !
 Her eyes are bright, as none beside,
 Her aspect ever gay,
 And her virtue's loose about her,
 And never in the way !

Her fleecy robe is sporting round
 A form of faultless mould ;
 It leaves no room for guessing—
 Since we can all behold !
 That form is free, to you or me,
 That robe in ceaseless play ;
 For her virtue's loose about her,
 And never in the way !

Her family accomplishments
 Are the best that can be found ;
 And they're always loose about her,
 And sometimes on the ground.
 And when, at length, this humbug's
 o'er,
 The world will doubtless say,
 "Who the devil cares about her ?"
 As very well they may.*

Vorüsmarty has been admirably translated by Dr. Bowring. This poet is still in the prime of life, and fully conversant with English literature. His opinion on the furor which has recently set rhyme-people prating about piety, et cetera, et cetera, et

* We have the very best authority for stating, that this is the identical "woman with all her virtue loose about her" mentioned by Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, as one likely to suit his lordship,—an opinion in which we fully agree, *pares cum paribus facillimè*, &c., which means, that two such people would live most "loosely" together.

cetera, may be gathered from the following stanzas :—

SACRED POETRY.

Down in the darkest dungeons of the deep

Slumber strenuously strove to sleep,
But couldn't;

She begged that drowsy Morpheus might
Vouchsafe her the desired delight—

He wouldn't;

She prayed one poppy for her head;
But he repulsed her suit, and said,

He shouldn't.

When, lo! a sylph produced, in pity,
Some books, not wise, and still less witty,
And all procured from London city.

They were in uncontinous type,

A feast of intellectual tripe!

And, ere six lines the sylph had read,
Poor Slumber dropped her senseless
head;

And all around had thought her dead,
But that her sleep

Was loud as deep;

And, now and then, she, dreaming, said,
"This joy profound I owe to thee,
Heavy, heavy, heavenly Poetry!"

To this author we are also indebted
for the metrical cogitations of an old
gentleman of cheerful disposition, who
was thrown on a rock, the vessel, and
all aboard but himself, having, as the
diurnals say, sunk to rise no more :—

THE CHEERFUL SUFFERER.

A jolly old cock

Was cast on a rock,

A rock standing out in the sea;

And he thought to himself,

"I'm laid on the shelf,

As merit is wont to be!

I don't care a curse,

It might have been worse,"

Said the jolly old cock, said he;—

"I've still got a hunch,

To serve me for lunch,

And a capital view of the sea.

And who'd be a duke?

Not I, by St. Luke!

To be bothered with bungling tools;—

Or who'd be a king—

The next greatest thing—

Surrounded by fawners and fools?

Or who'd join the fry

(By my whiskers! not I)

Of secs., under-secs., and their clerks?

Or who'd be a rake,

To dine off a steak,

And go to the devil for larks?

Or who'd be a poet?

(Not I, if I know it!)

Misconstrued by all but the few;

No! not e'en great Wordsworth—

A man the whole herd's worth—

To be judged by a paltry review!"

Or who'd be a painter,
With hope daily fainter?

For, if he won't paint miss or madam, he

Finds talent historic,

And dreams allegoric

Ignored by the witless Academy.

Who'd be of the fashion?

A thing without passion,

Forgetting its nature is shallow,

And seeking to shine;

But the flame's not divine—

A farthing-bought lustre of tallow.

Who'd hunt after fame,

With no natural claim?

Or things 'bove his reach who would
blunder at?

And fancy himself

A notable elf,

Because there are blockheads who wonder at?

Who'd be this, or be that!

Who'd be lean, or be fat!

Who'd live, or the thread of life sever?

There's always a bore

Of some kind in store,

And will be for ever and ever;—

So I think I may die,

Without piping my eye."

But a ship was now nearing the rock,

And he giggled with joy,

When the crew cried "Ahoy!"

And rescued the jolly old cock!

There is a fine tone of resignation
throughout this piece. We now proceed
to translate a short and graphic
description of an accident which befel
the author when travelling. This little
composition is well worthy attention
for its imitative harmony—a rare quality
in versification :—

"Twas once my lot to travel

In the dead of night,

When the stars were bright,

No doubt;

But, whereso'er they beam'd,

To us, at least, it seem'd,

That they and the moon were put out.

'Twas a difficult way to unravel,

When, shunning a ditch,

We happen'd to pitch

Into a pit of gravel.

You'd have thought the very chaise

Had a feeling of amaze

At the fall!

While, conscious of our error,

A sentiment of terror

Fill'd us all!

Oh, the confusion!

• Mental delusion!!

Stepping and stumbling!!!

Feeling and fumbling!!!!

Growling and grumbling!!!!!

Tossing and tumbling!!!!!

'Twas really quite humbling,

To find folks, called rational,
In furious passion all,
Without mending the matter a bit ;
For still we were all in the pit.

Having wound up the reader's attention to this painful point of excitement, the poet, rather unkindly, leaves him to conjecture how the party escaped.

We have extracted at somewhat greater length than we had intended, and therefore cannot afford our readers an opportunity of judging of Kisfaludy's singular production, called "The Meeting of the Similes." We shall, however, have an early occasion of so doing. For the present we take leave of this interesting subject ; and so deeply do we feel imbued with the spirit of the beautiful poetry we have here translated, that we must conclude

our task in metrical numbers, worthy of the subject and of ourselves :

Thy consonantal language, Magyar !

May puzzle some—to us it is but fun—
And, till our duty, self imposed, be done,
We stick to't fondly as adhesive tar,
Lest that some leaky line our verse
might mar.

Now, till shall rise the bright millennial
sun,

There shines a light to guide—and
only one—

Our Magazine, a most resplendent star !
We hate and scorn all ostentatious
towering,

But can't conceal that we're extremely
clever ;

And when the fine spun web of fame
we sever,

The effect is terrible and overpowering,
As may be testified by Dr Bowring,

Whose Magyar pipe is now put out
for ever !

LAY OF A DOLOROUS KNIGHT.

FROM THE LANGUAGE OF OC.

See Grands Fabliaux.

I've roved the fields of lilies France,
To sing of my sainted lady's praise ;
For her prepared to couch my lance,
Or my right trusty falchion raise.
She lived by the flowery-kiss'd Durance,
And light sped was her dark eye's gaze,
Transcendant in young beauty's sheen—
She was my life—my soul—my queen !

But beauty fades as fades the rose,
And love will speed on swallow's wing,
Courting each scene which suns disclose
In climes of ever-laughing Spring ;
Or vows to minds all-wanton throws,
If fresh lips be but whispering ;
And whilst in climes afar I roved—
She dried her tears, and—traitress proved.

Moral.

If ruby lips all mirthful smile,
Misdoubt the remorse lurking there ;
If eyes entreat, or would beguile,
Fond youth, take heed the Circe lair.
In woman's breast is every wile,
Though turtle-voiced and angel fair ;
And ne'er in beauty's cause again
Will I raise lance or minstrel strain !

RECOLLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF A SCOTTISH CLERGYMAN.

THE profession of a minister of the Gospel brings him acquainted with human nature in every estate, from the highest to the lowest, and under those very points of view which exhibit its strongest workings and its extremest trials. The baptism of the children and the marriage of the youth, the visitation of the sick, attendance upon the dying and the burial of the dead, ministration to the poor, making of peace between enemies, and domestic visitations of every kind, lay open to the minister and pastor of the people fields of observation to which no annalist nor historian, no poet nor philosopher, no novelist nor sentimentalist, can by any means find access. This, which is true of all parts of Christendom, is so in a remarkable degree of Scotland, whose clergy have been (if they be not now) the only staff and stay of the people, in the want of such a nobility, gentry, and magistracy, as England can boast of. Till lately, self-seeking, the bane of the upper classes in Scotland, was no vice of the clergy, who, by the constitution of our church, have little or nothing to find, let them seek their best, after they have been once settled as the ministers of a parish. They were wont (and are so often still) to settle quietly down amongst the people, and take a fatherly interest in the concerns of every soul within the bounds of their cure. Many generations of such devoted faithfulness have engendered a closeness and largeness of confidence between them and the people, which survives still, and I hope will long survive against a cold and sinful age, even if Scotland should not be favoured with days of revival and refreshing. Had I been wise enough to make these reflections some years ago, I would have registered the observations and experiences of my ministry as they occurred; and, while I carefully preserved a pastor's confidence, which is never to be violated, I should have possessed materials for representing the form of Scottish life, and giving entertainment and instruction to those who delight to observe the soul of man under all its moods, and struggling with the hardships and vicissitudes of its destiny. As it is, I must draw upon the stores of a me-

mory, tenacious enough for the more remarkable events and the more tragical scenes of which I have been the witness, in some of which I have been an actor, in all of them a counsellor and comforter. And I would begin by relating, as it was told to me by one who was a sufferer,

THE LOSS OF THE ABEONA.

One night, when returning from the house of a friend, with whom I had sat late at supper, to my own lodging, in the city of Glasgow, where at that time my lot was cast, I was passing along the darkest part, commonly called the *How*, of the Gallowgate, and in the midst of the deep silence I heard a heavy footstep approaching me. We passed close to each other, when instantly the man stopped short, named my name, and took hold of my hand. Somewhat startled, but nothing alarmed, I said, "Who are you, friend, and where are you going at this hour of the night?" He answered, "I am James ———, and I am going to the Broomielaw to catch the first steam-boat in the morning, to take me down to the *Abeona*, which sails to-morrow for the Cape." This brought at once to my recollection one of our parishioners, whom, along with the elder of his district, I had visited some few days before, to converse and pray with him and his wife before their departure as settlers for Algoa Bay, in South Africa. "Well, James," said I, "and is this the last of you that I am to see in this world?" "I fear it, sir," said James; "for my wife is already at the Broomielaw, and I have just settled all our little matters and parted with my friends, and we sail to-morrow. But, oh, sir, I am glad to see you, and count it good luck that you should be the last man in the parish to shake me by the hand and bid God bless me." "Well, James," I said, "grant it may be so: fear his name, be kind to your wife, be honest and true, and fear no evil." And so, after lingering a while as loath to part, and having no interruption at that quiet and dark hour, we took our several ways, little knowing what should fall out before we met again.

Towards the end of the same week I had occasion to visit a friend and

brother-minister, at the mouth of the Clyde. While the steam-boat waited, to set out and take in passengers at Greenock, whom should I see standing upon the quay, with a little child in each hand, but my friend James: the instant I recognised him, I stepped out, and right glad were we to meet again. "I did not expect to have seen you again, James, when we parted that dark night in the How of the Gallowgate." "The ship has been detained," said he, "waiting for passengers, who were to meet us here from different parts of the country; but we sail the next tide." "And whose children are these?" for I knew that he had no family of his own. "They are," said he, "amongst the youngest of a very large family from the townhead of Glasgow, who are going out along with us. There are eight of them, besides their father and mother. It is a great charge; and while their mother and my wife are gone into the town to purchase some small articles before we sail, I have taken the charge of them." "Poor dear children," I said, and took them in my arms, and gave them some little money, which their mother might lay out for their comfort. "Poor things," said James, "they little know what is before them." And never spake he a truer word; for there was before them, in a few weeks, the loss of father and mother, and brother and sister. Oh, it grieves me still, whenever I think upon it, to remember what I have seen in all parts of Scotland, and what I that day saw upon the quay of Greenock, the heavy-hearted emigrants loitering about with such cheerless looks, with all the little store of their cottages lying in confusion around them. I question whether aught can make up to their country the loss of such a peasantry as I have seen depart by ship-loads from her shores.

At the interval of many months, on a Sabbath night, after preaching to the people, when they were all dismissed and scattered on their several ways, as I was coming from the Session House, I observed a man standing by the wall of the church, as it were, to speak to me, who stopped me, and said, taking my hand, "Oh, how glad I am to see you again, sir! Much, much has passed since we parted." In a moment, I recollected my old friend,

whom, since the accounts had arrived that the *Abeona* was burnt at sea, I had never expected to meet again. I answered, "If you be glad to see me, how much gladder should I be to see you, James, in the land of the living and the place of hope: and your wife?"—"Ah, sir, she is no more:" and he was proceeding to tell me the tale of his calamity, and his wife's tragical end, when I interrupted him, saying, "Be of good comfort, James: but this is both too long and too sore a matter for street conversation. Come with me into my lodging; take some refreshment, and then you will tell it me at your leisure. It is the best night in the week for conversing of such an awful providence, and no time so fit as now, when we have been worshipping together in His house." So we went our way.

As we walked together through one or two streets, which lay between the church and my abode, I asked him when he had arrived, and what he had been doing since he came home. "I came but yesterday," said he, "and went directly to Mr. F——'s, the elder's, to tell him what had befallen me; and now, sir, I thought it better not to say any thing to you till the duties of the Sabbath were over, lest you might have been discomposed by what I have to tell you." I made no reply; but thought within myself what a noble tribute this is to the office of a Scottish elder, and to the character of that indefatigable man of God, the elder of the proportion in which James and his wife had lived, that a forlorn, cast-away, shipwrecked man should seek his first shelter and consolation in his house. It was the custom of that elder, and I believe it is, so still, to leave the business of the world, and spend some hours of every day in ministering instruction, and consolation, and help to the people, whose overseer the church had appointed him to be. Whilst these reflections were passing through my mind, we had arrived at my humble habitation, when, after James had refreshed himself with meat, he proceeded with his narrative, which I shall relate as nearly in his own words as at this distance of nine or ten years I can remember, and certainly to his particulars I shall not venture to add any thing.

"We sailed," said James, "the very next tide after you parted with me and

the little children upon the quay of Greenock, and, though I am not superstitious, I wish my wife and the rest of the Barrys had been there to receive your blessing as well as we: for, sir, they perished in that fearful night, while I and these two little children were preserved. When we had got clear of the narrow seas and looked our last farewell to the land of our fathers, we had fine weather and favourable winds, and were making great speed upon our voyage. Our sickness had worn off, we had got reconciled to our narrow quarters, and were proceeding full of cheerfulness and hope. After breakfast, it was our custom all to meet upon the deck and talk together of our home and friends, and lay plans for the management of our little colony when we should be landed at Algoa Bay. The sailors were very kind, and communicative of all they knew concerning foreign parts; and the children running about the deck gave an innocent liveliness to the whole scene. Our wives, after they had sorted our cabins, would come and take their work in their hand; and everything wore a pleasant and even joyful aspect."

"Little do we know, James," said I, "what is before us: in the midst of life we are in death. It is a kind providence which hath hidden from us the future; and that is a good word, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' You will excuse my interrupting you, but I cannot repress my emotion; and you know it is my office to interpret and improve the events of Divine Providence. Now proceed with your story, and be as particular and circumstantial as you can, for I wish to know it all."

"Well, sir," continued he, "when we were got a third way on our voyage, and were now in the midst of the wide Atlantic, many days' sail from any land, one morning, when the full complement of our people, passengers and all, were upon the deck, enjoying the cool breeze and the fresh sea, our ears were stunned and our hearts appalled with a wild and fearful cry of 'Fire in the spirit room!' It appeared that our mate, most innocently but inadvertently—(poor fellow! he afterwards sacrificed himself to the shame and grief of it)—had taken a candle into the spirit room and let it drop out of his hand into an open cask of rum, which

instantly blazed up and caught the surrounding matters. No tongue can tell the wild dismay which arose throughout the people at this fearful cry, and at the sight of the flames bursting out in the after part of the ship. Women ran to and fro seeking their children, wives their husbands, fathers collecting their families, and friends looking for their friends; and the seamen, naturally so steady and obedient in all trials, wanted, in the captain, a man of sufficient presence of mind and resource for such a moment. He seemed himself to have been panic-struck, and the mate, poor fellow, was utterly unmanned by the sense of what he had done, and ready almost to destroy himself. This, added to the wild cries of the women and the screams of the children, the crowded decks, and the hurrying hither and thither, drove the captain to the hasty resolution of abandoning the ship altogether, and taking to the boats. It was a sore pity, sir, for had we been under proper direction, I was persuaded at the time, and am still, that we might have got the fire under: we were so many hands that we could have kept all the buckets on board in continual play, passing, like streams of water, from the ship's edge to the seat of the fire. But there was no one to take the guidance, and all went to confusion amongst our hands: the fire gained upon us, and the distraction became more and more outrageous. Yet some of us were possessed of presence of mind, and myself among the rest, with Barry, the father of the children, who, when we saw the captain and the men drawing away to the boats, ventured to remonstrate against the cruelty of forsaking the ship with so many living souls in her,—men, women, and children,—to perish between fire and water. But our remonstrances availed nothing. We then insisted that the long-boat, which was lying in the booms along the deck, should be hoisted out, and as many of us saved as possible. But even this was refused, under the influence of a panic-fear, that there was not time left for getting it afloat. Indeed, sir, fear and panic seemed to possess those who ought to have been the guardians of our lives. One man, indeed, was of a stouter and more generous spirit; but he had been the author of the calamity, and was overwhelmed with the feeling

of the evil which he had done: he scorned to take his life, after having been the means of bringing so many lives into jeopardy and, as it turned out, to an untimely end. This generous-minded, but rash man, remained amongst us, and coolly waited that destruction which he had brought upon so many."

"I have often observed, James, that in the calamitous events of Divine Providence, men suffer more from the effect of their excited passions than from the accident itself: and it is always found to be so when there are many people gathered together into one place: as the anatomists tell us, that very often the bones are broken by the sudden action of the muscles, to draw the body out of some impending danger. I am glad you were able to shew the calmness of a Christian's faith at such a trying moment."

"Truly, reverend sir, I had need of all my faith, and of all the wholesome instructions which I have heard from your mouth, when my poor wife was hanging about me, and Harry's wife and his eight children at our side. When we saw that our captain and the seamen were no better than those heathens with whom Paul sailed, and were about to flee out of the ship, we stood and entreated them that they would take at least some of us on board, and save whom they could. They listened to us (for, to do the men justice, it was not want of humanity so much as the absence of all government and direction, which led them astray), and they offered to take as many on board as the boats would carry. Instantly we gave place to the family of the Barrys, of whom there were ten, father, mother, and eight children. The father took his place by the side of the ship, and the mother handed the children to him; and I could not but observe the force of natural affection leading her to begin with the youngest, then the next, and so ascending upwards, till she came to the eldest daughter, just arrived at the maturity of womanhood. The boats not being able to contain more, pushed off, and left us to our fate. For a moment we seemed to forget our misery in the safety of these children: the father, and the mother, and the daughter seemed now content to perish."

"James, you make me weep: was it even so, that at such a moment paternal affection stood so true; and that

these two children, whom I kissed and blessed upon the quay of Greenock, were thus wondrously preserved? I will not forget this, James; I will preach of it to the people. Now I pray you to recall every circumstance connected with that dreadful event; I feel it to be so very instructive."

"Indeed, sir, it comforts my heart to tell it to one who has so much patience and pity; and I will relate every thing with which I can charge my memory. When we were left to ourselves, those of us who had most presence of mind and self-command, myself among the number (for I was a little practised about boats in my youth), set ourselves to hoist out the long-boat, believing that if we could succeed, the greater part of us might yet be saved. We got up a tackle, strained every nerve, and exhausted every invention, as men contending between life and death; and we had succeeded so far as to raise her to the very level of the gunwale, when, to our inexpressible horror, the fire took the ropes connected with our tackle, and down it came, disappointing our hopes, and sealing the fate of all who had not escaped in the boats."

"Except yourself, James; and how were you delivered from the two elements of fire and water, contending for your destruction. It seems as if all hopes were gone; and yet I see you and hear you. By what wonderful providence did you escape?"

"About this time darkness began to set in, and we were parted from the sight of the boats, and left to the contemplation of the miserable end which awaited us. The fire was gaining fast upon us, and forcing us towards the fore-part of the ship, where we stood crowded together like sheep penned for the slaughter. When I look back, and present to my mind the image of the scene; the flaming ship on which we stood, the red glare of light cast upon our horror-struck countenances; the sea gleaming and glistening with our death-fires, and yawning to receive the burning pile and its doomed victims,—I wonder at the presence of mind which was given to me at that hour, and the means which I was able to take for my own and my wife's preservation. I took her by the hand, and having spoken some few words to comfort her, and to explain the plan which I had conceived, I placed her in the fore-chains of the ships, the farthest possible from.

the fire. Before it became dark, I had observed several pieces of wreck floating about; to reach one of these, and carry my wife to it, seemed to afford the only possible chance, however slender, of escape. In this mind, having placed her in safety, I betook myself to swimming; and after a while found what I desired. With this slender succour I returned, and having got my wife upon it the best way I could, I wrought it out of the wake of the burning ship, until we seemed beyond the reach of the conflagration. Had I now rested content, and attempted no more for her safety, I should have had no reflection upon my mind concerning my poor wife,—we should have lived or perished together; but I did it for the best, though I lost by it one who was dearer to me than my own life.”

“I am very sorry for you, James; these tears and your present agitation shew me what I knew already, that you both loved your wife, and would willingly have perished for her; but it was otherwise ordered of God; and it is our part meekly to submit to his decree. Compose yourself and proceed.”

“The piece of wreck on which she was seated was not able to bear us both up; and I felt that unless some more support could be procured, my strength must soon fail, and one or both of us perish. To procure this was now my care; and having instructed my wife to preserve her mind composed, and keep her seat steadily upon the piece of wood, I betook myself again to the open sea, in search of more wreck. This time I was not so fortunate as before; and after wearying myself in vain, I sought to return to my poor wife: but whether she had drifted away from the place where I had left her, or whether my mind, confused by the terrors of the scene, and the screams which came from the burning ship, had lost all aim, it is too certain that I could never find her again; and though I called her name aloud with all my strength, no answer was returned. Thus deprived of her whom my soul loved, I was ready to fold my hands in despair, and resign myself to the mercy of my Creator; but the hope still lingered that I might yet find her in the darkness, and, breathing a prayer for strength, I continued my controversy for life. The night was calm, and the smooth sea favoured much my swimming, and I sometimes felt as if I had

received strength beyond my own, for I never thought I could have sustained myself so long. While I was thus without direction of any kind, bearing myself up among the dark waters, careful only to keep away from the burning ship, and the voices of misery which ever and anon came floating towards me, straining my eyes and ears to see or hear any thing which might lead me to her whom I blamed myself for forsaking, I seemed to hear the sound of a ripple, as upon the side of something floating in the water. Following this sound, I swam towards it, thinking it might be either the piece of wreck which bore my wife, or some other thing whereon I might rest my weary limbs. But what was my surprise, when, upon coming close beside it, I found it to be the ship's boat, deeply laden with the people. I was worn out, and laying my hand upon the side of the boat, I prayed them, for the love of God, to take me in and save my life. With difficulty they made room for me, and thus was I preserved from a watery grave. Of my poor wife I never heard or saw any thing more: I fear she perished during the night; for though I desired all to keep a diligent look out for any thing that might be floating about, we saw nothing all that weary night but the burning ship, where so many of our friends and brethren waited their end.

“Oh, sir, it was a fearful sight to witness, as by the light of the flames we easily did, the distraction of the people, and to hear their miserable cries. We observed, that as the fire approached they drew themselves away from it, stood crowded together in the fore-castle of the ship, and many were to be discerned upon the bowsprit, clinging and lashing themselves to it, in the faint hope that it might perhaps disengage itself from the burning mass, or be extinguished in the water, and afford them some chance of preservation. Some bolder spirits, who were impatient of such a slow and protracted death, we saw plunge at once headlong into the ocean; but the greater part clung to the wreck, out of the strong instinct of self-preservation, and perhaps in the faint hope that the fire might be extinguished by the waters of the ocean, and still leave wreck sufficient to bear them afloat till some friendly ship might come to their help. But Providence had otherwise deter-

mined. About midnight we observed the vessel make a heavy lurch forward; there arose, almost at the same instant, one of the most terrific screams I ever heard; and then followed a deep plunge, and instantly ship and all vanished from our sight. All was dark, all was quiet. Oh! I shall never forget that scream of horror which came from the burning ship, as the people descended quick into the deep; nor shall I ever forget the groan of anguish and dismay with which it was answered from the boat in which I was so miraculously preserved."

"Stop, James, and pause a moment, till I recover myself. What a fearful end for so many of our townsmen, and you left almost alone to tell the tale! Ah me! I well remember how they were set upon this scheme of emigration. I hope it is no discontentment with our condition, or murmuring against God, which hath drawn down upon our city this judgment. Such fearful calamities should not pass unimproved by us; they are sent for the correction of the living, according to the word of the Scripture: 'Think you that those eighteen men, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you nay; but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' And now that you had been delivered from the fellowship of their direful end, tell me, James, what befel you in the boat."

"The boat, sir, was so crowded that there was barely room for us to sit down, and no room whatever to work her, even if we had had the means; but in such haste had they shoved off, lest they should be overcrowded and sunk, that they were without oars or compass, and, what is worse, without one morsel of meat, and only one small cask of water, which had been by accident lying in the bottom of the boat. But, for my own part, I believe there was a great providence in this; for, during such a night of horror none seemed to feel any hunger, but many of us were parched with thirst, and our little cask was nearly exhausted by the break of day. Never was a company of the Almighty's creatures in a more helpless condition; without food to eat, without water to drink, without room to turn ourselves, or power to attend to the wants of nature, heart-broken for the loss of our nearest and dearest

friends, we lay helpless upon the wide ocean, at the mercy of the first high wind that might arise to agitate the bosom of the deep. There we sat looking into each other's faces, and reading our misery in each other's looks. Few words were spoken. Every eye wandered far and wide over the deep, and strained itself to discover the appearance of some friendly sail. Hour passed after hour; hunger began to assail us, and famine stared us in the face; when about mid-day, one of the seamen called out "a sail," and instantly there burst forth from every creature a shout of joy and thankfulness. Then we directed our attention to the object, and every eye became fixed, and rivetted upon it. Now there ensued a period of the most heart-racking anxiety, whether the ship would observe us or not. For long the seamen hung in doubt; but at length, by a sudden change of her course, they were convinced that we had been observed, and that she was bearing down upon us. Then our joy was complete when we clearly saw that they were shaping their course our way; friend began to congratulate friend; our mouths were opened, and we praised God, and felt as if we were a second time delivered from death. But conceive our indignation and horror, when we saw the ship, now almost within hail, all at once change her course and bear away, as if on purpose to avoid us. Our agitation was extreme; never were men so tossed between hope and hopelessness, joy and grief and indignation; and I doubt not, if the rest were exercised like me, many a prayer was offered to God that he would incline the heart of the stranger to pity our calamity. This prayer was heard; for, after a good while, the ship again stood about, and bore down upon us as before. The reason of this double change of purpose we learned after we were taken on board. The captain having come nigh enough to perceive that we were a boatful of wretched men, without any thing but our lives, began to hesitate whether his provisions would last with such a large increase of mouths to feed; and being a man of a proud and imperious nature, he commanded the ship to bear away and steer another course. But the seamen, communing amongst themselves, and gathering courage from their unanimity, actually refused to

work the ship, unless the captain would go to our relief; and at the same time offered to give up half their daily allowance of provision for our use, if he would do so. Thus compelled and entreated, the captain was fain to comply; and to this magnanimous resolution of a Portuguese crew, to this strong re-action of natural feeling against imperious duty, it is, that, under God, we all owed our lives.

"It was a Portuguese ship bound to Lisbon from some of their settlements in South America, which, in her course over the wide Atlantic, was thus directed by a gracious Providence to deliver so many of us from a fearful death. Being taken on board of her, we had many hardships to endure. We were forced to abide on deck all day exposed to the sun's heat, and to lie all night without covering, under the dews, and damps, and cold; we were often trampled upon by the imperious captain, which our free blood could ill brook; and when one of us murmured aloud, he drew his cutlass, and with a blow laid bare his cheek; and we were thankful that he had escaped with his life. But all these troubles came to an end when we arrived at Lisbon, and the news of our disaster reached our consul there: instantly the British residents took us to the factory and provided for us, as if we had been of their brethren and kindred. After they had refreshed us with comfortable living, and clothed us, and done every thing which our wants required, they proceeded with great wisdom and kindness to put us into a way of doing for ourselves. For those who were seamen by profession, they procured ships; and to those of us who wished to return home, they furnished a free passage, together with a small sum of money to help us to our friends. The young women they took into their service, and the young lads they bred up for clerks at the factory; but the little children they sent home for education in their own country. And so, sir, these two little children, whom you parted with in my hand on Greenock Quay, returned again in my hand to their native home, after losing both father and mother, and being themselves so wonderfully preserved. Great, very great, sir, was the kindness of these British merchants; it even extended itself to that proud and cruel captain, who, but for his honest-

hearted crew, would have left us all to starve in the midst of the wide ocean. To him they presented a golden bowl with an inscription upon it, commemorative of the preservation of so many of their countrymen, whereof he had been the unworthy instrument."

Such was James ——'s tale, which he recounted to me that Sabbath night after the evening sermon, sitting by my own fire-side. Whether it be correct in all its details I cannot tell, for I never compared it with the written and published account. I may, in the telling of it, have given it the colour of my own mind, but I have not consciously added or altered any thing. When we had offered our thanksgivings together, and prayed for the survivors and for all who had been instrumental in this preservation, James went his way to another part of the country, and I saw him not again. I learned that, after more than a year, he took to himself another wife, and once more set sail from Greenock as a settler in South Africa, where I trust he still lives to tell the wonderful tale of his deliverance, and to acknowledge and adore the bountiful Providence which preserved him.

The citizens of Glasgow, than whom a more generous and hospitable people live not in mother Scotland or any other land, instantly promoted a subscription for the sufferers from the wreck of the *Abeona*, and left the administration of it to a man whom I will not name nor characterise otherwise than that he has always been to me the *beau ideal* of a worthy magistrate and citizen. Some weeks after the calamity was noised abroad, I chanced to be a guest at his hospitable table, and was honoured by him to read, in the hearing of the ladies before they went to the drawing-room, two letters which he felt to be honourable to womanhood. They were from a worthy lady, the wife of a naval officer, who lived on the coast of Kent, entreating that one of the two orphans of the Barry family should be sent to her, that she might bring up the little one as her own child. The letter contained all the arrangements for their meeting in London, drawn up with a mother's care. But our worthy magistrate, while he admired the generosity of this letter, felt it to be his duty first to ascertain the identity of the person before giving up his charge. This prudent delay brought a second letter from the earnest

woman, who obtained her wish, being found in all respects worthy of the charge. The other child I afterwards saw at a country village not far from Glasgow, beside the manufacturing works of that

noble-minded and generous-hearted citizen. And of them I have heard nothing since. He who is the Father of the orphan will be a father to them, and to all who put their trust in him.

INSCRIPTIONS.

MORE GRÆCUM.

1. *For a Fountain.*

Rest ! This little fountain runs
Thus for aye ; — it never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.
Whoso'er shall wander near,
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst :
He will find this little river
Running still as bright as ever.
Let him drink, and onwards hie,
(Bearing but in thought that I,
Erotas, bade the Naiad fall,)
And thank the great god *PAN* for all !

2. *For a Temple of Esculapius.*

In Argolis, built all by mortal hand,
An Epidaurian temple, here I stand,
Sacred to him who drives away disease,
And gives to all who seek him health and ease :
I stand devoted to the God of health,
To *Æsculapius* old ; built by the wealth
Of grateful men, who owe to his rare skill
Life, ease, and all that Fortune lends them still !

3. *For a Streamlet.*

Traveller, note ! Although I seem
But a little sparkling stream,
I come from regions where the sun
Dwelleth when his toil is done —
From those proud hills in the west :
Thence I come, and never rest,
Till (curling round the mountain's feet)
I find myself 'midst pastures sweet,
Vernal, green, and ever gay,
And then I gently slide away,
A thing of silence, — till I cast
My life into the sea at last !

4. *For an antique Drinking Cup.*

Drink ! If thou find'st my round all filled with wine,
Which lifts men's creeping thoughts to dreams divine,
Drink, and become a god ! *Anacreon* old
Once quenched his mighty thirst from out my gold :
Rich was I, red, and brimming ; but he laughed,
And, tasting sparingly, drained me at a draught.
Bacchanal ! if thou lov'st the *Teian*'s fame,
Take courage — grasp me fast — and do the same !

[J. B.]

ON MEDICAL QUACKERY AND MR. ST. JOHN LONG.

"Ad populum phaleras : ego te intus et in cute novi." — *Pers.*

It may seem matter of wonder, that England, with all her boasted practical wisdom and useful knowledge, should have become so celebrated, over the whole of Europe, for her reception and patronage of quacks and quackery, of every description. None can deny that this celebrity is partly, at least, grounded upon fact; since none can help seeing that many very shallow quacks are at this moment thriving exceedingly well amongst us. Our extreme credulity is what most astonishes every intelligent stranger who visits London. He cannot go abroad any where in this immense city without observing how securely and confidently every impudent loud-tongued knave calculates upon turning public infatuation to his own advantage. Only walk along a single street, and you shall not fail to have the instruments with which quackery works obtruded upon your attention, in the shape of notices, handbills, &c. &c. Take up a public newspaper at random, and there quackery will shew you its advertisements and puffs of the most various and cunning workmanship—the seeds which it casts abroad into this city, as into a rich and fertile soil, which never fail to yield a plenteous harvest. If the meanest knave, though without any vestige of real talent, do but make sufficiently high pretensions, and possess cool audacity and perseverance enough to insist upon these pretensions in the face of all men, and to keep at his post, proclaiming them at every corner, "appealing to a candid and impartial public," bawling out that he has made "discoveries of the highest importance," which are to "alter the whole face of science," that he is "perfectly honest and disinterested," that he has been "wronged and persecuted," and that "nothing but an earnest wish to promote the happiness and welfare of his fellow-creatures" could ever have tempted him to inform the world of the power he possesses,—and he shall find hundreds infatuated and credulous enough to come forward and support him with all their influence, and put him on the high way to affluence.

Nor is it of late only that quacks have thriven amongst us: this nation has been duped and preyed upon by them for many centuries. Still, quack the second has reigned like quack the first; and we seem to have derived no benefit at all from the severest lessons of experience so long continued and so often repeated. Does not quackery enjoy the same privileges of cheating us now that it has heretofore enjoyed? and does not each new knave find us quite as gullible as his predecessors have found us?

Why is this so? Why is England the chosen arena and the stronghold of quackery? How comes it that the ignorant pretender, after being expelled from all other countries in Europe, finds refuge and a home in this? It is mainly, we apprehend, because the law takes no cognisance of quacks amongst us as it does elsewhere, but lets them loose among the people, to prey on those credulous, misguided victims, of which there is always found a sufficient number in any country. As a nation collectively, no quack whatever can cheat us, but only as individuals separately; for the great mass of the people is too intelligent and clear sighted, too steady and considerate, and feels too much reverence for existing institutions and too great a dread of novelty, to be led astray by any ignorant pretender. But the generous, frank, unsuspecting temper of the English, singly and personally considered, disposes them, more than any other people, to take every man at his word, and to estimate him by his own pretensions, however absurd and extravagant, without making any very strict inquiry into the foundation upon which they rest. It has often struck us, too, that our instinctive love of what is vulgarly called "fair play" may have something to do with this matter. The expression is as old as our language, and its meaning is nowhere truly felt but in England. We may, without fear of contradiction, assert, that the poorest, most ragged Englishman, not only has a sense of its meaning, but will act upon it apparently without any effort, and with the same uncon-

scious readiness, to all men indifferently, whether strangers or countrymen. The dexterous quack seems to know all these things full well. He begins by extolling his own merit and honesty and "disinterested zeal for the public good," sets at naught all men with whose interests his quackery interferes, and declares they have "persecuted him with the utmost malice," just because he has "undertaken to expose their ignorance," and to "benefit his fellow-creatures." It is curious, but very painful, to see how coolly and securely he can reckon upon ultimately obtaining, by these arts, a sure passport to favour and patronage.

Now, if quackery shewed itself only in small and unimportant matters, we should hold it infinitely beneath our notice; but when it comes to have the lives and fortunes of thousands at its command, every honest man is loudly called upon to exert himself in exposing and remedying it. To do this is truly a very unpleasant task, yet one from which we shall not shrink, notwithstanding its repulsiveness. We have declared open war against all quacks, of whatsoever sort, and shall always be ready at our post, using all the means in our power to set them forth in their true light, and bring them into their proper places.

At present, we have to do with that species of imposture which is of more importance than any other, inasmuch as it concerns the lives of all who are exposed to its influence. It is a notorious fact, that, of all things, medicine has ever been most exposed to quackery; and, what is remarkable, medical quacks are commonly the shallowest of all quacks. They require, indeed, no talent of any sort, nothing but effrontery, to insure them success; for none are fully competent to detect their imposture, except those who have made medicine, in some measure, the object of their study, and who know something of the structure of our bodies and the diseases to which they are liable; and such persons are always supposed to be influenced not by the love of truth, but by the spirit of party, in the opinions they pronounce on these subjects. The quack knows that he can impose upon none but such as are entirely ignorant of every thing connected with medical science. It is, indeed, impossible for

any man who knows aught of the wonderfully complex and delicate mechanism of this human frame, and of the manifold, ever-varying forms of disease to which it is obnoxious, to put any confidence in the shameless, ignorant impostor, who pretends to cure them all with his secret nostrums. And here we cannot refrain from quoting what the greatest and wisest of English philosophers has said on this subject:—

"Thus much is evidently true, that, of all substances which nature hath produced, man's body is the most extremely compounded; for, we see, herbs and plants are nourished by earth and water; beasts, for the most part, by herbs and fruits; man by the flesh of beasts, birds, fishes, herbs, grains, fruits, water, and the manifold alterations, dressings, and preparations of these several bodies, before they come to be his food and aliment. Add hereunto, that beasts have a more simple order of life, and less change of affections to work upon their bodies: whereas man, in his mansion, sleep, exercise, passions, hath infinite variations; and it cannot be denied but that the body of man, of all other things, is of the most compounded mass.

"This variable composition of man's body hath made it as an instrument easy to distemper; and, therefore, the poets did well to conjoin music and medicine in Apollo, because the office of medicine is but to tune this curious harp of man's body, and reduce it to harmony. So, then, the subject being so variable, hath made the art, by consequence, more conjectural;—an art being conjectural, hath made so much the more place to be left for imposture; for almost all other arts and sciences are judged by acts or masterpieces, as I may term them, and not by the successes and events. The lawyer is judged by the virtue of his pleading, and not by the issue of the cause; the master of the ship is judged by the directing his course aright, and not by the fortune of the voyage; but the physician hath no particular acts demonstrative of his ability, but is judged most by the event, which is ever but as it is taken; for who can tell, if a patient die or recover, whether it be art or accident? Nay, we see the weakness and credulity of men is such, as they will often prefer a mountebank or witch before a learned physician; for in all times, in the opinion of the multitude, witches and old women have had a competition with physicians. And what followeth? Even this, that physicians say to themselves, as Solomon expresseth it upon a higher occasion, "If it befall

me as it befalleth to the fools, why should I labour to be more wise?"

Thus did Bacon write of this matter upwards of two centuries ago, and we need scarcely say, that his remarks are as applicable now as ever they were. To put a human body, with all its curiously fashioned workmanship, the master-piece of God's creation, into the hands of any uneducated quack, who knows nothing of its structure, or the derangements to which it is exposed, is as dangerous in these times as it has always been. No wise man, surely, would think of setting a clumsy-handed peasant to arrange or rectify a delicate chronometer; and yet we see thousands every day doing what is much more foolish, permitting every base and most ignorant impostor to use his secret destructive appliances to those infinitely more delicate machines—their own bodies.

We have often meditated upon these things with all earnestness, conscious of their great importance, and we do not at all feel disposed to treat them with that saucy levity with which they are usually spoken of. Towards those who become the innocent dupes of quackery we can feel no sentiment but that of compassion. We have witnessed the tender and distracted affection of a parent to her child, of a friend to his friend, that seemed visibly hastening to the grave; and we could not help sympathising with them in the eager but blind anxiety with which they embraced any new hope, however false, that was held out to them when they had been forsaken of all hope. In such moments of agitated feeling, the judgment seems to lose its power; and the same persons who would at other times have rejected all imposture with disdain, do then become its readiest dupes and victims.

It is painful to see with what entire impunity the audacious quack is allowed to go on sacrificing hundreds of his fellow men to his own avarice. Nothing can discourage or disconcert him in his career of iniquity. Your genuine quack never acknowledged that he had misunderstood or mistreated any case of disease, or that there could be any possibility of his nostrums ever failing. You shall know him by his utter want of modesty, and by his passing over in silence all the cases which are unfavourable to his pretensions; so that if ninety-nine out of a hundred should

prove fatal under the use of his nostrums, and but one be successful, he will triumphantly relate the hundredth as an instance of his skill, making no mention of the rest, just as if one case only had been submitted to his treatment; or if he do mention the rest, it is only to affirm that they were beyond the reach of human help. And the great majority of credulous people are ready to take him at his word; and if his cool audacity do but hold good, he may calculate upon finding their infatuation altogether unlimited. Hundreds will come forward to testify of the cures he has performed upon them; but none will come forward to tell of those whom he has sent to a premature grave.

We have been led to make these remarks from perceiving the numerous and very various forms of imposture and quackery, which this country, and more especially London, presents in these times. Our sentiments have been uttered freely, and it is our purpose to prosecute this investigation, by illustrating practically and at some length those general observations which have already been made. And in undertaking this important task, we shall calmly endeavour to lay aside all prejudice and party spirit, and to seek nothing but the public good. It is surely very lamentable if no remedy can be found to save so many of our countrymen from becoming the victims of such dangerous imposture.

As our first and principal illustration, we take a certain Mr. John St. John Long, of Harley Street; and we have been induced to do so for two reasons; first, because he is at present one of the most thriving proprietors of nostrums in all England; and, secondly, because he has gone the length of publishing a work, in which he sets forth his pretensions, and "submits the documentary evidence upon which he claims the confidence of the country." And, that we may do this personage no injustice, we shall allow him to state his own claims and pretensions. This method, we apprehend, will also have this farther recommendation, that it will, in some measure, enable every reader to form a judgment for himself respecting this man and his pretensions.

Mr. Long opens his work with a Latin quotation from a poem of one of his patrons, to whom the dedication is

inscribed, which serves the double purpose of complimenting his patron, and affording a presumption that he himself is not altogether illiterate. You have only to turn another leaf, and you shall find him telling you :

"Innovation, I admit, is justified only by an adequate necessity ; nor am I an advocate for its uncalled for introduction. 'Le mieux est souvent l'ennemi du bien,' says a distinguished writer ; and I grant the opposite sense of the Italian epitaph, 'Stava bene,' &c. And he finishes his dedication by declaring, that he 'will not imitate the declaimer in Aulus Gellius, 'Qui verborum minutis rerum frangit pondera.'"

Let us now hear what he modestly pretends to do :

"Medicine," says he, "is usually described as a conjectural, not a positive, art ; but the following pages will, I trust, demonstrate the contrary, and exhibit a widely-extended sphere of beneficial operation on a practice and on principles which, speculatively and experimentally, challenge the minutest investigation."

He then proceeds to state, that the object of his work is to "lay before the public the successful results of his researches on some of the more important diseases of the human frame ; to point out a new and heretofore unassigned origin for various deviations from the standard of health, whether hereditary or contracted ; and to shew that these depend on a certain ACRID MATTER or FLUID pervading the system while in a state of disease."*

It is unnecessary to follow him in his summary criticism and disapproval of the remedies usually employed by physicians. He very evidently knows nothing of the subject he undertakes to decide upon ; but it would not have answered his purpose to leave the slightest merit to any one but himself. Speaking of inflammation of the lungs, &c. he takes the opportunity of deprecating the use of bleeding, and of stating that he possesses a much more effectual method of curing those and other diseases.

"In place of bleeding," he says, "I extract the acrid and impure qualities, sometimes to the extent of a pint, and more, from the body ; so that a quantity of matter is withdrawn, by which means the inflammatory symptoms are removed.

The circulation, which before was quick, is rendered slow, the pain subsides, and the countenance, before pale and exhausted, assumes a healthy and florid appearance, all in consequence of the acrid matter being extracted. Here the great powers of my discovery constitute a balancer, or rectifier, of health. When this acrid matter ceases to flow, the cure is performed. I do not employ a blister, because it affects the sound as well as the unsound parts, and extracts a fluid from the most healthy person ; while my remedies never produce any such effects, and only act upon parts diseased."

Now, without staying to comment upon the very manifest absurdity of these pretensions, we may merely observe, in passing, that no vender of nostrums would be doing himself justice if he did not make exactly similar pretensions. Accordingly, we find, that not a single quack of any eminence has ever neglected to do so.

"Medical science," continues Mr. Long, "versatile as it is in its system, and unsteady in its practice, may, at this moment, be compared to a ship on the ocean, buffeted about by every wind and wave, without rudder to guide, or compass to direct, its course."

After paying this elegant compliment to the medical profession, he goes on to state :

"If a spirit of monopoly and jealousy did not prevail among a certain class of the faculty, this work would be filled with as many attestations from them as from my patients ; and I cannot help here complaining of the want of good faith on the part of many physicians, who promised documents if I performed cures on the patients whom they considered incurable ; and although, when I had performed these cures, they confessed them to be complete, they, nevertheless, forgot their promise.

"My success in the cure of consumptive diseases, after the patients were abandoned by the faculty, and reduced to the last and most hopeless state of emaciation, the lungs producing quantities of matter, and there being profuse perspirations, accompanied by the usual train of symptoms ; my having restored, I say, these persons, who are now enjoying perfect health, bears evidence that I have fulfilled the predictions of medical writers of all ages, that a cure for consumption would at some future time be discovered."

To have found so decided a cure for consumption might have satisfied any reasonable man. Not so with John St. John Long. We invite all our readers to mark attentively how he goes on.

"Diarrhœa and dysenteric affections, arising in persons not labouring under consumption, may be traced to other causes, particularly to cold, &c. Cholera morbus, especially when it does not assume an epidemic character, is produced by similar causes. My power over this class of disease is so great, that I am desirous of communicating the knowledge to the Honourable the East India Company. I shall be happy to shew them the control I possess over every species of intestinal irritation, and over maladies that may in their worst stages immediately be cured.

"The virtues of my remedies I am willing to prove, by curing in one day any number of patients that may be offered to me as a test.

"Bronchial affections, attended with ulcerations of the mucous membrane leading to the lungs, form another class of disease which I have never failed in curing.

"I have had some patients whose livers were diseased by tubercles, which might be felt on the surface of the abdomen, yet I removed these hepatic complaints, and restored the patients to perfect health.

"My plan of treatment is peculiarly calculated for the removal of paralytic affections.

"*Tic douloureux* and *locked-jaw* are other forms of nervous affections, depending on retarded action of the nerves, inflammation, and the accumulation of acrid matter. When the latter is removed, a cure is in all cases effected.

"Gout is removed by the extraction of the accumulated acrid matter.

"Spinal affections consist in a derangement and weakness of the vertebrae, and the formation of an acrid matter, or fluid, which I have the means of removing, and not only affording immediate relief, but strengthening and invigorating the general system. I have hitherto been successful in every case of this description.

"Cataract, opacity of the cornea, amaurosis or loss of sensibility of the retina, or optic nerve, with other ophthalmic affections, depending on acrid matter existing either in the eye itself, or in that part of the brain nearest to it, and connected with its function, fall also within the reach of my mode of cure.

"The various diseases of the ear are

generally followed by one common result, *deafness*, which depend on acrid matter. In this condition of disease I have hitherto been successful in every case that has come before me.

"Erysipelas is also an inflammation of a peculiar kind depending on acrid matter, a class of disease which I have never failed in removing.

"Ring-worm, scald head, and other forms of porrigo, or irritation, depending on acrid matter, are also within my province of cure.

"Insanity," he continues, "being generally hereditary, is a proof of its corporeal origin, and that it is similar to other hereditary diseases, such as consumption, scrofula, gout, dropsy, &c., which, as I have maintained, arise from a certain acrid matter, or fluid, co-existent with the original stamina of life. This original acrid matter, or fluid, is AGGRAVATED in after life by the indulgence of the passions, injudicious living, and other causes.

"In the removal of this fluid consists my mode of the cure of this, as well as of other diseases.

"My opinion of the corporeal origin of insanity is fully supported by Dr. Burrows, with the exception that he has not assigned as a cause of it the acrid matter, or inflamed fluid, which my remedies possess the peculiar power of extracting."

But let us not trouble our readers with more quotations: there is no end to this man's "claims and pretensions." For our own part, we can only address him in the words of the poet:

"I know thee to thy bottom; from
within
Thy shallow centre, to the utmost
skin."

And every one of our readers, we think, who is not utterly ignorant of the nature of a human body, and the derangements it is liable to, must also have seen through such pretensions, and made up his mind concerning them, and their author. The whole work, we hesitate not to affirm, breathes the genuine spirit of that cast to which its author belongs. For the rest, we shall not degrade ourselves by speaking of him as he evidently deserves to be spoken of. We shall leave to others the task of ascertaining, whether Mr. Long ever tried his hand at sign painting, and was found such a poor dauber therein, that the pursuit of his calling held out the prospect of nothing else but a continual warfare with nakedness and cleanness of teeth; and whether, like

any other reasonable man, he resolved not to starve quietly without effort, and thus deprive the public of his "valuable discoveries," but determined, instead of giving in, to cast about if he might find some better way of "fencing off" that direst of fiends—necessity; whether he was urged to make the public acquainted with his discoveries by "that ardour for the establishment of truth, which is the inborn passion of well-constituted minds," or by—hunger. We have not time nor inclination to inquire into any such personal matters. This Mr. Long is a man whom we neither love nor hate; but he has come before the public voluntarily, by every means in his power, and he must submit to have his doings made the subject of criticism.

In regard to the *acid matter*, which plays so important a part in Mr. Long's system, we can only say, for the benefit of those who are not able to judge for themselves in such matters, that his assertions regarding it are very absurd, and altogether destitute of any thing in the shape of proof: they betray his entire ignorance of the human body, and of the diseases he pretends to cure.

And as to the mysteriously powerful nostrum by means of which the acid fluid is extracted, it seems to be nothing else, as far as can be judged by the eruption produced by it, than some cunningly disguised composition of emetic tartar; and St. John Long must be very ignorant, if he does not know

that the shallowest tyro in medicine can extract a fluid by means of it quite as rapidly and effectually as he himself can do. Here, however, we cannot help admiring the great practical dexterity which the invention of this important fluid indicates on the part of the author. In this mechanical age of unbelief and materialism, men will believe in nothing but what they can feel, see, and handle; and truly Mr. Long has acted very wisely, in maintaining that he can cure no disease without extracting a "*substance or liquid which is visible*" (p. 12), "*an acrid matter which is inherent in the human frame.*"

The next part of our task would be to examine the "documentary evidence upon which Mr. Long claims the confidence of the country," and the cases and testimonials, which he so triumphantly details in proof of the efficacy and success of his mode of treatment. But we have already exceeded our limits, and have room only to assure him and his patrons, that there is absolutely nothing new or strange in his "documentary evidence," for all, without exception, who have been successful in the same calling have had exactly similar testimonials—nay, many of them much higher than those of St. John Long. This part of our undertaking is too important to be hastily and superficially investigated. We shall resume the subject on some early occasion, and meanwhile we have to wish our readers good speed, and patience against our next meeting.

LATIN PARAPHRASE OF A MAGYAR BALLAD.

[See the original, No. II. p. 173.]

NUNC depropera, mea Flora,
Rosas necte sine morâ;
Spinas inter quæ rubescunt
Rosæ, citiùs vanescunt.

Nascitur primo mane flos—
Moritur ante cadat ros;
Cur quæramus quid sit cras?
Carpimus dum delicias.

Vanum nectere vanas spes—
Fert hora nova novas res;
Vinum quod poculo rubescit
Fuso felle mox acescit.

J. K.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—NO. II.

MESSRS. RICKARDS AND CRAWFURD.

BOTH these gentlemen are of the set of which the "sapphire and blue" of Macvey Napier, once called the *Edinburgh*, henceforth to be styled *My Great-Grandmother's Review*, is the common stalking horse. Both these gentlemen, too, are old servants of the East India Company, and now its sworn, stern, immitigable foes,—a change which worldly prudence always recommends. Both, ate of the bread of that Company, and now would fain fix their tusks in the hands that fed them,—a thing worthy of slight censure; for as of hunger, so of every other overpowering impulse, *habet nonnullam legem*. Both these gentlemen are reformers in their advanced life—equalisation-mongers—Utopeanarians. One is a writer in *My Great-Grandmother*—the other, if he be not a writer there, has at least received in its pages the praises of one M'Culloch, an ancient *Autolytus* and unlicensed hawk of quack medicines and poisonous mixtures, in which the principal ingredient is called political economy,—a deleterious drug, and in a tenfold degree worse than rats'-bane. The pedlar, it is said, feasted on the reformer's dinner dainties in London, and for the man of India's pudding the pedlar of economy gave him praise, like the Nabob's "*hasty*," well-sugar'd, well-spiced, well-butter'd, well-flower'd, and like thick plaster. Messrs. Rickards and Crawford are, in short, the self-constituted Castor and Pollux, to whom all free mariners, colonists, Indian reformers and philanthropists, and would-be Bohea-mongers, are, in their tribulation, to make their prayers and votive offerings, when the two gentlemen are regularly to appear riding in the darksome air across their own volumes (a miracle, forsooth, that leaden things should fly), then smile condescendingly on the mobility, cut a curvet in the air to shew their mobships that they are clever lively divinities, and finally point to India with a knowing grin.

Messrs. Rickards and Crawford have travelled far, and seen many and wonderful sights, but the old leaven of sin has stuck by them. Oh, Mendez de Pinto! thy spirit yet walks the earth, and hath entered into this couple of gentlemen, even as the black devils of

old insinuated themselves into the thin bowels of the swine that perished. Had Messrs. Rickards and Crawford been suffered to tell their own stories with that calmness, slowness, and precision, which steady and *unpossessed* goers are wont to employ before listeners who are *awake and up*, all would have been well; for when their jog-trot imaginations might, like wicked beasts, be desirous of *expatiating*, were it only for exercise and promoting the circulation, the ominous words "No bams," or "Come, my old covies, that's a crammer,—we are not green," would bring the sedate gentlemen to their senses, and we should be treated with correct and consistent stories. But you may always know those that are possessed by the spirit of Mendez de Pinto, which, of all devils, gnomes, hobgoblins, incubi, and every thing that is diabolical, is the most troublesome; because all others are more of the gentlemen, and never kick up a bother and row (excepting also in places privileged by custom or law, such as Jerry Bentham's hotel, or methodist meeting-houses, or a large chapel near Westminster Abbey); but the spirit of Mendez de Pinto, after it has once squeezed itself into a man, brings him always into the thickest crowd, and, where the *possessed* can most annoy his fellow-creatures,—makes him bellow till his gills crack about his travels and adventures, and then rave about the improveability of mankind, and the wrongs and indignities which it is made to suffer; and then it is out of the power of mortal flesh to stop the gabbling of the poor cracked *possessed*—you may bawl "no gammon,"—"that's blarney,"—"very like a whale,"—"that's a twister,"—"what a nailer," and other emphatic virtuous ejaculations, till your throat is hoarse and as red as a salt herring. At last, the only remedy that the listeners have is to wink at one another, and say, "He's possessed—the devil of the old Portuguese is there—take care, he'll jump out of that gentleman's interior dwelling, and give us a bite by way of change of food—let's run for our lives." The runners, however, were too slow in the case of Messrs. Rickards and Crawford; when they set off on speediest toe, the latter

twain followed on nimblest heel, and, making up to their stag-like fugitives, they made a dash at two of the swiftest in the crowd: Mr. Rickards darted at and caught the nose of Colonel Baillie's neck, Mr. Crawford fished his tooth in Mr. Astell's buttock, and the two victims would have died miserably, had not one Mangles, a noble mastiff, made his appearance; at the very sight of the tip of whose nose, the two possessed dropped their victims and fled fast away.

Gentle reader, we have told thee a pleasant allegory; which thou shalt self-interpret as thou proceedest through this paper.

Mr. Rickards has been some two years, or perhaps more, in concocting his *Facts relative to India*; and Mr. Crawford has published, though anonymously, his *View of the present State and future Prospects of the Free Trade and Colonisation of India*. These performances are full of the grossest absurdities and misstatements, which Mr. Ross Donnelly Mangles has so thoroughly exposed in his recent pamphlet,* that it becomes a matter of necessity for the twin *filiæ Lædæ* to do away, by all possible explanations, with the force and convincing quality of their adversary's sheets, or else they will both most undoubtedly be placed by posterity alongside of Mendez de Pinto, Mandeville, Cobbett, and such other drawers of the long-bow as have made for themselves a fair and everlasting fame by the point-blank coolness of their monstrous fondness for *expatiating*. Mr. Mangles has entered into the confutation of these gentlemen's assertions with that becoming feeling which every right-minded honourable man would experience on reading Messrs. Rickards' and Crawford's vapouring and extravagant charges, which, being levelled against the heads of the East India Company, in reality are so many attacks on the agents and executive of that body residing in the country under discussion, and who, being the ministers and *middle-men*, stand between the crying grievances and the ruling body resident in England.

"Their attacks upon the rulers of

British India," says Mr. Mangles, "have been but very little measured; and those accusations attach themselves, in proportion to his station, to every individual composing that body. I have already alluded to the ingenuous attempt, which has been made to separate the actual administrators from the abstract essence of the government, thus leaving the latter, like the lord mayor in Martinus Scriblerus, without hands, head, feet, or body; and their readers will find little morsels of discriminative commendation scattered here and there through their pages. But the servants of the Company would be weak indeed if they suffered themselves to be tickled into complacency at the expense of their honesty and common sense. They know that they must stand or fall in the estimation of their fellow-countrymen with the system which they have so long administered, and which, if radically depraved and foul, cannot but have attached its stains to their moral character. For there cannot be tyranny without operative tyrants; nor fiscal oppression without rapacious and unfeeling tax-gatherers. If they be the instruments of a cruel and extortionary government, each and all of them are guilty of aiding and abetting its crimes; and it is certain that whatever is done, must be done through their agency. At their hands, therefore, Messrs. Rickards and Crawford can look for no favour; but they are entitled to fair hostility, and to such I shall scrupulously confine myself."

Mr. Mangles observes, that "Messrs. Rickards and Crawford have been long in the field, their pamphlets are in very extensive circulation; and, with the exception of Mr. Robertson's *Remarks*, their opinions have scarcely been questioned." We ask, why has this been the case? Why has such gross negligence of the rights of the East India proprietors been manifested by that Board of Directors, who are the chosen of those proprietors—who would have never sat in their seats of office had it not been for the nomination of that body, whose vested interests they appear by their obstinate silence to have overlooked. Among the governing body are many individuals who are eminent for their literary powers, and who by long service in the country, are qualified for the office

* *Brief Vindication of the Honourable East India Company's Government of Bengal from the Attacks of Messrs. Rickards and Crawford.* By Ross Donnelly Mangles, of the Bengal Civil Service. London: Ridgway, 1830.

of vindicator of the proprietary against the false adductions of the slanderer, the insinuations of the malicious, the attacks of the mischievous—in short, the attempts of all foes to the cause which has been intrusted to their care. Yet nothing have we had from these gentlemen, Directors of the destinies of India. They have held their tongues, left their interests to be defended by a chance combatant like Mr. Mangles, and trusted to the justice of their cause, and the friendly feelings of his Grace of Wellington, who, from being an old Indian, and the victor at Assaye, would, it was hoped, lend a helping hand to the East India Company, in whose cause he fought as Colonel Wellesley, and so nobly distinguished himself. That a set of men, some of whom are members of parliament, and all of whom have gained many years' experience of life, should argue in this manner, is to us matter of extremest surprise. In questions of the magnitude of the Company's charter, no reliance should, by the Court of Directors, be placed on father or mother, or brother, or friend, or politician, or prime minister, even though that minister be the Duke of Wellington, and though that Duke of Wellington might have bound himself by a promise—for promises, as children very significantly say, are like pie-crust, and made to be broken. No dependence, we again say, ought to be placed on any one man or body of men, but on the opinion and approbation of the PEOPLE; and if the Board of Directors have a fair, and just, and honourable cause, why should they fear to lay its exposition fully before the popular eye? In all times, and in all seasons, in a country constituted as England is, the popular voice (understand the word, reader, in its true sense) has been for virtue and justice. But the conduct of the managers of the East India Company has been reprehensible—yes, eager as we are to support the cause of the “merchants trading to India,” we must put in our protest at the self-sufficiency, the idleness, the nonentity, of their Conclave of Directors. Mr. Buckingham practises his merry-andrew tricks against the Company—the indolent Conclave will not move their blessed fundaments from their seats to expose that ungrammatical scaramouch's devices. Mr. Robert Rickards fulminates his fury against

the Company—the Conclave pass the Welshman by in silence, having recourse to no expedient to counteract the mistatements made with all possible effrontery by that dismissed servant of the Company. Mr. Crawford pours forth his well-concocted vituperations against the Company—and the Man of Jura may rattle on for ever without receiving a check for his presumptuous boldness. The *Times* is frantic against the Company—the *Morning Chronicle* is argumentative against the Company—*My Great Grandmother* of Macvey Napier cuts and slashes in “Ercles' veil” against the Company,—even the small, very small voiced *New Monthly*, endeavours to spout out its small modicum of abuse on the head of the patient Company; and the Company, like a poor ass, bears Rickards' “bams” and Crawford's “flams,” the *Times'* rotten eggs, and the *Morning Chronicle's* brick-bats, Macvey Napier's Herculean club, made of inflated leather, and the very small *New Monthly's* very small abuse—merely because out of the indolent Conclave no champion will arise, as in duty bound, to defend the maltreated, ignominiously-used, East India Company, and hurl defiance amidst the ranks of its assailants. This ought to be the case, but it is not—the Directors were not placed as the executive of the Company, merely to play great men, give away cadetships, and guzzle down Bleadenian turtle, with refrigerated aromatic punch thereafter, but rather to maintain the interests of their constituents, to be their advocates with the king's government in times of emergency, to repel, as advocates, all slander levelled at their mercantile body, to be the upholders of its honour, to act with a manly openness, and so gain golden opinions of all men,—and to be energetic in all their doings. Nothing of all this has been done; and we say, “Fie on the Court of Directors! If the cause of the East Indians shall fail, theirs' be the fault and the disgrace, for they have manifested great dereliction of duty in many things, but most especially in leaving to chance friends, the repelling of those ill-founded charges which the enemies of the Company have in every possible way levelled against the proprietary.

But the Court of Directors is to be reprehended for something beyond even what is set forth in the foregoing para-

graph. The greatest enemies of the proprietary, and of themselves, were the houses of Indian agency of the city of London. These are numerous, opulent, powerful, and have been long jealous of the all-engrossing sway which the Board of Directors possessed in despite of their own riches, ability, and importance. Mr. Rickards is at the head of one of these houses in Bishopgate-street; and Mr. Crawford has all his life been connected with this same powerful faction of turbulent and repining agents. Now this is the set of men whom the Board of Directors ought to have hated, despised, avoided—but they have done exactly the opposite—they have gone and made an agreement with that body, and a truce and act of amnesty have been proclaimed between the parties; they have agreed to shake hands, provided the agency people be allowed a certain share in the direction of the Company; and the Board of Directors have been craven enough to concede this most essential, nay, extravagant point, to the simple merchants, and have even gone to the extreme length of writing holographs, recommendatory of the pretensions of such simple merchants, whereby the first man has actually taken his seat in the *consilia sancta naboborum*. This business, we think, should be made the subject of investigation at an early general meeting, that it may be ascertained who were the gentlemen writing such holograph letters; and such writers being discovered, that they should be dismissed forthwith from the “godlike assembly” of Leadenhall-street. If any agreement of the nature described has been entered into with the London houses of agency, our readers may rest assured that the proprietary will be despoiled of all the protections of every charter by the cunning policy of the agents. For one man has already gained admission—another, and another, and another, will follow; and we shall have a synod of free traders, attentive to their own and their partners’ interests, instead of a Board of Directors of the Honourable the East India Company, met for the furtherance of the interests of the general proprietary.

We have been obliged to make these observations from an imperious sense

of duty—nothing else should have forced us to this painful task. We are warmly interested in the welfare of the Company, and in the existence of the charter, (because without these India can never remain to us,) and have with the greatest possible reluctance come forward to enter our protest against the proceedings of the Board during the late elections; which proceedings, we know, have most unnecessarily raised against the “East Indian Monopoly,” as it is called, a host of enemies in addition to those of old standing. Why will not the Directors act a more open part?—their cause is good, and the words of the Roman have been uttered for all time—“Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.”

The subject of the East India question runs into so many ramifications, each of which requires so much patience, industry, time, and space, for its elucidation, that it may well be supposed Mr. Mangles, in the limits of a pamphlet, found it utterly impracticable to grapple with more than a very few matters, and that in a superficial manner.

“Notwithstanding,” he says, “the sarcasms that have been levelled at Mr. Robertson for a similar declaration, I must here profess my determination to confine myself to those branches of the subject under discussion with which I am practically acquainted. The whole field is one of vast extent; and though it may well become such authors as Mr. Rickards or Mr. Crawford, to expatiate over its surface, wherever the Company has founded an empire or a factory, I shall limit my observations to those passages of their respective pamphlets which refer more especially to the internal administration, the revenue, and the people, of that part of British India which is subject to the presidency of Fort William. For if I had not always thought that the great cause of truth and knowledge is most efficiently promoted, when each individual lays before the public the digested results of his own experience, leaving the wider field to be occupied at some future period by a writer who may then be able to collect and collate the opinions of many, I should certainly have been led to that conclusion from observing the errors into which Mr. Rickards has frequently, and Mr. Crawford sometimes, fallen.* How far the latter gentleman is correct in his

* “E. g. In this place, however, I propose to confine myself to what may be found in public records and writers of authority; whence it appears, that in Bengal

statements with regard to the commerce carried on by the Company, and the results of the free trade, I am not competent to determine. When I speak, therefore, of his blunders, I refer to the instances in which he has ventured in his descents too far from his shipping, and has slipped, from the very excess of his anxiety to overthrow his adversary. That a writer, who has not hesitated to grapple with a subject of such vast extent, should limit the local knowledge of all the judicial officers in India,—some of whom, and it is no slight compliment, are his equals in talent and energy,—to something less than 'five square miles of the area' under their several jurisdictions (p. 52), is not the least amusing instance on record, of the manner in which we estimate the powers of others, as compared with our own. This is venial; but there is a passage in which he represents the judges and magistrates of the Company's administration,—men who are under the most solemn obligations to do justice to all claimants without fear or favour,—as '*labouring under the usual prejudice and delusion of their caste,*' and therefore, '*hostile*' to the British planter. This is a fearful charge, and one that nothing but the clearest proof, affecting all the many parties concerned, can bear out. It will become Mr. Crawford to produce his evidence; it would have been as wise perhaps if he had not committed himself by such unqualified language, especially when it is considered that, owing to his long employment in other quarters, his personal knowledge of the state of things in the interior of continental India must be very limited indeed. Meanwhile, we place, in opposition to his sweeping invective, the recorded sentiments of Lord Hastings, written after the final retirement of that lamented nobleman from the head of the supreme government. 'I could not forgive myself were I to let slip such an opportunity of rendering to the Honour-

able Company's servants that testimony which they have proudly merited from me. No body of men, taken generally, can be more high-minded, more conscientiously zealous, or more rigidly intolerant of any turpitude among their fellows.'

"Nothing can be added to such a testimony, but the reply of a noble Roman, to a charge involving his reputation:—'*Varro Sacrocentis ait: Emilius Scaurus negat: utro creditis Quirites?*'"

Mr. Mangles admits that Mr. Crawford's pamphlet is the production of a very superior man, and written with force and ingenuity. In this he is, in a tenfold degree, superior to Mr. Robert Rickards. The following is Mr. Mangles' estimate of this gentleman:

"Putting the spirit of cavil and misconstruction in which they are written out of the question, assumptions the most baseless, and conclusions the most illogical, absolutely over-run his pages: indeed, game of this description is so plentiful, that it is difficult to select the most glaring for exhibition. But I submit the following paragraph as a specimen of the combined candour and accuracy with which Mr. Rickards reasons, premising, that it is intended to depict the present condition of the salt manufacturers; several preceding pages having been devoted to a soothing and useful recapitulation of the enormities practised in this department, from the first establishment of the Company's factory in Bengal to the year 1794.

"In the accounts given of these Aurungs, or places of manufacture, we read of their being liable to drought, inundation, and famine; of the manufacture being carried on in uninhabited parts, destitute of fresh water, unhealthy from surrounding jungles, and in which numbers of the Molungees are annually carried off by disease, alligators, and tigers. From these circumstances, it may be also

salt is only allowed to be manufactured within a limited spot (to prevent smuggling) in the Sunderbuns.'

"And, in a note, '*A district included within the Delta of the Ganges.*'—Rickards, pp. 632, 3.

"In page 641, Mr. Rickards gives a list of the several agencies established in 1793, apparently quite unconscious that three out of the five, viz. Hidgellee, Tumlook, and Chittagong, are quite clear of the Delta of the Ganges. He does not even mention Cuttack, still more distant from that river, where there are now two agencies.

"An equal sum (10,000*l.*) with that which is here dedicated to the arts and sciences among 50,000,000 of people, at the time of the enactment, and now among some 90,000,000, is, in various cases, given to an agent of the salt or opium monopoly, without the least parade whatever, without any special act of parliament.'—Crawford, 2d edit. p. 78.

"Not a single person employed as above, nor any civil servant whatsoever, receives the amount mentioned. I shall refer to Mr. Crawford's more material errors hereafter."

apprehended, that there are grounds for the accusation of this manufacture being still carried on by means of coerced labour. Courts of justice, it is said, have been established for the intended protection of the Molungees; but courts of justice merely tantalise wretches, who neither can, or else dare not, prefer a complaint, from the dread of still further oppression. We may, therefore, conclude, that the condition of the Molungees is not improved, from what has been very generally admitted, ever since the establishment of the monopoly, to be one of great misery.'

"Now, it happens that I was nearly two years, commissioner in the Sunderbuns, the tract most obnoxious to those 'moving accidents,' which Mr. Rickards has painted in such glowing colours, and that the duties of my office were of such a nature as to oblige me to spend a very considerable part of those months of the year, during which the salt manufacture is carried on, under my tent, on the skirts of the Great Forest, or on board a boat, upon one or another of the rivers of the Delta. My immediate business was with the cultivators of the soil, before whose exertions (thanks to free trade, as demonstrated by Mr. Rickards, in page 591 of Part III.) those trackless wastes are rapidly losing their character; indeed, I had no official connexion whatever with the salt department. But I necessarily saw a great many of the salt works, and enjoyed every opportunity of ascertaining the condition of the manufacturers; and I can confidently assure all those in whose bosoms emotions of mingled pity and indignation have been excited by the accumulated horrors of Mr. Rickards' description, that he has most cruelly played upon their feelings. From what records he derived his information with regard to the perils that beset the unhappy Molungees from water and the want of water, from famine and disease, from the savage tenants alike of the forest and the flood, I cannot say, and he has not thought fit to inform us. I neither saw such things, nor heard any tales of them during my travels through a great part of the manufacturing district in 1824 and 25. It is true, indeed, that a very small proportion of the whole body of the manufacturers do proceed annually, in gangs, to stations on the banks of the several rivers that intersect the Delta; that the forests which surround these Aurungs are uninhabited by mankind; and that, if they have no reservoirs of fresh water on the spot, they bring it, from time to time, from the nearest point that supplies it. But the wood-cutters, and fishermen, and the gatherers of wax or shells, who fre-

quent the same wild tracks in no inconsiderable numbers, and whom even Mr. Rickards will believe to follow their callings without compulsion, are exposed to all the hardships, and to more than all the dangers, which the salt manufacturers undergo; for, not being stationary, they cannot so well provide for their protection against wild beasts. Setting alligators out of the question, for I never heard of any man being destroyed by one in the Sunderbuns,—I do not deny that those salt manufacturers who carry on their operations as above described are sometimes in jeopardy from tigers, and that lives are occasionally lost. Their Aurungs are certainly not healthy places, though I never lost a servant or follower during my stay in their vicinity; and the Molungees, being natives of the villages on the very skirts of the forest, find the climate much less noxious than strangers. But if these stations were perfect pest-houses, if they drank nothing but the most nauseous of brackish water, and if alligators and tigers were ten thousand times more numerous and ravenous than they are, it would avail Mr. Rickards nothing towards justifying the conclusion, that the manufacture is 'still carried on by coerced labour,' unless he could prove that the same or wilder parts of the forests are not annually visited by hundreds of persons pursuing other avocations, or that such persons are no more free agents than the Molungees. The plain fact is, as Mr. Rickards would not have failed to discover, if he had not been blinded by his eagerness to arrive at a damnatory conclusion, that the unhealthy or otherwise hazardous nature of an employment operates in no perceptible degree to deter men from entering upon it. There is no greater want of painters or plumbers in England, though the dangers attending upon these trades be well known, than of carpenters and bricklayers, and yet I do not suppose that the journeyman draws higher wages from the one trade than the other. In Bengal, the fishermen, woodcutters, and others, who frequent the Sunderbuns, are, I believe, not a whit better remunerated for their labours than the salt manufacturers; for, if the case were otherwise, nothing short of chains would restrain the latter from endeavouring to participate in the gains of their more fortunate brethren, as it requires no apprenticeship to cut wood, or gather wax and shells. But I should be able to grapple with the question more closely, if Mr. Rickards would specify, in his next edition, the nature of the coercion that is employed to drive the unfortunate Molungees into the woods, and to keep them at work.

"I must not, however, leave my reader under the impression that salt, even in the Sunderbuns, is universally manufactured on the banks of silent rivers, in the heart of eternal forests. Not a little is made by men who, in all probability, never saw an alligator nor heard the roar of a tiger, who conduct their business in the midst of extensive cultivation, and are as little exposed or subject to disease as their brethren who plough and sow. A still larger quantity is raised by those whose works form a belt between the land under tillage and the forest, having, on one side, plentiful supplies of food and fresh water, and on the other abundance of fuel. It is to the active industry of these persons that the rapid advances of cultivation upon the great Sunder forest are in a great measure to be attributed: at least they have been eminently useful as pioneers. For they soon exhaust the wood in the vicinity of their works, and, advancing further towards the jungle, are almost immediately followed by the agriculturist, who finds the site of their former operations ready cleared for the plough. These Molungees are, I think, invariably natives of the adjoining villages, and, injurious as the climate certainly is to strangers at particular seasons of the year, it is not uncongenial to them. I have seen many old men in that part of the country, and I never heard that the average of life was shorter there than in other districts of Bengal. Nor are the inhabitants, whether makers of salt, or tillers of the earth, more exposed to 'drought, inundation, and famine,' than millions who never even dreamed of an Aurung. I do not deny that there are occasional calamities from floods which affect those salt manufacturers who carry on their work on the islands of the great Ganges and Megna; but those are comparatively few in number, and, after all, are exposed to no greater hazards than their agricultural brethren. The Sunderbun rivers never overflow during the season of manufacture, at which time alone the Molungees occupy the 'uninhabited parts' on their banks; and the open country, reclaimed from the waste, on which a vast majority of the Aurungs are situated, never to my knowledge suffers from inundation. Bengal has not, I am happy to say, experienced 'famine' or 'drought' for many years; nor will the salt manufacturers suffer from such visitations, if it shall please Providence at any time to inflict them, more than other classes of the community, equally dependent upon daily labour for their daily bread. As regards their perils from tigers, I lived long among the villages on the edge of the great

jungle, and during that period but two men were killed, to my knowledge. There was no motive for concealment, for I was known to be a sportsman, and the natives are naturally delighted to engage the services of an ally against their formidable enemy. In both the instances in question I was entreated to rescue the bodies, and fortunately succeeded. One of the victims was a fisherman, the other a Molungee: perhaps Mr. Rickards will be able to deduce from the fact that fishermen ply their trade where hungry tigers abound, and where they are at least as much in danger of alligators as the salt manufacturers, whose business is on terra firma, the exact quantum of coercion that is used to compel them to cast their nets."

Says Mr. Rickards, though not in the best possible orthography, the Molungees are "wretches, who neither can, or else dare not prefer a complaint, from the dread of still greater oppression." "I envy neither the language nor the spirit in which this accusation is brought," replies Mr. Mangles; and we agree with him. Imagine what the feeling of bitterness in the mind of any gentleman must be who can sit down to write such denouncing sentences, overflowing with acidity and bile. Mr. Mangles does not let Mr. Rickards off easily:

"I am sure," he continues, "that the fishermen, hunters, woodcutters, and wax-gatherers, no inconsiderable classes in any part of the Sunderbuns, are exposed to far more jeopardy from every quarter than the Molungees; for the former follow their several trades in comparative solitude, and without fixed residences. From these circumstances, if Mr. Rickards be a logical reasoner, 'it may be also apprehended, that there are grounds for the accusation' of these crafts being 'carried on by means of coerced labour.' This analysis of his premises will enable the reader to form an estimate of the value of the conclusion at which he arrives, regarding the 'great misery' of the Molungees; and after this dissection, I trust that the 'therefore' or 'consequently,' with which he clinches his arguments, will not be considered quite equivalent to the Q. E. D. of the mathematician. The real state of the case is, that the labour of the salt manufacturer is not compulsory; and that his condition is no more miserable than that of all persons engaged in occupations requiring little skill and no capital, in a country where population presses very closely upon the means of subsistence, and labour is superabundant.

"But it is amusing to observe how Mr. Rickards warms upon the subject, and how rapidly he steps from his conjectural apprehension, 'that there are grounds for the accusation of this manufacture being still carried on by means of coerced labour,' to an unqualified assertion that such is the fact. The sentence quoted above is to be found in p. 644; and at p. 647 we read as follows:—'A monopoly of a prime necessary of life to the poor is established in a pestilential climate, *carried on by forced labour*,' &c. This, it must be supposed, is one of the 'facts submitted to illustrate the character and condition of the native inhabitants,' referred to in the title-page."

That there might not be the slightest chance of any charge of invidious selection from the blunders with which Mr. Rickards' ponderous pamphlets are overrun, Mr. Mangles goes to a passage relating to a totally distinct subject: the alleged extension of cultivation throughout Bengal since the date of the permanent settlement, "the operation of which hitherto has been one continued series of almost unmix'd evil;" and Mr. Rickards continues as follows:—

"'But in the accounts given of increased cultivation we may reasonably conclude that there is some exaggeration and some mistake, even on the part of resident observers. In the first place, some of the collectors represent the cultivation of their districts to be increased one-third in the course of a few years. Now, for the sake of illustration, let us suppose this to be generally the case throughout Bengal, and the consequence, as represented, of the introduction of the permanent settlement; and not, as I conceive, of increased effective demand from the opening of the trade. What would be the result? It is not even pretended that the population has increased in the same ratio, either in wealth or numbers. The great mass, indeed, the Ryots, are uniformly admitted to be in the same state of wretchedness as ever; and effective demands for produce being *consequently* stationary, or nearly so, the quantity of produce now represented by three, would be of no more, or little more exchangeable value than the quantity before represented by two. The only advantage, therefore, would be, that a starving Ryot, here and there, might chance to get a little more in quantity to his own share, if there should happen to be also enough to satisfy the rapacity of his Zemindar."

Now hear Mr. Mangles' able, complete, and satisfactory reply:—

"In the first place, it is not fair to suppose, either for the 'sake of illustration,' or for any other purpose, that because 'some of the collectors represent the cultivation of their districts to be increased one-third in the course of a few years,' this is 'generally the case throughout Bengal.' Nobody ever dreamed of stating that it was so; nor certainly was it ever pretended that population had increased in that proportion, in numbers at least. In some districts, such as Burdwan, for example, there probably was not waste land enough to admit of such an extension, but yet the collectors of other districts may be correct in their statements, though I was not aware that any such had been advanced, and Mr. Rickards does not quote his authority. The question, however, is one of mere fact, and the testimony of a single eye-witness is worth ten times more than all the cumbrous artillery of 'effective demand' that can be brought to bear upon the subject. If it were stated that one-third more hops were grown in Kent, or one-third more ribands woven at Coventry, since the year 1790, very little ground would be gained by a sceptic who should insist on arguing upon the hypothesis that in every county and town throughout England the extension of growth or manufacture had been commensurate. It is very easy to reduce an opponent to an absurdity, if you can but force him to adopt any premises that you choose to thrust upon him. But Mr. Rickards argues unsoundly even upon his own assumptions: for he supposes extended cultivation, whilst effective demand for produce is stationary or nearly so. But land is never cultivated unless there be mouths to consume the produce. Men do not engage in the very laborious tasks of clearing forests or reclaiming wastes for amusement: it is the effective demand, or the stimulus of hunger, that sets the axe and plough in motion. Much very poor land was brought into cultivation in England under the influence of the war prices, and this was thrown back again when *altered circumstances* rendered it ruinous to persist in the speculation. And this would be the case in Bengal, as regards the least productive land, whether new or old, if the price of grain were suddenly to fall. But to suppose that cultivation at present is one-third more extensive than in 1790, whilst effective demand has remained stationary,—that is, whilst there are no more mouths to consume the produce represented by three than there were at that period to subsist upon the quantity represented by two, (no hint being given that, under such circumstances, the former level would be re-

stored,) is more than reasonable men can be expected to submit to, even 'for the sake of illustration.' Demand has been defined as 'the will combined with the power to purchase:' the natives of Bengal may or may not possess the will and power to purchase one-third more grain than they consumed in 1790; but this much is certain, that the grain would not be raised, unless consumers were to be found. Did Mr. Rickards ever hear that in any country under the sun vast additional tracts of land were brought under tillage,—not suddenly, but by a gradual process,—although, so far from any additional profits accruing to the agriculturist, he received no more remuneration for the expense of cultivating three acres than he had formerly received as the price of the produce of two?

"But how stand the facts? In many parts of Bengal cultivation has been vastly extended. In Nuddea, Moorshedabad, Rajeshahye, and other districts, immense tracts which, even within the memory of many European residents, were in the undisputed possession of the wild boar and the tiger, now present an unbroken sheet of cultivation. The forests of the Delta of the Ganges, though the jungle be obstinate, the soil impregnated with salt, and making no better return than a coarse sort of rice, are falling rapidly. Wherever tillage is extended, in places remote from water-carriage, it may be taken for granted that the local population has increased in proportion. When the additional produce is raised in the vicinity of navigable rivers, it may possibly owe its existence to the increased demands of the population of the towns. Yet, notwithstanding this larger supply, the demand has not only not remained stationary, but, to the best of my recollection, every species of agricultural produce has risen in price, in the ratio of three to two. Taking wealth and numbers together, the power of consumption has probably increased one-third in many parts of Bengal since the date of the permanent settlement. The Zemindars have acquired great wealth, as their subscriptions to the public loans testify; and the general features of the great mass,—the Ryots,—are very different from what they were at that period. There are now, of course, as there always will be in every country not under-peopled, vast numbers who merely exist; a state of things for which, even as it manifests itself in England, no remedy has been yet suggested beyond that which every man must apply for himself,—personal frugality, and forbearance with regard to

marriage. But many cultivators of the soil have certainly raised themselves from the dead level which the whole class formerly occupied; many, to my knowledge, have embarked capital in agricultural speculations; and many more follow the routine of their forefathers in improved and easy circumstances. In the mean time, the continued activity of those who possess the means, from local advantages, of taking in new land, demonstrates that demand is pressing closely on the supply. It remains for Mr. Rickards, who assumes, with his usual inconsequential 'therefore,' that the Ryots are 'starving,' to account for the obstinacy with which that class, to which such speculations are in a great measure confined, persist in raising additional crops, when they find so bad a market for the grain which they already grow."

Quoth the city merchant: "If there be extended cultivation, it originates from the vast increase of the external trade of Bengal since 1813; and, consequently, of the natural productions of the country to supply foreign demand." Well uttered, Sir Oracle: this argumentative quip may do very well for your Millite friends and Maccullochite moles, but men of sense like Mr. Mangles turn up their noses at such a kind of reasoning. Whatever may have been the benefits of free trade to India, it is too monstrous a crammer to tell us that all improvement in India has been produced from that source. "Does Mr. Rickards," asks Mr. Mangles in his own quiet way, "believe that the first axe was laid to the forests in 1814, and that no jungles had vanished up to that date?" Alas! there is no veteran destroyer of hogs and tigers who would not assure him with a sigh, that thousands upon thousands of acres had been reclaimed before the pervading influence of free trade was felt at all.

"In Backergunge, such had been the progress of cultivation, that the police-stations, which, toward the end of the century, stood at about three miles from the edge of the great Sunderbun jungle,—which stretches to the seashore,—were, in 1810, separated from it by a clear space of thirteen miles in width.* I can report to a like effect, on the estates bounded by the western edge of the same forest. Though I saw them at a later period, I had means of ascertaining the dates of the several

annexations which they had progressively acquired from the waste, and I can safely say that the increased ratio of cultivation since 1814 was scarcely perceptible."

Pessimism, says Mr. Mangles, is the grand dogma of the radical writers on India. They seem to be hounded by the genius of bile in the shape of the death's head and bloody bones of an Indian. This is the bugaboo that frightens these gentry in their sleeping and waking dreams, until they rave about India being the most unfortunate country that ever existed on the face of the earth. Every man in authority there is, in their estimation, a scoundrel,—every man who has governed the country has misdirected the reins of government. The Company have been the most iniquitous of masters—the natives, God's image trodden under foot by the impious feet of heathenish Englishmen. They have imagined that, "except within the narrow limits to which the jurisdiction of the king's courts is confined, justice and fiscal moderation have found no place of rest for the soles of their feet. Beyond those happy precincts,—where lions and lambs, enjoying sweet repose together, are typified by baboons and hungry attorneys, attended by their jackalls,—all is anarchy and rapine, the unrelenting gripe of the collector and the closed court of the judge." "Mr. Rickards' pamphlets," says Mr. Mangles, "seem to be the work of a man perfectly persuaded of the accuracy of his information and the correctness of his principles; but I think that, even when he argues upon those premises, he has as much misrepresented the real state of things as if he were to profess to write the Life of Cicero, and content himself with informing us that he was the vainest man and the worst poet of his day."

Mr. Crawford has alleged that colonisation is the talismanic word that is to cure all mischiefs in India. Mr. Rickards has not yet given us his nostrum for the administration of the East. It is to come forth in Part V.; and Part V. may

be published some two or three years hence,—for Mr. Rickards, it appears, is not a ready penman, and his work creeps lazily through the press, something like the York broad-wheeled waggon creeping up Highgate Hill.

"In the mean time," observes Mr. Mangles, "thanks to this admirable arrangement, all the virus contained in the following passages, and in one hundred others to the same purport, is sinking quietly into the public mind. 'It is the East India Company, and their own servants, armed as they are with power, and instigated by jealousy, who have, from the earliest times to the present hour, been involved in quarrel, disturbance, and war, with the natives of India; and who, to guard their own privileges, ascribe to others the outrages and disorders of which they themselves have been most guilty.'—Page 81. 'In this way, twenty-one millions sterling are annually drawn from the sweat and labour of an impoverished people, by a grinding system of taxation as ever was inflicted on the human race,—a system, alas! in which we look for judgment, but behold oppression,—for righteousness, but behold a cry.'—These invectives are calculated to do their work with all who will be satisfied with mere general declamation, backed by expert evidence, though Mr. Rickards' 'Suggestions of Reform' should never see the light, or be found, on publication, to resemble Sir Boyle Roche's celebrated amendment, which made matters worse. But the order in which Mr. Rickards has arranged his attacks may be regarded as a fair illustration of the manner in which the war has been carried on against the government of British India. Errors and oversights have been ostentatiously blazoned, whilst every indication of a desire to improve the condition of the people,—and such are to be found in every page of public Indian correspondence,"—has been passed over unnoticed. The evils which are unquestionably involved in our system of government, and which must exist as a component part of all human institutions, have been exclusively dwelt upon, but the good which has been effected, and the difficulties against which the ruling power has unceasingly struggled, and which it

* "It is amusing to observe how uncereemoniously our Indian reformers appropriate to their own use the labours of the public functionaries. Half the descriptions given of the miseries prevailing under the Bengal government are taken verbatim from the despatches; yet it never seems to occur to these borrowers that the officers who were so eager to write, the government who was ready to receive from its own servants such uns flattering communications, could not probably be altogether wanting in efforts to correct the evils which they themselves recorded."—*Mr. T. C. Robertson, p. 28.*

has not unfrequently overcome, are carefully kept out of sight. There is much talk about the rottenness and insufficiency of the present system, and Sir Hyde East is quoted, to prove that 'it cannot go on;' but little or nothing is said with regard to any consistent and intelligible plan for the correction of evils which all agree to deprecate; still less is any model laid before the public, by which they might form their opinion of the edifice that our political architects propose to erect in the room of the building which they are so eager to demolish. Till Mr. Rickards' Part V. appear,—till Mr. Crawford propose some expedient more definite than the mere application of his great panacea, I must be allowed to question the ability of our reformers to carry such a gigantic scheme into execution, to the benefit of India at least; and, in common with all those who wish well to that country, I regret to perceive that the overweening confidence of those writers in their own capacities as master-builders, and the contempt which they habitually manifest for all who do not belong to the same lodge of craftsmen, thoroughly indispose them to coalesce with a large body of those most deeply interested in the subject, and content themselves with such moderate and practical additions, improvements, and repairs, as experience has shewn to be necessary, or altered circumstances would seem to demand."

The pessimists, while searching after minute cracks and flaws in the Indian administration, overlook of course every thing that is great or noble. These are out of their province: their task is not to admire, but to find fault. Accordingly, and with a proper spirit, they overlook the magnificence of that empire, which within fifty years has been made to occupy above ten times the surface of the British islands—they speak not of the subjugated Mahrattas, or the annihilation of the Pindarries—they say not a syllable of the peacefulness of every region of India, and how the husbandman of the north-western country can reap his harvest without aid of Ameer Khan, and his thirty thousand horsemen—they pass in silence the reclamation of deserts and interminable forests, of equalised laws, of the glory gained at Bhurtpore, of the conquests in the Birman empire, of civilisation increased, and human happiness improved. But we have most minute details of how some unhappy salt manufacturers are annually devoured by tigers—how sugar is made

by a progress, denominated by Mr. Crawford "barbarous child's play"—how the courts of civil judicature are sluggish in the disposal of suits—how the permanent settlement has not restored to their estates the beggared Zemindars of 1790—and how the local government, in order to remit money home, chooses to purchase indigo in the open market, rather than bills of Mr. Crawford's friends, the agents.

"This charge is seriously brought forward by Mr. Crawford as an instance of 'the usual interference of the Company' with the private trade, *the whole passage referring to the planters*. Those gentlemen must certainly groan most bitterly over the intrusion of a great purchaser into the market, as they cannot but feel that they should dispose of their indigo on much more favourable terms, if the agents were left to settle the prices snugly among themselves, without a competitor, as they do the rates of interest. Mr. Crawford's zeal for his employers has rather outrun his discretion in this instance. Does he not think it better, on the whole, that the grower should get a high price, than that the go-between should gain a high profit?"

Mr. Mangles next examines the state of affairs previously to the permanent settlement, and gives the history, in concise, yet clear terms, of that celebrated measure. Into this we cannot enter, though we earnestly recommend it to general attention.

"Few probably will be found to advocate a settlement with the actual cultivators of the soil, which" could only have tended to render the revenue insecure, to reduce the whole agricultural population to one dead level, and to entail upon the country in perpetuity an army of native tax-gatherers. Many, it may be said most, of the Zemindars, were confessedly ill-qualified to become landlords, or, indeed, to fill any situations in which wealth was to be obtained at the trifling sacrifice of justice and humanity. But where was Lord Cornwallis to find better men; where, setting their claims aside, and without reference to the hold which some of the Zemindars undoubtedly possessed upon the affections or habits of the peasantry,—where could he find other and less vitiated materials for the construction of a class of landholders? It is a mighty simple process to call the Zemindars hard names, and to rail at them as 'proverbial throughout India as oppressors and extortioners;' but Lord Cornwallis knew well that their

faults and vices were those which centuries of slavery, co-operating, as regards the great majority, with the demoralising effects of a most wretched and impure superstition, had branded so deeply into the national character as to leave no class of persons, and scarcely any individuals, exempt from their influence. Mr. Rickards allows that 'the intention of the Zemindary settlement was undoubtedly good, and the principle of establishing a respectable and wealthy class of landholders throughout the country was worthy of Lord Cornwallis's humanity;' but he no where points out, nor even hints, from what quarter or rank in Society a body of men were to be selected for that purpose, untarnished by the 'ignorance, rapacity, illusions, oppressions, and abuses of all kinds,* for which the Zemindars were so eminently distinguished. But this is the manner in which Mr. Rickards invariably argues. While he vilifies every thing that has been done, he never condescends to point out an alternative, still less does he stoop from the even tenour of his lofty flight to inquire what materials and opportunities the builder whose labours he criticises possessed for the construction of a more faultless fabric. He would have discovered, with the penetration of a shipwright, that Robinson Crusoe's boat was ugly in the extreme, and almost as barbarous as our Indian system of taxation; but it never would have occurred to him to make any allowances for the unsuitable nature of the timber, the deficiency of tools, or the circumstances under which the work was carried on. To the eyes of Smelfungus the Pantheon was 'nothing but a huge cockpit;' and Mr. Rickards sees nothing in our Indian administration but mistakes and mismanagement."

Mr. Mangles adduces sufficient evidence, in the shape of extracts from the Report of Mr. Hugh Christian (dated Nov. 1827), who was successively in charge of the collectorships of Ferruckabad, Allahabad, Moradabad, Bareilly, Goruckpore, Agra, and Cawnpore, and who, during a service of more than twenty years, had formed several very extensive settlements,—of the difficulties under which revenue officers labour in regard to the rights and privileges of the cultivators of the soil. This being the case now, how much the more was it with Lord Cornwallis?

"Every man," says Mr. Mangles, "who has been personally engaged in inquiries of the nature in question, knows well that nothing short of a Mofussil settlement, field by field, and the formal record of a Ryotwar-Jummabundy will suffice to secure each party from the aggressions of the other; for the Ryots are just as prompt to withhold their rents, when opportunity offers, as the Zemindars to enhance their demands, when the turn is in their favour, notwithstanding that the latter are so notorious throughout India as plunderers and oppressors."

Mr. Rickards, however, does not see the difficulties under which Lord Cornwallis laboured, or, seeing them, will not make his lordship any allowance on their score. He is of that most virtuous and wisdom-working order who defile all things great or good by their censure, *after* the success or failure of those things has been tested by consequences. Like the juggling personage of the poet—

"Who never spake before,
But cries, 'I warn'd thee!' when the deed is o'er."

Truly, this is a prudential method of shewing one's wisdom, and capable of attainment by the world at large; therefore let not Mr. Rickards count upon his sagacity, as placing him above the ordinary cut of men, because we can assure him he has not been predestined to set the Thames on fire. Let the reader listen to what Mr. Mangles has to say against the Indian reformer:

"The fallacy, however, which has been an *ignis fatuus* to Mr. Rickards

throughout his remarks upon the financial experiment of 1790, is this: he has accumulated all the evils to which all the classes of the agricultural population in India are subject,—from the extent of the demands of the state, as well as from the nature of their reciprocal conduct,—and laid them *en masse* on the shoulders of the permanent settlement. For many, for most of those evils, Lord Cornwallis's measure is no more responsible than the physician for the malady which he is unable to cure. That so much misery should have been perpetuated in despite of the most benevolent intentions, and

* "It must be remembered that there were no traces of Maliks, or village Zemindars, in Bengal Proper; and they were found but partially in Behar."

the most honest exertions, is deeply to be regretted; but, looking back at the condition of every class connected with the soil,—from the highest Zemindar to the meanest cultivator,—at any date previously to 1789, it is grossly unjust to regard the permanent settlement as the instrumental cause of evils which were in intense operation ages before that plan was first suggested, and which certainly would not have been less extensive and deplorable at the present day, if it had never been carried into execution. With the machinery available, no more could have been done for the protection of the peasantry under any other system; and, however paradoxical it may sound, I believe that no plan could have been devised which would have prevented a large proportion of those landholders, who are represented as the victims of the permanent settlement, from ruining themselves. There is no lack of documents to prove what the state of the country was at the time when the Company acquired possession, of the Duwanny, and matters seem to have changed in no respect for the better, between that date and 1789.* I do not speak of these matters lightly, for I sincerely lament that the elements of suffering were too deeply seated in the general disorganisation of society to be affected by any mere ordinance of the ruling power; but, surely, if Lord Cornwallis's recognition of the immunities of the cultivators produced no good effect, because it could not be followed up by any practical measures, it at least placed the Ryot in no worse predicament than that in which he previously stood. Mr. Christian's observations above quoted refer to a part of the country not permanently settled, and even to a period before our possession, yet he speaks of the Ryots being left 'entirely at the disposal of the large land proprietors,' of their being 'frequently driven off their lands by the Zemindars,' and states, that 'both the resident and non-resident Ryots were, in fact, tenants at will.' Mr. Becher writes, in 1769, that 'there is no fixed husbandry (valuation of the land from actual survey) by which they (the Aumils) are to collect, nor any likelihood of complaint, till the poor Ryot is really

driven to necessity, by having more demanded of him than he can possibly pay.' I may add, that all those who have seen any thing of the general condition of the peasantry in native states, know, that it is in no respect to be envied by the most depressed Ryot, under the permanent settlement.† Do not let me be misunderstood: I earnestly wish that it had been found possible to provide for the security and well-doing of every cultivator of a beegah of land; but, as things stand elsewhere, as things stood previously, it is most unfair, and very unworthy of 'an acute and intelligent observer,' to describe the system as transferring the miserable Ryots, like so many herds of cattle, into the hands and bondage of a class of persons, proverbial throughout India as oppressors and extortioners, viz. the Zemindars. This is, doubtless, a caricature; but, if the Ryots be 'transferred like herds of cattle' now, they were equally liable to be goaded and driven before 'the system' was devised; and can be just as efficiently protected in the lower provinces at the present day, as in those districts beyond the pale of Lord Cornwallis's arrangement. I speak from actual acquaintance with cases in which the peasantry have been effectually rescued from oppression, but this object can be only insured by the personal exertions of an English functionary, upon the estate which the Ryots cultivate, and by minutely ascertaining and recording the rights of every individual. How slow these operations must be, and how vast the field,—for there are millions of cultivators,—must be self-evident."

And again is Mr. Rickards wofully mistaken—

" 'It appears,' he says, 'that in the year 1799 alone, that is, ten years after the introduction of the permanent settlement, estates were sold in every province, the Jumma (the annual demand of government,) of which amounted to 777,967 rupees, (nearly 78,000*l.*) and only fetched at the sales 654,215 rupees, or nearly 65,500*l.*—Page 596. Again, 'it is stated, that in ten years from 1796, lands were sold in Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Benares, on account of

* "See Mr. Francis's Minute of the 22d January, 1776, *passim*: e. g. 'Whether it be owing to excessive impositions, to any unequal distribution, or to an injudicious mode of collection, or to the united operation of these causes, it is notorious that the country is impoverished, and, in a great degree, depopulated.' 'The ancient establishments were overthrown, great numbers of the Zemindars were dispossessed and reduced to beggary, and the greater part of the wealthy families, and people of reputation and ability in business, cut off, or brought to ruin.'"

† " 'Exaction of revenue is now, I presume, and perhaps always was, the most prevailing crime throughout the country. It is probably an evil necessarily attending the civil state of the Ryots.'—Sir H. Strachey, 5th Report."

revenue arrears, the assessment on which amounted to 12,175,680 rupees, (1,217,500*l.*) being nearly one-half the whole assessment of the lower provinces, whilst the produce of the sales was only 10,855,537 rupees, (1,085,500*l.*) 'At this time, therefore, the value of the fee-simple of these lands was not equal to one year's amount of the assessment or tax.'—Page 574. There are other passages to the same purport.

"Now, in page 360 of his pamphlet, Mr. Rickards calculates the Zemindars' share, according to different data, at 6 per cent. $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the whole produce. He adds, (and let him take the full benefit of it,) 'These, however, are fanciful rates, and serve to mislead; it would be more correct to say, that there is not a single instance of a Zemindary, in which these proportions are practically observed, or can be enforced.'

"I believe that it is so; but yet it seems to me that there is a vast difference between the value of what English writers and readers generally imply and understand by the 'fee-simple' of lands, and that of an interest in the same property, varying, in theory at least, between $4\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 per cent. of the whole produce. Mr. Rickards cannot but know, that the purchasers of the estates in question only bought the right of collecting the rent from the cultivators, and appropriating the difference between the sum so collected and the amount of the government demand. He states, himself, that, according to the principle of the permanent settlement, the Zemindar was only entitled to one-tenth or one-eleventh of the rent paid by the Ryot; but, supposing that he got one-seventh, (and the higher you raise his share, the more improbable do you render it that the defaulter was driven into balance by mere insufficiency of assets,) it is quite clear that the thing purchased was only that lien. Mr. Rickards is, therefore, in this dilemma: if the difference between the rent paid by the Ryots and the demands of government were considerable, the defaulter had no reason to complain of the severity of the assessment; if it were small, an annual income, in one case, of 7500*l.*, in the other, of 121,750*l.*, were not severally badly sold at 65,500*l.* and 1,085,500*l.*, as far as the interests of the defaulters were involved; whilst the

sums bid, at open auction, for the rights of those defaulters, prove, that the purchasers at least were not quite of Mr. Rickards' opinion with regard to their worthlessness.

"It is but justice to Mr. Rickards to admit, that the lands which were sold in 1812, in Tirhoot, Shahabad, Burdwan, and Nuddea, 'and did not yield a sufficient sum to discharge the arrears of government,' make decidedly for his case. But it were vain to expect that a measure of such magnitude could have been carried into execution without errors, and some few estates were, doubtless, over-assessed. But it should also be recorded, as a weight in the other scale, that some property which was sold in Shahabad, subject to a fixed payment of 70,917 rupees, yielded, at the sale, 675,295 rupees;* and that other estates in Behar and Benares, assessed at 22,156 rupees, sold for 376,125 rupees.—Pages 370-1. I may add, that during the time I officiated as commissioner in the Sunderbuns, I sold exactly six estates for the realisation of arrears of public revenue. The average proceeds of sale were thirty-six times the amount of the annual Jumma under the permanent settlement; and they were, probably, by no means the most profitable estates in the district. It is evident, that property of that value could not have been sold from inability to satisfy the demands of the state. One was brought to sale on account of disputes among the co-partners; and the other proprietors, I was told, fell purposely in arrears, because a public sale of that description, giving the best title, ensures the best price."

Mr. Mangles then proceeds in this manner—

"Since" writing the above, "I have referred to the authority upon which Mr. Rickards founds his principal argument in invalidation of the beneficial effects of the permanent settlement, as manifested in the increased extent of cultivation. To avoid the possibility of misconstruction, I give the original text and the paraphrase, that my readers may judge of the degree of fidelity with which Mr. Rickards reports the sentiments of Indian statesmen.

"But, in Bengal, of late years, and in the ceded and conquered provinces,

* "There surely must be some mistake in this case, as stated by Mr. Rickards. It seems very improbable that property originally assessed at R. 75,687, yet yielding only an average revenue of R. 66,332, (or falling annually short R. 9,355,) should fetch such a sum as R. 675,295, when put up, under the condition of paying R. 70,917, or R. 4,585 more than had ever been realised from it before. 67,500*l.* is a great sum of money to give for the privilege of making good an annual deficiency of 450*l.*

vast tracts of land have been discovered to be secretly held by individuals, of which nothing was known at the formation of the permanent settlement. These, in late reports, are called Toufer, or Toufeer, meaning increase, or excess,—that is, land held and cultivated by individuals unknown to the assessors, or fraudulently excluded from the Canongoes' and Putwarees' Registers. In the before-quoted Minute of Lord Moira, on the revenue administration in Bengal, 21st September, 1815, there is a circumstantial account of these Toufer, or Toufeer, lands, the extent of which, he says, is incalculable; extensive tracts being daily discovered, even to whole villages, unknown to, or omitted from, the village records. Lord Moira, therefore, does not consider the supposed improvement in Bengal to be at all dependent on the permanency of our settlements, but to have arisen as much from the discovery of Toufer land, as from wastes since cultivated.—Mr. Rickards, pages 593-4.

“ Lord Moira's Minute, Paragraph 68.

“ The presumed inaccuracy of all the Ruckbas, from which the records of the extent of land in cultivation are drawn up, leaves me without the means of declaring, with any confidence, to what extent cultivation has extended since that period.* *The general opinion certainly is, that it has extended greatly; and what I have witnessed leads me to think the belief well founded.* The collector of Bundelcund, indeed, reports the extent of land in cultivation, at the present time, to exceed, in a ratio considerably beyond one-third, the extent in cultivation in the year 1807-8; but he acknowledges he has no reason to believe the statements of either period accurate; and the excess arises possibly as much from Toufer land, since discovered and annexed, as from waste since cultivated.”—Rev. Selections, page 413.

“ Throughout the Minute in question, Lord Moira does not say one word from which Mr. Rickards' inference of his opinion can legitimately be deduced. The paragraph given above, part of which Mr. Rickards quotes almost verbatim, refers exclusively to the district of Bundelcund, which is beyond the limits to which the permanent settlement extended. Where his lordship does mention Bengal, (which is only, I think, in the 62nd paragraph, and incidentally, for the Minute is devoted to

the revenue of the districts still unsettled,) he speaks of Toufeer land, and land lately brought into cultivation, as identical;† but he nowhere mentions the ‘supposed improvement in Bengal,’ as arising either from the one source or the other. He expresses, indeed, no opinion whatever on the subject, and even uses the word ‘possibly,’ to qualify his sentiments with regard to Bundelcund; but our Indian reformers know no such vocable.

“ I believe that I need make no further remarks upon the tone and temper in which Mr. Rickards' diatribe upon the permanent settlement is written; nor weary myself and my readers by pointing out any more of the thousand and one misconceptions,—some absolute, some of degree,—into which he has fallen. He who will always look at actions and their consequences through a jaundiced medium, must often fall into error: he that forms his estimate of measures, with systematic disregard of the relations in which they stand, and the nature of co-existent circumstances, can never, but by accident, be right.”

So much for Mr. Rickards. Now for Mr. Crawford's *Free Trade and Colonisation of India*; though we fear we have left ourselves small space for the task. And first—

“ It would be vain to attempt to trace all the evil consequences which arise out of this prohibition of Englishmen to invest their property in the soil; but there is one of a very striking and comprehensive character to which we shall allude. The interest of money in the commercial towns, where English law exists, is certainly in no case above one-half of what it is in the provinces, where the enactment and the execution of the law is left to the East India Company. This, however, is not all: British subjects beyond the limits of the towns in question, being prohibited from investing their capital in the soil, can receive no security upon lands or tenements, and the lands and tenements of the protected towns are far too small in value to afford security for any considerable portion of the available capital of India. The effects of this are striking and monstrous. There is no lending of money on the security of real property, and the public funds necessarily become the only certain investment. While the profits of stock are much larger in India than in England,

* “ Not the period of the permanent settlement, be it remarked, but the date of a foregoing temporary settlement of the western provinces.”

† “ Lands lately brought into cultivation in the Sunderbuns, though notoriously toufeer,” &c.—See paragraph 4, in which Lord Moira disclaims the intention of treating on the lower provinces.

the local government in India is, notwithstanding, always able to raise money at an interest very little higher than the government of the crown in England, at a moment that private merchants, even of the highest credit, will have to pay half as much more, and often double as much. During the Burmese war, the East India Company borrowed money at five per cent, while the most respectable merchants and agents in Calcutta were paying ten. The East India Company, in short, as here exhibited, has taken advantage of its own wrong. It commands the money market by a law of its own enacting, an obvious encouragement to wasteful and profligate expenditure. The capital which would naturally go to improve the agriculture and commerce of the country is thus unjustifiably drawn off to the public treasury."

It is something new to hear one of the free trade gentry talking of any man or body of men commanding a market, when, as their doctrine goes, every article must find its level, and money with every thing else. If the security offered by the East India Company is better than that in the possession of any one else, of course the East India Company will borrow money at a proportionally smaller interest. British subjects are not allowed to hold land beyond the jurisdiction of the king's courts: when, therefore, they wish to borrow money, they give unsatisfactory securities and extravagant interest. But as British subjects are not allowed to purchase land, and, consequently, must have their capital by them, how come they to be borrowers? Our opponents may answer, the British subjects employ their ready money in commerce. But, even though they were authorised to hold land, would that commerce be abandoned? "Is it then?" asks Mr. Mangles, "that the agents of Calcutta require accommodation beyond their capital?" Certainly. If there be such a desire for real investments, it may, doubtless, be

supposed, that in every privileged circle not a spot could be offered without its host of competitors for possession. Mr. Crawford himself contradicts this conclusion; "for," says he, p. 50, "the Indians are the holders of all the native buildings in Calcutta, of all the public markets, and of the majority of houses built by or for Europeans"!! and to these investments they are drawn by insecurity of investment every where else!!!

"What a scene, then," says Mr. Mangles, "must Calcutta present, when landed property is advertised for sale, from the antagonism of two such mighty principles of action! The native, rushing from the interior of the country with the proceeds of the property which he has got rid of at any loss, that he may shake the dust off his feet against the judges and collectors of the Company, and settle himself, with all that belongs to him, under the protection of the attorneys of 'Tadmor,' meeting at the auction with the British subject, whose money is rusting for the want of investment, and who is eager to secure the greatest possible quantity of 'the lands and tenements of the protected town!' The value of real property so coveted must be raised beyond all measure. Alas! that this reasonable deduction should not be borne out by facts. There is no such scramble as might be supposed; and the value of lands and tenements in Calcutta is regulated as in England, partly, indeed, by the variation of population, native or European, and the demand with respect to hire, but principally by the market price of government paper.* The merchants and agents of Calcutta do not generally hold real property, except as the representatives of absentees, because, as I have said, their capital is much more beneficially employed; and natives hold a far larger share of it than Englishmen, because the aggregate disposable capital of the former persons exceeds that of the latter, in a ratio almost incalculable."

Mr. Mangles' whole line of ob-

* "It may be as well to mention, here, with reference to the statement made by Mr. Crawford, in page 50 of his pamphlet, that dwelling-houses, situated near Calcutta, but within the 'vast desert of despotic misrule and insecurity,' bear, at least, as near a proportion in value to the houses placed in the fashionable or mercantile parts of the town, within the jurisdiction of the supreme court, as villas at Hampstead or Wimbledon to the mansions of Grosvenor Square, or the counting-houses of the city. I take the same opportunity of assuring Mr. Crawford, that he has been misled by those who informed him that real property in the provinces is not worth five years' purchase. The possession of land is coveted in India, as elsewhere, from other motives besides a mere calculation of principal and interest; it gives consideration, and nine out of ten of the wealthier native gentlemen of Calcutta hold extensive property in the provinces."

servations on this subject deserves the greatest possible attention from every unbiassed man.*

"I should not, of course," observes Mr. Mangles, "advocate the free admission of British subjects into India, did I not agree in opinion with Mr. Crawford, that 'we have nothing whatever to fear from its native inhabitants' in any form approaching to revolution."

Much as we respect this gentleman's views, we differ from him, *in toto*, on this point. That there would be revolution is in the natural order of things. But, even if India were to gain its independence, our purposes would be answered, as long as we possessed a fleet and were masters at sea. All colonies have eventually ended in independence:—we do not think that the independence of British India would work us annoyance, but rather good—
THE THING, HOWEVER, IS IMPRACTICABLE.

"I have used," observes Mr. Mangles, "the word 'colonisation' throughout these remarks, because it is familiar to every one who has attended to the late discussions of subjects connected with British India, and because I wished to avoid the imputation of quaintness. But it is nevertheless a term very inappropriate; for, in spite of all the pains

that Mr. Crawford has taken to collate instances, and to shew how well Europeans thrive in the West Indies and South America, he never will be able to subvert stubborn facts by a mere array of fanciful analogies, which cannot bear even the most superficial examination. Tropical countries equidistant from the line may be as different in climate as England and Labrador, which lie under the same parallel of latitude. Java is much cooler than Madras or Calcutta, and there is no part of Southern India where the heat is so excessive as in the Persian Gulf, which is very considerably to the northward of Bombay. It may be added, that Denham or Clapperton found the water-bags frozen, at day light, in the interior of Africa, within a few degrees of the equator; and that Calcutta, Ava, and Canton, which are almost in the same latitude, are very far from having common climates. But if nature seem capricious in this respect, we have still less certain knowledge of the laws by which the comparative salubrity of situations is determined. We cannot tell why the eastern coast of Africa should be more unhealthy than the opposite shore of South America; nor why the natives of Bengal should be a feeble and stunted race compared with the inhabitants of the coast of Malabar. In this respect experimental knowledge is the only sound philosophy,

* "But, in estimating the difficulties to which the merchants and agents of Calcutta were reduced, at the period in question, reference must be made to events which narrowed the market in which they applied for accommodation, and, consequently, enhanced the terms. The recent failure of two respectable houses had caused considerable panic among the native capitalists, who possess more delicate nerves, and less power of discrimination, than their European brethren; and there certainly were circumstances connected with one of those bankruptcies sufficient to justify any persons not so enamoured of the law of England as to love even its chastenings, in feeling some little indisposition to trust their money again within the scope of its peculiar provisions, until the smart of the late blow had somewhat subsided.

"A firm in Calcutta, having very extensive indigo works in the upper provinces, and receiving, as I have been informed, considerable assistance from monied natives, in the form of loans or fixed deposits, became embarrassed, and was only prevented from immediate stoppage by the funds with which it was supplied, from time to time, by a more opulent house. But the parties making these advances secured themselves against all hazard of loss, by taking advantage of that provision of English law which gives to the holders of what, I believe, is called a bond in judgment, a claim, prior to that of all other creditors, for the full satisfaction of their demands. Having received this, *au pis aller*, they continued to prop the sinking firm, until one of the partners of the latter establishment, examining the books on his return to Calcutta from the interior, refused to lend his sanction to proceedings so delusive, and insisted upon the immediate and public disclosure of their insolvency. There were, at that time, no bankrupt laws in India, and the house that held the bond in judgment swept the whole property, to the exclusion of all other claimants. Persons, properly authorised, were despatched to the upper provinces, and succeeded in attaching the factories in that quarter, before the native creditors on the spot had notice of what was passing at Calcutta. The whole transaction was strictly legal, and afforded a beautiful exemplification of that 'perfection of human reason,' which metes out to one creditor twenty shillings, and to another not the tithes of a farthing in the pound."

and the mere aggregation of the names of places within the tropics where Europeans have colonised will avail us nothing. For the question is not, whether the Creole population increased rapidly in Barbadoes? but, whether the climate of India be congenial to European constitutions? We are not a whit farther advanced when we learn that the Spaniards of pure blood are very soon 'acclimated' in South America (which has the finest table-lands in the world, and where liver complaints are almost unknown), because the climate of that continent, though it be tropical, may not be at all similar, as regards its effects on the human frame more particularly, to that against which the colonists of British India would have to contend."

Says Mr. Crawford, in India there are many cases of genuine Creoles serving in the army by the side of Europeans, without difference of strength, complexion, or courage. Answers Mr. Mangles, that he, during the whole of his residence in India, was never acquainted with any Creole, high or low, of mature age; but he had seen, and Mr. Crawford must have seen, hundreds of Creole children sickly and suffering, through the injudicious fondness of parents, unable to reconcile themselves to the sacrifice of parting with them. Mr. Mangles further affirms, that not one Creole child out of ten would attain the age of twenty; and that Mr. Crawford's theory is founded on the existence of a few drummer-boys in European regiments.

"In what ratio," asks Mr. Mangles, "do those Europeans who resort to India in early manhood, in full health and vigour, survive a residence of twenty years in that country? What sort of appearance do the Portuguese, the descendants of the earliest European settlers, present at this day? And how far are the Mahomedans of Bengal Proper upon a physical equality with those of the same race who stopped short in Hindostan; or the latter, again, equally robust with the descendants of common ancestors, the homebred natives of Caubul and Afghanistan? When Mr. Crawford has answered these questions, and explained away the facts, with regard to the children of English parents, referred to in the foregoing paragraph, in a manner at all consistent with his views of 'colonisation,' it may be necessary to go somewhat deeper into the subject.

"But until these difficulties be got rid of, and until it be explained why

British settlers, under a more liberal system, should be less subject to nostalgia than the merchants, agents, and Indigo planters of the present day, or the officers of the government, I cannot admit the propriety of using the term 'colonisation' to imply the free resort of English men and capital to India. I believe, with Mr. Robertson, that, as regards our tenure of that country, there are physical limits which we shall in vain attempt to pass. Mr. Crawford even is compelled to acknowledge, in one place, that 'the colonisation of India is impracticable;' but this momentary admission has no effect upon the general tenour of his arguments, for the very next page is devoted to the endeavour to prove the congeniality of tropical climates to the European constitution. Englishmen may settle in India; they may bring with them capital, information, and energy, calculated to improve every branch of its commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; they may enrich at once themselves, their native country, and the land in which they have taken up their residence; and beyond even these benefits, they may co-operate, to a considerable extent, in the diffusion of education and moral intelligence among the native population; but there the connexion, there their services will terminate. Very few will voluntarily lay their bones in a land that is not theirs; still fewer will have sufficient sternness of purpose to support them through the heart-breaking experiment of rearing their children in such a climate. If the children be sent in infancy to England, they will be bound to the country of their birth by no stronger ties than the original emigrants. Of the few that may arrive at maturity in India, without an intermediate European education, nine-tenths will no more resemble Englishmen in character, feelings, and principles, than the De Souza's and De Sylvas of the present day, the compatriots of the great Albuquerque. They will be as degenerate in body as the wretched little oak which Bishop Heber remarked in the Botanical Garden near Calcutta; and, like the great majority of the old Spaniards in South America, whilst they retain nothing of the morals, manners, and attachments of the stock from which they sprung, they will superadd to the pride and insolence of European descent, all the slothful and vicious habits of the people amongst whom they have been brought up."

The space we have run over is so extended, that we must close our observations, although many other topics remain to be treated. But a future

opportunity must serve our purpose. Meanwhile, and ere we conclude, we must say a few words on one or two other points.

"In India," says Mr. Mill, "there is no moral character." The people are litigious to a proverb. "False accusations, involving the most atrocious crimes, were common to a degree almost incredible, whilst those really guilty of gross offences found no difficulty, but that of poverty, in procuring any number of witnesses to support an alibi. Indeed, perjury was as marketable a commodity as rice or cotton cloth, whilst, at the same time, the life of a human being was never balanced against a few rupees. Witness children murdered for the petty value of their personal ornaments; and innocent men's lives deliberately sworn away by police officers, for the sake of a character for activity. But I must refer my readers again to ampler pages than mine."

Though these evils have some existence in the present day, still, by the activity and efficiency of the police, they have been, in the main, subdued.

"Yet it has generally suited those who have professed to inform the English public of the state of crime in their eastern empire, to revel in the details of the 5th report, often without the slightest explanation that they are merely referring to records of times which have long gone by. What would they think of an author who founded his statements, with regard to the police of London, on the doings of Jonathan Wilde and the trading justices, the Newgate attorneys of Fielding's vivid picture,* or the riots of 1780. Twenty-five years are more eventful and prolific in a country under a new form of government than a century of general adherence to an established order of things, as a child grows more during the first ten years of its life than during the remainder of an octogenarian existence."

"The following table will shew what progress has been made towards the suppression of the more heinous crimes in the lower provinces, including the jurisdiction of the Calcutta, Dacca, Moorshedabad, and Patna courts of circuit:—

	Total Gang Robberies.	Total Willful Murders.	Total violent Affrays, with loss of Life.	Grand Total.
Average of each Year, from 1803 to 1807, inclusive . . .	1481	406	482	2369
Ditto of ditto, from 1808 to 1812, inclusive	927	326	204	1457
Ditto of ditto, from 1813 to 1817, inclusive	339	188	98	625
Ditto of ditto, from 1818 to 1822, inclusive	234	123	30	387
Ditto of ditto, from 1823 to 1825, inclusive	186	—	—	—*

"It is well known that the district of Nuddea, or Kishennuggur, was particularly subject to the scourge of gang robberies, which are still, perhaps, more common there than in any other district.

How far the well-disposed inhabitants have been relieved from those infictions, may be gathered from the annexed statement. •

* "In Amelia."

† "This statement is almost the same as that given in Mr. Robertson's pamphlet, page 29. We derive our information from a common source."

Gang Robberies in Zillah Nuddea.

Years.	Number of Decoitees.	Number of Persons confined for Security, under Orders of the Superior Court.	Ditto, under Orders of the Magistrate.	Remarks.	
1803	162	No Records in the Superintendent of Police's Office, down to 1813.	} Do. do.	The number of persons in confinement is stated to have been much larger from 1808 to 1812, than in 1813; yet those of the latter year amount to 1148	
1804	130				
1805	162				
1806	273				
1807	154				
1808	329	" "	}		The increase beginning with the year 1818 is easily accounted for, by a reference to the discharge of the bad characters confined till they should give security; yet the crime was again suppressed, without recurrence to that system.
1809	65				
1810	14				
1811	22				
1812	6				
1813	4 362	786		
1814	— 309	491		
1815	3 272	402		
1816	2 251	363		
1817	4 236	324		
1818	7 458	14		
1819	23 174	22		
1820	28 124	12		
1821	11 86	3		
1822	12 35	15		
1823	11				
1824	10				

The subjoined Statement refers to the Western Provinces, or the Divisions of Benares and Bareilly.

	1813	1814	1815	1816	1817	1818	1819	1820	1821	1822	1823	1824	1825
Gang Robbery, and Murder	40	24	45	22	18	8	18	10	14	20	12	19	11
Ditto, and Wounding	96	47	53	51	30	21	26	16	10	17	13	22	22
Simple Gang Robbery	45	23	32	22	27	14	26	20	15	16	22	28	18
Highway Robbery, by Horsemen	56	42	61	28	29	12
Ditto, by Footpads	635	460	395	401	304	354
Highway Robbery, and other predatory Offences, attended with Murder	77	105	89	65	101	97	95
Ditto, ditto, with Wounding	320	306	278	177	211	211	267
Murder by Thugs	49	74	68	68	22	10	10	18	9	27	21	18	19
Violent Affrays, attended with Loss of Life	190	204	134	100	99	182	57	82	97	82	53	79	42
Wilful Murder, and Homicide	271	216	248	199	232	214	194
	1111				601		805						668

And again:—

“ *Memorandum of the Total Number of Regular Civil Suits, whether Original or in Appeal, depending in all the Courts of the Western and Lower Provinces, from the year 1815 to 1826, inclusive.* ”

“ SUITS DEPENDING ON THE

1st Jan. 1815	134,869
— 1816	117,126
— 1817	92,499
— 1818	79,037
— 1819	81,206
— 1820	90,759
— 1821	103,393
— 1822	103,876
— 1823	112,226
— 1824	116,866
— 1825	123,650
— 1826	131,140

“ From the above statement, it appears that the number of suits depending decreased ‘seriatim’ from 1815 to 1818, and then rose again, progressively until it had reached almost the same height in 1826 at which it stood in 1815.

“ Here is a triumph for Messrs. Rickards and Crawford, and the neophytes of their school! As the opening of the free trade in 1814 cleared all the jungles, and cultivated all the wastes in the permanently settled provinces,—as, indeed, Mr. Rickards ‘always anticipated,’ so that great crisis gave a momentary fillip even to the lethargic slumbers of our civil judicature. But the defects of the system would seem to be incurable; for even the stimulus of the universal nostrum lost its influence after four years. Yet it would be well to inquire a little farther into the causes of the increase, before we determine that it is to be ascribed to any loss of energy or want of exertion in the administration of justice. How far the balance against the year 1826, as compared with the file of 1818, is attributable to any causes which may attach discredit to the local government of British India, the subjoined statement will shew.

“ *Memorandum of the total Number of regular Suits and Appeals disposed of in the several Courts during the years 1818 and 1825.* ”

Disposed of in 1818	139,210
Ditto in 1825	166,504
More in 1825	27,294

“ It is litigation, therefore, that has increased, not the efforts of the government and its officers which have relaxed. But as the Company can do no right, the increase of civil suits has been ascribed to the spirit of fraud and chicanery which our system has given birth to and fostered,—as if Hindoos were not litigious in the days of Orme,* or as if in India alone points of collision were not multiplied, and new subjects of dispute did not arise, with the accumulation of wealth, and the extension of agriculture and commerce.

“ The natives of Bengal Proper are decidedly litigious, and as far as they, at least, are concerned, the arrangements which have been made, or are making, to facilitate an appeal to the laws, will be productive of evil consequences, bearing a considerable proportion to the whole. Where justice is dear, or otherwise difficult of attainment, many doubtless suffer from their inability to prosecute rightful claims, or to resist wrongful encroachments; but the reverse of the picture is not without its shades.† Regulations, passed severally in 1814 and 1821, increased the number, and extended the jurisdiction of the native judges. I cannot but believe that the beneficial results of such a measure do and will preponderate greatly. Still I am certain that the closer you bring justice to men’s doors, the more likely will they be to step into the court with frivolous and vexatious suits. ‘We know,’ says Sir Henry Strachey, ‘that the inhabitants of Bengal consider a law-suit as the remedy for every dispute which arises among them. In vain we exhort them to any sort of arbitration: they are satisfied only with the decision of a court,

* “ That pusillanimity and sensibility of spirit which renders the Gentoos incapable of supporting the contentions of danger, disposes them as much to prosecute litigious contests. No people are of more inveterate and steady resentment in civil disputes. The only instance in which they seem to have a contempt for money is their profusion of it in procuring the redress and revenge of injuries at the bar of justice. Although they can, with great resignation, see themselves plundered by their superiors, they become mad with indignation when they think themselves defrauded of any part of their property by their equals. Nothing can be more adapted to the feminine spirit of a Gentoo than the animosities of a law-suit.”—ORME.

† “ I read, that even in free, Christian, and enlightened America, the cheapness of law, and the multiplication of courts, have tended to make law-suits the chief business of every man’s life, and to generate incalculable swarms of lawyers. In England, where we labour under evils of an opposite description, hundreds, even of the wealthy classes, go down to their graves without even appearing either as plaintiffs or defendants.”

which they look upon as a command from a master or sovereign. I may add, that they almost always appeal, when the cause is appealable, if they can pay the expense attending the prosecution of such appeal.

"The more, therefore, you reduce law expenses, or, which is nearly the same thing, the more courts of petty jurisdiction you establish, the greater will be the number of litigants, in India as elsewhere, but in the lower provinces of that country more especially. But many other causes have, without doubt, concurred to produce the effect in question. Land is the chief source of all litigation in India; and, for many years past, fresh land has been annually brought into cultivation. Landed property, again, has greatly increased in value in the eyes of him who covets it, as well as of its possessor; wastes, which formerly separated the estates of many proprietors from those of their neighbours, and thus precluded collision, have been brought under tillage, and the soil has become the subject of dispute; and mortgages, private sales, and other similar transactions, all of which contain abundant seeds of difference, are much more frequent than at a former period. The suppression of affrays and family feuds by the strong hand of the police, has driven the parties who were accustomed to seek rude redress by such means into the civil courts; and, in other quarters, the spirit of gambling, restlessness, and turbulence, which used to manifest itself in open violence, and the indulgence of predatory habits, now finds vent in the gentler excitation of a law-suit. The subordinate classes of the agricultural community do not submit to the extortion of their superiors so patiently as heretofore; and

every native subject of the Company is well aware that the courts of justice are open to his complaints against the revenue officers of government. Other circumstances might be adduced to swell this list, but enough has been said to account for the increase of litigation, without recurring to that 'universal cause,' to which our reformers attribute every evil symptom in the constitution of Indian society,—the badness of the laws which the Company have given to their subjects, and their mal-administration."

That many evils have existed in India cannot be doubted—that in by-gone times the character of Englishmen may have become tainted by vice and cruelty is, alas! too true; but those times of cruelty have long since passed, and, to say nothing of the East India Company itself, public opinion has extended its influence even to our Oriental possessions, and to its domination every functionary, whether high or low, must bow and yield obedience: but that the East India Company have seen the past errors of their administration, and are willing and anxious to correct all abuses, and induce the happiness of their native subjects, will, we think, appear manifest to every one who will give the subject a fair and dispassionate inquiry. We have arrived at this opinion from an examination of the various matters set forth in this article. At all events, we entreat our readers to read the statements of such men as Mr. Rickards and Mr. Crawford* with suspicion. We cannot do

* The consistency of this gentleman will be apparent from the following passages. He had forgotten what he had written in his *Indian Archipelago*, when, in his *Colonisation of India*, he recommends Englishmen to follow the example of the Dutch in Java.

Colonisation of India.

"In the larger portion of the great Island of Java, European settlement has been tolerated for about two centuries, and Dutch colonists hold great and extensive landed possessions. This is just the part of the island where there has never been any insurrection. On the other hand, insurrections and formidable rebellions have been frequent in those portions of the country where European colonisation has been forbidden by law: nay, more, it is matter of notoriety that the arbitrary expulsion of European settlers, holding leases of land, from which the native proprietors were deriving signal advantage, in that interdicted portion, was one great cause of the present ruinous war in the island."—Pp. 76-7.

Indian Archipelago, ch. v. b. vii.

"The Dutch arrived in Java in the year 1595. The object of their adventures in those times was purely mercenary and commercial. The plunder of the East, for it does not deserve the name of commerce, was their object. To give an equitable price for the commodity they purchased, or to demand no more than a reasonable profit, never entered into their minds. They considered the natives of those countries as fair game, and drove a trade, in short, in which the simplicity, ignorance, and weakness of the inhabitants of the country were but poorly opposed to the superior intelligence, more enlarged experience, and, above all, to the power and violence of the European."

better than close with the passage with which Mr. Mangles has concluded.

"Let those, therefore, who wish for pure information drink at the fountain-head. Let them seek for collateral evidence with regard to the nature of the Company's government, from the general tone and style adopted by their servants of all grades, from the despatches or minutes of the governor-general to the reports of humble magistrates or collectors. If the reader find, that, generally speaking, no attempts are made to blind the superior authorities to the extent or nature of existing evils, that the most unpalatable truths are boldly communicated, and opinions maintained which are directly opposed to the known sentiments of the persons in power,—he will not, perhaps,

think it too much to conclude, that a government, whose functionaries have acquired such uncompromising habits, cannot be very obstinate in error, nor hostile to improvement. If, again, the papers in question breathe a spirit of good-will towards the whole native population, if they indicate an earnest desire on the part of their authors to promote the real welfare of all classes of our Indian fellow-subjects, and if they contain internal proof that this is not merely the language of the lips or the pen, but that the words are borne out by corresponding actions;—the opinions of public officers actuated by such feelings will, doubtless, be received with far greater attention and confidence than the declamations of dilettante philanthropists, or the mere hardy assertions of the advocates of free trade."*

SKETCH OF ENGLISH MANNERS BY A FRENCHMAN.

[We translate the following from a French *itinaire*, as a curiosity. We have not taken the trouble of contradicting any of the author's remarks, or inquiring in what capacity he lived when in London. May not the whimsical mixture of correctness and incorrectness which they display, lead us to think, that the accounts of foreign countries, as supplied by our travellers, appear as ridiculous in the eyes of strangers as such sketches seem to ours? By a judicious selection of company, the manners of all European nations might be made to present to every traveller the extremes of grossness or of refinement. Chateaubriand tells a story, that he was present at a dinner-party, after the restoration of Louis XVIII., at Prince Polignac's (we believe—at all events, at the house of some gentleman of that rank), where an *émigré* French abbé was one of the guests; and the conversation turned on the manners of the English. The abbé, who before the revolution was a man of rank, but who by that event had been reduced to the utmost poverty, accused us of being very gross in our general habits; and, among other reproaches, contended that it was the universal English custom to eat with the knife. Chateaubriand and the rest stoutly denied this part, at least, of the objections against our manners, declaring that they had never seen any thing of the kind in England. The contest became warm; but at last the host cut the knot, by inquiring where the abbé dined in London, and it was discovered that his finances had compelled him to dine at a sixpenny cook-shop in St. Martin's Lane, and that the only dinner invitations he received during his sojourn in England were from the French. Now, this gentleman would have told the truth, so far as his experience went, if, in writing a book upon England, he had painted English manners according to the *exemplar* of St. Martin's Lane. It would not be difficult to supply parallel cases from our own books of travels.]

THE English have still preserved some remains of the ferocity which was the foundation of their original character.

They have derived something from the different nations who have subjugated them†—they drink like the Saxons,

* "Mr. Crawford quotes Adam Smith to shew that 'in all political questions affecting their own interests, the very advice of merchants should be viewed with distrust.'—P. 41. He does not tell us, however, whether the father of political economy makes any exceptions in favour of the merchants and agents of Calcutta, or those equally disinterested persons—the gentlemen of the Royal Exchange at Liverpool."

† Apropos, what distinct tribe now exists of all the people here enumerated as their conquerors? What portion of our countrymen exists, even in Wales, who have not Saxon, or Danish, or Norman, or Roman blood in their veins? We sometimes hear this folly broached at Irish associations and places of the same kind, where it is

and love beauty like the Danes; the Normans have bequeathed to them chicanery and false witnesses; they have retained from the Romans inclination for bloody spectacles, and the Roman contempt of death. The spirit of frivolity, so common in France, particularly in former times, has begun to spread among them; they may perhaps acquire, in consequence, airs, fashions, and manners, which will have some analogy to ours, but they will also lose the habit of thinking and writing profoundly.

The English people have, in general, an elegant and well-turned figure, a spirited and free carriage, regular and handsome features, and a complexion which announces a good constitution, health, and strength. The beauty, the charming and graceful figure, the delicacy and regularity of the features of the English ladies, have given rise to the saying that England is the privileged land of beauty. But if the English ladies possess these extraordinary charms, they add to them other perfections infinitely more precious—graces of intellect, elegance of mind, propriety of conduct, attachment to their husbands and children, and a scrupulous fidelity in the performance of all their domestic duties.

The English are grave and serious—their gaiety rarely *explodes*—it must have its proper occasions. Inclined to reflection, they introduce gravity even into their pleasures: an Englishman scarcely ever laughs—at least purposely: it would seem as if he even thought and felt more than he spoke. At their *fêtes champêtres* [country excursions], at the *guinguettes* [tea-gardens] about their towns, in their popular orgies [we do not well know what this means, unless it be the cook-shops of the Old Bailey and elsewhere,] where a hundred tables are served uniformly, strangers are tempted to ask if the guests are assembled for the purpose of talking of their affairs or diverting themselves. It is a calm joy, without sallies, or bursts, or transports. They keep all disorder, tumult, and ribaldry, in reserve for the day on which they return their members of parliament. The *toujours gai* is a motto peculiar

to the French. An Englishman always appears to the best advantage when he shews himself to be what he is, and when he does not borrow foreign airs, which are altogether contrary to his inclination and his temperament, and which, if he mimicked them, would only serve to make him ridiculous. Gaiety, instead of becoming an Englishman, would only be a stumbling-block to him; he appears to be afraid of losing sight of sobriety in his joy—which made an old French author [Froissart, by the way], in speaking of an English fête at which he was present, say, “*Ils se divertissent moult tristement, à la façon de leur pays.*” This is quite in accordance with the anecdote of a young English lord, who, being at a ball, asked his tutor, “*Monsieur, me réjouit-il bien?*” The French speak very often all at once on the same subject when they are together, and their conversations are sometimes quite stunning; while, on the contrary, we should be tempted to say, from the silence which generally reigns in a circle of Englishmen, that they were afraid of distracting one another. The French, from the noise which they make, hear nothing—the English say nothing, which comes to the same thing in the end.

Firmness is the principal feature in the English character: it is displayed chiefly on one capital point, which has experienced the greatest difficulties in a long course of ages,—liberty. One of the greatest of English kings, Alfred, has in his will left these remarkable words, “An Englishman should be as free as his thoughts;” and although the majority of Alfred’s successors have endeavoured to destroy that will, independence, in all its fullness of force, is the object of the desires, and the end of all the efforts, of Englishmen. This feeling is so inherent in the English genius and character, that, even among the very dross of the people, it is a common custom, in their disputes, to say to their antagonists, with an emphatic tone of triumph, “Can you say I’m in your debt?” Men are esteemed in England in proportion to the independence which they can with justice boast; an independence the limits of

urged that the *English* are somehow disgraced by having been conquered, eight hundred years ago, by William and his Normans. Why, we are now the representatives of these very people, who were themselves of the same blood as the Saxons—the hardy men of the North—the always-conquering Goths.

which the nation *en masse* has sometimes wished to carry too far. Many writers on politics, however, are not enthusiastic in favour of the English system of government, still less of the whimsical anomalies that disfigure their code of laws. Harrington himself says, in his *Political Aphorisms*:—"An aristocratic monarchy, that is to say, one in which there are two or three orders in the state, is the real theatre for charlatans and empirics,—the vast ocean in which the great leviathan, the monster of the government, devours every thing, and feeds himself with the substance of the people."* The firmness of the character of the English people is still shewn in their constant researches for the purpose of ameliorating agriculture, multiplying useful animals and objects of food, extending commerce, perfecting the arts, and advancing sciences. They are generally guided in the conduct of their lives by ambitious aims: independently of riches, and the enjoyments which riches produce, they have another motive still more interesting in their eyes—and a laudable motive it is, when it has not for its object the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures,—viz. the *digitò monstrari*, the passion of becoming important persons in the state,—a passion which they seek to satisfy by all possible means, the principal of which are talents, merit, and opulence. [If the Frenchman knew our public men as well as we ourselves do, he would not have been quite so complimentary. But this *obiter*. We have an essay to write on the subject ere long.]

The English, launched into public life by the whirlwind of affairs and the form of their government, do not, nevertheless, attach a small value to the sweets of private life: as soon as they can escape from public business, they seek the liberty of the country, without losing sight of that of the city. Their gardens, parks, *daily* riding [a Parisian wonder], hunting, reading, care of their lands, are the objects of their attention; and this active variety forms the charm of their leisure. They are attached to their wives, but they run the risk of being *henpecked* [in French, *béquetés de la poule*], a pro-

verbial expression which these English ladies take pains to render legitimate; who, with an appearance of good sense, gentleness, feeling, and good nature, which they so skilfully know how to put on, frequently exercise a tyrannical empire over their husbands.

Of all nations in the world the English most rigidly observe the laws of cleanliness—even the lowest order has a clean change for holydays. The houses of English farmers announce easiness and prosperity of circumstances. A common peasant may often be seen driving his waggon loaded with corn or hay, not on foot, but mounted on a pony out of harness, in a good smock-frock and a pair of clean boots: every thing—man, horses, looks, vehicle—announcing rural prosperity.

London, as England in general, is gloomy and *brunçuse*. A Frenchman, writing from London to one of his friends, charged him especially to make his compliments to the sun, because he had not seen him for some time. The moist atmosphere which surrounds London for almost all the year requires the greatest cleanliness; and in this particular, the inhabitants of this immense city may be compared with the Dutch. Furniture, hearths, rooms, doors, staircases,—even hall-doors, locks, and their huge brass knockers—all these are every day washed, or scoured, or rubbed. At the bottom of the staircases is a mat for the purpose of wiping off the mud which has been brought from the streets. The London houses are built with bricks; the floors of the rooms, which are made of deal, are every day rubbed, and then covered again with carpets. This taste for cleanliness has banished from London that innumerable, inconvenient, and disgusting crowd of dogs of all sizes which are in France the table-companions of all classes, and encumber the houses, streets, and churches of Paris. In England, in order to preserve themselves from the humidity which the air carries and deposits every where, they are in the custom of washing their rooms every day [is not this rather an odd way of preserving them from humidity?]*—but, this custom renders fire a matter of indispensable and daily necessity,

* We are translating from a translation, and do not flatter ourselves that we have reproduced the words of Harrington, whose works, we regret to state, we have not immediately by us. Indeed, we suspect that our French *original* has not very accurately translated him.

to preserve the furniture from the effects of moisture, and to dry the floors. London would, therefore, be uninhabitable if, for the purpose of furnishing the continual necessity of fuel, it did not possess in coal a resource which the most immense forests could not supply.

The English are fond of clubs and dinner parties. When they can keep within the bounds of temperance and moderation, they find in these the most efficacious specific against their moral maladies, which are so peculiar to England that foreigners consider them endemic. In France, we think the best way of rendering society agreeable is to compose our parties of persons of both sexes, as equal in number as possible. In England, the custom is to exclude ladies from pleasure parties and dinner parties,—a custom, doubtless, intended to consult the modesty of the fair sex; while, at the same time, it procures for the gentlemen more liberty, and spares them the trouble of paying strict attention to the niceties of decorum. Immediately after dinner, toasts are given [in the original, *on commence à toster* (toast), *c'est à dire, à proposer des santés respectives*]. This is a very old custom in England, for it is described by William of Malmesbury, in his *Life of Saint Wistan* [sic], the bishop, [and, we may add, it is at least as old as the days of Rowena and Vortigern.] Among the toasts the statesman and the beauty most in fashion hold the first rank. When the ladies, on a given signal, have retired, the cloth is taken off, and an immense number of wines of different kinds are put upon the table; the dining-room is sufficiently furnished with certain utensils, and all restraint is banished. The guests, who have vessels filled with water set before them, wash their mouths and hands in them without ceremony. Every man claps his elbows on the table, pushes the bottles about, drinks as if he was in a suttlng-house, and talks politics in the midst of floods of wine and broken glasses. Their sitting is generally very long: they continue to sit and drink until tea and coffee are ready in the next room. Such are the privileges of liberty generally diffused, and of which the English people are so jealous, that in hotels [or public-houses,

auberges] every body is equally attended to. A traveller modestly clad, and in a middling condition, is served with as much care and attention as the first lord of Great Britain. The generality of English hotels are remarkable for their neatness and excellence of attendance, and the attention which the landlords lavish on travellers.

The conversation of Englishmen is very unequal. It is sometimes delicate, lively, and animated,—sometimes solid, ingenious, and powerful in reasoning,—sometimes cold and phlegmatic—often disdainful and caustic; and it is not uncommon to find all these contrasts united in one person. Their clubs are noisy and tumultuous; and their applauses are reserved for the most piquant sallies and the most bitter sarcasms. Noise then has the superiority over argument: the stentor of the company is generally the best logic—that must, in fact, be always the case in all crowded companies; but in select and more circumscribed circles, the calm pleasures of rational conversation, and all the *agréments* of good society, are tasted.

[Here follow some remarks upon the *filles publiques*, which we do not wish to quote. They are too true. The writer enters into the several minutiae of the houses in which these unfortunate persons are to be found, with a particularity that shews him completely master of the subject.]

Englishmen, profuse, violent, extravagant in all their passions, carry gaming to an extreme. Fortunes sink, rise, and are annihilated by this passion. Several young and wealthy lords are absolutely ruined at play—others take from business, or labour, or health, the time which they consume upon it. A minister of state (Lord Sandwich), not very many years ago, spent twenty-four hours in a gaming-house, so occupied by the passion of gaming, that during the whole time he had only some slices of fried beef between toast, which he ate without leaving the gaming table. This new kind of *vivande* obtained the name of the minister who had invented it for the purpose of economising his time. An immensity of money is spent in gambling and betting. Horse-racing is especially a cause of ruin—it is a perfect madness.

MY HOME IS THE WORLD!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

SPEED, speed, my fleet vessel! the shore is in sight,
The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night;
To-morrow, at sunrise, once more I shall stand
On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

Ah! why does despondency weigh down my heart?
Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part;
I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast-falling tears!

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,
And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn
That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed—no, the clematis climbs
O'er the gay little porch, as it did in old times;
And the seat where my father reclined is still there—
But where is my father?—oh, answer me, where?

My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,
Is there—overlooking the lawn where I roved;
She thoughtfully sat with her hand o'er her brow,
As she watch'd her young darling:—ah! where is she now?

And *there* is my poor sister's garden: how wild
Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child!
Her voice had a spell in it's musical tone,
And her cheek was like rose-leaves:—ah! where is she gone?

No father reclines in the clematis seat!
No mother looks forth from the shaded retreat!
No sister is there, stealing slyly away,
Till half-suppress'd laughter betrayed where she lay!

How oft in my exile, when kind friends were near,
I've slighted their kindness, and sigh'd to be here!
How oft have I said—"Could I *once* again see
That sweet little valley, how blest I should be!"

How blest! oh! it is not a valley like this
That unaided can realize visions of bliss;
For voices I listen—and then I look round
For light steps that used to trip after the sound!

But see! this green path—I remember it well—
'Tis the way to the church—hark! the toll of the bell!
Oh! oft in my boyhood a truant I've strayed
To yonder dark yew-tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now!
No smooth space is left 'neath the dark yew-tree bough!
O'er tablets inscribed with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought—is the home of the dead!

And was it to *this* I look'd forward so long,
And shrunk from the sweetness of Italy's song?
And turn'd from the dance of the dark girl of Spain?
And wept for my country again and again?

And was it for *this* to my casement I crept
 To gaze on the deep when they deemed that I slept?
 To think of fond meetings—the welcome—the kiss—
 The friendly hand's pressure—oh! was it for *this*?

When those, who so long have been absent, return
 To the scenes of their childhood, it is but to mourn;
 Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,
 And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the tempest may rave,—
 There's a calm for my heart in the dash of the wave:
 Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the sails are unfurl'd,
 Oh! ask me not whither—my Home is the World!

LORD AND LADY BYRON.—NO. II.

THE questions which we took the liberty of asking last month, as to the cause of the separation between Lord and Lady Byron, have not yet been answered, although they have attracted the due notice in the quarters for which they were intended. Mr. Moore continues silent, and so does Doctor Lushington; and though we have whispers in abundance, all of them imputing to Lord Byron conduct more or less disgraceful, no one has ventured to contradict them on his behalf in print. As for Mr. Moore, he contents himself with promising that he will print every thing that has been published in the next edition of his book—a promise which no doubt he will keep, because it may tend to excite a sale, a circumstance not at all unnecessary as far as his publication is concerned. When we consider the view with which it was written, the miserable cant and hypocrisy by which it is marked, the total recklessness as to injuries inflicted on the feelings of the surviving connexions or acquaintances of his hero, its thorough falsehood in so many of its details, and in the general impression it conveys; in a word, the low, book-making spirit, the desire to earn a penny by any means, which characterise it—we are rejoiced to be able to say, that Moore's *Life of Byron* is a failure.

On the same day that our observations appeared, Mr. Thomas Campbell published a long letter in the *New Monthly Magazine*, under pretence of defending Lady Byron;—under pretence, we say; because Mr. Thomas Campbell's motives were just of the same class and the same respectability

as those of Mr. Moore. It seems that, according to a usual practice in the *New Monthly Magazine*, Moore's *Life of Lord Byron* was reviewed in its February number in laudatory terms, without the Editor having taken the trouble of reading a word of the work commended. Now, we think Mr. Campbell might have kept this secret of the trade to himself; for we shall know henceforward what is the value of a critique in his Magazine. The merit of the work is nothing to the purpose; in this case, it is praised in order to oblige "my friend Mr. Moore;" and few persons will differ with us when we venture to say, that no work will be dispraised in that impartial periodical that happens to be grateful in the eyes of "my friends Messrs. Colburn and Bentley." The fact is established by this incautious admission, that the *New Monthly* is only a machine for puffing the works of the Whig friends of its editor, or the ingenious compositions manufactured by the operatives of its publishers. These, of course, will be lauded and extolled. Tories who do not publish "with our house," may be torn to pieces. What are the genius of Scott, the eloquence and universal knowledge of Southey, the poetic spirit of Wordsworth, the grace and talent of Coleridge, to "us?"—they do not believe in whiggery, and the title-pages of their books bear the imprint of Longman or Murray. Let them all, therefore, be flayed alive, even to the backbone.

Mr. Campbell having thrown this light upon his own concerns, proceeds to discuss those of Lord and Lady Byron, and that in such a fashion as

to make us doubt either the sanity or the sobriety of the writer. He says that he does not write at Lady Byron's bidding,—of *that* indeed we feel very certain; that he claims to speak of her "in the right of a man, and of a friend to the rights of women, and to liberty, and to natural religion"—[does not this much resemble, even, in sound, a drunken swagger in a spouting club?]—that he is very indignant she should be compelled, "to defend the heads of her friends and her parents from being crushed under the tombstone of Byron"—that if "the Byronists were to force the savage ordeal, it is her enemies, and not she, that would have to dread the burning ploughshares." What a thunder of applause this last magnificent sentence would call forth in the Literary Union.

There is much more of the same rubbish besides; but nowhere does Mr. Campbell adduce a single new fact. Like Mr. Ponsonby, in the *New Whig Guide*, he

leaves the debate when he sits,
Just as dark as it was when he rose.

He abuses Mr. Moore in good set terms; he calls his theory of the unmarriageableness of genius "twaddle" (the author of this letter, as a wholesale dealer in that commodity, is jealous of a rival in trade)—repudiates his morality—accuses him of canting, of *dirtying and piddling* (these are his own words: alas, for the bard of Hohenlinden!); of fishing for compliments, and poaching for the pathetic; of not kicking a dead lion [why the deuce should he?], but wounding "the living lamb, who was already shorn, and bleeding to the quick;" and warns him to keep his sentimental mummerys off Lady Byron's character. What use is there in all this? Every person of taste and feeling knew that Mr. Moore's part of the work was mean indeed, without requiring all this ragged bombast to prove it. It is quite unnecessary to call Mr. Campbell as a witness. He might have dissected the work *professionally*, if it had so pleased him; but really his angry criticism throws no more light upon any thing of which we wish to be informed, than his original puffing.

He then praises Lady Byron in terms ridiculously warm. Her ladyship must have been cruelly annoyed by such outré flummery, conveyed in

language the grotesque inebriety of which is beyond all belief. In this again the veteran poet comes most superfluously forward. Lord Byron himself, after their separation, had said, "that there never was a better or even a kinder or more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B." Here was the amplest and least suspicious testimony possible; and does Mr. Campbell think any thing he can say will add to it? There never was a whisper that we ever heard against her ladyship; she is universally considered an amiable and much-injured woman, and her injuries are in no small degree enhanced by the meddling of the Moores and the Campbells and other *littérateurs*, in her domestic affairs. Is there not, for example, something unpleasant to any lady in the minuteness with which this letter-writer describes the "coolness" of her manners? Campbell calls himself *ingenuous* in so doing; the lady must feel that he should have said *imperinent*.

In short, he has thrust himself forward perfectly uncalled for. He has not advanced the matter one jot; but he has cut a figure as the champion of a lady, taking care at the same time to impress it on our minds that he is the friend and intimate acquaintance of a baroness—(it is impossible not to be reminded of poor Leigh Hunt's dedication to "my dear Byron," and his lordship's admirable and petty commentary thereupon)—and he has supplied the modest and "ingenuous" house that employs him with a most admirable theme for a running fire of those impartial little paragraphs, by the world malignantly called puffs, which have graced all the newspapers of the month. Mr. Campbell the champion of Lady Byron!—"Pooh! pooh!"—to borrow his own interjection—he is the champion of New Burlington Street.

The value of the article (the *mercantile* value we mean) is enhanced by a letter from Lady B., which we subjoin.

"DEAR MR. CAMPBELL—In taking up my pen to point out for your private information those passages in Mr. Moore's representation of my part of the story, which were open to contradiction, I find them of still greater extent than I had supposed—and to deny an assertion *here and there*, would virtually admit the truth of the rest. If, on the contrary, I were to enter into a full exposure of the falsehood of the views taken by Mr.

Moore, I must detail various matters, which, consistently with my principles and feelings, I cannot, under the existing circumstances, disclose. I may, perhaps, convince you better of the difficulty of the case by an example:—It is not true that pecuniary embarrassments were the cause of the disturbed state of Lord Byron's mind, or formed the chief reason for the arrangements made by him at that time. But is it reasonable for me to expect that you, or any one else, should believe this, unless I shew you what were the causes in question? and this I cannot do.

"I am, &c. &c.

"E. NOEL BYRON."

On which Campbell tosses up his cap, and exclaims in an ecstasy, "Excellent woman!—honoured by all who know her, and injured only by those who know her not;—I will believe her on her own testimony!" In the name of sobriety, who is doubting her!—or what is her testimony in this letter? why nothing. Is it not very clear that a lady's *private* letter, written for her correspondent's *private* information, conveying only a general disclaimer, without adding a particle to what the public knew already, was published for no other but two reasons;—one, that of shewing that she writes to Mr. Campbell; and another, still more important, which those who have observed the proceedings of "our house," can easily conjecture. It is no secret that her ladyship is deeply offended, as indeed she has a right to be; and what makes the matter worse, *Mr. Campbell has taken the unpardonable liberty of garbling her letter.* We defy him to publish it as he received it—if he does, it will very considerably alter the case.

As we have already said, he adds nothing to what we have known before; but he "dirties and puddles" the water by insinuations. "It is more," he says, "for Lord Byron's sake than for his widow's, that I resort not to a more special examination of Mr. Moore's misconceptions. The subject would lead me insensibly into *HATEFUL DISCLOSURES against poor Lord Byron*, who is more unfortunate in his rash defenders than his reluctant accusers." That his lordship is very unfortunate in having such a defender as Mr. Moore we admit;—we do not, however, see any reluctance upon the part of Mr. Campbell to accuse.

Further on he says—

"The true way of bringing off Byron

from this question of his conjugal unhappiness would be his own way, namely, to *acknowledge frankly this one, and, perhaps, the only one, great error of his life.* Acknowledge it, and after all, what a space is still left in our minds for allowance and charity, and even for admiration of him! *All men, as they are frail and fallible beings, are concerned in palliating his fault*—to a certain degree they are concerned; though if you reduce the standard of duty too low, the meanest man may justly refuse to sympathise with your apology for a bad husband, and disdain to take the benefit of an insolvent act in favour of debtors to morality. But pay the due homage to moral principle, frankly own that the child of genius is, in this particular, not to be defended—abstain from absolving Byron on false grounds; and you will do him more good than by idle attempts at justification. Above all, keep off your sentimental mummeries from the hallowed precincts of his widow's character. There, Mr. Moore, you must not fish for compliments, or poach for the pathetic. Byron, acquitted at Lady Byron's expense, can be taken home to no honest heart's sympathy; though there is no saying how much the heart yearns to forgive him when there is no sophistry used in his defence."

Lord Byron's fault, then, according to Mr. Campbell, is one that admits of palliation. How does he reconcile this with his assertion, that its disclosure would be hateful? But it is idle to look for common sense or consistency in this confused mass of crapulous drivelling.

Here, then, the matter stands. The cause of the quarrel between the parties so unceremoniously dragged before the public, after so many years of oblivion, by Mr. Thomas Moore, is still as obscure as ever. Lady Byron cannot communicate it even to "dear Mr. Campbell," though she does communicate it to Dr. Lushington, who, as soon as he hears it, pronounces it *professionally* as an effective bar to their reunion, and does instruct her lawyers to make use of it to compel Lord Byron to consent to a separation. Mr. Campbell only tells us its disclosure would be hateful. We are thus left to imagine the worst. If he knows it, he ought, in justice to his lordship, to dispel the mystery, particularly as he says it admits of palliation, and is the only great error of his life.

We said in our last Number that the matter could not rest where it is; and

we were right. It has already called forth a letter from a friend of Lady Byron, which has appeared in a Scotch newspaper. In order to shew how much those who admire his lordship ought to feel obliged to Mr. Moore for his exertions, we subjoin it :

"—— MY DEAR E., when you know as much of Lord Byron as we do, you will call him only a great poet. He certainly was the greatest that England has ever produced ; but I cannot go farther with you. In my opinion, Mr. Moore has lowered him considerably, even as a literary man. What are his letters, but the most coarse and vulgar—full of oaths and foolish boasting of his intemperance ? And his apparent liberality and generosity is any thing but what one is at first tempted to believe it. How could a man be so unjust as to be giving away money which was not his to bestow ? From whom did he take it ?—from his creditors. And some of it, which Moore glosses over as proceeding from deep feeling, was to silence an affair which would have utterly disgraced him. His own correspondence about Lady Byron shews that she never had his affection ; and his manner of speaking about her after his marriage, at a time when all other men display some tenderness, is disgusting. As to Mr. Moore, I have no words to express what I feel about his endeavour to throw odium upon Lady Byron. He well knows that the latter part of his work upon the subject of the separation is utterly false ! There were no executions in his house previous to the separation, nor did poor Mrs. Clermont interfere in any way between them. When she left the house, Lord Byron parted with kind words to her, and he so completely deceived her by his specious manner, that she was perfectly astonished when these cruel verses came out against her. I send you a copy of a letter from Mrs. Leigh, which ought to be made known, although it is not wished to be inserted in the newspapers. Mrs. Clermont is the daughter of a clergyman, and not, as Lord Byron says, of a washerwoman, and the most mild and well-conducted woman that can be. Of course she is now suffering from these base memoirs once more ; and poor Lady B., whose conduct is truly exemplary, is to have her wounds opened again, which were scarcely healed. She says that she can submit to whatever concerns herself ; but that her mother should be attacked, distresses her beyond all expression. Would you believe it, my dear E——, that Lord Byron made a will before the birth of his child (at least two months) disin-

heriting it, if it should prove to be a daughter ? This will now stands ; and his Ada, about whom he could write verses, has nothing from her father at all. It is not true that he and Lady Byron parted in friendship. She was suffering and ill from her confinement, and he was requested to permit her to stay until she had gained a little strength—a request which he had the barbarity to refuse. Those letters from Mr. W. Harness read well, and Lord Byron did like him at one time ; but Mr. W. Harness himself told ——, that when he went to reside with him, he found it impossible to remain, his conduct was so intolerable and disgusting in every respect. It would be the duty of those who are interested in Lady Byron's affairs to make them known now, after such a cruel work ; but she has suffered too much—her health is ruined ; all she now implores is to have peace ; and this alone restrains her friends from coming forward."

The letter of Mrs. Leigh, alluded to in the foregoing, is as follows :

"St. James's Palace,
June 1, 1825.

"My dear Mrs. Clermont,—In answer to the letter I have this morning received from you, I must beg to assure you how very sorry I am for the annoyance you are now feeling, owing to the calumnies revived against your character in the newspapers.

"I have, whenever opportunity presented itself, not only contradicted them, but also done justice to the kind forbearance I have invariably observed in you, upon occasions the most trying to every friend to Lady Byron ; and you may depend upon my continuing to do so.

"You are quite at liberty to shew this letter to any of your friends, and to express my entire conviction of your being perfectly innocent of the charges brought against you, in any way most satisfactory to yourself, except that of the channel of the newspapers, in which it would, on every account, be extremely painful and unpleasant to me to be brought forward.

"You are, perhaps, not aware (nor was I myself till this day) that, two days after the paragraph to which you allude, and which was copied into the English from an Irish newspaper, it was contradicted from authority in the same paper. If I can get the paper, I will cut it out and send it to you.

"Believe me, dear Mrs. Clermont, most truly yours,

"AUGUSTA LEIGH."

Poor Mrs. Clermont is doomed to an uneasy immortality in our litera-

ture. She is destined to be "horn in the garret, in the kitchen bred," in the text, and set down as a much-injured and accomplished gentlewoman in the notes. We never thought that the poem did Lord Byron any credit. It was at best but a mean private libel,

and the circumstances here disclosed give it a still more disgraceful character.

Such has been the amount of the obligation under which Mr. Moore has laid the memory of Lord Byron during this month.

LILTIECOCKIE.*

WE have not time to do more than give one extract from these delightful little volumes. They breathe a simple beauty and pathos, which has been unequalled in our time. We shall more than once—when we are relieved from the press of matter which overpowers us—enchant our readers with a few further selections. We know the author. Why does he not put his name to the work? Does he think that although he hides himself in a garret, that his fame can be so concealed? Who gave us "The poetry of the ——"?" But mum! it would be unfriendly in us to betray him. Our readers, however, will guess, from his extreme modesty, that he must belong to souls congenial to our own.

"Liltiecockie is a dreary district belonging to the lairds of that ilk, somewhere in the fearful regions, through which an uncouth ditch, which some small engineers call the Caledonian Canal, is described by adventurous and dare-devil travellers to wind for, Heaven knows how many miles. Lizzy, a favourite, red-haired, perspiring daughter of Liltiecockie, the hundred and fourteenth, having, early one morning, gone forth to tend the lambs, and rinse her stockings for the coming Sunday, accidentally met the youthful, fresh-com-

plexioned, unott'd of roses, Ernest Frizzlepan, a lad of two and forty, U sou-lieutenant in General Swineherd's corps of Swiss marines. He was herb-oring, looking for pebbles and dinner, and keeping out of sight of some inquisitive people who, when he was in town, insisted on calling on him in our king's name. The meeting became as tender as it was sudden. What the consequences were, every person in the least acquainted with the Highlands may easily conjecture. And it was on the occasion of the happy union of these children of nature, and their quitting Liltiecockie for a foreign shore, that the overcharged souls of all the parties present broke forth into the sublimity of poetry. Indeed, the scene was peculiarly tender. Lizzy was in the act of leaving the lambs to bleat after their own fancy, the flowers to droop as they saw proper, and the stockings (Ernest could not rob the younger sister of such a treasure) to remain in footless simplicity,—about to exchange her peaceful dwelling of crowdy and usquebagh, for the din of arms, the shrill trumpet, and the segared, gryuered, and garlicked cabin. Old Liltiecockie pressed to his heart the pride of his house, and the glory of the kitchen and the buttery hatch; while she, overwhelmed in tears, sobbed amain, and wiped her eyes with the piper's kilt.

MALE SOLO BY PAPA.

Tougall! is the brose ready?

Tonald! how's the wind blowing?

Angus! is the shelty shod?

Jock!—the bottle—Lizzy's gawing.

FEMALE SOLO BY LIZZY.

The burn may wimple through the den,

Or bicker owre the brae,

Now sleep aneath the hazle-bush,

Now brattle by the slae.

The wren may chirrup in the bush,

The snipe boom in the saugh,

The oree twitter 'mang the rice,

The shulfa in the haugh.

* Tales of Liltiecockie. 2 vols, 12mo. Fraser, Regent Street. 1830.

The brier may fling its sweets around,
The thorn-flower and the whin,
The water-seg its blue leaves raise,
Or tremble o'er the linn.

The routing outlers croon afar,
The stirk roar in the sta,
Sic sounds and sights are lost to me,
For I maun haste awa !

CHORUS BY THE SERVANTS.

The steed stands champing in the court,
The boat lies rocking at the pier,
The mother weeps !—the father's hand*
The siller tassie scarce can bear !

LIZZY IN HYSTERICIS.

My nourice auld she hauds ray plaid !
My little sister's on my knee !
And maun I pairt wi' kith and kin ?
Oh, Frizzlepan, ye've glamour'd me :

AMENT BY ALLEN BLAUTERAOS, THE PIPER.

He only kens hame that's awa,
He only kens hame that's awa ;
He thinks of his friends, of his wife, and his bairns,
And remembers his father's ha' !
He thinks, &c.

REJOICEMENT.

But Frizzlepan's a noble pan,
A pan of great renown ;
He's better far than ony jar
That's kent about the toun.

So ! laud the bicker to the laird,
We'll pledge it lippen fu,
Here's Frizzlepan of Swineherd's corps !
And here's his bonny dow !

GRAND YELL.

Here's Frizzlepan of Swineherd's corps !
And here's his bonny dow !

[*Exeunt all, slightly unsteady.*]

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

Love is a pleasant thing ;
When lip meets lip,
My heart is glad :
Love is a pensive thing ;
When the kiss you sip,
My soul is sad.

There's triumph in the touch
Wins the dew from thine ;
My heart is glad :
But sorrow follows such,
For it steals from mine ;
My soul is sad.

Love is a pleasing thing ;
But how brief the bliss,
And soon he flies—
How soon he taketh wing !
Give and take a kiss,
Then rapture dies !

We have parted with a pearl,
And regret the gift—
Yet have it still !
For thy sweet kiss, sweet girl,
On my lip is left,
For good or ill.

J. A. H.

Query as to the cause ?

NOTES ON THE RUSSIAN ARMY. [GIURGEVO, 1828.]

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL C. R. O'DONNELL, LATE OF THE 15TH MUSSARS.

WHOEVER contemplates the present condition of the Russians, will be astonished at the rapid strides they have made towards civilisation of late years, and the improvements that have evidently taken place in the organisation of their forces. I did not exactly expect to find a horde of barbarians, though I was prepared to meet with a set of men not many degrees removed from that state;—deficient in mind, devoid of moral feeling, and destitute of all the nobler qualities of the heart: but I was mistaken. They have profited considerably by the experience they derived from the wars that arose out of the French Revolution; which wars, while they instructed them as soldiers, afforded them also an opportunity of visiting, and at the same time receiving some of the polish of the more civilised nations of the Continent.

The Russian is a tough material, and admirably calculated to bear the fatigues and hardships of war. With a fair complexion, resembling that of the English, and broad features, he is rather low in stature than otherwise, but stout limbed and muscular. Endued with considerable bodily strength, and gifted with a constitution enabled to sustain the greatest privations and fatigue, the Muscovite soldier, loaded with heavy arms and appointments, and a cumbrous kit upon his back, will march in the most inclement season for days and nights together, with but a very trifling interval of repose; and, bivouacked in their customary and hardy manner, without tents and under a burning sun, with the thermometer at above 105° Fahrenheit during the day, and perhaps a cold, damp, chill, and heavy penetrating dew by night; subsisted, moreover, upon scanty food, of a very inferior quality; constantly exposed to all weathers, and subject to transitions the most trying to the human frame; he will remain for months in succession without being comparatively affected or even inconvenienced by vicissitudes which to ordinary constitutions would be fatal.

The Russian is strongly attached to his religion; he is a thorough predeterminarian, and at the same time very superstitious. He is submissive and

patient; and although he may, from his state of vassalage, appear dull and stupid, he is naturally a cheerful being; fond of enjoyment, not altogether deficient in intelligence, nor unsusceptible of enthusiastic excitement. It is evident, from a degree of self-esteem and national pride which he possesses, that he considers his own country superior to any other in the world. He is never guilty of desertion; and his readiness at all times to make the greatest sacrifices for his sovereign and his chief, evince the height of his devotion to them, and the extent of his attachment to their interests.

It is impossible for a Russian soldier not to be brave; if he were even not so by nature, he must become so by the effect of discipline, which, in the Russian army, is severe. He is taught to have a horror of cowardice: and courage, a striking characteristic with him, is not only upheld as a pre-eminent military virtue, but enjoined by the principles of his faith; he is persuaded that it is incumbent on him never to yield, but to keep up the contest until he insures victory, or until he meets death. Napoleon is reported to have said that at Eylau he saw the Russians perform prodigies of valour—they were so many heroes.

With a steadfast belief in predestination, and an implicit obedience to orders, the Russian is, as it were, a complete machine. Careless and thoughtless of danger, he moves when he is told, and halts when he is commanded; nor will he, under the severest fire, retire, unless ordered to do so. Indeed, nothing can equal the steadiness and obstinacy of the Muscovite troops under such circumstances. It is quite surprising to see the perfect indifference with which they stand under a cannonade, and the apathy with which the men look at the balls and shells that fall around them. At the battle of the Moskva, when the Russian reserve with the imperial guards advanced to retake some redoubts, and to attack the centre of Napoleon's line, eighty pieces of French cannon suddenly opening out a most destructive fire, immediately averted and then overwhelmed their columns,

which, not daring to advance, and unwilling to retire, stood for two hours together in dense masses, while grape shot passed through them, and swept away whole platoons at a time.* And it is positively asserted, that at the siege of Brailow, a considerable body of Russians, destined to storm the place, missed its way, and got into the ditch, where there was not the slightest vestige of a breach. In this situation, they were nearly annihilated, nor would they, notwithstanding the mistake was evident, move until a peremptory order from the Grand Duke Michael was sent to recall them.

The coolness with which they give fire, and the firmness with which they meet and receive the charge of the enemy, are also distinguishing traits in the character of the Russian infantry soldiers; and in these respects they are probably better calculated to be opposed to the Turks, than any other troops in the world. In vain has the proud Arab steed of the Spahis been often excited up to the very bayonets of the Russian squares; in vain has the impetuosity of the Moslem been exhausted against the steady firmness of the Muscovite ranks.

In the use of the bayonet, the Russians may be said to equal the British soldiers;—it is a most formidable weapon in their hands; and provided there is no natural obstacle in their way, they will carry every thing with it before them, or meet death with the most determined obstinacy.

The Russian cavalry is very good, and acquired considerable renown in the Polish wars. The men, who, from their original habits, are indifferent grooms and horsemen in the first instance, are, notwithstanding, intelligent, and by system and discipline soon attain a proficiency in their duties, become attached to their animals, and eventually make tolerably skilful equestrians.

Well clothed, appointed, and mounted, the cavalry of the emperor approaches in excellence very near to that of the British, over which it has in one instance an advantage, owing to the natural hardiness of the Russian horse. The dragoons at Giurgevo were mounted upon rather large, but, at the same time, active horses, shewing blood as well as strength, and

were furnished for the occasion with long lances, a weapon which inspired them with confidence, and gave terror to the Turks, who, when opposed to it, were often wary of coming to close quarters.

The artillery, a favourite arm with the Russians, is well horsed, well equipped and appointed, and well served in the field. The long howitzer gun, highly approved of, is in common use amongst them. The horse-brigade is particularly good; it is formed apparently after the model of the British, is rapid in its movements, and very complete in every respect. The troop at the camp was provided with fine, strong, well-bred chestnut horses, which were (as well as those of the cavalry), considering they had made a long march from the very heart of Russia, and the manner in which they were continually harassed, in excellent working condition.

The grade of Captain in the Russian army confers (as I have been informed) upon the individual bearing that commission the privileges of nobility. The officers, amongst whom are many foreigners of ability, I found a more respectable and enlightened body than they are generally represented to be. Those of the superior ranks, of the staff, of the cavalry, of the guards, and of the artillery, are for the most part men of some education, who besides the several dialects of the Slavonic, speak the French and German languages, and many of them even the English, with tolerable fluency. In the regiments of the line, there are still many officers who have probably been promoted from the ranks, in consequence of the preference given by the aristocracy to serve in the other branches of the profession; and these, perhaps, on account of the want of instruction among the people, from which class they have risen, are ignorant and untutored; but they are not so numerous as I expected to have found them. The officers of the Russian army are, in common with the privates, brave, patient, and hardy; they are indulgent and considerate to their men, with whose temper they are well acquainted; sociable and friendly towards each other; and kind and hospitable to strangers.

The attainment of distinctions and

* Comte de Segur.

honours—an incentive to heroic deeds, and an object of solicitude to all military men—is a peculiar consideration with the Russian officers. Swords of merit are given for good conduct in the field; and the performance of certain services before an enemy substantiates a claim to particular medals: thus, impartiality in the distribution of such rewards and decorations reflects great credit upon the government; and the approbation and liberality of the emperor are in consequence sought for and esteemed with an enthusiasm that is scarcely to be imagined. Sir Robert Wilson mentions an instance illustrative of this feeling in a young lieutenant of hussars, who was shot by a cannon-ball, in a charge near Papenheim: his leg being shattered, a friend was lamenting his misfortune—"Yes, indeed," replied he with a sigh, "it is very great; for, had I been wounded but a few paces farther on, I should have gained the order of St. George."

Green is the national colour of the Russians; and the dress both of officers and men is now simple and soldier-like;—that of the former is free from unnecessary ornament, and not expensive; and that of the latter, coarse in point of materials, but serviceable. The pay of all classes is very inconsiderable. * * *

But the Cozaks,* who have of late acquired so high a military reputation, and who form the irregular part of the Russian army, excited most my curiosity and interest. These inhabitants of certain steppes or plains, chiefly on the borders of the Russian empire, are easily distinguished as a race possessing a degree of constitutional liberty and independence: accustomed to dwell remote, as it were, from civilisation, in vast and desert districts; and habituated to constant warfare of some sort or other. They are governed partly by their own laws, and enjoy peculiar privileges and exemptions in consideration of military services, which they are obliged to render to the state when called upon. At such times they appear fully equipped and mounted at their own expense; but obtain from government a trifling maintenance, in common with the other

Russian soldiers, during the period of actual service. At the termination of the war, or when their assistance is no longer necessary, they return to their homes; and, from being the ruthless Scythian and devastating invader, the Cozák becomes the unoffending, honest, and hospitable inhabitant, and again resumes his various occupations in agriculture and commerce.

There are several tribes or denominations of this species of force; such, for instance, as the Cozaks of the Bug, of Tschuguyef, of the Don, of Tchernomorski, formerly the Zaporogian Cozaks, the Uralian, formerly the Yaick Cozaks, and the Calmucks of Stavropol;† and each tribe is governed by its respective Ataman or commander-in-chief, and officers chosen from among themselves, who are all obliged to pass regularly through the different gradations of military rank, from that of private. These different tribes were, it was calculated, at the close of the late war with France, capable of bringing into the field an aggregate of no less than a hundred and seventeen thousand warriors. Thus it will be seen of what vast consequence they are to the Russian empire, and the necessity there exists for keeping up a good understanding with them, and securing their allegiance.

It was not until about the time of Catherine II., that attempts were made to organise the Cozaks. Both Prince Potemkin and Souvoroff were extremely attached to them, and beloved by them in return; the former, more particularly, is reported to have taken considerable pains to improve their condition as soldiers: he formed them into regiments, subjected them to discipline, established amongst them a certain system, and employed them with great effect in their true character of foragers and light troops, for which they seem peculiarly well adapted. Since that period, they have undergone other partial changes in their organisation, although they have not yet been brought to act with any degree of regularity.

Under their Ataman Platoff, it is well remembered what wonders they achieved, and of what infinite utility

* Bishop Heber compares his Rajpoot and Maharatta escorts with the Cozaks: and remarks, that Cozák is the common word for a predatory horseman all through northern and central India.

† Russland unter Alexander dem ersten.

the Cozaks were to the Russians during the recent continental wars, in covering the front of their army, masking its movements, protecting its flanks, and securing its retreat; in reconnoitering and foraging; and in hovering continually about the enemy, harassing him, and cutting off his supplies.

From the natural hardness of constitution both of the Cozaks and of their horses, they are enabled to make exertions of an extraordinary nature; and by swimming rivers in the winter time, and making forced marches of considerable length, amid all the rigours of frost and snow, their sudden and unexpected appearance has often baffled the designs and efforts of their opponents. Not only have they performed all these duties, in which no troops equal them, with a perseverance and vigour that is scarcely credible, but they have been known even to charge infantry *en trouille* in a wood; and in a general action to snatch the palm from the regular forces of Russia, by retrieving the fortune of the day. The losses they occasioned Napoleon in the fields of Poland and Russia, where they were the cause of constant annoyance, havoc, and slaughter, to the French troops, especially during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, can never be forgotten.

The Cozaks of the Don are the most numerous and important of all the tribes; and are distinguished from the rest by greater civilisation and industry. Their capital is Novo-Tcherkask, a neat town not far from the Don, near its entrance into the Sea of Asof. They breed great quantities of horses, cattle, and sheep; are cultivators of the vine; fond of agriculture in general; and can furnish a contingent of no fewer than eighty regiments for service from among them. Each regiment consists of five hundred men, having a standard and captain for every hundred, independent of junior officers, one or two field officers for the whole, according to circumstances, and a lieutenant-colonel, or colonel commandant, whose name the regiment bears. The two corps before Giurgevo were of this tribe; they had served in the war against France, and, together with their chiefs, Rykowsky and Demidoff, had distinguished themselves considerably.

The usual dress or uniform of the Don Cozak is a blue shell jacket,

without buttons, but hooked down the front; loose trousers of the same colour, ornamented down the sides with a stripe of red cloth; and a cylindrical calpac, or low forage cap. A short fur cloak, called a *burka*, made of a peculiar impenetrable skin, is either suspended from his shoulders or carried on the saddle. His weapons are a pistol stuck under each arm, and attached by a neck-line, sufficiently long to admit of their being discharged with an extended arm; a fire-lock slung across his back; a sabre at his side; and a long, twelve or fourteen foot pike, which is constantly in his hand. He is mounted upon a small, bony, and by no means Bucephalus-like, but certainly hardy, horse, which is guided by a single snaffle, and equipped with a simple wooden saddle-tree, of unusual height, furnished with a leather cushion strapped over it; this cushion forms not only the ordinary seat and pillow of the Cozak, but serves as a depository for his money and valuables. The horse much resembles, in shape and character, the common hack of the Irish peasant, and is urged by a severe whip, something like a flail, called a *kandshu*, which the rider, who does not wear spurs, generally carries with a loop over his wrist or across his shoulders. Thus dressed, equipped, and mounted, the sturdy warrior of the Don is, on the slightest alarm, instantly ready for the combat.

The Cozaks are an incongruous set, certainly! Some old fellows, with long, gray beards; some smart young lads; some almost in rags and patches of various shades; while others are in very decent attire. The one appointed to attend me as orderly, was a young man, by no means Cozak-like, according to the notions I had previously formed of these people. When he first came to me, I was struck by his civilised appearance and behaviour; for, uniting the respectful deportment of a soldier with an easiness and almost elegance of manner, he said he was sent to wait upon me by order of his general, and had the honour of presenting himself to receive my commands. It is not to be understood that many of them are of this class; but I am told that some are people of great wealth in their own country, amassed chiefly by plunder in war; yet so great is their passion for that

species of gain, that, notwithstanding their riches, they will even voluntarily leave their families and comfortable dwellings, and expose themselves, at an advanced age, to dangers, in quest of more.

Equally brave and hardy as the regular Russian soldier, they possess a sagacity and cunning which is not a characteristic of the former. It was observed, that in action, when the firing commenced, the detached Cozaks that were around us began to assume an alertness, and to be alive to what was going on. They took their horses in hand; never remained quite stationary; kept a sharp look out in the direction of the firing of the cannon, and watched the *ricochet* of the ball and the flight of the shell, so as to be in readiness to avoid them. They are endowed by their nature and habits with an instinct which peculiarly fits them for the duties of outposts; and for this service I suppose the Cozaks to be the best troops in the world. From an extraordinary tact in making reconnoissances through unexplored districts, they supply the defect or want of topographical maps; they excel as patrols, and are said to be capable of telling, with tolerable accuracy, merely by inspecting the ground, not only the number of horses that have passed over a tract, but even how many of them were led; and their faculties of sight and hearing are such, that they will, without artificial aid, descry objects at a considerable distance, and by applying their ears to the earth distinguish afar off the tread of feet, whether they are those of men or of horses, and thus discover the movements and designs of an enemy.

The confidence reposed in these troops is great: three or four of them are sometimes posted, for the purpose of observation, in an exposed situation on frontiers bordering an enemy's country, where they will remain for weeks and months together without requiring any assistance: they will manage, by some means or other, to subsist themselves and their horses, and may be depended upon for the most exact information. At Giurgevo the whole duty of the advanced posts was intrusted to their care, and performed by two hundred and fifty men; and so great was their patience and vigilance, that nothing escaped their observation, and not a Turk could stir

outside the fortress without their immediate knowledge.

The Cozaks generally act independently under their own officers: in single combat they are expert; and in the swarm attack formidable. Occasionally they move in line; but being accustomed to desultory warfare, they have an aversion to discipline and system. The moment an alarm is given, the two or three that can first get ready instantly sally forth from the bivouac; these are followed by six or eight; these again by more; and lastly comes the reserve, or main body, in perhaps greater order. In their regular attacks, they are sometimes in one and sometimes in two ranks, according to their strength: they advance with a most terrific yell, in the form of a semi-circle, having the centre retired: the greater number fly off, and seek the flanks and rear of the enemy, while a small portion, frequently supported by a reserve, attack to the front: but what perhaps renders them most formidable, is the extraordinary facility with which they disperse and instantly collect again in a polk, or body, upon any particular part of the enemy's line. However, for the most part, they pay little attention to regularity; so that, after a charge, having no trumpets or sounds to assemble them, and as they do not always take out their standards, their captains are obliged, by dint of hallooing, or in the best manner they can, to collect their polks.

With the pike, which is in their hands from infancy, they are particularly adroit. They do not in general use it as the lance, but couch it, and ride full gallop, like the knights of old, at their antagonists. The Turk justly fears this weapon,—as, should it not kill, it inflicts a dreadful gash, and the unfortunate victim, when severely wounded or transpierced, has often been known to exclaim, “Ah, Cozák! Cozák!” and, by signs, implore him to put an end to his miseries by an effectual thrust.

Having overcome his adversary, the next thing the Cozák does is to seize upon his arms, which, with the Turks, are highly ornamented and valuable—his turban and sash, sometimes Cachemere shawls, of great worth—and his purse; and, if he is not killed or badly wounded, the victor then places the unfortunate man behind him upon the

very cantel of the saddle, grasps him by both hands, and gallops off with him to the rear.

That they are marauders, and that they are also rather merciless at times, is true. An attempt was lately made to induce them to give up for the general good the plunder they took in action. This, however, had not the desired effect; for it was then found that the prisoners were invariably killed; so that as the services of these troops were so essential to the army, it became necessary to sanction their practices; but to prevent atrocities, the Emperor Nicholas issued a very humane order, by which the Cozák or soldier received one ducat for every prisoner on foot taken by him alive, and two ducats for every prisoner mounted.

The encampments of the Cozáks display the same want of regularity which is observable in their movements. In front of their bivouac before Giurgevo, a high stage was erected upon four poles, as is common with them in their own country, and similar to those met with at several of the post stations in Wallachia. From this a constant lookout was kept; and in rear of it, without the slightest regard to order, were scattered the huts, both of the officers and men; before, and about which, were picqueted their horses, most of them ready saddled. These huts were made in the rudest manner imaginable; indeed, sometimes three pikes or poles, with branches and hay, or perhaps their *burkas* thrown over them, formed a dwelling. Whether mounted or not, the collar rein of his horse is often placed in the girdle of the Cozák, who is consequently enabled to lie down in his hut without being disengaged from the animal; so that a stranger seeing a horse feeding over what is apparently a haycock, would little suspect it at first to be the habitation of a human being, until perhaps a long pike protruding from it, and a pair of feet sticking out from beneath, might suggest to him that such was in reality the abode of the modern Scythian.

The armies of the emperor, from the comparatively trifling expense of the Russian soldier in the field, and the vast extent and resources of the em-

pire, are composed of enormous masses. They are also accompanied by a large proportion of artillery; and, from their being accustomed to carry on war in countries incapable of furnishing the necessary supplies, by a considerable train of waggons, and other vehicles.

The staff is well regulated, and the general officers throughout the service are proportionably more numerous than with most nations. The medical establishment, although, when possible, every care is taken of the sick or wounded, and the commissariat, are not perhaps quite so efficient as the other departments.

The Russian troops exercise and go through their evolutions with precision, though not perhaps with great rapidity. But it has been observed, that in science and skilful combinations—in difficult retreats—in dexterity and mobility, so essential to the versatility of manœuvre, and to the ready and timely application of bodies in the moment of action,—they have not yet attained to perfection. Their masses are powerful engines, and continue so as long as they are in order; but, like pieces of mechanism, when once broken, their unity of movement is lost, and they require time for repairs before they can be brought to act again with advantage. However, it must be confessed, that in these respects the Russians have benefited in a considerable degree by the experience of late years,—that they at this moment hold a high rank amongst the soldiers of Europe,—and that they are still in a state of progressive improvement.

Within the period of little more than half a century, such national names as Roumiantzoff, Souvoroff, Koutousoff, Platoff, and Woronzoff, appear amongst the most distinguished generals of the continent; and these have, in conjunction with other heroes, so raised the character of the Muscovite arms as to give to Russia a preponderance in the scale of nations which she never before enjoyed.

That power has now an emperor, young, active, ambitious, and beloved by his troops; and a magnificent army capable of any enterprise. With such advantages, she must be not only formidable to her foes, but respected by her neighbours, and by Europe in general.

THE ELECTION OF EDITOR

FOR

*Fraser's Magazine.**From Mr. Gurney's short-hand notes, corrected by Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Thavies Inn.*

THE whole literary world was astonished at the liberality of our Proprietors when they beheld the advertisement in the last No., calling a general meeting for the election of an Editor. Nothing like it had ever been seen or heard of before. On all similar occasions, the corrupt influence and undue partialities of the booksellers have been ever exercised. The late Mr. Constable, to whom the literary character is more indebted for that sort of elevation which arises from remuneration than to all the trade besides, was not free from despotic inclinations. He appointed Mr. Jeffrey to the superintendence of the *Edinburgh Review*, without consulting any of his contributors. Mr. Murray, to whom literature also acknowledges herself a debtor, was not more indulgent in the appointment of the late Mr. Gifford; and his partiality for Scotchmen was certainly not free from blame, when he selected, in so clandestine a manner, Mr. Lockhart to succeed him. Mr. Colburn, in creating the sinecure of Editor-in-chief for the Lord-rectifying Campbell, has deserved well of all authors. It is an example that every bookseller cannot too soon imitate. Indeed, we trust that the Duke of Wellington will, by law, since he is so cutting down the sinecures of the crown, oblige every publisher to institute a pensionary. There is no sound political reason why there should not be literary pensionaries, as well as civil and military, and decayed gentlewomen of damaged quality. Ebony's connexion with Christopher North is suspected of being something equivocal. In that instance the Editor, it is understood, lords it over the Publisher. However, not one of all the members of the Stationers' Company, either here or elsewhere, ever thought of trying the effect of universal suffrage in choosing an Editor; but the result has been such—the reform has been so radical, that the happiest general effects cannot but result from it.

The meeting was advertised to take place in the Freemasons' Tavern; but, at an early hour, it was seen how inadequate the great hall was to contain even a tithe of the candidates and the contributors; for, by some strange oversight, preparations had been neglected to be made for the reception of the ladies, the number of whom, with short petticoats and blue stockings, who assembled at an early hour in front of the tavern, is incredible. Lady Morgan lost a spangled shoe in the crowd, the Princess Olivia of Cumberland had her pockets picked, and Lady Holland was obliged to be carried by Sir James and Sam into the Horse and Groom gin-shop, where the accomplished wit declared the scene was quite dramatic.

The committee, viz. the regulating officers of the press-gang from Waterloo Place, who had been appointed to manage the proceedings of the day, soon discovered the absurdity of attempting to receive such a multitude into the Hall, unless they possessed the power of compressing their bodies into the size of their souls, as Milton did over the devils in Pandemonium; and, in consequence, it was suggested, the day being sunny and calm, that they should adjourn to Lincoln's-inn Square, and that a deputation should be sent to Mr. Soane, the architect, to beg the use of his incomparable balcony for the chairman of the meeting, and the other managers of the election.

The answer of Mr. Soane accorded with his well-known attachment to artists authors, and actors. He assured the deputation, that authors were dear to his heart, and that, in a figurative sense, his house, his fortune, his life,—all, in short, every thing that was dear to him, and all that, was at their disposal. The committee, highly gratified by the report which the deputation made of Mr. Soane's munificent alacrity, ordered notice to be given to the multitude that filled the street;

and, with white staves in their hands and paper cockades in their hats, preceded by a large body of the new police, marched, two and two, to the house of Mr. Soane.

The merit of the new police on this occasion, under the direction of Mr. Peel himself, was in the highest degree praiseworthy. The ladies were safely accommodated within the railing of the central enclosure, and a number of barrels were at first provided, to serve as tribunes for the orators, though the Egyptian column was finally chosen. As soon as the necessary orderly arrangements were made, Mr. Coleridge, the first genius of the age, presented himself at the centre arch of Mr. Soane's balcony. The moment that he did so, murmuring arose. It was supposed that he had already received his *congée d'élire*, and was already the predetermined Editor. The outcry was chiefly among the artists who are authors, and they cried out, "No Wilkie—liberty, and the Academy for ever!" Emboldened by these declarations, Mr. Cobbett, who, by placing himself near one of the barrels, early demonstrated his intention to harangue the crowd, broke out with:—

"Englishmen,—This is the most abominable piece of humbug I ever witnessed. Do the sordid proprietors of *Fraser's Magazine* think to impose upon the understanding of John Bull by a trick of this kind? Do they imagine that we are such burrow-mongering slaves as to accept old Goody Coleridge?"—

Here the crowd pressing in on all sides, the barrel on which the great Ruta Baga of Botley was elevated was crushed into staves, and the planter of turnips and the cultivator of sedition and locust was hurled amidst the staves to the ground. It happened that the barrel was an old tar one, and that the great patriot of the two-penny trash, when he found himself falling, laid hold, in his desperation, of several high-plumed bonnets, which he pulled from the heads of the blue-hosen wearers, by which, when he looked up, he was in his proper American livery, tarred and feathered, and was glad to make his escape from the derision of the crowd in his friend the Duke of Wellington's military cloak, which his Grace, who was present, gallanting Mrs. *****^{*}, charitably lent him for concealment.

Order being in some degree restored, Sir James Scarlett was elevated upon a cart—"the gods forfend the omen!"—and, in a speech full of Tory graces and Whig principles, proposed that his accomplished veteran friend Mr. Coleridge should be called to the chair; and reminded the multitude, that, as the election was to be by ballot, there was no risk to the freedom of election by the appointment of any one whatever to preside on the occasion, and that he knew no man so well qualified to maintain order over such an assemblage as that great practical character, that great man of business, that eminent person, who combined in himself all the arithmetical accuracy of Joseph Hume with the commercial acumen of Sandy Baring.*

Mr. Coleridge was, in consequence, elected by acclamation, and installed with three cheers, the ladies waving their white handkerchiefs. Silence being restored, the Chairman then rose, and, in the following luminous speech, explained the object for which they were that day assembled:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first,
From the broad sunshine, I stepped in and saw
The narrowing line of daylight that came running
In after me shut by the door outside.
All then around was dusky twilight dim,
Made out of shadows most fantastical,
The unsubstantial progeny of light
Shining on singularities of art.
There stood around, all in a circle row,
Seven colossal statues—each a king
Upon a rich Corinthian capital.
Sceptres were in their hands, and on their heads
Were golden crowns, in shape similar

* Sir James being a Creole, his language, of course, is half English, half Scotch, with as much Irish as makes up the whole quantity.

To that small bonnet which adorned of yore
 My dexter temple, when, the live-long day,
 I delv'd the classics in that blue-coat school,
 Fast by fam'd Newgate's jail ; and one there was
 As Nestor, or as Priam king of Troy,
 Venerable—a marble brought from Athens,
 Which, though oblivion hung upon his nose,
 Wore the grave aspect of antiquity.
 ' These,' said our host, the modest Mister Soane,
 ' Are planets, and they rule the fates of men.'
 ' Are they not rather,' was my fond reply,
 Thrilling with wonderment ineffable,
 ' The seven sciences—stupendous spirits,
 That mock the pride of man, and people space
 With life and mystical predominance ?'
 And, full of that sublime conception, out
 I throbbing came upon this window-sill,
 Where I beheld you multitudinous,
 A Lake of Physiognomies, whose waves
 Were human faces,—and whose murmurings—
 Discordant din of discontented tongues,
 Shattered the crystal calmness of the air.—
 But I had then the sense of sweetest influences,
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That have their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
 Or forest by low stream or pebbly spring,
 Or such green bogs as Irishmen afar,
 In Australasia or Cabotia lone,
 Dream are in Erin's isle. Then I bethought
 Wherefore this wise and beauteous multitude
 Were here assembled, from all quarters come,
 Like the rich argosies and merchantmen
 That swing at anchor in the pool or stream
 Below fam'd London bridge—and thence inspired,
 I call upon you to give suffrage. Now,
 Who shall be Editor, and, like the stars
 Immortal burning in their glorious spheres,
 Make you all stars, dispensing destiny ?
 For such shall be the issues of this day,
 If you, in your intelligence serene,
 Make a seraphic choice."

[To the Ladies.

Mr. Coleridge sat down amidst unanimous and enthusiastic applauses and encores ; but he declined repeating his most poetical address. Silence having been with difficulty obtained, though not until the Lord Mayor, supported by Sir Henry Hardinge and Mr. Horace Twiss, had commenced the proclamation of martial law, the Rev. George Croly was seen to ascend the temporary steps constructed against the Egyptian pillar, so ornamental to Mr. Soane's fore-court, and which was, for the nonce, made the rostrum for the various orators of the day. The gentleman, however, could with difficulty gain the summit, owing to the monkey tricks of Mr. Henry Baylis, who clung to the tail of his coat, endeavouring to prevent him from measuring the altitude of the column. Mr. Baylis, it appears, is the proprietor of the *Monthly Magazine* (and is the individual who, with his printers and printing devils, presented a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the Roman Catholic Relief Bill might not be passed : Lord Tullamore was the green youth who presented such petition), and Mr. Croly is the editor of that same periodical. It could be easily perceived what the object of Mr. Baylis was in thus clinging to Mr. Croly's garment :—to prevent him from shewing his face to the electors, imagining, as he well might, that that gentleman's transcendent abilities would win for him the return as Editor of Fraser's, the emoluments from which being of so large and enticing an amount (not that Mr. Croly cares in the least for money), his right-hand man would be fain to desert the yellow-covered bilious-looking Monthly.

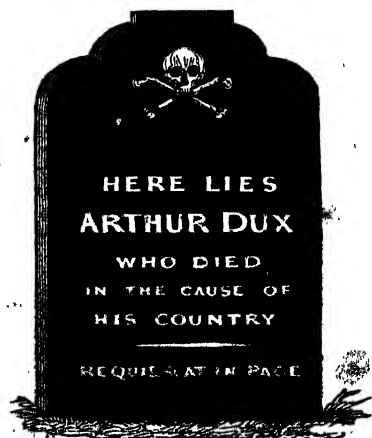
But this is our own surmise, for the only words which Mr. Baylis could say were, "For God's sake, Croly!" and these he repeated in a hurried manner for at least five times, when, gasping for breath and ready to choke, he added, "If you leave the Mon-on-thly, what will Be-en-en-ly say, for then we sha-a-ant pu-uff more of his bo-o-o-o-o-oks—as the Mo-onthly will be di-i-ish'd?" What he might have continued to say, was inaudible; for "Shame—shame! down with him! throw him over!" was vociferated on all sides. Mr. Baylis, however, had, it seems, determined, like Cato, that he was only worthy to fall by his own act, and so he accordingly did; for the tail of Mr. Croly's coat gave way, and down came the printer a tremendous wallop on his back, amidst the laughter and derision of the assembled multitude.

"Ipse gravis graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
Concidit."

Mr. Croly then stood, a "cherub tall," on the top of Mr. Soane's Egyptian capital; and they who are conversant with the physiognomy of the gentleman will alone be able to conceive what benignant suavity struggled through every pore of his face, and fell, like beams of holiest light, upon the upturned countenances of that populace which was then and there assembled to exercise the boasted privilege of Englishmen—gained by our forefathers by the edge of the sword, and which we, their great-great-great-grandchildren, will manfully maintain, until death do us part from all things sublunary, political, and damnable,—FREEDOM OF ELECTION. By this we enjoy every thing good, great, and glorious:—a king steadfast in integrity, and in exceeding love and anxiety, a very father to his subjects—an aristocracy innocent as lambs, and immaculate as sucking doves or pie-pigeons—a representative chamber, the members of which have separated themselves from worldly pursuits and worldly vanities—devout, self-denying, and as so many ascetic saints in the wilderness—wasters of the midnight oil for the good of their fellow-men, and victims to sad disease, induced by a misplaced over-eagerness in the blest cause of British patriotism—which is the reason why, in the United Kingdom, this Epitaph (alas! that good and virtuous men possess not the rejuvenescent faculty of Tithonus, that they might live for ever, to advocate the sacred cause which they, even from their youth's first budding, have severally and collectively espoused!) is so frequent:

HE DIED IN THE CAUSE OF HIS COUNTRY.*

Εἰ το καλὸς θνήσκειν ἀρίστη μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τούτ' ἀπενίμει Τυχῇ.
Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπυδόντες ἰλευθερίαν περιθύναι
κίμειβ' ἀγῆραντων χρωμένοι εὐλογοῖν. Simonides.



Some future eloquent bardist, hot as a furnace with the glow of patriotic enthusiasm, may thus rhapsodise the bones lying under this freestone slab, the

But we are wandering from our immediate subject:—the oration which Mr. Croly enounced, with good action and delivery, whilst perched on the top of the pillar in the fore-court of Mr. Soane's mansion. The very contemplation of that gentleman forces away some thousand leagues all recollection of epitaphs, tomb-stones, and death's heads, and makes our bosom glow with risilient humours approaching to vinous hilarity.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Croly's person need not be told of the eloquent cast of his face and the marked character of his features, now dealing destruction like a cloud of fearful omen—now, by the amenity of their smile and their dallying jocundity, irradiating and vernalising whatever that smile and jocundity consecrate by tipping and touching,—producing, in short, a miraculous illumination. His commanding stature was saluted with a universal shout of approbation:

“ Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes: that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide;”

and thus began:—

“ Sir, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—I present myself to your notice on this memorable occasion, having from the first resolved to become one of the proud combatants in a struggle which I hesitate not to affirm will, in after times, have many an eagle-flighted Pindar for its historian. For what, in comparison to this, were the so-vaunted games held on the banks of the Alpheus?—a river the name of which you who are ignorant know nothing, but which we transcendental Grecians describe as ‘serpentinising in most beautiful meanders’ through the sacred territory of Elis. (*Immense applause.*) The advertisement by Mr. Fraser was very puerile in phraseology. Advertisements are most difficult things to manipulate,—should, in fact, never be intrusted to breathing mortal save to him who by national assent is considered a genius of the first order. In application to genius, what the poet of Venusia has said of money will stand good:

‘ Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algæ est.’

If, however, an application had been made to me (not that I arrogate to myself those indescribable attributes which genius can bestow, although my labours do

sinewy flesh of which has long since served as a delectable repast to the red-snouted, blind slow-worm:—“ He was the Leonidas of the days which were honoured with his thrice-glorious existence—for he, too, stood firm in the van of liberty, and fought with all the earnestness and invincibility of Hellenic Worthiness. The Catholic Emancipation Bill was his illustrious Thermopylæ—his rank of intrepid warriors called ‘the Rats’ was his consecrated band—and the illiberal, black-hearted, knavish, abominable, filthy, horrible, insufferable, ineffable Ultra Tories were the tiara-capped, discomfited infidels, with whom

‘ Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea—
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.’

“ And Robert Peel was the run-away Spartan, who died shortly after from shame and vexation. He cut his weand with a blunt razor, by way of prolonging his own punishment.” And the eloquent writer may perhaps conclude with the following free translation from Tullius Geminus:—

Εἰς Οὐρανὸν ἄσπετον.

Αὐτὸ ταύρου ἄρρεος οὐκ ἔστιν ἔλκετος, οὐδὲ δὲ ἰσὶν κνύρα
δούρατα, &c.

“ Here Arthur lies, a tough Old Cock—as steel both brave and stern—
His name is blest by all the Rats and every Irish Kern.
As Apples honey to his friends—’gainst foes he’d smear and foam—
And, staunch ally of Father Field and Bartlett of Rome,
With all vile Ultra Tory blades he did a war maintain,
And oft would kick their breeks—although they kick’d his breeks again!
But get whariber danger scowl’d he never fear’d in face it,
And here The Rats have raised for him THIS NATIONAL HIC JACKET.”

stand recorded in no unworthy characters amidst the too many soiled pages of our native literature)—(*Hear, hear, and cheers*)—I would in such case, without hesitation, have, *currente calamo*, given a few hasty lines, which, in the absence of every thing else, might have answered the purpose of congregating this superlative meeting. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I will not speak of my own pretensions (*cheers*); my opinion on that head shall lie dormant in my own bosom (*cheers*)—*altâ mente repositum*—ensconced in the cavities and lengthy depths of my own stomach. (*Hear.*) Gentlemen, I am well to do in the world; my fame is blazoned amongst all the town booksellers, and I can get the inditing of as many books as I choose to put finger and thumb to. The case, therefore, of

‘Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides’

is not mine. Long did I contemplate transmigrating, with my household chattels and my Lares, to those Rhenane banks which Byron—the rhyming driveller and no poet, the fiend of the true Satanic school, the disgrace to his kind, the incarnation of infamy—which Byron—the moral Polyphemus—has, by some odd track of fancy, so beautifully described. You may remember

‘The castled crag of Drachenfels,’ &c.

But if you elect me to the exalted station of Editor of this Magazine, I will settle amongst you, and be for ever your instructor and friend; or, as the woful Andromache says of her Trojan lord, you shall find

‘A father, friend, and brother all in me!’—(*Cheers.*)

Not that I would exactly do all the laborious portion of the work,—that is not the occupation of a scholar, who should be left in listless quietude, that fancy might roam unshackled from ‘heaven to earth, from earth to lowest hell!’—but, if the salary were noble—which such a noble magazine as Fraser’s could well afford—if I had two understrappers in the shape of—to use an Americanism—helps, I would take upon myself to give advice whenever it might be required, to write an occasional paper—for which I must, however, be paid; in fact, to be what Jeffrey was latterly to the *Edinburgh Review*—nominal editor of the work, but regular pocketeer of the salary. (*Bravo, bravo, on all hands; immense applause, amidst which ‘Croly for ever!’ is heard ‘as thick as autumnal leaves in Valombrosa.’*)

“Gentlemen, the style of composition for a magazine is of so peculiar, exclusive, and delicate a nature, that it is necessary I should say two words on the matter,—they shall be *seria trigona*, but very different from those of that ruffian Horne Tooke. Each sentence should come forth as round as a turnip, and as hard as a cannon-ball; and should, moreover, follow each other with such rapidity, that the clatter of a troop of heavy dragoons crossing the broad expanse of the ice-ribbed Zuyder-Zee, should be but as the weak whistle of a child to the instantaneous fire of three companies of sharpshooters. Your single hit is nothing. What a paltry animal is your backwoodsman, although he may be an incomparable marksman, merely because he gives an occasional solitary fire!—but how great is the glory of a corps of British infantry, who can give nineteen rounds of popping in seventy-three seconds and three quarters! (*Cheers, loud and long.*)

“Gentlemen, here is an instance of fitting composition for a magazine. A magazine editor must be of all trades—he must treat of war and divinity, navy and army, church and state, worsted stockings and Wormwood Scrubs, Wellington and his fell assailant, *midays* of the fleet and dandies of St. James’s Street—hells, horse-races, and Hyde Park—knavery, foolery, and humbug. Such are among the *omniana* that a magazine editor should shower down with unmitigated ferocity on an attentive world. To ‘watch for the wind that blows,’ says an older orator than myself, and to be ready for every wind, that is the thing which gives ‘the sailor fair weather wherever he goes.’ The spirit of a weathercock should be the actuating principle of an editor. He should be a politician, royalist, republican, or reviewer. No man alive ought to know the turns of the wind half so sensitively! If Nelson dies—two smart articles for the little midshipmen! the quartos are anticipated. If Portugal be at odds with Brazil

—a fire and fury article for Miguel or Pedro, it matters little. If Wellington be in Spain—a subaltern's correspondence. The great Captain is reposing upon his laurels—Sketches of the Peninsular War! If the Editor, like old North, should wish to have a slap at every thing and every one, a something like the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Write for the West Indians,—write for the East Indians,—write up Protestantism,—write down Jerry Bentham. The Methodists are an ungleaned field—a slap-dash attack on the sinners. Some old women have thought that the kibe of the Church has been trodden on—a philippic for the honour of the Church, by way of embrocation! Thus all times and tastes are provided for with a commercial keenness equally dexterous, practised, and profitable. This can only be done by those who have lived long in town; for thereby comes the practical knowledge. This it is that makes the fortune of the trader on the Guinea shore: cast gunpowder for the slave-mercant, Birmingham silver for King Joe, glass jewellery for the ladies of the harem, and Moses's gross of green spectacles for the general population. (*Tremendous applause—Mr. Soane's house nods assent to the popular voice.*) Thus it is, to take a nearer and more domestic emblem, that the Jew boy stocks himself with oranges for the winter theatres; valentines for February; sixpenny knives for the tender season, when young gentlemen carve young ladies' names on trees and summer-houses; and fire-works for the fifth of November! (*Applause repeated.*)

"Gentlemen, I will not much longer occupy your too valuable time. (*Go on, Croly for ever! &c. &c. &c.*) Gentlemen, one main consideration for my thus offering myself for the editorship of Fraser's, was the difficulty you must of necessity encounter in a prudential selection. Lockhart would not do for your editor, because he is simple enough to fancy the Quarterly is more influential, because thicker and older, than the Magazine of Regent Street, or REGINA, as I will call it. (*The Egyptian column is, from its 'muckle glee,' ready to cut a somerset from its fair foundation, being nearly annihilated by the applausive concussion issuing from the brazen, though sweet, throats of the multitude: Lord Nugent, Tom Gent, and Yates's elephant, are placed against it for props: much confusion: Mr. Croly shews fear at his exaltation, but, the Columnus Ægyptiacus being brought to its senses, the speech is continued.*) I have named Mr. Lockhart, and given a future appellation of endearment for the Magazine, and let me continue. Macvey Napier will not do for the editorship. (*Macvey Napier faints from vexation.*) Macvey's nose is too long. Bowring will not do: he is a Benthamite, and therefore a materialist. (*Bowring is seen sneaking off.*) Pierce Gillies of the *Foreign Quarterly* will not do: he smokes, and smoking is not the thing. (*Gillies takes his meerschaum from his mouth, and squalls out with open jaw;*

Am Rhein! am Rhein!
Da wachsen unsre Reben, &c. &c.

but a missile brick-bat being aimed at the cavity occasioned by the labial retraction, it goes plump down the thorax, and spoils his singing.) Fraser—no relation of the publisher, but he of the *Foreign Review*—will never do, because he curls his hair, keeps a cab., and is a dandy of the first magnitude. (*Fraser looks beautifully irate, his gills taking the delicate hue of the rose, and appearing, as to his whole person, very like a frog in a convulsion.*) Buckingham (*a general hiss*), he, I say, will never do, for he is a quack of supremest order. (*Applause.*) Old Kit North will not do, for he is not sedate enough, and is too gouty; besides, the old fellow is getting into his dotage. Tom Campbell will never do, for he is both Cockney and old woman, *breviter*—Old Cockney Queen. He of the *United Service Journal* will not do, for he knows nothing of the principles of grammatical construction. Jerdan it would be a pity to take away from the *Literary Gazette*, for he does his work in so peculiarly superior a manner, that his rival or successor could not easily be found. There remains but one magazine unmentioned—the *Monthly*; on that head I shall be silent—I stand before you. (*Uproarious cheers.*)

"Sir, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—"The editor of a magazine should be a divine, a Grecian, a Latinist, a dramatist, an historian, a poet, a novelist, a politician, an orator, an honest, honourable, independent man, a thorough-going

ultra-Tory. Under this conviction I have presented myself to your notice, and entreat your support." (*Cheers for forty-five minutes.*)

As Mr. Croly descended from the rostrum, he kicked down Mr. Henry Baylis, who at the outset had fainted away against the column, and had continued there in a trance. When the reverend gentleman had taken his seat by the side of the venerable chairman, Mr. Richard Bentley having sidled up to him, and, having plucked him by the ear, whispered, "Mr. Croly, Mr. Croly, don't join Fraser's, we'll make it better worth your while; better write for the first publishers in London, No. 8, New Burlington Street, than for any one second rate;" at which Mr. Croly, in indignant fury, gave him a kick, which, raising Colburn's partner from the ground, sent him with a flying curvet right over the immediate heads of the multitude into the great square, where, falling in the midst of a set of mischievous boys, they seized hold of him, and tossed him well in a blanket, and then pumped upon him,

"And fill'd his paunch with water like a bag
Of goat-skin—so the fellow could not wag;
Had he but been a duck, the lymph profuse
Had harm'd him never—Oh most simple Goose!"

Matters were thus situated, when the distant squeaking of a sonorous penny trumpet came reverberating against the pillars tall and stately porticoes of Mr. Soane's mansion. The sound proceeded from exactly the opposite side of the square, where, our readers may remember, is an immense and massive building called the Surgeons' Hall, or the Hall of Surgeons, having a magnificent portico in front, surmounted by the rueful escutcheon of that slaughtering profession, and accompanied by an inscription in Roman capitals as full of fear as Dante's writing on his hell-gate, *i. e.*

COLLEGIUM REGALE CHIRURGORUM.

On the top of the escutcheon Mr. Thomas Moore had perched his figure, in order that he might the better see the company; but at that altitude his naturally small person was so diminished, that it was indeed, as Milton says, "in size the smallest dwarf." The trumpet was blown by his own "sweet lips," and attached to his own sweet person by a sweet-scented, broad, brinded, bran-new green riband, the ends being clasped together like a true-love knot; while a harp of barbarous and outlandish construction, otherwise Irish, was attached with a gold horse-girth to his back. He preluded on the squeaking penny instrument of melodious sound, and was about to commence an oration to the throng, when Mr. Coleridge arose, in a fit of wonderful enthusiasm, with his eyes in a fierce frenzy rolling, and these were the words he spake:

"Oh heavenly influence of seraphic music!"

"In the ancient mythology, it was told that Orpheus, the son of Calliope, having by the sting of a serpent inflicted upon his wife Eurydice, as she fled through flowery meads, to avoid the urgent overtures of Aristæus' suit to her, the beautiful and beloved, determined, by strange rites and uncouth incantations, to open the way, as Milton has it, "Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell." Having there arrived, by means, the consideration of which I for the present pretermit, he, by the harmonious melody of his instrumental performance, aided by the melodious harmony of his vocal execution, drew, as Mr. Alexander Pope says, 'iron tears down Pluto's cheek.' This very phrase being a proof that the said Mr. Pope was no poet—a man not possessed of the vision and the faculty divine—who never could have written the *Emblems of Quarles*, or the other great poems in which the soul of poetry lies entranced,—how could ever such a person as Mr. Pope, whom I have proved to be no poet, say that tears ran down Pluto's cheek? Did the God of Hell, therefore, weep only from one eye, which rained the sidereal torrent of woe—the iron sleet of teary shower—while the other was dry and juiceless as an essay of my friend William Hazlitt.

"But to depart from the mean consideration of persons who could not write poetry, to go back to the topic from which first I started, namely, the power of the Orphic music, so let me remark is every music. The wonder-working notes of the Orphean lyre drew after them beasts, and brutes, and savages, and trees,

and stocks, and stones, dancing like Abyssinian maids, singing of Mount Abora; and by this is prefigured, that the soul of man, raised by high and holy emotions—I wish I had a glass of brandy and water—(*it appears in the hand of a plebeian—body unknown—Mr. Coleridge drinks*)—thank you, sir—high and holy emotions, to a participation with higher powers above, at last, rising by prescribed degrees, as in the notes of the gamut, ascends from harmony to harmony, until the transcendental philosophy of the ages of thought, soaring through the misty cloud of time, should envelope it by the music of nature, that

“Divineest potency”

Which, from the earth upsoaring to the heavens,
Fills the whole concave; and the angel clouds,
Dimming the north horizon to the south,
Spread radiance.”

So that—I wish I had something to drink—(*the hand presents a glass of brandy and water—hand vanishes—so does brandy and water.*)—So that—when I was editor of the *Morning Post*, and the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte said that he declared war solely on my account, and I, like the illustrious John Dennis, was the sole excepted person from a party, of which the characters were—(*another glass of brandy and water*)—but I desist—for when, as Plato says, fact is reason, reason is not fact. I am dumb now—silent—because I know of old that my brains have been sucked for articles. I mention nobody but Pygmalion Hazlitt. However, when the sun arises to-morrow, and with its beam gladdens town and tree, and field and hill, and when the little birds, opening their cheerful bills, cry—(*another glass of brandy and water—supplied as before*)—open their cheerful bills, and cry forth their cheerful sounds indicative of spring, then do we think of music—the heavenly maid that was young when Collins, a very middling poet, because his books sold, wrote about her.”

A vast clamour of Moore's countrymen, of the injured and abused, but most hard-working and hard-drinking, seven, or ten, or fifteen, or any other number of millions they please to call themselves, immediately arose. “Ay,” said a gentleman of the press, redolent of gin and Galway, “there's the rale janius! There you are, Tom, my ould poet, small as you look, that's worth a carload of them other *feelaghs*.* Ar'n't you the youth that writ of the glories of Brian the Brave, ere her toothless sons betrayed her, when Malachi stole a bushel of gold, that he sould to a Dublin glazier. Open your potatoe trap, Tom, my ould wizzened John Apple, with the red strake and the deep wrinkle.”

“Why, then,” observed another operative from the sister country, “if you want's the gentleman to spake, you might as well hould your tongue. Ar'n't you come here for to rippot?”

This observation of the hod-carrier, for such he was, (his name is Lary Sweeny,) silenced the man of the quill, and Mr. Moore was allowed to commence.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—The honour to which I aspire would make even the dumb eloquent, as the sea-shell, mute and tuneless upon the shore, when brought close to the ear of beauty or of wit, bréathes forth the murmurs of exquisite music. Between us and the booksellers there should be an intimate union of that sort as there is between the elk, whom I have mentioned in one of my poems, and the insect which fattens upon his brains. Not that death always ensues from the connexion, for often has the graceful fable of antiquity been verified in my own instance; the gold showered by them into my lap has produced that which could arm itself with the hissing malignity of the serpent, and endeavour at least, by the borrowed qualities of its stony glance, to strike into dumbness and inaction the princes at whose table its owner had enjoyed the eleemosynary banquet. You know, ladies and gentlemen, I allude to the fable of Danaë and her son Perseus.”

A murmur arose among the Hibernians. “As for Danahy,” said the gentleman of the press, already eloquent, “I knew the Widow Danahy well. She was a very dacent, drunken sort of woman, who kept the sign of the Cock and Breeches, in Tralee; and kep' it well too; but the devil a shower of gold I

* Inquire of Dr. Binnish Lardner.

ivir hard of her getting, barrin' the tenpennies, when they'd come thick and threefold upon her, in 'lection time, or the like. Faith, I see, Tom's romancing upon us. But he spakes fine—thear's purty sintinces, only they've no meaning, which is the beauty of all."

Tom, of course, did not from his airy elevation—(his high *cliff*, as Mr. Rogers called it out of compliment to the curator, who, as indeed is his son also, is a very good little fellow; truth extorts this panegyric) and continued:—"If I be perched aloft, so is a weathercock, 'turning as the turning wind, with shifting most sincere.' Where can you find any body, who, like me, has sung praises and poured forth slanders with equal impartiality on every party? Who has kept secrets and betrayed secrets with the same facility and for the same reason? Who has written prose and stolen poetry all for the one motive? Who has published the life of a friend to his disgrace, and who has suppressed the life of a friend to his disgrace, stimulated by the same desire? In a word, I am what I said Sheridan's mind was, a peacock's tail, green from the original colour of my politics, but most decidedly coloured by gold in every particular feather." (*Loud applause.*)

The Gentleman of the Press.—"Well, if that ar'n't as good a sintince as I ever hard—

Another Gentleman of the Press.—"At the Ould Bailey."

First Gentleman.—"Hould in your wit, my polished-off shaver. If it a'n't as good a sintince as I ever hard at the Historical Society, I'm continted to be called a soft-horned bull, which is, by interpretation, a jackass."

Third Gentleman.—"I'm feared as how he prigged that ere out of his Life of Sheridan."

First Gentleman.—"Which was as thieving a life as ever was writ; and there's Charley Sheridan, the rispictible individle that he is, that has never laid so much as the thong of a horsewhip over Tom's shoulders; which, considering all things, shews him to be a Christian youth, and one who does not wear black, or blue, or green, or yellow, or red feathers in his cap."

A tumult here arose.

Mr. Moore having lost his balance, fell smack on the ground, and fractured his skull; happily for his friends and the public at large, without loss of brains; so that his Life of Byron may be completed. Here Mr. Jerdan gracefully offered to read a letter which the publisher of the Magazine had placed in his hands for that purpose, apologising, with a low bow, for his imperfect pronunciation of the Scotch.

"MR. J. FRASER,

"Mount Benger, first of April, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,—I sit down to endite an answer to your very civil notification addressed in general to all the literawtee and men of genios; which is to inform you, first and foremost, that I am at present in good health, thank God for it, hoping these few lines will find you in the same.

"Before I proceed to the pith of my particular bizness, I must tell you, Mr. Fraser, that really ye have putten out a most extraordinary clever Magazine. How in the worl hae ye managed to get up a cookery of such clever writting, when it's weel known that there is no soul out of the Modern Awthens can make the least scart wi' a pen? Ye maun hae got clever fallows either in or frae Embro' to write every word o't, that's what every body here says, for naething can be done, as all mankind admit, but what we do ourselves just here, or rather there, as I am now at the Mount, in that wonderfu' place o' lair, an' smeddum, the great Awthens: and so, Mr. Fraser, in spite o' my besetting failing, that lamentable back-standing, back-o'-the-door mim modesty of mine, that has sae lang kept me hinging wi' my hinder-end to the wa', I am determined to come forward with the lave, and not only to write for your new Magazine, but I am sure ye'll be most delighted to get me for your Yeditor. As for my qualifications, Mr. Fraser, and my tawlents, and my jenios, in every particular o' the literary line, frae the simple penning o' a bawbee ballad to the drawing up of an able article on Houghmagandy, it's perfectly connessessary for me to say one single word. Ye hae na lived to this time o' day, Mr. Fraser, without some knowledge of what I'm gude for.

"But there's a word or twa that I hae to say to you, Mr. Fraser, but it must be entirely *anither noo* (that's gude French)—for it is specially about my

ain affairs, and which, as ye ar o' the Fraser's clan, an' can of course keep a secret, ye'll be sure not to allow to spunk out on any consideration. Ye see the plain fack is, Mr. Fraser, that I am very badly situated about Embro', for there are a wheen wild fallows that cohabit thegither, round about a certain Magazine, that hae really been using me very ill of late. A *lectle* freedom I like myself, but when thae blackguards can get a catch of me, an' get me hawl'd into Awmrose's public-hoose, they set upon me with such tricks, and talk to me such misbecoming language, an' make such a perfect deevil o' me, that neither man nor mortal can stand it any longer. Besides that, they are apt to get so beastly drunk, and often gavaul about the room in such an unseemly manner, that I am perfectly black ashamed to be in their company; and, in short, I perceive my character to be going fast, as any one may see with half an ee, if I don't speedily get out from amongst them. So, Mr. Fraser, if ye can encourage me to go up to Lunon, by making me the Shepherd o' thae literary sheep that have already begun to bleat so bravely about your Magazine, I'll do my best to lay lustily about me on its behalf, and to kick and cuff away all the small fry of literary dogs and pappy curs that yelp and bark about a decent Yeditor, to the annoyance and bamboozlement of the regular sheep.

"As for what we ca' the terms o' the bargain, an' the emoluments, an' so forth, I think, Mr. Fraser, ye'll find me not ill to deal with. My way is, that if ye gie me plenty o' praise, I'm no to say extraordinary greedy o' siller. An' then ye see, as to my keeping, I'm not at all nice about my meat, if I only get plenty o't. But I maun aye hae a drap o' gude Scotch whisky in the grey-beard in the corner: however, I'm a sober man, an' if the aqua'be strong, I can do with a single anker in the week for my ain drinking; but company days an' wat nights will require, as ye know, an extra steeping. For the matter o' my on-putting, ye see, Mr. Fraser, I maun aye hae twa pair o' tap boots at a time, the taen to relieve the tither, an' a rough Dandie Dinmont coat, in good repair, for the slabbery weather. But as for the indispensables, I can assure you that one pair o' leather breeks will last me an enormous time, although they be apt to get gleeted at the knees—unless, indeed, such a mishanter should happen them as fell upon my last pair, the like of which I hope never to encounter again. The fack was, it was on one night that I was going home from Awmrose's (it's no for me, Mr. Fraser, to be very particular about the condition that that villainous squad had put me into), but, in wandering hameward, where would ye think I should happen to fall, in crossing a waste-looking place, but plump to the neck into a tau-hole!—and by the time I had got scrambled out frae 'mang the hides, and the stuff began to dry on me, the tan and the leather had such a mutual effect, that, in order to relieve my unfortunate hurdies, I was obliged to uncase myself with a pen-knife, and that was the end of my gude leather breeches.

"But to bring to a close this longish letter, which I have used the freedom, Mr. Fraser, to write out to you so fully, I would really wuss ye could make me your Yeditor, an' get me out o' that vile Embro'; for, to tell you the plain truth, Mr. Ebony himsel is a shabby percu-dioughly body, an' I dinna like him, an' him and me are aye casting in an' casting out, an' flyting an' glunshing at ane anither; an' though that self-conceited, auld, doited body, Maister North, whyles gets us brought together ower the bottle, an' to make a fine fracaw an' kiss an' embrace ane anither when we're fou, yet ye ken, Mr. Fraser, that's no exactly like a cordial reconciliation. But when I come to Lunon I'll tell you a' about it; an' so I remain your's,

"JAMES HOGG."

Mr. Allan Cunningham, on behalf of the publisher, now arose, and begged to read the following communication:

"TO THE PROPRIETOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

"SIR,

"Having seen an advertisement in this month's Number of your Magazine, for a competent person to fill the office of its Editor, and that the election will depend upon the qualifications of the candidates, I presume very boldly to put myself forward, and do assert, without fear of contradiction, that my abilities and qualities fully justify me in saying, that I am the fittest person of ady who may now, or ever shall offer themselves; and if you miss this opportunity of

filling the office, you will ever rue it. I don't know who may come forward, and I don't care, for I am your man; for, take notice, I am a great liar, a barefaced blackguard, and am superlatively versed in the low-lived slang of *John Bull* and *Blackwood*—I have the impudence of the devil, and, as you may suppose, will lie through thick and thin; in fact, I am the counterpart of old Christy North; need I say more? As to terms, we shan't quarrel about *them*. A line left at your publisher's will be sufficient. You will, doubtless, close with me quickly, in order to have my aid for the June Number, or else, I doubt, you will find a greater falling off than erst.—Yours, lovingly,

“MEPHISTOPHILES.”

(*Tremendous hissing.* *Mephistophiles* was discovered skulking in the outskirts of the crowd, when some *Billingsgate* fishwomen caught hold of him, and used him so roughly that his tail was finally rooted out of his fundament. On this the furious, though impotent devil, roared like a mad town bull, and took to his heels in a westerly direction, followed, however, by the shouting *Billingsgate* fishwives, who pelted him all the way with mud, until he dived down the area steps of the publishers in *New Burlington Street*, and hid himself in the coal cellar. Presently the little owner of the house made his appearance, and assured the fishwives, with much stammering and stuttering, that the gentleman whom they sought was, on his honour, not in his house. It appeared that the hunted devil and this gentleman were friends. After much delay, the mob dispersed.)

“Mr. Chairman,” said a gentleman in a blue military coat, deeply frogged, and an incomparable specimen of the art of that great artist Burghart, of Clifford Street. “Mr. Chairman,” said he: he was a tall, thin gentleman, with a broad face, and most luxuriant curls, the former the gift of nature, the latter of art. “Mr. Chairman, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and awe-struck as I feel by the galaxy of genius which I see conglomerated around, it is not wonderful that the national diffidence of my country should co-operate with the natural diffidence of myself in rendering me nervous and confused. It is one of my maxims—my name, Mr. Chairman, is O'Doherty—my Christian appellation, Morgan—my style that of baronet—in plain English, or Irish, for I shall not stick at trifles, I am Sir Morgan O'Doherty. (*Tremendous cheers from all sides.*) Sir Morgan O'Doherty, whose name is *super athera notus*, known beyond the Isle of Sky. You want an Editor, you tell us, sir; as my friend Byron used to say, ‘an uncommon want,’ when every rascally magazine and review can furnish one cut and dry, salted and packed, wholesale, retail, and for exportation. For my own part, I have written for all sorts, kinds, manners, and persuasions of periodicals, and I find them all pretty much the same—very considerable damned deal of humbug in the internal regulation of their affairs. *Experto crede.* Aye, by the God of War! *expertissimo.* If I wished to swear, which I do not, I'd take an affidavit before Birnie, a very decent sort of man, and a particular friend of mine—I remember him a journeyman saddler, when I was in the 88th; and I patronised him for a bridle, for which he has several times asked me to pay him, and always, in the most gentlemanlike manner, taken my bill, and renewed it. I say I'd take my *davy* (Hibernicè—I talk St. Giles's) that the management of these concerns is what, in the classical language of the Holy Land, would be called six of the one, and half a dozen of the other. There's North, a drunken old dog, coming rather towards his last legs: he has seen a damned deal of life though, talks big and blusters; but, what's the real matter in hand amongst gentlemen contributors? Listen, open and erect your ears, prick them up skyward, and, by G—, if you are the fellows who write magazines regularly, you have them of sufficient extent—long measure, as they say in the Psalms. (*Disapprobation.*) Wait, you plebeians! I say what is the main question? How does he pay? (*Thunders of applause.*) Ay, ay. (*Hear, hear! from Ainsworth, Austen, Miss Bowles, Croft Croker, Croly, Crowe, Dunlop, Doubleday, Galt, Rev. T. Hughes, Mrs. Hemans, Captain Hamilton, Lord Lowther's Johnson, Lockhart, James Macqueen, Doctor Maginn, Delta Moir, David Robinson, Rev. Mr. ———, Alaric Watts, Charles Molloy Westmacott, and others.*) How does he pay, my cocks, my castors, my covies, my quill-driving ladies and gentlemen? Shall I answer in a word, or rather in two words? (*Ay, ay.*) Why, then, hear the answer, he pays DEVILISH BADLY—it will out. (*Loud shouts from the indignant contributors,—a d—— shame.*)

Then there's my friend Colburn, a nice little fellow, who rubs his hands and talks half sentences, a worthy little man, whom I remember meeting in Hampstead with as neat a piece of goods, on the sly, as a man could wish to see of a summer's day, or a winter's night. And Bentley, a stout, square, double-rigged Cockney, talking Fleet Street against the world,—a respectable man, for whom I have a great esteem. What do they pay? (*Hear, hear! from Ayrton, Banim, Miss Brown, Bulwer, Lady Charlotte Bury, Tom Campbell, Dixon, Forbes (William Henry Hay), Billy Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Morgan the Knight, Mother Morgan, Ollier, Pattmore, Paul Pry Puddle, Cy. Redding, Pennenden Shiel, James Smith, Horace Smith, Count Tims, and the remainder.*) Again, I reply, shy and shabby. (*Adhesion from the left centre.*) Once more, finally, and to conclude. There's Baylis, put him to the test. (*Hear from Ambrose, Apicius Arnot, Geoffrey Burge, Croly, Deacon, Harriet, Hook, Leeds, Mac Entaggart, Markland, Sir Richard Phillips, Ikey Solomons, Ex-Sheriff Whitakes, Whitehead, and so on.*) Ay! bray away! louder, again! go it my British calves, as my friend Colonel Conyers called the Essexians. He pays ill, decidedly ill; and is as bad as Blackwood in taking *gratis* articles. (*Murmurs of shame, shame, from the extreme right.*) When I was a youth I read in books of rhetoric that a pause in a speech is conducive to grace. So it is. I agree with Aristotle. Here, boy (*addressing Jesse*), you are young, and have written a pretty book, half of it, I am told, polished up by my friend Wilson Croker: it is a good book, full of neat verses, without sense or reason, but in real rhyme, which gingles and rattles like a bunch of keys—you'll improve in time, Jesse, my father of David. Here, I say, Mary of Scots, go across to my friend Thomas Wood's, late Macknevin's, round the corner, chuck between Clare Market and Clement Danes Gravelly, and bring me a pot of porter, mild, and not brewed by a Whig—d—— the Whigs. As for the coppers, Jesse, fork them forth yourself, my jolly oet—I carry no brass, except where it is ornamental as well as useful. (*Jesse, in great confusion, fumbles in his pockets, but without success.*) Ay, I see what Shakespeare remarks is true,

"You may call coppers out of Jesse's pocket,
But they won't come."

(*Loud laughter.*) Well, Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot, you must stand Sam. (*Hint taken, and Jesse being furnished with the pence produces the quaff, which is forthwith devoured by the Ensign, who resumes.*) There is a pause, a pause rhetorical.—

'Now, with transition sweet,'

as the late Mr. Milton, of Jewin Street, observes, I renew my speech. No tropes and figures—no balderdash of blarneyified botheration; but plain matter-of-fact and reason. Here's what I say. What is principle? ask Goulburn. What is consistency? ask Peel. What is honesty? ask Dawson. What is the government of England? ask ——— but I refrain. What is it I am talking about? I forget. Why should not I forget this my one speech, as well as our ministers forget all theirs? (*No rason in life, my trump, from Mr. J. W. Croker.*) Here, then, make me Editor, hand over the halfpence, post the browns; and if I do not make you an Editor fit for the prince of periodicals, you may call me Velluti, or Lord Ellenborough—a nobleman who is a particular friend of mine, for whom I have an especial respect, derived from a long and intimate acquaintance with his numerous virtues, public and private. Have I said enough? I hope so; for, by the God of War, I'll say no more. Here, little Planché, bring me another pot. (*Planché runs off like a hunted devil—applause from all sides, in the midst of which the voices of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Bishops Bloomfield, Burgess, Coplestone, Van Mildert, &c., Campbell, Croly, Lord Eldon, Rev. G. S. Faber, Lockhart, Tom Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Rev. G. Townsend, Dr. Wordsworth, Sir Charles Wetherell, and many other distinguished characters, are predominant.*)

After an hour's uproarious applause, PROFESSOR WILSON and HENRY COLBURN rose at the same moment—

LONDON:

J. MOYES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. V.

JUNE, 1830.

Vol. I.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET;

AND JOHN BOYD, EDINBURGH.

M.DCCCXXX.

1. THE task imposed on the Magazine Editor and Publisher is most difficult of performance: to meet the public taste effectually—strike it, as it were, between wind and water. Were we not in ourselves prodigies as to talent and tact, we must have given up our task in despair. Our first No. was pronounced to be too stupid; our second too brilliant; our third too witty; our fourth to abound still more in the too common quality of wit; and every body began to say, “These fellows of *Fraser’s Magazine* are quacks; and, indeed, as the *Sheffield Mercury* has it, a set of paltry literary adventurers; for they can give us what every puppy lays claim to as an heir-loom, and every nincompoop as the gift of nature; that is to say, Frivolity and Wit: but they cannot give us what is indeed of real value, and the scarcest of all commodities in the present day; that is to say, Common Sense.” To prove to these discontented gentry how mistaken they are in the estimate of our mental acquisitions, we have now put forth a Number superabounding with common sense, having, however, taken care to level that same Common Sense against the crying evils of the day. Let this specimen, therefore, suffice all our detractors; for we shall never, hereafter, give another Number so (almost) entirely devoted to their waspish selves. We differ from them in this sage opinion, that Wit is so very much an every-day matter; and shall, therefore, in spite of them and the world beside, indulge in it *ad libitum* in our SIXTH NUMBER.

2. We have been prevented from finishing, in this No., our report of the “EDITOR’S ELECTION.” This omission has been occasioned by the most melancholy accident which befell Mr. Fraser, the shorthand writer, on the 15th day of last month, whereby he has been prevented from fairly copying the Notes taken by himself and Mr. Guppy. Mr. Fraser was induced, on the 15th, to mount on an experimental Steam Carriage, which was to try its speed along the New Road. A number of that houndish set called Paddingtonian Coachmen and Omnibus Drivers, being bitten with envy, hatred, and malice, laid over-night a wide Mine across the road by Mary-le-bone Church; and as the Steamer was passing over it, the fiends ignited the train, when the Mine exploded with the thunder of a fired powder-mill at Dartford or Hounslow Heath. The Steamer was blown to atoms, and the hubbub throughout London was dreadful: we will not, however, describe it, as the horror of that morning must be fresh in the recollections of all our readers. When the smoke had cleared away, the arms, legs, heads, and bodies of the passengers were picked up in various parts; but no parcel of Mr. Fraser could any where be found, and people imagined that he had been explicated into ashes, and mixed with the winds of heaven, when the shrill note of human agony made all spectators look upward, and, to their utter astonishment, they discovered that Mr. Fraser had only been nuzzled to the top of the church steeple, and was writhing from acute pain, while twirled round the weathercock—as though he had been a cockchafer stuck through with a pin. A multitude of ladders, and other appliances, were got as speedily as possible; and being at length eased from his position, the sufferer was conveyed home. He has been in high fever and delirium ever since; and is constantly crying out to our *Commission of Editors* not to flagellate him for having failed in supplying the materials in his hands for *Fraser’s Magazine*. All the assurances possible that he is forgiven will not soothe his delirious brain, which is constantly conjuring up to his fancy poor *Fraser’s Magazine* as a frightful ogre.

This is a woful story—both for ourselves and the public; but they shall not be disappointed in the Sixth No. as to the Second Part of the “Election of Editor,”—for which many good and pleasant things have been noted.

3. “The Gallery of Portraits” will be continued, as a Series, through many Numbers.

4. We are sorry that Signior Dohertiales, or, to speak more reverentially, Sir Morgan the Baronet’s, letter reached us too late for insertion this month. We agree with him that the proclamation of his death was a base libel on his existence. His enemies, however, by giving out his death, have proved to him, what a certain Attorney-General wished, by a similar method, to prove also to himself; viz. what estimation he was held in by the world. The universal we deplored on the countenances of all his friends must have been truly gratifying to the Baronet, though how wofully was the Knight disappointed!

5. The real and original version of MONOS and DAIMONOS was also too late for insertion in this Number.

6. We thought there was some small vein of humour in the first letter sent us by Mephistophiles; but by his second he has proved himself to be a sorry and dull devil, and we cannot give room to the missive.

7. “The Life of Raleigh,” and “Panizzi on Italian Romanesque Poetry,” as soon as possible.

8. “The Random Records of a Punch Bowl” in an early Number.

9. “A New Chapter for the History of the House of Commons” is under consideration. We must insert this with great caution; for Sir James Scarlett is, at this moment, grinning and making wry faces at us through a horse-collar.

10. “Poetical and Political Fallacies” have been both received.

11. We shall thank our “Modern Pythagorean” for his set of Political Portraits.

12. We hope, in the next No., to be able to find place for a Review of the Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly.

13. “The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle,” by Professor Macvey Napier, has arrived.

14. “The Literary Career of Francis Jeffrey,”—“Metropolitan Dandyism,”—“The Poetry of Professor Wilson,”—“Specimens of Chinese Love Songs,”—“On Animal Magnetism,”—as soon as possible.

15. “Sindbad the Sailor, in One Hundred and Thirty-seven Cantos,” is a little too long. We shall, however, as occasion serves, give our readers a Canto.

16. There is not the slightest chance of any writer’s name, in connexion with this Magazine, being made public, through inadvertence or breach of confidence on our part. T. J. must have himself mentioned publicly the circumstance he alludes to, or he must have blabbed it to some “most intimate friend,” who has himself blabbed it to the world at large—like a man.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. V.

JUNE, 1830.

VOL. I.

MR. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S NOVELS; AND REMARKS ON
NOVEL-WRITING.

MR. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S friends most unfortunately have been his greatest enemies. Mr. Bulwer, it seems, loves praise, as boys love their pudding, and his friends have injudiciously stuffed him till he could stuff down no more.

Rowe has observed, in one of his dedications, that "to be touched with the excellency of a good writer requires an understanding and manner of thinking in the reader, if not equal to, yet at least with the same turn, and of the same kind with that of the author. Every man that commends shews that he is not afraid of that reputation which he endeavours to raise and protect: while he who makes it his business to find fault and overturn, seems to do it out of a principle of self-preservation (if one can allow him any intention so generous), as if he feared hurt to himself from his neighbour's prosperity, and could not stand in safety but upon the ruin and destruction of another man's fame. To this latter part of criticism may be fitly applied what Mr. Dryden, in his *Don Sebastian*, says of the power of punishing:

"'Tis hangman's work, and drudgery for devils."

Drudgery for devils, indeed! and *hangman's work* with a vengeance! Such are the terms which self-love and vanity suggest to inferior authors, for the purpose of casting discredit upon one of

the most necessary branches of literary effort. There are, indeed, some men-devils and hangmen, who pretend to take up this talent, and lay it out at interest, and, indeed, make their profit by mere drudgery and base occupation. Leave such to their fate. These are asses who spurn the dead lion—or baboons who make ugly faces at living merit, for no conceivable end but to exhibit their own damnable deformity. Such are not we. We are a set of pretty fellows, and, in what we write, wish to see our own beauty and grace admirably reflected. And nothing is to us more admirable than an admiration of excellence. What an unspeakable comeliness is there in its motions!—every gesture is full of dignity and love!—and by often perusing, it partakes the nobility of the lineaments which it makes the object of its regard and imitation. All criticism, nevertheless, must not be good-natured; for, if it were so, it would become no longer criticism: and, however unpleasant, it is the duty, no less than the interest—(duty and interest, thanks to the *just* stars, always go together, though blind worldlings do not perceive the connexion, as they might, if they were not so utterly and wilfully blind as they are)—of the honest critic to expose pretension, and arrest the career of successful mediocrity. Mediocrity there are always enough and too many, and if they receive encouragement they will overrun the field of fame, and ex-

clude their betters from the arena, which should be free to all ; for they are a selfish race, and adopt Heaven knows what vile arts and base appliances to keep out of the lists the noble candidate. True it is, they are an unworthy set to deal with ; but there is no necessity to deal with them unworthily. The critic must have respect to himself, and not to them. Such respect it shall be our endeavour to maintain ; and though, for their demerits, or utter want of merit, they deserve to be "mangled as carcasses meant for hounds," by us they shall be "carved as a feast fit for the gods."

We have in the present day, as in all days that ever were, mediocre poets in abundance,—the race-course is overrun with them, and, with one exception, perhaps, among the new racers (we allude to the author of the *Descent into Hell*) there is not a man of genius among them. But of all the classes of mediocre writers, the class of novelists beats the others hollow. They actually swarm in this department—they are like heroes,—

"Every year and month sends forth a new one."

These cattle are "uncommon wants" with our novelists ; they find them ready made, or unmade, or in embryo, or in any other indescribable state, to their hands. The chrysalis and the butterfly are all alike to them, and they dangle on the leaf—(one of our old poets spake of the "poetic dew," we cannot call their leaves *poetic* leaves,)—or flutter out their summer day, according as they are still-born or live-born of that prolific mother of all things good and evil—that second nature of cultivated man—that very mere indispensable necessity of civilised society—that admirable, execrable, adorable, abominable thing—the Press, which, being like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die ; and being, also, in fatal seasons, like a pestilential atmosphere, to have it is to die, nevertheless, and in consequence.

But of all the classes of mediocre novelists, the most execrable, the most abominable, teeming with

"Perverse, all monstrous, all forbidden things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear
conceived,
Gorgons and hydras and chimeras
dire,"

is the pseudo-fashionable class. O that we might be preserved for ever from perusing this degenerate spawn, engendered from the overflows of that majestic Nile—high romantic fiction ! Nay, we miscall it—spawn it is, but whether from this majestic Nile, may admit of doubt and disputation. Yet it is by this spawn—this very equivocal generation, that the excellence to which novel-writing has arrived in the present day is attempted to be demonstrated. Fielding and Smollett are to make way for these modern sign-post daubers of life and fashion, who profess to catch the manners living as they rise, and to secure them in the tints of their pencils dipped in the rainbow's hues, but when or where, the lying residents of the region of perdition, to which their works are condemned, might testify, if their word was to be taken upon oath. What more than any thing tends to the delusion under which some good-natured, tender-hearted novel readers too evidently labour, is the comparative felicity of style in which these productions are now—thanks to the march of intellect—composed. Ay, indeed, this is a mechanical age, and novels, like chickens, are now-a-days hatched by steam ; but of this, good simple souls ! the readers aforesaid are as ignorant as the sofas on which they recline, *à la Gray*, in the perusal of eternal new romances. Our novelists are educated novelists—not born. Their figs are hung on thistles, their grapes on thorns. There is no life in them ; they are plucked fruit—half dead—scarcely alive—and quite dead. Such as have a little bloom left please for a while the inexperienced eye ;—but taste them not, for they are weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, as are all the uses of this world.

We get too sentimental, and shall go downright mad, unless we restrain this melancholy in good time. It is, however, enough to make us melancholy, who began to think that the Scotch novelists had banished far enough off all the Minerva Press brood of every kind and degree for ever and a day,—that the *Winters in London* and *Winters in Bath*, and all such prodigious abortive labours, had died in the last frost,—to find ourselves again infested with *Almacks*, *Exclusives*, *Marriages in High Life*, and *Tales of Haut-ton*, written by footmen and kitchen-maids.

With these, and with their authors, positively we will have nothing to do. We soar at higher game. Here is a fellow of a better stamp, but of the same die, nevertheless. His name is Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, and he is the author of *Pelham*, the *Disowned*, *Devereux*, and last, not least, *Paul Clifford*.

This sagacious gentleman informs his confiding readers that a fashionable novel is an "intellectual libertine of literature" (whatever this means), and "requires no rules. It bursts," he says, "on the admiring world, as did the accomplished Lady Blarney on the bewildered circle of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, carrying every earthly perfection in its title, and bearing in the 'living jingos' of its phraseology only additional proofs of its superior breeding." We thought it was always considered a great proof of what is here meant by superior breeding, and a general accompaniment of what is termed "the world," to exemplify in practice that unadmirable maxim, long since perfected into an art, of "*nil admirari*." The circle of the *Vicar of Wakefield* might have been bewildered; but it is contrary to all the received canons of *haut ton* for the votaries of fashion to be subject to such bewilderment. Or does the author expect to find an "admirable world" elsewhere? Has he a hankering after more vulgar applause?—woos he the people for their "sweet breaths?" O fel! surely the gentleman would not confess to a taste so degraded! Or is, after all, this same fashionable world much the same as all other worlds? Has it its foibles, its weaknesses, its vulgarities?

Truly, for all these it might be well forgiven, if it had but nature also!

But now, however, for the fashionable novel. It is a libertine—whether because its heroes are notoriously such, deponent sayeth not. They are, however, moral libertines,—the novel, it seems, is an intellectual one. It is, indeed, but fit that when the heart is corrupted, the head should become so too. What deteriorates the one will spoil the other; and if the fashionable novel be in the same sense an intellectual libertine as its heroes are moral—subject to no rules, even as they are—those wholesome restraints which, if a man serve not either in the use of his intellect or the conduct of his feelings, he becomes still more a servant,

a more degraded jackanapes, as serving a worse master, and one whom no truly free man would yield submission to. If such be the fashionable novel, let it be but read to be abhorred, but spoken of to be condemned.

The world forgave Mr. Bulwer, on account of some kind of merit which it possessed, for his fashionable defiance of the rules of art, in his earliest work—*Pelham*. In his next, however, they were so terribly outraged as to be absolutely offensive to good taste. One complaint it is, often made against the ancient Romance, that it admitted of no repose. No sooner was one story completed than another was taken up by the indefatigable tale-teller, and, accordingly, his labours augmented into folios, and were the task of many a winter night to get through. Mr. Bulwer, like him, could, no doubt, with fashionable iterations, as he with a succession of similar combats, produce a volume a month with perfect ease, till appetite were dulled and the sense palled with repetition. He would find, however, in this, as in other instances, that the wholesome restraints which we have spoken of would have turned out more beneficial to his permanent success.

The fact is, the novel has its rules, as well as the epic and the drama, and, indeed, no work of art is without them. Neither can the principle be too often enforced, that libertines are equally objectionable in literature as in life. It is not so much the thing produced, as the art with which it is produced, the concentration of the interest, and the enforcement of the moral. Not that a work of fiction should be written to illustrate a trite maxim; this, Göthe has well observed, is a very confined notion of the uses of such works. No: a catholic spirit should pervade every such production, which should exhibit the nature of humanity in a broad and grand light, and, by an enlarged view of the spirit which is in man, develop, in a practical manner, a code of morals. But, whatever the variety, it should have limits; and, whatever its extent, it should have unity. It should have unity of plan and of purpose, a unity of action and keeping. Any looser principle of composition will have an equally injurious effect both on author and reader. These intellectual libertines will re-act on both, and make moral libertines. They are but so many

emanations of that fatal spirit of unreason, which desolates so frequently families and society. Nothing but what proceeds from the loftier faculties of mind, and is addressed to such, can ennoble the mind. Readers may peruse books for amusement, but they should be instructed also. Writers should not indite them to pass an idle hour, much less should they make a trade of a noble science, and deal out inanities for the sake of paltry lucre. Amusement should only be made the organ of instruction. In what are people edified by perusing the fashionable novels on which we are about to animadvert? What noble faculties are addressed in such works? Are they calculated to make readers in general better or wiser?—to brace up manly energy, and promote heroic virtue? Or rather, have they not an evident tendency to effeminate and enfeeble the mind, and to debase and reduce the standard of feeling and sentiment? These questions let the judicious answer!

Pelham deceived many good judges, who were led, from a certain degree of merit which must be allowed to it, and which appeared to be more than it really was, on account of the work having been carefully corrected, and probably some time taken in its composition, to ascribe considerable philosophical tact to the novelist. His next publication, however, shewed clearly enough that his metaphysical beauties were but skin deep, and that he knew as much about the matter as men of the world generally do.

The burden of Mr. Bulwer's metaphysics is thrown upon two of his characters—one a pretender, and the other a true professor—Mr. Trollylop and Algernon Mordaunt. The amount of metaphysical knowledge ascribed to the former may be comprised in a sentence or two. His favourite axioms, lugged in on all occasions, are, that "we are all mind, and, in short, that there is nothing in the world but the human mind," and that "there is one principle of credulity and one of veracity implanted in our nature." This is a rare stock to set up a character with; and yet this is the only stock in the possession of poor Trollylop, and which is made, by means of rude interruptions from hearers averse to serious discussion, to occupy several pages at a time in the enunciation. We at first

suspected that the author intended, at least, the last of these axioms for a joke, and that we ought to laugh at its absurdity wherever it occurred. But, behold! at the end of the third volume we were undeceived. For thus our novelist's genuine philosopher beautifully and accurately expresses himself:—"From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life, to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the two principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate." In a note, the author has been careful to add, "Reid on the Human Mind." Alas, poor Reid! that thou shouldst have fallen into an error so fatal! And what error?—that certain principles of veracity and belief are innate. Does this metaphysical novelist know what a principle is, when he speaks of a principle of the human mind which is not innate? What are these principles but faculties of mind, as the senses are the organs of body? Are not our eyes born with us—our ears? and so forth. (To which add, that the eye is not that which sees, but only the organ by which we see.) Reid himself is express upon this point:—"The power of reasoning, that is, of drawing a conclusion from a chain of premises, may with some propriety be called an art." "All reasoning," says Mr. Locke, "is search and casting about, and requires pains and application. It resembles the power of walking, which is acquired by use and exercise. *Nature prompts to it, and has given the power of acquiring it; but must be aided by frequent exercise before we are able to walk. After repeated efforts, much stumbling, and many falls, we learn to walk; and it is in a similar manner we learn to reason.*"

"But the power of judging in self-evident propositions, which are clearly understood, may be compared to the power of swallowing our food. It is purely natural, and, therefore, common to the learned and the unlearned; to the trained and the untrained. It requires ripeness of understanding, and freedom from prejudice, but nothing else."

What we have now to do with is a self-evident proposition. With whatever

success Mr. Bulwer may have endeavoured to shew his freedom from prejudice, he has certainly failed in exhibiting the requisite ripeness of understanding. These principles he speaks of, are to the mind, like the power of reason itself, what the legs we walk with are to the body. If we would walk, we must have legs, though exercise be requisite to give facility in walking. All use of a faculty or principle, supposes the pre-existence of a faculty or principle. Does Mr. Bulwer suppose that the agents of the mind are to be derived from any thing which is independent of it, any more than an eye can be added to a body which is without one? or a steam-engine be made to operate, without being constructed upon the proper principle? The principle is the all in all, precedes all, inacts in all, and is not to be substituted by all. Derange that, and all is deranged: it is the life, the origin of all organised life; and all suffers, perishes, consequently, on its derangement. The same doctrine is also true of every mechanical production.

But we have not done with Mr. Bulwer yet. Where does he find in poor Reid these twin principles which existed, he tells us, in some unknown state of nature beyond a well-known period of artifice? What nonsense have we got hold of here! What precious Abacadabra, which no one can spell aright! The principles which Reid intends are not referable to any particular period or state of society, but are common to all. They are eternal. All principles are eternal, otherwise they would be no principles; but Mr. Bulwer, not knowing what a principle was, of course knew not what its attributes were. The fact is, Reid had an indistinct perception of a system of philosophy which has since been perfected by Kant and Schelling in Germany, and by Stewart and Coleridge in England. By the by, Mr. Bulwer affects to quote Mr. Coleridge's opinions; but that he is incapable of understanding them, is as certain as his affectation is foolish. As, however, we have not much space for metaphysical inquiries, let us confine our attention to what Reid says on this subject.

Locke and Aristotle assume, that we perceive objects through the media of ideas, species, or phantasms. Ideas, taken in this sense, says Reid, are a mere fiction of philosophers. Con-

sciousness, he shews, is the only evidence we can have of our mental operations. In most operations of the mind there must be an object distinct from such operation. For he contends that the perception of an object by the senses is neither simple apprehension, nor judgment, nor reasoning. Not simple apprehension, because we are persuaded of the existence of the object as much as we could be by demonstration. Not judgment, if by judgment be meant the comparing or contrasting ideas. Not reasoning, because those that cannot reason can perceive. Perception is an act, or operation of the mind. All that we know of the mind shews it to be in its nature living and active. Though it be granted that in perception there is an impression made upon the organ of sense, &c., Reid would not admit that the organ makes any impression upon the mind. In fine, we perceive, because God has given us the power of perception, and not because we have impressions from objects, though we perceive nothing without those impressions; because our Maker has limited and circumscribed our powers of perception by such laws of nature as to his wisdom seemed meet, and such as suited our rank in the creation. A perception, accordingly, which Reid distinguishes from a sensation, consists of three parts. 1st, Some conception or notion of the object perceived; 2d, a strong and irresistible conviction and BELIEF of its present existence; 3d, that this conviction and BELIEF are immediate, and not the effect of reasoning.

The insisting upon these ultimate facts of human thought confers almost as much credit upon Reid, as the formation of the categories upon Kant. His doctrine, indeed, is coincident with Kant's. He contends for the immediate perception of the *object* only; the *subject* in which it inheres is only *necessarily supposed*. Thus Kant affirms, that an intuition is correlated to some external reality—that a phenomenon refers to some noumenon—but what the reality or noumenon is, is neither knowable nor perceivable—is neither the object of the understanding or of the sense—but of faith!

If there is any thing in Reid not referable to these fundamental principles, we confess ourselves to be ignorant of it. Reid's principle of belief, therefore, we find, relates to our con-

viction of an external existence, when perception is excited by a sensation of something externally existing. What has all this to do with "a state of nature in which the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate?"

With this pretension to metaphysical science, and this real ignorance as to its elementary principles, it is not extraordinary that Mr. Bulwer's novels should be so deficient in arrangement and unity. If metaphysical science be of any utility, it is to enable the student to ascertain the laws by which the object of his study, whether nature or man, or man's works, are regulated. And of more service is it in the two latter applications than in the former. To regulate the moral being, and to produce the labours of art, are two of the highest illustrations of human excellence. To all criticism on works of art, philosophical principles are peculiarly necessary. For want of these, for how long a time did mechanical critics err regarding the merits and productions of Shakspear. How great a metaphysician was Shakspear himself! Is it to be believed, that he who exhibited the mind in its various moods of passion and apathy, was all the while ignorant of what was in that mind? Will it be believed, that the great effects thus produced were the result of chance? That the man who produced them knew not what he was about? This will not readily be believed after the criticisms of Lessing and Schlegel.

Mr. Bulwer will, perhaps, have vanity enough to shield himself under the example of Shakspear, and to excuse his irregularities by those of the great dramatist. Let him be told, in the first place, that Shakspear's departures from customary rules were not irregularities, and that it is not for any departure from these rules that we censure the novelist. Genius is a rule to itself, and, being nature, will act according to the laws of nature. It is for an inattention to these laws—an insensibility rather to these laws, which are inherent in the heart, and spontaneous in the act, of genius, that he is arraigned at the bar of philosophical criticism. Not that he has neglected the mechanical rules of art, but that he has recognised no organic principle.

See in *King Lear*, how every event, every scene, every character, mutually reflect light and shade upon every part of the composition; and, by the all-subduing power of the imagination, every atom of that sublime work is made to conduce to one end and serve to one effect. Mr. Bulwer has no imagination—and but little, very little fancy, and that principally exerted in some verbal reminiscences rather than in the composition of character, scenery, or incident. Every thing is accordingly disjointed, and seemingly out of place—all the *dramatis personæ* are, as it were, brought together by accident, and by accident too most of them are disposed of. One is hurled down a precipice by his horse—and another is assassinated in mistake—and a poor bookseller, to save a great villain the trouble of a crime, is seized with a fit of apoplexy, of which he dies. Some, too, of the motive-springs of character are constructed upon accident. A student has his eye poked out with an umbrella, in order to account for the mode of life of his fellow—and other monstrosities of the same kind are admitted to indulge the writer's indolence—or worse, his affectation of being what he is not. This is a vanity, however, proper to fashionable life; and, like the life which it describes, the book, with its author, are each and either "vanity of vanities—all is vanity."

It would appear, that it was esteemed a mark of superior breeding with these vain young foplings, to express contempt of the middle classes of society. The motto to chapter xi. vol. 1, of *The Disowned*, is, "The middle classes are of all the most free from the vices of conduct, and the most degraded by the meannesses of character."—(*From the Letters of Stephen Montague.*) It may very reasonably be doubted, whether there be not as much meanness of character in the more elevated ranks as in the inferior. There is the great vulgar as well as the little—and in all classes the good characters form the exceptions, and not the rule. Few are they, in any class, who attain the standard of human virtue. If the advantages of birth and fortune, and breeding, be taken into account, it will, perhaps, be found, that in proportion to the much that has been given, less has been returned to expectation in the higher grades of life than in the lower. It is

from the middle classes that men of genius have in general risen. But it is a favourite notion with our fashionable novelists, to sacrifice the middle classes equally to the lowest and highest. A gipsy, in particular, appears an especial favourite with the author of *The Disowned*. There is a sort of instinct in this. The one class esteem themselves above law, and the other are too frequently below it. They are attracted, then, by a sympathy with their mutual lawlessness. They recognise a likeness in their libertinism—and it is, therefore, no wonder that we find them not only in juxtaposition, but linked in harmonious unison, in a work which professes to be an intellectual libertine—a work, in fact, which is peculiarly calculated for the vulgar of all degrees.

Poets and philosophers have heretofore described, and wise men have recognised, the wisdom and happiness of the “golden mean.” In the state intended by this expression, very many of the middle classes are placed. It is to the advantage of their character, as it is confessedly of their conduct, that they are circumscribed on this hand and on that, within the limits in which the law best exerts its influence. The man under subjection to law, is by that very subjection rendered nobler and capable of nobler things than he who scorns it as beneath him, and, most assuredly, than he who deems it, like the heavens, too far above him to be attained unto. It generates the very first of virtues—the greatest and the ground of all the rest—that of self-denial. It calls for continual sacrifices, and expects no other reward than that of conscience, and conscience makes a man brave—and such sacrifices are in themselves heroic. And, accordingly, in these despised ranks, how frequent are the instances of generous devotion, and of ardent enterprise, of which the enervate candidates for place and patronage are utterly incapable!

Mr. Bulwer, however, can find no better specimens of the middle ranks than a stock-jobber and his wife keeping a lodging-house at Highgate. These characters he sets up, as many others, with one joke a-piece. The lady talks of “the bosom of her family,” and the gentleman, who is accused to go from his own house to the Exchange in a stage, called “the

Swallow,” that passed his door just at breakfast-time, is made upon every such occasion, wearisomely repeated, to observe—“And now, having swallowed in the roll, I will e’en roll in the Swallow.” This worthy couple are the butts of the author’s humour; and their snug box at Highgate appears to him to be an excellent joke in itself. The narrow staircase—the diminutive drawing-room—a little chair by a little work-table—a little stool—a little book—and a little bed-room—afford him matter for much mirth. That the reader may compare, we suppose, these small conveniences of a humble domicile with the majestic adjuncts of larger apartments, in which such gentlemen as the novelist himself assume airs of great importance, the author, at the very opening of his introduction to this work, gives a description of his own study. Here it is, reader, for your especial edification.

“INTRODUCTION.

“SCENE—A dressing-room, splendidly furnished—violet-coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. Two full-length mirrors are placed, one on each side of a table which supports the luxuries of the toilet. Several bottles of perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand upon a smaller table of mother-of-pearl; opposite to them are placed the appurtenances of lavation, richly wrought in frosted silver. A wardrobe of buhl is on the left, the doors of which being partly open, discovers a profusion of clothes, &c.; shoes, of a singularly small size, monopolise the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe, a door ajar gives a slight glimpse of a bath-room. Folding-doors in the back ground. Enter the author, obsequiously preceded by a French valet, in a white silk jacket, and a cambric apron beautifully brodé.”

This introduction is occupied with a dialogue between the author and *Pelham*, the hero of his first novel, upon the reception of that work, to which we may as well now proceed.

Pelham is apparently written to illustrate this famous moral—or truth—or whatever the author may choose to call it—thus expressed by Lady Roseville:—“My experience has taught me to penetrate and prize a character like yours. While you seem frivolous to the superficial, I know you to have a mind not only capable of the most solid and important affairs, but habituated by reflection to consider them. You appear effeminate, I know that none are more daring—indolent, none are

more actively ambitious—utterly self-ish, and I know that no earthly interest could bribe you into meanness or injustice—no, nor even into a venial dereliction of principle. It is from this estimate of your character, that I am frank and open to you. Besides, I recognise something in the careful pride with which you conceal your higher and deeper feelings, resembling the strongest actuating principle in my own mind. This interests me warmly in your fate," &c. And the reader is, by these manifold recommendations, intended, to be as warmly interested in the fate of a—fop! The English of all this, being interpreted, is, "Despise not a fop, for there may be something noble in him." A goodly theme this for three as goodly tomes!—a worthy moral for the improvement of the manners of the rising generation in this age of intellect—a most precious recommendation of fops and foppery! The age of intellect, indeed!—the age of foppery! Not the march of mind, but of fools! Fools now-a-days write parables in praise of folly. How are the tables turned upon Wisdom! how is she foiled at her own weapons! how is she taken in her own craftiness! Mr. Bulwer's fop passes through every contaminating scene, yet remains uncontaminated. O! the Proverbs! the Proverbs, which Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel, wrote! "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?" But Mr. Bulwer is wiser than Solomon—(his critics give him credit both for wisdom and wit)—and wrote *Pelham* to shew how any man may become a complete moral *Chabert*, or fire-king! Let him not be trusted, however; or the ill-fated wight will soon find to his cost, that there is no antidote against Prussic acid!

Let us proceed to more acquaintance with a character which it is desirable to "penetrate and prize." *Pelham* is, dear reader, by our author's account, a gentleman: "A complete gentleman, who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, and an agreeable voice for a chamber."* He, nevertheless, has no connexion whatever, we are sure, with Sylvanus Urban, the venerable editor of the *Gen-*

tleman's Magazine, now in his hundredth year. He is, we are satisfied, not a gentleman of so old a standing; indeed, he only professed to be about three and twenty a year or so ago,—and he is, therefore, a very young gentleman, though exceedingly clever, and able to turn his hand to any thing, without exception. We certainly set about reading his adventures with some degree of interest, notwithstanding his youth, from the pretensions which he put forth; and the reader will conceive, or rather he unable to conceive, our regret, when we discovered that this gentleman was only a *gentleman black-guard*! Disappointed, indignant, that the especial character belonging to the venerable Sylvanus Urban should thus be usurped by a mere *nondescript*, our critical bile rose; nay, our moral feelings were awakened, if not those of yet deeper solemnity, as we recollected what a gentleman should be, and who the old dramatist characterised as

"A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever
breathed." *Declar.*

Mr. Bulwer's gentleman is not of this *caste*; his qualities are, in every respect, the opposites of *Declar*'s. But we have the authority of Shakspear for asserting, that there are men whom nature makes and those whom the tailor makes; and a man thus made, the same great authority qualifies as "a knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would be a bawd, in way of good service, and is nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch." There are, in like manner, *gentlemen* of two sorts; the natural, and the tailor-made. Let the reader judge to which class *Pelham* belongs.

"I was still lounging over my breakfast, on the second morning of my arrival, when Mr. N——, the tailor, was announced.

" 'Good morning, Mr. Pelham; happy to see you returned. Do I dis-

turb you too early ; shall I wait on you again ?

“ No, Mr. N——, I am ready to receive you ; you may renew my measure.”

“ ‘ We are a very good figure, Mr. Pelham ; very good figure,’ replied the Schneider ; surveying me from head to foot, while he was preparing his measure ; ‘ we want a little assistance though ; we must be padded well here ; we must have our chest thrown out, and have an additional inch across the shoulders ; we must live for effect in this world, Mr. Pelham ; a little tighter round the waist, eh !’

“ ‘ Mr. N——,’ said I, ‘ you will take, first, my exact measure, and, secondly, my exact instructions. Have you done the first ?’

“ ‘ We are done now, Mr. Pelham,’ replied my *man-maker*, in a slow, solemn tone.

“ ‘ You will have the goodness then to put no stuffing of any description in my coat ; you will *not* pinch me an iota tighter across the waist, than is natural to that part of my body ; and you will please, in your infinite mercy, to leave me as much after the fashion in which God made me as you possibly can.’

“ ‘ But, sir, we *must* be padded ; we are much too thin ; all the gentlemen in the Life Guards are padded, sir.’

“ ‘ Mr. N——,’ answered I, ‘ you will please to speak of *us*, with a separate, and not a collective pronoun ; and you will let me for once have my clothes such as a gentleman, who, I beg of you to understand, is not a Life Guardsman, can wear without being mistaken for a Guy Fawkes on a fifth of November.’

“ Mr. N—— looked very discomfited : ‘ We shall not be liked, sir, when we are made — we shan’t, I assure you. I will call on Saturday at 11 o’clock. Good morning, Mr. Pelham ; we shall never be done justice to, if we do not live for effect ; good morning, Mr. Pelham.’

“ Scarcely had Mr. N—— retired, before Mr. ——, his rival, appeared. The silence and austerity of this importation from Austria, was very refreshing after the orations of Mr. N——.

“ ‘ Two frock-coats, Mr. ——,’ said I, ‘ one of them brown, velvet collar same colour ; the other, dark gray, no stuffing, and finished by Wednesday. Good morning, Mr. ——’

“ ‘ *Monsieur B——, un autre tailleur,*’ said Bedos, opening the door after Mr. S.’s departure.

“ ‘ Admit him,’ said I : ‘ now for the most difficult article of dress — the waistcoat.’

“ And here, as I am wearied of speak-

ing of tailors, let us reflect a little upon their works. In the first place, I deem it the supreme excellence of coats, not to be too well made ; they should have nothing of the triangle about them ; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided ; the coat should fit exactly, though without effort ; I hold it as a decisive opinion, that this can never be the case where any padding, (beyond one thin sheet of buckram, placed smoothly under the shoulders, and sloping gradually away towards the chest,) is admitted. The collar is a very important point, to which too much attention cannot be given. I think I would lay down, as a general rule, (of course, dependent on the mode,) that it should be rather low behind, broad, short, and slightly rolled. The tail of the coat must on no account be broad or square, unless the figure be much too thin ; — no license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt and imitate the posterial luxuriance of a Hotentot. On the contrary, I would lean to the other extreme, and think myself safe in a swallow tail. With respect to the length allotted to the waist, I can give no better rule than always to adopt that proportion granted us by nature. The *gigot* sleeve is an abominable fashion ; any thing tight across the wrist is ungraceful to the last degree ; moreover, such tightness does not suffer the wrist-hand to lie smooth and unwrinkled, and has the effect of giving a large and clumsy appearance to the hand.

“ Speaking of the hand, I would observe, that it should never be utterly *ringless*, but whatever ornament of that description it does wear, should be distinguished by a remarkable fastidiousness of taste. I know nothing in which the good sense of a gentleman is more finely developed than in his rings ; for my part, I carefully eschew all mourning rings, all hoops of embossed gold, all diamonds, and *very* precious stones, and all antiques, unless they are peculiarly fine. One may never be ashamed of a seal ring, nor of a very plain gold one, like that worn by married women : rings should in general be simple, but singular, and bear the semblance of a *gage d’amour*. One should never be supposed to buy a ring, unless it is a seal one.

“ Pardon this digression. One word now for the waistcoat ; this, though apparently the least observable article in dress, is one which influences the whole appearance more than any one not profoundly versed in the habiliatory art would suppose. Besides, it is the only main portion of our attire in which we have full opportunity for the display of a graceful and well-cultivated taste. Of

an evening, I am by no means averse to a very rich and ornate species of vest ; but the extremest caution is necessary in the selection of the spot, the stripe, or the sprig, which forms the principal decoration—nothing tawdry—nothing common, must be permitted : if you wear a fine waistcoat, and see another person with one resembling it, forthwith bestow it upon your valet. A white waistcoat with a black coat and trousers, and a small chain of dead gold, only partially seen, is never within the bann of the learned in such matters ; but beware, oh, beware of your linen, your neckcloth, your collar, your frill, on the day in which you are tempted to the decent perpetration of a white waistcoat ! All things depend upon their arrangement ; in a black waistcoat, the sins of a tie, or the soils of a shirt-bosom, escape detection ; with a white one, there is no hope. If, therefore, you are hurried in your toilet, or in a misanthropic humour at the moment of settling your cravat, let no inducement suffer you to wear a vesture which, were all else suitable, would be the most unexceptionable you could assume.

"Times, by the by, are greatly changed since Brummel interdicted white waistcoats *of a morning*. I do not know whether, during the heat of the season, you could induct yourself in a more gentle and courtly garment. The dress waistcoat should generally possess a rolling and open form, giving the fullest opening for the display of the shirt, which cannot be too curiously fine ; if a frill is exquisitely washed, it is the most polished form in which your bosom appurtenances should be moulded ; if not—if, indeed, your own valet, or your mistress does not superintend their lavations, I would advise a simple plait of the plainest fashion.

"With regard to the trousers, be sure that you have them exceedingly tight across the hips ; if you are well made, you may then leave their further disposition to Providence, until they reach the ankle. Here you must pause, and consider well whether you will have them short, so as to develope the fineness of the *bas de soie*, or whether you will continue them so as to kiss your very shoe-tie : in the latter form, which is indisputably the most graceful, you must be especially careful that they flow down, as it were, in an easy and loose (but, above all, not *baggy*) fall, and that the shoe-strings are arranged in the *dernier façon* of a bow and end. Of a morning, the trousers cannot be too long or too easy, so that they avoid every *outré* and singular excess.

As to the choice of colours in clothing,

it is scarcely possible to fix any certain or definite rule. Among all persons, there should be little variety of colour, either in the morning or the evening ; but fair people, with good complexions, may, if their port and bearing be genuinely aristocratic, wear light or showy colours—a taste cautiously to be shunned by the dark, the pale, the meagre, and the suburban *à mien*.

"For the rest, I cannot sufficiently impress upon your mind the most thoughtful consideration to the minutiae of dress, such as the glove, the button, the boot, the shape of the hat, &c. ; above all, the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness is an invariable sign of a polished and elegant taste, and is the very life and soul of the greatest of all sciences—the science of dress."

Now for the other characteristics of a gentleman. His parentage is not, certainly, derived from that five-fold composition described by Shakspear's *Kent*. For his mother, however, Pelham appears not to possess much respect ; she is a very worldly-minded woman, who was willing to elope from her husband, thinks forty thousand pounds is a fortune upon which her son can scarcely subsist, and is ready to sacrifice all honour and honesty for interest and pleasure. And truly the hero appears a worthy son of such a mother, whose essential selfishness appears through all the disguises with which he is invested by his author. "Under the affectations of foppery, and the levity of a manner almost *unique*, for the effeminacy of its tone," he veils, we are told, "an ambition the most extensive in its object, and a resolution the most daring in the accomplishment of its means." He aspires to the House of Commons, and ultimately to the highest offices of the state, upon the pretence of being a philosopher as well as a coxcomb—a moralist as well as a debauchee. We think, however, Lord Downton did very rightly in not giving him the seat for a borough which he had promised to him ; the fewer such men as he are admitted into Parliament, the better for the nation. The deliberative assembly of the representatives of England is no meet place for dandies—things of frippery and affectation, whose only passion is vanity. Vanity, however, is, according to our author, the *primus mobile* of great actions.

"I might tell you," replied Vincent, "that I myself have been no idle nor

inactive seeker after the hidden treasures of mind; and that, from my own experience, I could speak of pleasure, pride, complacency, in the pursuit, that were no inconsiderable augmenters of my stock of enjoyment; but I have the candour to confess, also, that I have known disappointment, mortification, despondency of mind, and infirmity of body, that did more than balance the account. The fact is, in my opinion, that the individual is a sufferer for his toils, but then the mass is benefited by his success. It is we who reap, in idle gratification, what the husbandman has sown in the bitterness of labour. Genius did not save Milton from poverty and blindness—nor Tasso from the madhouse—nor Galileo from the inquisition; they were the sufferers, but posterity the gainers. The literary empire reverses the political; it is not the many made for one—it is the one made for many; wisdom and genius must have their martyrs as well as religion, and with the same results, viz.: *semen ecclesie est sanguis martyrum*. And this reflection must console us for their misfortunes, for perhaps it was sufficient to console them. In the midst of the most affecting passage in the most wonderful work perhaps ever produced, for the mixture of universal thought with individual interest—I mean the two last cantos of *Childe Harold*—the poet warms from himself at his hopes of being remembered

- In his line

With his land's language.'—

And who can read the noble and heart-speaking apology of Algernon Sidney, without entering into his consolation no less than his misfortunes? Speaking of the law being turned into a snare instead of a protection, and instancing its uncertainty and danger in the times of Richard the Second, he says, 'God only knows what will be the issue of the like practices in these our days; perhaps he will in his mercy speedily visit his afflicted people; *I die in the faith that he will do it, though I know not the time or ways.*'

" 'I love,' said Clarendon, 'the enthusiasm which places comfort in so noble a source;' but, is vanity, think you, a less powerful agent than philanthropy? is it not the desire of shining before men that prompts us to whatever may effect it? and if it can create, can it not also support? I mean, that if you allow that to shine, to *éclater*, to enjoy praise, is no ordinary incentive to the commencement of great works, the conviction of future success for this desire becomes no inconsiderable reward.

Grant, for instance, that this desire produced the 'Paradise Lost;' and you will not deny that it might also support the poet through his misfortunes. Do you think that he thought rather of the pleasure his work should afford to posterity, than of the praises posterity should extend to his work? Had not Cicero left us such frank confessions of himself, how patriotic, how philanthropic, we should have esteemed him; now we know both his motive and meed was vanity, may we not extend the knowledge of human nature which we have gained in this instance by applying it to others? For my part, I should be loth to inquire how great a quantum of vanity mingled with the haughty patriotism of Sidney, or the unconquered spirit of Cato.'

"Glanville bowed his head in approval. 'But,' observed I, 'why be so uncharitable to this poor and persecuted principle, since none of you deny the good and great actions it effects; why stigmatise vanity as a vice, when it creates, or, at least participates in, so many virtues? I wonder the ancients did not erect the choicest of their temples to its worship. *Quant à moi*, I shall henceforth only speak of it as the *primum mobile* of whatever we venerate and admire, and shall think it the highest compliment I can pay to a man, to tell him *he is eminently vain.*'"

What a confusion of idea is there in all this vulgar slipsop!—and what follows is still worse, which therefore we suppress. He tells us, among other things, "that vanity in itself is neither a vice nor a virtue, any more than this knife, in itself, is dangerous or useful." This is a specimen of our coxcomb's philosophy, for which he has obtained so much ignorant credit. The fact is, that vanity is always a vice, and never a virtue; and that the virtues and vices are in themselves dangerous or useful, without reference to their effects. They have no resemblance to a knife, or any other indifferent instrument; their effect does not consist in their use or abuse. Virtue and vice are independent of any calculation of consequences, and precede and control them. Actions are indifferent irrespective of them; they make them important. It is the motive which gives attribute and character to the deed. Vanity is in the motive, not the performance.

"The weak are only vain, the great are proud."

What must we think of a scheme of ethics which confounds these two great classes — which confounds Milton, and Sidney, and Cato, with the modern loungers of Bond-street and the Parks? These two classes are not animated by the same passion; their passions are different, not in degree but kind. No greater strife can there be in “the feud ’twixt Nothing and Creation,” than between the vanity of the weak, and the pride of the great. Vanity makes no martyrs to a public cause, produces no immortal labours. Strength proceeds not from weakness, but all its issues are feeble and puny, like the novel of *Pelham*. It is not without its writhings and contortions, which would seem to speak of some mighty effort; but they are only the mere grimaces of a French valet, whose pantomimic address has no profundity of feeling or depth of thought; not the eloquent gestures of a free man, instinct with soul and all aglow with sublime emotion.

It is, indeed, indicative of the state of criticism in this country, that these writhings and contortions were mistaken for wit and wisdom, and philosophy, and satire, and morality, and what not. In a neighbouring country these pretensions would have been soon unmasked, where philosophy is indeed cultivated, and is deemed an essential qualification in a critic. But to our shame be it spoken, ay, we repeat it, to our shame be it spoken, *here* philosophy has scarcely a name to live, and our critics (a base herd!) affect to despise it altogether. This country is now miserably inferior to Germany in its philosophical productions. Dugald Stewart contented himself with merely adopting, modifying, or correcting some of Reid’s opinions, and compiling or epitomising the metaphysics of his predecessors; while Kant, and Fichte, and Schelling, have been pressing forward into undiscovered tracts; and the Lessings, and the Schlegels, and the Goethes, have dived into the depths of the “human soul divine,” for the purpose of illustrating the heavenly meanings, couched under the sometimes apparently rude labours of literature and art.

What increases the presumption of the author is his pretension in all his novels, and in this particularly, to give the history of a mind. He traces the life of his hero from his boyhood up-

wards, thus laying (so says the puff in the *New Monthly Magazine*) “as in a map, the whole history of the man, and of his opinions and pursuits as modified by change of age and new connexions.” And all this tracing of that mighty mystery, the human mind, is conducted to its development by means of such characters as the one before us. No other representatives, nor specimens of the intellectual nature of man can be found, than the coxcombs and *roués* of pseudo-fashionable life. And by a large class of readers and critics, drunken brawls, outrageous and disgusting murders, blackguards and thieves, are esteemed as the pattern-men and circumstances by which the moral and mental standard of human capability is to be admeasured!

“Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?”

This may be, in some measure, accounted for, by one ingredient in these novels. Personality, personality is the appetite of the age. Allusions are meant, or understood, to living characters; and, when our hero is depicted in the intrigues of Paris, living actors are directly brought up on the scene. This gives piquancy to the composition, and makes the palate tingle with delight. Villele the statesman, the Duc D’Angoulême, the Duchesse de Berry, Madame de la Roche Jaquelin, embellish the private fashionable society of that capital to which our hero gains admittance. How different is all this from that true philosophical spirit in which the works of art in “the ancient time” were elaborated! What Coleridge has said relative to this subject on the drama, is equally applicable to novels, if intended to be written in a truly philosophical vein.

“With the ancients, and not less with the elder dramatists of England and France, both comedy and tragedy were considered as kinds of *poetry*. They neither sought in comedy to make us laugh merely, much less to make us laugh by wry faces, accidents of jargon, slang phrases for the day, or the clothing of common-place morals in metaphors drawn from the shops or mechanic occupations of their characters; nor did they condescend in tragedy to wheedle away the applause of the spectators, by representing before them fac-similes of their own mean selves in all their existing meanness, or to work on their sluggish

sympathies by a pathos not a whit more respectable than the maudlin tears of drunkenness. Their tragic scenes were meant to affect us indeed, but within the bounds of pleasure, and in union with the activity both of our understanding and imagination. They wished to transport the mind to a sense of its possible greatness, and to implant the germs of that greatness during the temporary oblivion of the worthless 'thing we are,' and of the peculiar state in which each man happens to be, suspending our individual recollections, and lulling them to sleep amid the music of nobler thoughts," &c.

In the very spirit of those dramas, admirably ridiculed by the philosophical critic and poetical sage, are these modern novels of fashionable life composed. The German romance has died already in its birth-place: it yet survives in England; it once infested the stage (if not now); and yet infests our novels. Our author's bold Hectors are not of the respectable class described by Coleridge—honest tradesmen—valiant tars, &c.; but the vilest scum in whom he could possibly shew the "soul of goodness in things evil." Never was there such an abuse of this veracious maxim of Shakspear exhibited! Never, in any work, was our own poor pettifogging nature more meanly represented! Never was precise morality, or learned retirement, more contemptibly depicted! The novelist's tear of pity is less endurable than his smile; it scathes, like lava, the hand on which it drops; and yet his smile is sardonic, but then the pain it causes is in himself, and which it ill conceals.

These reflections fitly conduct us to the more melodramatic part of the book, in which all the vices of that kind of composition are summed up and aggravated. "On horror's head horrors accumulate;" but they are vulgar horrors—odious, disgusting! 'Fore Heaven, we would rather read the *Newgate Calendar* than the last volume and half of this novel of fashionable life!

Devereux is a novel chiefly remarkable for the introduction of almost all the literary men and rakes who flourished at the beginning of the last century. The author had already exhibited his propensity to this very great abuse of the historical novel, in the *Disowned*. There we had Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c. &c. Here they are introduced in such profusion, as to baffle not only all proba-

bility, but possibility too. We had thought that Mr. Horace Smith had received such severe castigation on this account in an admirable article in the *Quarterly Review*, as to deter succeeding novelists from venturing on the same field. But the trick is too easily played for writers of fiction of a certain calibre to give it up very willingly. It affords too many facilities for the elongation of a narrative, and is too specious a subterfuge for want of invention, to permit a mediocre story-teller to dispense with it without reluctance. Highly objectionable, however, as this practice is, upon obvious grounds, Mr. Bulwer has surpassed all his predecessors in this line of art. We have had Fashionable Novels, in which the characters of the day were more or less obscurely hinted at—it was reserved for Mr. Bulwer to take this species of composition into the past, and introduce what is technically called "dialogue," or petty scandal concerning the characters of history.

We shall set out the plot of *Devereux*, particularly with reference to this license (however proper to an "intellectual libertine"), for the purpose of exposing its quackery to the reader, and demonstrating to him the little cost and charge required for its employment. Indeed, it would be cruelty to the author to detail very particularly the more original part of the plot—it is so *outré*, *bizarre*, extravagant, inconsistent, ridiculous, immoral, and offensive. Yet something must be indicated of this. Would it might be omitted altogether!

The novel is written in the form of an auto-biography. Morton Count Devereux commits his history to a sealed MS., not to be opened for a century, and relates, in particular, his occasional connexion with Lord Bolingbroke, whose various turns of fortune constitute, as much as the more novel part, the beginning, middle, and end of the narrative. Mr. Bulwer, as editor, takes every opportunity, by way of note, to express his admiration of that great man, and to oppose what he frequently terms the vulgar misapprehensions respecting his character. Few readers will recognise the propriety of his interference, or the *vraisemblance* of the portrait which he has given of that celebrated statesman. This we say once for all, because it is not necessary, with such a commentator before us, to

go into any historical detail. It is not necessary to dispute the identity of the picture, unless it were better executed, in its likeness or unlikeness, than the one before us. We suspect that Mr. Bulwer copied from his reflection of himself in those "two full-length mirrors," which, he tells us, are placed in his "splendidly furnished dressing-room"—"one on each side of a table which supports the luxuries of the toilet,"—and has accordingly produced a compound of fop and sentimentalist—of pretension and imbecility—calculated to excite contempt or pity in the mind of every judicious reader. The writer who designs to draw a universal genius should possess a universal genius himself. We have no doubt that Mr. Bulwer thinks that he is blessed with such an one. It is time he should be undeceived—for his own sake.

Well, then—let us pursue the story. The biographer and two brothers are left with their mother dependent upon an uncle, who had retired from the court of Charles the Second—"a fine wreck, a little prematurely broken by dissipation, but not, perhaps, the less interesting on that account,"—to Devereux Court. Morton and Gerald Devereux were twins—(Morton the elder by an hour)—and Aubrey, the third brother, was about fifteen months their younger. Morton, though disliked by his brothers, was the favourite of his uncle, and, to the surprise of the family confessor and other persons concerned, who had given him credit for being inferior in body and mind to Gerald and Aubrey, carries off the prize, at a public school examination, for learning and ability. This immediately produces a change in his circumstances. Feared for a power of sarcasm which he had displayed, now united to talent so decidedly manifested, Julian Montreuil, a Jesuit, the confessor aforesaid, affects to take him under his especial protection, and he is embraced by his brother Aubrey with much evidence of affection. The Jesuit, who was secretly engaged in certain intrigues to restore the exiled race to the throne of England, had, indeed, indulged a hope that the genius of the boy might be made beneficial to the cause of which he was an adherent, and to which Aubrey, who was entirely subdued, by the religious arts of his tutor, to the superstitions of the Roman church, was already

attached, heart and hand. Burning for distinction, our hero wishes for an introduction into the great world, in which the Jesuit desires to be of secret service to him; but the young man, not relishing too much the terms of the contract, defers its ratification for a twelvemonth, till Montreuil's return from France, whither he was about to depart.

On the young men quitting school, their old uncle gives hospitable entertainment to his acquaintance. An extraordinary guest accepts the invitation—in fact, no less than the celebrated St. John. Three days after his arrival, our hero strolls into the park with a volume of Cowley, and is joined by St. John, and thereupon ensues a certain not very remarkable dialogue upon the merits of Cowley. Not very remarkable, except for one mistake:—Talking of the debasing dedications to which poets of that age condescended, Dryden is accused of ordering the engravers of his frontispiece (upon the accession of King William) to give poor Eneas an *enormous nose*. There is no reason for adding to Dryden's faults of flattery—and this was not one of them. In a letter to his son, Dryden writes—"I am of your opinion, that, by Jonson's means, almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But, however, he has missed of his design in the dedication, though he had prepared the book for it; for, in every figure of Eneas, he has caused him to be drawn, like King William, with a hooked nose." The flattery, therefore, was not Dryden's, but his publisher's. Upon the departure of St. John, Morton Devereux determines on going to town, to which at length he gains his uncle's consent. And off he goes, in company with Lady Haselton, the daughter of one of King Charles's beauties, and a French valet, called Jean Desmarais. Before he goes, however, he contrives to fall in love with one Isora, the daughter of a Spanish refugee, residing in his immediate neighbourhood; and suspecting his brother Gerald of being his rival, makes no ado of telling him to "remember the old story of Eteocles and Polynices, whose very ashes refused to mingle." It must not be forgotten, either, that the Jesuit returns, with a sword, as a present from the King of France, inscribed, "To the son of Marshal Devereux, the soldier of

France, and the friend of Louis XIV.," as a testimony of his power to serve him. This friendship is, however, turned into hate by Morton's receipt of a mysterious letter, in the handwriting of Montreuil; which the latter demands at the edge of the sword, and which was inclosed in an envelope alarming enough:—"A friend of the late Marshal Devereux incloses his son a letter, the contents of which it is essential for his safety that he should know. C. D. B." Montreuil, however, has the inclosed letter, and departs from the house where he had been insulted.

Let us accompany our hopeful hero to London. He lives in the vicinity of the court. Tarleton is one of his favourite companions. They go to the New Exchange together, and they meet with Colley Cibber, and the ex-sexton mentioned in No. 14 of the *Spectator*. The next night they stroll into Willis's, and get into the company of Steele, and Addison, and Colonel Cleland; and afterwards adjourn to Abigail Masham's, where they are joined by St. John and Mr. Domville. Strolling homeward, they observe a row with the watchmen, and have the felicity of extricating Beau Fielding, at the expense of a guinea, from the hands of the guardians of the night. Morton afterwards visits the beau in his den, and gets filched of another guinea; and, on his return home, discovers that his valet is a philosopher—a disciple of Leibnitz. A note upon this part of his subject indicates the novelist's ignorance of the systems of philosophy, to which he makes so much pretension. Of Leibnitz, he says in the text—"A philosopher, then very much the rage—because one might talk of him very safely without having read him." In the note, he adds—"which is possibly the reason why there are so many disciples of Kant at the present moment." We can tell this gentleman that Kant is a sage not to be lightly spoken of by Mr. Bulwer. One day, Morton and Tarleton ride towards Chelsea, and visit the celebrated Mr. Salter—an antiquarian and a barber. After this we have St. John again, in a moment of temporary triumph, to whom enters Dr. Swift. Then follows a visit to Sir Godfrey Kneller. Then the original story is again taken up—and our hero discovers his mistress, Isora, in a wretched lodging in the suburbs, where her father is dying. After his death,

Morton provides for her wants, and, having been wounded by the Mohawks, and attended on his bed of pain by his mistress, marries her, but privately, on account of the threatenings by his rival, (whose assumed name is Barnard, but whom he supposes to be his brother Gerald—a fact which, in consequence of an oath, she is prevented from disclosing,) as also his uncle's expressed aversion to his marrying at all.

Shortly after, Morton is summoned to the death-bed of his generous old uncle, with whom he was always the favourite, and whose extensive property, it was expected, he would inherit—which he is disappointed, the will conferring the whole estates on Gerald, forty thousand pounds to Aubrey, and only twenty thousand to Morton. Morton accuses Gerald of having forged the will. He publicly solemnises his marriage. On the morning of the ceremony, a stranger calls upon him, and places in his hands a packet, containing a statement of the whole fraud practised upon him in the false will, but exacts from him a solemn promise not to open it for seven days. To this condition Morton consents, and proceeds to tell his bride of the new prospect of a change in his affairs. She receives the news, not with joy, but with presentiments of evil and death. For, on the last day she had seen Barnard, as he was called, he had said, "I warn you, Isora d'Alvarez, that my love is far fiercer than hatred; I warn you, that your bridal with Morton Devereux shall be stained with blood. Become his wife, and you perish! Yea, though I suffer hell's tortures for ever and for ever from that hour, my own hand shall strike you to the heart." His own hand does strike her to the heart. On the very night of the bridal, three men enter the nuptial chamber—the lady is slain, the husband desperately wounded, and the escrotaire robbed of the packet aforesaid. Legal inquiries are made—but ineffectually.

We have omitted to mention, that, on his way to town, after his uncle's death, Morton met with a stranger on the road, who invited him home, and, upon his departure, sent a servant after him with a letter, to inform him that he had been in the company of Richard Cromwell, the son of the protector.

Shortly after these mournful events, he hears also of his brother Aubrey's

death. Willing to lose his sorrows in worldly occupations, he attaches himself closer to Bolingbroke's fortunes. And it is worthy of remark, that he accompanies that statesman to the theatre previous to his flight from England, and has a sight of Pope and the Duchess of Marlborough in the opposite box, and holds a conversation with Philip Wharton. They go to the court of France together: there, with his usual fortune, Morton becomes acquainted with all the wits, and involved in the intrigues of Paris; and there he visits Madame de Balzac, the lady who owns the initials C. D. B. aforesaid. At her instance, he gets presented, by the Bishop of Frejus, to Madame de Maintenon and Louis Quatorze. At Boulainvilliers, Comte de St. Saix's, he is introduced to a meeting of wits,—Anthony Hamilton, Fontenelle, Arouet (Voltaire), Chauvieu, and the Abbé Huet. On one occasion he has also a sight of Masilion. At a *soirée* he is introduced to Madame de Cornuel, who "wanted to talk about all the fine people present to some one for whose ears her anecdotes would have the charm of novelty;" and tells him about Louis Armond, Prince of Conti—the Duc d'Orleans—Madame d'Aunout—the Duchesse d'Orleans—the Abbé Dubois—the notorious Choisi, &c. &c. After the death of Louis le Grand, our hero, having spent the evening at a house in a distant part of Paris, invited by the beauty of the night, dismissed his carriage. Thus walking home, alone and on foot, he strayed into an obscure lane, and heard a noise and a cry for help from a house of bad repute, into which he burst, and had the good fortune to rescue from bullies Philip of Orleans, the regent of France. This event leads to friendship and patronage on the part of the regent. He has a supper with the regent and his *roués*; which supper the prince, who had learned the art of cookery in Spain, prepared with his own hands in an inner apartment. All the party get dead drunk; and so ends the second volume.

Wearied and waysore, we proceed to analyse the third volume of this precious novel. Employed on a secret mission to Russia, behold, Morton Count Devereux enters into Petersburg, and has a rencontre with an inquisitive and mysterious stranger,

who turns out to be, of course, Peter the Great. Of him and of the Empress Catherine he afterwards has an interview—and is invited to a grand dinner at Apraxius. He is also witness of the *batteas*, and holds a philosophical dialogue with the czar on the different manners in which the punishment was borne by a Russian and a German. He returns to Paris—meets with a gallant adventure, which ends in his making an enemy of Dubois, and he is dismissed, in consequence, from France, and recommended to the service of Russia. He presents himself to his majesty one day after his dinner, when he was sitting with one leg in the czarina's lap, and a bottle of the best *eau de vie* before him. He is appointed to a post of honour and profit, from which he is transferred to a military station, and is occasionally intrusted with diplomatic missions.

At length he gets as weary of his life as we are of its history. He gets acquainted with an Italian, "Bezoni (so was he called)," whose sceptical, if not atheistical opinions, wrest him from *ennui* and torpor. He, however, determines to retire to Italy and die. Here he meets a hermit who led an ascetic life in the forest, distributing healing waters from a certain well of St. Francis. The hermit, who is a maniac, entrusts him with a MS. directed to himself, and dies; from which MS. he discovers that the hermit was no other than his brother Aubrey, reported dead. This worthy, very much to the surprise of the reader, who little expected, and was, indeed, very slightly prepared for such a consummation, we are told by this same MS., was the rival who tormented Isora under the name of Barnard, was the forger of the will (by the assistance of Desmarais), and the murderer of his wife. Montreuil, having been the instigator of all this sanguinary work, is pursued to his retreat; and with his death, by the hands of our hero, ends this eventful story.

Glad are we that our

"task is smoothly done.

We can fly, or we can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon."

The reader will excuse us for the indecorum of "breaking out into

singing' at the conclusion of our sore labour; but we felt relieved of an excessive weight, and thereupon ensued a lightness of heart, which welcomed well these very verses; for we were as happy as Milton's attendant spirit that we had delivered our virgin readers from the intoxicating snare of this literary Comus.

In one part of *Pelham*, Mr. Bulwer rightly remarks, "that it must require an extraordinary combination of mental power to produce a perfect novel. One so extraordinary, that, though we have one perfect epic poem, and several which pretend to perfection, we have not one perfect novel in the world." We are not of those who deem lightly of the novel, but, *au contraire*, subscribe to this opinion, and should hail a perfect novel with admiration. But what is it which prevents this species of composition from arriving at its *ne plus ultra*? What but the competition, among its professors, for quantity rather than quality; and the great number of bad writers who, nevertheless, obtain all the popularity which is desired for this exercise of talent by the best? Let it not, however, be supposed, as the novelist has absurdly hinted, that greater powers are required for the novel than the poem—this is not the reason why a perfect novel has no existence. The reason is, because it requires less powers, and, therefore, a greater number of people deem themselves qualified to compose a novel; and as less is expected from a novel than an epic poem, the generality of readers are more easily satisfied with mediocre merit in one case than in the other. But when we consider the influence which this species of writing has on the young and gay, its worthy execution becomes a matter of serious consideration. More especially is it of moment narrowly to investigate the nature of the impression that novels are likely to leave on the mind of the inexperienced reader. Parables of old (such as those of the Old and New Testaments) were constructed to recommend some truth or moral—to carry home some conviction to the heart and feeling—and the tedious romances of later ages, according to the notions of the time, were intended to represent what was generous, and noble, and heroic in human nature, as in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*; and the novel of recent times, also, was of

a similar out-of-the-world character, inasmuch that it was objected to by prudent uncles and aunts, on the plea that it unfitted young people for the world, by a representation of scenes so utterly ideal as to be incapable of realisation: but this fashionable novel pretends to give the world as it is, with all its vices and its littlenesses. Are these vices held up for imitation? or why are they exhibited? In Mr. Bulwer's novel they are made to be matters of indifference, which have no effect upon the character, and make a man no less worthy and respected. Surely, a moral teacher, if he represented such scenes at all, would set the antidote as well as the bane before the young appetite. But no such thing: Mr. Bulwer is a philosopher—a metaphysician forsooth—and can demonstrate that there is much good in all this—that many amiable characters are fops—that rogues and vagabonds have such and such redeeming points—and that if, for the sakes of these salvatory accidents, we can be suffered to pass muster in society in our own way and according to our own eccentric likings, however depraved and lawless, it would be a mighty fine thing. For the sake of some recondite quality which these sophists may discover, let us live a libertine life, morally, intellectually, physically: this is the gist and end of their parabolic teaching—this the burden of their song—the meaning of their mighty theme. There may be some who vainly deem that there is much philosophy in this; but of such may be said, what Milton says of those "who think not God at all"—

"If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there
school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself."
Sampson Agonistes.

It is said, that when the *Court Journal* was established, and when the fame of the author of *Pelham* was at its loftiest point of culmination, that Mr. Henry Colburn, the proprietor of not only that journal, but who calls himself Mr. Bulwer's patron, asked his client to write him something witty and sparkling on Dress and French Cookery, for the columns of his pseudo-fashionable and demirep rival of the *Literary Gazette*. It is further said, that Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer was flurried in

spirit when he heard his bookseller's estimate of his capacity, and determined to astonish the world by talking philosophy and metaphysics. How he has carved and hacked these matters we have shewn. But he is like the *campagnard* baron in Destouche's comedy, who is bent on being a poet, and is applauded for his poetical powers by his rural neighbours, who gulp down the boor's absurdities as city apprentices cram their maw with the dainties of some self-styled French *restaurant* of Gracechurch Street or Cornhill; while all persons well informed on these respective subjects laugh at the silliness of the former, and the ignorance, while they admire the digestive powers, of the latter. Having exposed the philosophy and metaphysics, the exquisite painting, high taste, and truth to nature, contained in the other precious works of Mr. Bulwer, turn we to *Paul Clifford*, which his booksellers, in their usual way of puffing,—directly, indirectly, obliquely, diagonally, transversely,—have cried up as the most extraordinary production that this, or any other country, in times bygone, or in times present, or in times to come, have, are, or will be favoured with. The praise of puffing it might be supposed can no farther go; but we shall see that, when the author honours the world with his next performance. Here are only a very few of the exquisitely written commendations of their article, which his publishers have slipped as paragraphs into newspaper columns, for the purpose of proving that which Dr. Eady has already proved by his syphilitic cures, and Dr. Jordan by his newly contrived pills, and Dr. Courtenay by his *Aegis* of Life, and Dr. Thomson by his Balm of Rakasiri, and old bone-grubbing Cobbet by his mountebank lectures, and Thomas Babington Macauley by his philosophical articles in the "*sapphire and blue*,"—viz. the extreme gullibility of mankind.

"The main design of *Paul Clifford*," says Messrs. Colburn and Bentley's advertisement insinuated into the *Morning Chronicle*, "we understand to be a general satire upon the hypocrisy of society, and the various methods of rising in the world. Sometimes this design is embodied in a covert shape, sometimes openly, sometimes in masks, sometimes in portraits. The hollowiness and pretences in literature, politics, fashion, professions, and call-

ings, are the great *matériel* (!!!) of irony and satire throughout the work."

"*Paul Clifford*.—The design of this new work, by the celebrated author of *Pelham*, which is now daily expected, is not, we believe, at present clearly understood. Allusion has been made to certain characters *en masque*; but the masquerade part is only an accessory to the story, not the ground-work. It rarely occurs after the first volume, and is to be found only in certain scenes of life, which, without such disguise, might, to some readers, appear rather startling at first view. The persons alluded to under the most extravagant disguises, but in the spirit of the utmost good humour, are understood to be the King, Lord Eldon, Scarlett, Sir Francis Burdett, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Huskisson, and Lord Ellenborough; no women are mentioned *personally*, but there is a general satire on exclusive society! The story is reported to be more amusing and uniform than any of the author's other works, and admits no digression or grave reflection."

"The author of *Pelham* has in the press a new novel, to be called *Paul Clifford*, wherein, we understand, a perfectly original mode of satire is to be developed. The leading members of the cabinet, and the lords paramount of the drawing-rooms, headed by no less a personage than the **** himself, will be astonished to see the garb in which, with but little disguise, the author has arranged them."

The story runs thus. A mysterious and poverty-stricken female takes up her abode at a flash house of the lowest kind, situated in one of the obscurest parts of London, called the *Mug*, and there she dies, bequeathing her only boy, then a child, to Mrs. Margery Lobkins, *alias* Peggy or Piggy Lob. The only person cognisant of the bequest was one Dummie, surnamed Dunnaker, a dealer in rags, otherwise a receiver of stolen goods. The boy, afterwards *Paul Clifford*, is brought up as heir-apparent to the *Mug*, and placed under the tutorship of Mr. Peter MacGrawler, a Scotchman (the author has done this to take his revenge of *Blackwood's Magazine* and of ourselves, because we have honestly expressed our several opinions—that Mr. Lytton Bulwer is no novelist), and editor of "a magnificent periodical called the *Asinæum*," at the rate of two shillings and sixpence per week. Paul is educated by this Scotchman, and forms an acquaintance with one *Augustus Tom-*

linson, a three-halfpenny-a-line young gentleman for newspapers, and an exquisite in personal appearance. From his description, one would think he had taken *Pelham's* recipe for confectioning the condiment hight A Man of Fashion. Mr. Augustus Tomlinson disappears on "one bright morning," and Paul — (after forming an acquaintance with one Long Ned, a flasher, who rejoiced in a Phœbean luxuriance of curls, and who inaugurated his young friend into early dissipation, and cheated him nightly of all Dame Lobkin's pecuniary supplies,) — quarrels with his adopted mother of the *Mug*, and leaves her in high dudgeon, to seek his fortunes in the world.

After trying his hand at literature, under his tutor MacGrawler, he meets Long Ned — goes into the theatre — is seated next to an elderly man (afterwards Lawyer Brandon) and his beautiful niece (afterwards Lucy Brandon, and with whom he falls, at first sight, over head and ears in love); and on going out sees, one moment, Long Ned suddenly dart off with the old gentleman's watch, and, in the next, himself, as the delinquent, locked up in the watch-house for that night, and sent for three months to "that country-house situated at Bridewell."

In this "country-house" Paul meets with his old friend Augustus, who, after many and the most rascally changes in life, becomes the partner of a moralist banker, who swindles all his clients "on principle," (Mr. Bulwer at the same time wishing to imply, aphoristically, that all bankers are rogues), and is committed to prison for "attempting to possess himself of a carriage and sell it at discount." Paul and Mr. Tomlinson effect their escape, one morning, which was "as dark as if all the negroes of Africa had been stewed down into air," and which, as the proverb says, "might have been cut with a knife," and take shelter in a house by Finchley Common, kept by one Gentleman George, of whom and of whose companions the following are the particulars.

"In his youth, George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and his bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on Sundays with a bob-wig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week-days than

he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart-dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk, that he bought, some time ago, a large pewter measure in which six men can stand upright. The girls, or, rather, the old women, to whom he used to be much more civil of the two, always liked him; they say, nothing is so fine as his fine speeches; and they give him the title of '*Gentleman George*.' He is a nice, kind-hearted man in many things. Pray heaven we shall have no cause to miss him when he departs! But, to tell you the truth, he takes more than his share of our common purse."

"What! is he avaricious?"

"Quite the reverse; but he's so cursedly fond of building, he invests all his money (and wants us to invest all ours) in houses; and there's one confounded dog of a bricklayer, who runs him up terrible bills, — a fellow called 'Cunning Nat,' who is equally adroit in spoiling ground and improving ground rent."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale. But we are near the place now; you will see a curious set."

They are introduced to the party, and the author continues:—

"As Gentleman George was a person of majestic dignity among the knights of the cross, we trust we shall not be thought irreverent in applying a few of the words by which the fœrsaid *Morning Chronicle* depicted his majesty, on the day he laid the first stone of his father's monument, to the description of Gentleman George. 'He had on a handsome blue coat, and a white waistcoat; moreover, he laughed most good-humouredly,' as, turning to Augustus Tomlinson, he saluted him with —

"So, this is the youngster you present to us. Welcome to the '*Jolly Angler*!' Give us thy hand, young sir; — I shall be happy to blow a cloud with thee."

"With all due submission," said Mr. Tomlinson, 'I think it may first be as well to introduce my pupil and friend to his future companions.'

"You speak like a leary cove," cried Gentleman George, still squeezing our hero's hand; and, turning round in his elbow chair, he pointed to each member, as he severally introduced his guests to Paul.

"Here," said he, — 'here's a fine chap at my right hand (the person thus

designated was a thin military-looking figure, in a shabby riding-frock, and with a commanding, bold, aquiline countenance, a little the worse for wear) — here 's a fine chap for you : Fighting Attie we calls him ; he 's a devil on the road. ' Halt — deliver — must and shall — can't and shan't — do as I bid you, or go to the devil,' — that 's all Fighting Attie's palaver ; and, 'sdeath, it has a wonderful way of coming to the point ! A famous cull is my friend Attie — an old soldier — has seen the world, and knows what is what ; has lots of gum-tion, and devil a bit of blarney. Howsomever, the highflyers doesn't like him ; and when he takes people's money, he need not be quite so cross about it. Attie, let me introduce a new pal to you.' Paul made his bow.

" 'Stand at ease, man !' quoth the veteran, without taking the pipe from his mouth.

" Gentleman George then continued, and, after pointing out four or five of the company (among whom our hero discovered, to his surprise, his old friends, Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell), came, at length, to one with a very red face and a lusty frame of body. 'That gentleman,' said he, 'is Scarlet Jem, a dangerous fellow for a press, though he says he likes robbing alone now, for a general press is not half such a good thing as it used to be formerly. You have no idea what a hand at disguising himself Scarlet Jem is. He has an old wig, which he generally does business in ; and you would not go for to know him again, when he conceals himself under the wig. Oh, he 's a precious rogue, is Scarlet Jem ! As for the cove on t' other side,' continued the host of the Jolly Angler, pointing to Long Ned, 'all I can say of him, good, bad, or indifferent, is, that he has an unkimmon fine head of hair : and now, youngster, as you knows him, spose you goes and sits by him, and he 'll introduce you to the rest ; for, split my wig (Gentleman George was a bit of a swearer) if I ben't tired ; and so here 's to your health ; and if so be as your name 's Paul, may you always rob Peter* in order to pay Paul !'

" This witticism of mine host's being exceedingly well received, Paul went, amidst the general laughter, to take possession of the vacant seat beside Long Ned. That tall gentleman, who had hitherto been cloud-compelling (as Homer calls Jupiter) in profound silence, now turned to Paul with the warmest cordiality, declared himself overjoyed to meet his old friend once

more, and congratulated him alike on his escape from Bridewell, and his admission to the councils of Gentleman George. But Paul, mindful of that exertion of 'prudence' on the part of Mr. Pepper, by which he had been left to his fate and the mercy of Justice Burnflat, received his advances very sullenly. This coolness so incensed Ned, who was naturally choleric, that he turned his back on our hero, and, being of an aristocratic spirit, muttered something about 'upstart, and vulgar clyfakers being admitted to the company of swell cobyemen.' This murmur called all Paul's blood into his cheek ; for though he had been punished as a clyfaker (or pickpocket), nobody knew better than Long Ned whether or not he was innocent ; and a reproach from him came, therefore, with double injustice and severity. He seized, in his wrath, Mr. Pepper by the ear, and, telling him he was a shabby scoundrel, challenged him to fight," &c.

Paul joins the gang of highwaymen to whom he had been thus introduced by the "moralist" Augustus ; and in time so wins upon them, by his adroitness and audacity, as to become their captain, under the name of Lovett, and the terror of all England. He takes a journey into the west country, and in order to find out at what time a certain Lord Mauleverer would pass by, plans that Long Ned and Augustus, his companions, shall frighten a Dr. Slopperton (who happens to live in the immediate neighbourhood, and on terms of intimacy with Lucy Brandon's father and Lawyer Brandon's elder brother), and him Mister Paul would pretend to rescue ; and, obtaining admission into the vicarage, gain the intelligence which they required respecting the travelling lord. The plot succeeds admirably. Paul does obtain admission into the house, is hailed by Mr. Slopperton and Lucy Brandon (who happens to be present) as the worthy doctor's preserver ; and then he and the young lady fall to smiting each other's hearts, in the most woful manner, and singing most pathetic songs ; and then the hero, after accompanying the young lady home, quits her presence, joins his companions, and commits the robbery.

Lucy, by the death of an old lady, inherits sixty thousand pounds, on which Lord Mauleverer woos her, with

* Peter : a portmanteau.

the consent of Lawyer Brandon, provided the nobleman will give the counsellor his support for advancement. The lawyer invites his brother and niece to Bath, that being a place more suited to his plans, and they are followed by the peer. But Lucy is cold on Lord Mauleverer, — remembering the manly graces of Paul Clifford, — and a meeting absolutely takes place between the lovers in the public ball-room, which meeting is so improved that the hero finds himself a regular guest at old Brandon's house, when the peer's jealousy is so excited that he endeavours to raise suspicions about Paul's respectability, and succeeds. Mauleverer gives a *fête*, and Paul, after a last interview with his *donzella bellissima*, a night attack on his charmer and her father by Long Ned and Tomlinson, and the rescue of the former by himself, takes his departure for a secret cave, built after the directions left by Richard Turpin, in company with the "lad with the curly poll" and the moralist. Here they are attended by old MacGrawler, in the capacity of cook and flunkey in general, who, when the gentlemen have retired to rest, runs to a neighbouring town, brings with him officers of justice into the cave, which, like Troy of old, is betrayed by a treacherous *Greek*.

Tomlinson and Long Ned are taken — Paul escapes — but afterwards, in rescuing his companions, is made prisoner — tried by Sir William Brandon, now a judge — is found guilty, but strongly recommended to mercy — and is transported.

Now comes the gist of the whole story — Paul Clifford is the son of Sir William Brandon! — as thus: In early life the barrister gave out that he was absent in Italy, but in reality had married and settled in a small country town, under the name of Welford, and appeared to follow the business of a solicitor. By chance there came riding by a gay noble, and Brandon's college companion — MY LORD MAULEVERER. His horse stumbles and he is thrown, and in rising he recognises Brandon in Welford; takes up his abode in the solicitor's house — seduces his wife — is discovered in the fact by the lawyer, who, in revenge, SELLS her to the peer of the realm! The adulteress and her paramour live for a space together, when the fact of purchase comes out during one of the "*amantium ira*,"

which ended not in the "*re-integratio amoris*;" for the lady betakes herself to the obscure corner of town, with the description of which the "*novel*" opens, and there satisfies her deadly hatred against her husband, by breaking, at the dead of night, and with the assistance of Dummie Dunnaker, and Long Ned, and one Harry Cook, a notorious plunderer, into Brandon's house, and stealing away their only boy, after speaking as follows:

" 'It is now my turn,' said the female, with a grin of scorn which Brandon himself might have envied — 'You have cursed me, and I return the curse! You have told me that my child shall never name me but to blush. Fool! I triumph over you: you he shall never know to his dying day! You have told me, that to my child and my child's child (a long transmission of execration), my name — the name of the wife you basely sold to ruin and to hell, should be left as a legacy of odium and shame! Man, you shall teach that child no farther lesson whatever; you shall know not whether he live or die, or have children to carry on your boasted race; or whether, if he have, those children be not the outcasts of the earth — the accursed of man and God — the fit offspring of the thing you have made me. Wretch! I hurl back on you the denunciation with which, when we met three nights since, you would have crushed the victim of your own perfidy.' " (*Et sic usque ad finem.*)

The secret of the identity of Paul Clifford with Brandon's boy is preserved so long and so inviolably, because Harry Cook died; — Long Ned had forgotten all about it, and Dummie had bound himself down to the dying woman by an oath, sworn on a BOUND PLAY-BOOK. — Here is a sense of moral obligation in "the conscientious highwayman," with a vengeance. The following are honest Dummie's own reasons for silence:

" 'Vy now, I'll tell you, but don't be glimflashey. So, you see, ven Judy died, and Harry was scragged, I vas the only von living who vas up to the secret; and when Mother Lob vas a taking a drop to comfort her when Judy vent off, I hopen a great box in which poor Judy kept her duds and rattletraps, and surely I finds at the bottom of the box hever so many letters and sich like, — for I knew as ow they vas there; so I whips these off and carries 'em ome with me, and soon arter, Mother Lob sold me the box o' duds for two quids — 'cause

vy? I was a rag marchant! So now, I 'solved, since the secret was all in my hown keeping, to keep it as tight as vinkey! for first, you sees as ow I was afeard I should be hanged if I vent for to tell,—'cause vy? I stole a vatch, and lots more, as well as the hurchin! and next, I was afeard as ow the mother might come back and haunt me, the same as Sall haunted Villy, for it was a orrid night when her soul took ving. And hover and above this, Meester Pepper, I thought summut might turn hup by and by, in which it would be best for I to keep my hown counsel and nab the reward, if I hever durst make myself known."

But these, it will be observed by our sagacious reader, are unsatisfactory reasons: for by the recognition of the doctrine of selfishness, the writer waves the doctrine of "moral obligation;" for a man cannot at the self-same moment be swayed by both the one and the other. The mind of the most ignorant human being must, equally with that of the most enlightened, be guided by the invariable laws of nature. Now, by talking of the salvation of his neck, Dummie has discarded all the binding influence of the oath on the bound play-book. And as he *knew* that Harry Cook was dead, and that Long Ned had forgotten all about the matter, and as he also knew that no one was acquainted with his having stolen "a vatch, and lots more"—he surely, in following the suggestions of the crudest self-interest, might have made his own terms for the just delivery of the letter, and the recognition of the "hurchin" Paul, for whom throughout he is described as having an interest approaching to affection. But no:—that would not suit the author; he could not, in that case, have measured out his three volumes; and, moreover, he wished to keep it for his grand scene, when the conscious father condemns his own son, and then dies suddenly. This, say his gaudlin critics, is Mr. Bulwer's own invention; meaning, of course, the abstract passion displayed in such grand scene, without reference to father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, or cousin; for, if it were more, it would be a palpable copy, of which Mr. Bulwer is too old a writer to be guilty. But it is no such thing. It is as old as Joseph amongst his brethren—or the Electra of Sophocles, on meeting with Orestes—or the main incident in the "*Nature and Art*" of

Mrs. Inchbald—or the Lara or the Corsair of Byron—or the practice peculiar to civilised life, which inculcates the propriety of lying and hypocrisy by the suppression of the true feeling under a smiling countenance.

Our concluding observations must be short; for we have very far exceeded our limits.

By our already adduced arguments all readers will perceive this is no Novel.—It is not true to life in its *slang* phraseology—being sadly jumbled up with the orthoepy of higher spheres of society.* Its moral is reprehensible to even the extremest degree of reprehension, inasmuch as it wants poetical justice; for his principal character, after a life which, fifty times over, should have ended under "Tyburn tree," is made happy in the end, as though he had been the most virtuous of mankind. Mr. Bulwer's excuse is, that *Paul Clifford* was not a Free Agent, for he was thrown into circumstances in which worldly Necessity was stronger than Principle. But we deny this; and say that the hero is described, in every sense of the word, a Free Agent; for he is described as occasionally, nay frequently, suffering from the compunctious visitings of conscience. The due regulation of free agency is the perfection of a Christian. Whereas Mr. Bulwer's hero is a scoundrel, and an outcast of society until the end; and then he is again brought forward as the upright, the honourable, the noble, the just, the philanthropist, the patriot! A death-bed repentance is sure to find acceptance with Heaven, says Mr. Lytton Bulwer, and uniform religion is as nothing. The rules of (*so-styled*) subordinate morality is enough for mankind: so that though a man be a *sans culotte*, an infuriate blood-hound, a robber, a composition of earthly scum,—so as he is true and generous to his companions, and to his family relations, he is a noble fellow, and deserves corresponding estimation from the world!!!—Out on such fiendish philosophy!

Such is the principle involved in this novel.—Now let us ask, what could be the author's object in writing the work? Could it be the promotion of amusement? Alas! what amusement is derivable from the sight and contemplation of our fellow-creatures' vices and enormities, unredeemed by

one counteracting and better principle; unqualified, dark, dismal, and harrowing to our best feelings?

Amusement without instruction tends to the dissipation of time and mind; and that every work, though it may amuse, should also instruct, is strictly enjoined on every literary artist. But perhaps it may be said, that the gist of the design lies in assimilating the highest with the lowest characters of life.

If this be so, the end answers not to the design. What outward assimilation is there between the lowest orders of society and the highest? that is to say, between Old Bags and Long Ned, and Lord Eldon and Lord Ellenborough—for this is speaking plainly. If Lord Eldon love place, which is certainly hinted at in the caricature, and be soft hearted, and on great and momentous occasions cure his over-sensitiveness of feeling by a few tears; is he not celebrated for other qualities than love of place, or over-sensitiveness of feeling?—we aver that he is. Again; is not Lord Ellenborough well known for some matters other than his Smythean* curls?—we aver that he is; and yet these are the only matters of resemblance between the persons typified and the types. Why *Paul Pry*, in his political caricatures, knows that resemblance must be indeed more striking before success can be guaranteed. Mr. Bulwer's portraits are most miserably after the Horatian Tyro's grand mode of personification; and the result, too, is not much dissimilar.

"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam

Jungere si velit, &c.

Spectatum admissi, risunt teneatis,
amici?"

Last of all, we come to his observation on ourselves, in reply to the argument employed in our article "ON FASHIONABLE NOVELS."

"In some inimical, and rather personal but clever observations, made on me in a new periodical work, it is implied that people living in good society cannot write philosophically, or, it would seem, even well. I suppose, of course, the critic speaks of persons who live *only* in good society; and though the remark

is not true,—as it happens, singularly enough, that the best and most philosophical prose writers, in England especially, have been gentlemen, and lived, for the most part, as a matter of course, among their equals,—yet I shall content myself with saying, that the remark, true or false, in this case by no means applies to me, who have seen quite as much of the lowest orders as of any other, and who scarcely ever go into what is termed 'the world.' By the way, the critic alluded to having been pleased, in a very pointed manner, to consider me the hero as well as the author of my own book (*Pelham*), I am induced to say a few words on the subject. The year before *Pelham* appeared, I published *Falkland*, in which the hero was essentially of the gloomy, romantic, cloud-like order; in short, Sir Reginald Glanville out-Glanvilled. The matter-of-fact gentry, who say 'We,' and call themselves critics, declared that *Falkland* was evidently a personation of the author: next year out came *Pelham*,—the moral antipodes of *Falkland*,—and the same gentry said exactly the same thing of *Pelham*. Will they condescend to reconcile this contradiction? The fact is, that the moment any prominence, any corporeal reality is given to a hero, and the hero (mark this) is not made ostentatiously good—(nobody said I was like Mordaunt)—then the hero and the author are the same person! This is one reason why heroes now-a-days are made such poor creatures. Authors, a quiet set of people, rarely like to be personally mixed up with their own creations. For my own part, though I might have an especial cause of complaint in this incorporation, since I have never even drawn two heroes alike, but made each, *Falkland*, *Pelham*, *Mordaunt*, and *Devereux*, essentially different; yet I am perfectly willing, if it gives the good people the least pleasure, that my critics should confound me with *Pelham*. Nay, if *Pelham* be at all what he was meant to be, viz. a practical satire on the exaggerated and misanthropical romance of the day—a human being whose real good qualities put to shame the sickly sentimentalism of blue skies and bare throats, sombre coxcombries and interesting villainies; if he be at all like this, I am extremely proud to be mistaken for him. For though he is certainly a man who bathes and 'lives cleanly' (two especial charges preferred against him by Messrs. the Great Unwashed), yet he is also brave, generous,

* Smytheus was one of the names of Apollo, who was also celebrated for his radiant and luxuriant curls. He was named Smytheus, from having destroyed a quantity of RATS. Would that such an Apollo might arise for this country, in the present day!

just; a true friend, an active citizen—perfect in accomplishments—unshakable in principles!—What! is this my portrait—my fac-simile, gentlemen?—Upon my word, I am extremely obliged to you. Pray go on!—I would not interrupt you for the world!”

And here we must really be short; for Fraser, our publisher, is getting out of all patience at our long, numberless pages, exclaiming, “Goodness me! Mr. Culpepper, when do you mean to finish *Regina's* first article?” To this we answer nothing; for

“Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe,” as the truly-depicted character of Mac Grawler amply testifies.

Our reply to Mr. Bulwer's acute observations in confutation of our Worthy Selves is as follows:

Let not Mr. Bulwer complain of personality. What is his own novel but a tissue of gross personalities?—“The best and most philosophical prose writers,” he says, triumphantly, “in England especially, have been gentlemen, and lived, for the most part, as a matter of course, among their equals.” Yes: but they did not deal in Fashionable Novels; or novels descriptive of the frivolous manners of life; or write *Pelham*, or the *Disowned*, or *Devereux*, or *Paul Clifford*. What we said was, that the word “Fashionable Novel” was a contradiction in terms, inasmuch as novel-writing predicated philosophical views for the elaboration of utility to society at large; and that as fashionable society, in particular, would not, from the peculiarity of its composition, bear the test of philosophy, no real and true novel could be written on the characters to be furnished by such society. His disclaimer respecting “having mixed with the lowest ranks” is only a partial disclaimer, and unqualified as to extent; and, in the absence of preciseness of expression, we are right in saying, that as a part is less than the whole, so Mr. Bulwer has, by general position, failed to prove his capacity to paint the lower and truly philosophical orders of mankind.

A word still on this clause of his justification. The philosophical authors of England have written on subjects which would have defied their powers of intellectual digestion, unless they had separated themselves from the noisy crowds of life, and worked out in seclusion and solitude the theories of their

crude reflection. The man of the world and the man of fashion may severally become ascetics; but the state of the ascetic never predicates either that of the man of the world or the man of fashion.

But it will, perhaps, be more satisfactory to descend to particulars. Was *WARBURTON* a man of fashion, or did he take his ideas from fashionable society? Let us, however, to have indisputable fair play, banish from our argument the line of English divines who, in literature, are the great glory of this country. Neither Fielding nor Burke, Locke nor Bacon, Goldsmith nor Johnson, Shakespear nor Milton, Smollett nor Dugald Stewart, Southey nor Mackenzie, composed for posterity whilst living amidst fashionable society. Addison was fonder of any place than where he could meet his amiable wife; Hume was a hybrid; and Bolingbroke is the only one to bear out Mr. Bulwer's position.

“The matter-of-fact gentry, who say ‘*We*,’ and call themselves critics, declared that *Falkland* was evidently a personification of the author: next year came out *Pelham*, the moral antipodes of *Falkland*, and the same gentry said exactly the same thing of *Pelham*.” The man is as slippery as an eel; he begins with us, and ends—Heaven only knows where. *We* were not in existence when *Falkland* appeared; and in reference to descriptions of fashionable life, have alluded, and that only, to *PELHAM! PELHAM! PELHAM!*

“This is one reason why heroes now-a-days are made such miserable creatures;” viz. because they portray themselves.—Certainly.

He then goes on to relate to us, *seriatim*, the different qualities which he wished to embody in the character of *Pelham*; which reminds us of many a description that we have heard at country fairs from Waterloo showmen—“That ere hindividual you sees in that ere blue coat is Lord Vellington: you sees No. 1 hat the right corner of the left cock of his at,—look below, and you sees hit's marked Lord Vellington.”

But softly, softly, Mr. Fraser, the first article for the Fifth Number of your *REGINA ILLUSTRISSIMA* is finished; and that it may work some reformation in Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer is the fervent wish of his humble namesake,

NED CULPEPPER, THE TOMAHAWK.

A GOSSIP ABOUT ARTS AND ARTISTS.

WE love the people of the palette. They are so free from envy, and hatred, and all uncharitableness! They are so modest, too; like musicians! If the merest morsel of spite finds its way to their hearts, they scratch it out. Nothing bad thrives amongst them,—except pictures. We could go on for a week talking of their good qualities, if we were sure of the reader: but readers are so uncertain, so apt to forget themselves, and fall asleep in the middle of one's flowery discourses, that we put off, unwillingly, the rest of our praises till the cold weather. At present we will content ourselves with being just. Justice is an inexpensive virtue. It costs the giver next to nothing. It is wonderful what a prodigious quantity of this moral medicine one may distribute, and yet be none the poorer. This valuable fact should be known to the critics who deal in honey. Indeed we have once or twice thought of setting on foot a walking advertisement to announce it; but, hearing that such a proceeding might interfere with our friend Fady, and the people in Queen-street who sell plates, we have been prevailed upon to forbear.

Twenty years ago, when we were painters ourselves (we painted the shutter on which Sir Daniel Donnelly, vanquished by whisky, figured for the last time in the fields of bold Saint Giles)—twenty years ago we designed to treat the world with a rational history of painters. We remember the time perfectly; for it was only a few years after that stern, uncompromising patriot, Sir James Mackintosh, announced his forthcoming *History of England*. That great work having been delayed, by what authors call “unavoidable circumstances,” we have some how or other delayed our history too. But it is all ripe, all ready, in our brains; and we fully intend feeding the greedy public with it as soon as they shall have blunted their appetites a little on the kickshaws of Sir Jeemes. We mean—we do not blink the question—we mean to deaden and counteract any extraordinary excitement which the knight may produce. If he should set himself (and the Thames) on fire with his experi-

ment, we shall put 'em out. In the mean time, we have a few memoranda respecting painters (water colour and others), which are quite at the reader's service. Let us go back a little.

. . . . We have lost some of our enthusiasm, it is true. We don't go now in rose-coloured spectacles to exhibitions; but we haven't forgot when we did so. We remember the time, when (God forgive us!) we used to admire old West, who smeared over those huge pieces of canvass which people paid a shilling to see. We remember Smirke; and Hamilton, with his long-legged Floras; and Westall, in flower; and Lawrence, who was a courtier even then; and Fuseli, who was never a courtier; and many others. This last-named hero was a rare fellow; and painted the night-mare to perfection. Ah! we shall never see his like. How entertaining he was! How delightful a companion! Give him but a picture for a subject, or a brother of the brush to deal with, and, egad! he was as full of flavour as colocynth. You could not get his jibes out of your head for a week. We remember splitting our sides with laughter several times at hearing the comical little old man turning over his contemporaries, one after t'other, with the sincerest impartiality. He never preferred one to another, but (just as Minos) treated all alike. “What is sauce for the goose,” &c., as the philosopher Zeno saith—but the proverb is somewhat musty. We question, however, if Fuseli ever spoiled a single painter by administering too strong a dose of flattery.

Our first introduction to this truly great man was at a friend's house. “If you will come to us this evening,” said our friend Zeuxis, “you will see old Fuseli. There will be nobody here but myself and my wife, Mrs. F., and the keeper.” “*The keeper!*”—we were a little staggered at this title, knowing that our friend was eccentric; but it was soon explained—Fuseli was “keeper” of the Royal Academy. This being understood, we accepted the invitation, went at eight o'clock precisely to our appointment, and found “the

keeper" there, looking like a little old lion. He was evidently too mischievous to be approached carelessly, and we therefore halted. "What is the matter?" said our friend, in a whisper; "he won't bite, though he looks so dangerous. Allow me, Mr. Fuseli," (our friend raised his voice)—"allow me to introduce to your notice my particular friend, Mr. Tickle-pitcher." We moved forwards gracefully—with a—a—compliment in our mouth, protesting "how happy," &c. we were to meet "so distinguished," &c.—in a word, we did not disdain endeavouring to make ourself agreeable. But it all wouldn't do. We might as well have spoken to the pump. "The keeper" sat as still as stone. We shouldn't have known that he had been alive, if it had not been for divers flashing furious glances, and certain twitches of the muscles, which announced any thing but amity. However, we made the best of it, plucked up our courage, noted the best way to the door, and sat down as one would do in the private apartments of the tiger. After a little agitated conversation, coffee was brought up; and we now felt ourselves to be in a really trying position. We had dined slightly, and the ample plates of toast, and cake, and bread and butter, were not to be abandoned without a struggle. We resolved to make a fight for it; and, accordingly, watching our opportunity, made a dash at a triangle of toast. To our astonishment, the lion before us sat perfectly composed. He looked indeed grim as ever, but did not move a claw. Another trial!—we made a second plunge, and carried away a segment of cake. He looked as if nothing had happened! In short,—not to weary the reader,—he had been fed before; and cared no more for our assaults on the buttery, than if we had carried off a pound of tenpenny nails.

During that evening we did not hear any thing very remarkable from the lips of "the keeper." He sat with his chin in his hand, and his elbow on his knee—occasionally dimpling the even current of our conversation with a few dissentient "Oh, Ch—ts!" and a couple or so of "Oh, d—ns!" which, however, were very energetic. Fuseli's flowers of rhetoric were generally somewhat *blasted*, unless indeed he could be brought to expatiate upon the beauty of the females whom he

admired,—none of whom were less than fourteen stone, (horsemen's weight); or upon the merits of *Maich'l A-angelo*, or *Raafel*, or the splendour of *Teetian*. It was in our after-intercourse that we drank wisdom from his lips. He then spoke freely of the cabala of the art,—of the comparative qualities of its past and present professors. Even the sacred Eleusian mysteries of Somerset House were not completely concealed; but this was accidental only, and when the fury of his eloquence prevailed over the corporate spirit of the Academician. What we chiefly value, however, were his candid opinions of his contemporaries—some of which we ourselves have, on due deliberation, thought proper to adopt. We think, for instance, that the wooden effigies of Mr.

[*Our correspondent here becomes a little personal; and we, therefore, take the liberty of omitting part of his communication. Personality is—but we reserve our strength for an express essay on the subject.*—ED.]

. Much of this is evident from several of the large pieces of painted canvass (called pictures), which at present obscure the walls of the Royal Academy. Dawe, indeed, (whose works used to make old Fuseli so merry, is dead; but the "works" themselves still survive, like Shadwell's numbers, "for one year more;" preserved thus long only by the extremity of Russian cold, and by their being freed from the intolerable test of our criticism. Still also at Somerset House we see the same offences against taste; the same lack of meaning; the same bad drawing and detestable colour, which called up the Demon or the Delphic prophet in the breast of Fuseli. —But we will quit the regions of oil for the present, and turn to the water-colour painters; inasmuch as this branch of the art may be said to be peculiar to England. At all events, this country is the only place in which it has ever flourished.

In the year 1805, a large room in Lower Brook-street, formerly belonging to a picture-dealer (we like to be accurate), and afterwards to one or two artists, over whose invaluable performances the giant Oblivion has rubbed his brush, was opened for the benefit of the world and—the water-colour painters. Sixteen of these valiant Trojans, who thought (not without

reason), that they were fully as well entitled to cash and compliments as their aristocratic brethren, took the field, determined to conquer—or paint. Not more than half a dozen of these, we believe, have survived the acclamations which beset them. The rest perished of excess of praise. Of the deceased we shall say nothing at present, as we have engaged with a very respectable tomb-stone warehouse, to record their merits at the moderate rate of one shilling and twopence per yard, hard words included. We shall confine ourselves to the survivors. These are,—Mr. Cristall, who is guilty of little rustic and classical (*modern* classical!) achievements, with which the soul of that great painter, Monsieur Nicholas Poussin, must be infinitely delighted;—Mr. Barrett, a follower of the famous pastry-cook Claude Gelée, and the present proprietor of the Bottle Imp (which he keeps in sienna);—Mr. Havell, who has lately put his pictures into a livery of blue and brimstone;—Mr. Glover, who paints copses, and forests, and hedges of broccoli;—Mr. Hills, who has lived upon the same piece of venison for the last twenty years;—and, finally, the sage Varley, who, when the sun is in Taurus (and the moon at full), takes the bull by the horns, and prophecies till you are ready to die with fright. This wonderful man has already discovered several mares' nests; and has, moreover, prophesied, that next Saint Thomas's Day will be one of the shortest in the year, and that there is every probability of rain between this and St. Swithin!

These gentlemen were members of the original confederation of water-colour painters. But none of that confederation were actually originators of the existing art. Sandby, Rooker, Hearne, and Cozens, preceded them; the last of whom must be considered as the first who ventured upon those broad effects in water-colour, which Turner and Girtin afterwards carried to perfection. What Girtin would have produced had he lived, can, of course, be but matter of speculation; but his drawings were decidedly grander than those even of Turner at the same period; and his effects have never, to this moment, been surpassed by any artist in the same line. The man who comes nearest to him in this respect is

Dewint, and who, on the whole, must be allowed to be a more perfect artist. Turner *might* have done wonders with this branch of the art—for he is a painter of the very first order; but he has preferred using up all his chrome yellow and cobalt, and playing fantastical tricks in order to set the vulgar wondering. No doubt his drawings are very fine things, with all their tawdriness and defects of colour. He is the first landscape-artist in the world. Some of his pictures may dare competition with any thing or with any one,—with Gaspar, Salvator, or Claude. His invention is great, his knowledge of light and shade complete, and his aerial distances are frequently divine. If he has not the rugged strength of Salvator Rosa, the vernal freshness of Gaspar Poussin, the unaffected beauty of Claude, he has at least something of each of these qualities, and in imagination and general grandeur he towers above them all. The only other artists in water-colour who can besaid to venture much upon composition (except Mr. Cattermole, whom we shall speak of presently) are Mr. Barrett, Mr. Copley Fielding, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Stephanoff. The other members of the "Society" confine themselves, for the most part, to actual draughts from nature; or to those pieces of mosaic, where a temple from one place, a tree from another, and a river from a third, form, it is true, very agreeable pictures; but which have no more pretensions to *invention*, than the drawings of Mr. Hunt himself, who, we suppose, would as soon drown his aunt Sarah in a butt of Meux's XXX., as displace a brick from a house, or a feather from a dead goose that was sitting for its portrait before him.

Lest the reader should be astonished at the profound observation that we have chosen to exhibit on this subject, we may as well tell him how it was that our thoughts ran into this channel. The truth is, that in the early part of the last month we were driven by the dancing dervishes who clean chimneys, and by the hot weather, into a house in Pall Mall East, where Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, "ever young," dispenses, in his irresistible manner, all the gems of ancient and modern art. After looking at his unequalled collection of prints (with a sigh at the state of our banker's account), we observed a large placard opposite, which announced

some attractive object. We stepped over, and in an instant found ourselves at the Water-colour Exhibition, divested of the single "tippinny" that we had been in possession of a few minutes before. A benevolent spendthrift (who had laid out sixpence in a catalogue), enabled us to become acquainted with the names of the exhibitors; and we sat down, tired and dazzled, but determined to pay proper respect to the painters before us; anxious to notice their many beauties, and curious to see if it were possible to spy one or two trifling defects. The following are a few of the drawings that struck our fancy:—

Let us begin with the beginning: 1, 2, 3.—"No. 3. Fishing Smack in a Gale; *Cotman*." Very good, Mr. Cotman: we remember you when you used to paint châteaux in Normandy, and thereabouts, in a way that would have tickled the heart of Titian or Rubens. We are by no means clear that even Turner himself has outdone you in those drawings. "No. 4. Comrades free carousing after Victory; *Cattermole*." You have a splendid hand, Cattermole,—spirit, depth, style, originality. We shall leave our card with you, at Brixton Hill, shortly. We only wait to receive the dividends on our South Sea stock, ere we give you and Dewint each a magnificent commission. 5, 6, 7, &c. &c.,—we must step on a little—"No. 19. Retirement; *G. Barrett*." A very striking picture, in a grave tone of colour, and altogether good, so far as respects the landscape. What merit the "pensive youth" hath, however, we cannot discover. To us he seems precisely one of those "classical" figures who might be turned into the stump of a tree without any detriment to the landscape. Lest the reader should be puzzled about this hero, who appears to have mounted a bit of "blood" of some forty shillings value, we subjoin the rhymes from the catalogue.

"Deep in a silent vale unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth of placid mien
Indulged his tender theme."

BEATTIE.

Who would not exert themselves to paint up to such poetry as this?—"No. 20. View of Lincoln from the Brayford; *P. De Wint*;" is the largest picture of this artist in the present year's exhibition; and beyond a doubt

it is one of the finest pictures in the room. "No. 35. The Church of Notre Dame, Dresden; *Prout*." A beautiful and attractive drawing; less gorgeous in its character than 58, by the same excellent artist, but mellow, and, upon the whole, we think, a picture of higher quality. No. 39, by *Dewint*, a capital drawing, equal to Ruysdael, and put, by the disinterested judgment of "the hanger," upon the floor. "No. 40. An Interior; *W. Hunt*;" is a marvellous picture for effect and absolute truth in all the detail; and so is 49, and so indeed are all Mr. Hunt's pictures. He has not an atom of elegance; but one may swear to the truth of his pencil, whether he makes a dash at a brickkiln, or perpetuates the merits of a curant-dumpling. "No. 70. Anticipation," is an excellent performance of his. In reply to the question of "A Constant Reader," we are really unable to say whether or not this is "a likeness of young Montgomery the poet." From the circumstance of the youth having something substantial in his eye, and from the ineffable grin that extends to the very limits of his face (which has evidently been washed with butter), we are inclined to think that it *may* be a likeness of the poet. At all events, the hero is one who is considerably puffed, and elevated above his level, and whose dreams are fixed upon something infinitely more solid than praise. No. 56, by *Cattermole*, is a graceful and delightful drawing. In regard to "No. 44, Durham Cathedral," and 57, "Sterling [*i.e.* Stirling] Castle, by *G. F. Robson*," (or "Bobson," as we see by the list of members,) we really know not what to say, except that they look like cast-iron productions,—hard, unfeeling things, such as Paul Brill used to perpetrate, or Glover, when he turned trees into broccoli. In No. 44, there is a large crop of this indifferent vegetable; and in 57, there is a rainbow (!) that seems to have been cut out of an excellent double Glo'ster, which has, in several places, been scraped down to the rind. We hurry to something better. "No. 64. A Gale coming on at Sea; *Copley Fielding*;" is a capital performance. It is in subjects like these that Mr. Fielding's talent undoubtedly lies. There is no one who can do more with a rolling sea or a desolate piece of landscape than he. There is another picture of his at the

opposite side of the room, (we *think* that it is 132, but we now speak from recollection,) that is in the same masterly style. No. 72, *appears* to be an excellent landscape by *Austin*; but it is hung too high, and at present is not to be seen otherwise than by about six inches at a time. The glass dazzles one's eyes sufficiently to induce us to pass on to the next picture, where we are attracted by some beautiful children by *Miss Sharpe* (No. 73). Then we come to a very fine picture by *Cotman* (81); a man who could do any thing he chose, if (as a friend of ours says) he were confined to a pound of gambooge per annum. Then follows a very indifferent picture (91), by *R. Hills*; and another (98), worthy to keep the last-mentioned in countenance. Then we linger at No. 107, an excellent picture by *Cox*, a first-rate artist; 126, another by the same hand, small, but equally good; 137, a composition by *Christall* and *Barrett*, which is very agreeable, but somewhat too much like *Poussin*; 155, a delightful little drawing by *Cattermole*; and 181, "Byron's Dream, by *J. D. Harding*," a large drawing, in which the sleeping poet, and the grave-eyed camels, the marble pillars, and the almost intolerable splendour of an eastern sky, are finely and successfully depicted. Our space will not allow us to touch on as many as we could wish. We will, therefore, return for a moment to the drawings of a very rising and singular artist,—*Cattermole*. In his large picture (99) of the Merchant of Venice; in his excellent drawing (No. 4) before alluded to; in his "Captain's Story" (No. 323); and in his delightful little "Study" (56), some of our "historical painters" will perhaps find fifty faults. We do not expect this from our high-minded painters of real talent; and to the others we recommend this artist's drawings for purposes much more beneficial to themselves.

There is a prodigality in *Cattermole's* inventions (for a friend of ours has shewn us many), that has scarcely a parallel at present. He has faults, beyond doubt; so much the better. Nevertheless, we would oppose him in his mixed architectural subjects to any person bold enough to deny our opinion of his merits. If he fails in finish, or here and there in colour, &c., who is there that does not commit the

like fault? Let us understand who is the perfect artist of the present day; And let us understand also (for we do not know him) who is the painter in this canting, copying, illiberal, and penurious age, who has a genius more decidedly original, or an imagination that is loftier than his. We don't want to hear of men who paint a broomstick to perfection, or double-dye the cheeks of ladies of quality with "unadulterated carmine." We don't want to see a slip of a turnip-field that sheep would nibble at; nor a bunch of flowers stuck in a coffee-pot; nor *Flora Mac Ivor*, with her hair in the fashion of 1830, talking to young *Mr. Waverley*, made up for a band-box, rather than to encounter the blustering, roaring welcome of a glen in the Highlands. We are indifferent even to those sweet groups of children who, with their mothers, sit by cottage-doors, with faces so utterly innocent of expression, as to be entitled *prima facie* to a committee for their protection. But let us see a painter oppose his own inventions to those of this artist; and we shall know how to answer him. We have something to say touching these same "inventions" of modern artists, which some day or other we may take the trouble to put on paper. It is quite marvellous to see the number of foxes who will run upon the old tracks. Imitation, however, perpetual imitation, is not the only error of the present times: there are a few others.

There are, for instance, two kinds of painters who are perpetually committing blunders in art: first, those who paint nothing but the *ideal*; and secondly, those who paint *every thing* that comes in their way in real life. Amongst the former may be reckoned *Westall*, *Stephanoff*, and *Stothard*, (the last, however, a capital artist); as well as that numerous tribe who produce "studies," and "Venuses," and "Musidoras," and such small matters; or who "illustrate," as they call it, the verses of *Lord Byron* and *Mr. Moore*. For the most part, each of their subjects is copied from the hair-dressers' windows; or else is the facsimile of some simpering virgin in a country town, where the artist has languished in the hot weather, doing daubs (at 5*l.* or 10*l.* a head) of all the simpletons of the place, from the mantua-maker up to the minister. When a raw young painter gets hold of one

of these beauties, he considers it his stock in trade. It is transferred to his "book;" it is used and abused, popped in upon every occasion and no occasion, till even young ladies from boarding schools are sick of looking at it. The proprietor thinks that, like a fool's-cap, it must fit every thing. Haidee, Lavinia, Venus, the Nymphs, the Graces, the Hours, Iris, "A young Lady," Contemplation, Faith, Innocence, &c. &c. &c. all have this foolish little flaxen head thrust upon their shoulders, and are forced to bear it about day after day, till the very stones of the lithographer will endure it no longer. Such is generally the origin of what is called "the ideal." It varies from a head that has no meaning in it, to a plaster bust or a block of wood. Cipriani, Hamilton, Angelica Kauffman, Huet Villiers, Harding (we mean the man who disfigures little bits of Bath-board and ivory,—not J. D. Harding, who is an excellent artist), and a hundred others, belong to this class.

On the other hand, we have not much more respect for those artists who take down on their tablets every beggar and street-sweeper whose face has not been washed for a twelve-month; every pigstye, thatched and unthatched; every fisherman upon every beach; every grinning little whelp on two legs, who is seen flattening his nose against a pastry-cook's window, or cheating at taw in the suburbs of London. This is art in its mendicity—in its poverty; and nothing more. The truth is, that what is natural is undoubtedly better than what is artificial; but *all* that is natural is not therefore good, nor fit to be transplanted into art. A painter of any judgment will select, and not collect all the insignificant things that he sees into his pictures. He need not make all his faces alike, nor take his hints from Mrs. Salmon's wax-work goddesses in Fleet-street; but he should, at the same time, adopt that which is full of character, or beauty, or grandeur; not stoop to every thing mean in nature, or unmeaning either in nature or art. If he should see a striking head peering out of a public-house, or the disk of a rustic rising out of his smock-frock, like a sunflower, let him take it down. Again, if he can imagine any thing better than nature (Raffaëlle did not pretend to do this), let him be merciful, and treat us with it sparingly. We love partridges; but the *toujours*

perdre is as old as the French bishop, whose "gorge rose" at an eternity of the same dish. Our philosophy is not a whit greater than his. We would rather turn for relief to the achievements of Messrs. Fogg, or the cast-iron landscapes of Hills or Robson, to the flimsy no-meaning beauties of Mr. Stephanoff, or even to the *historical* abortions of Mr. Turner himself.

. . . . Before we conclude this paper, we must take leave to ask a question;—Who is Mr. Roberts, of Percy-street, Rathbone-place? A friend of ours, who allows himself to be infallible, vows that Mr. Roberts is *the* man for selling fine drawings. If this be the case, we must patronise Roberts. We cannot let modest merit languish in obscurity. We shall give him an order for a couple of hundred. Let them be good, Roberts, and reasonable (but we hear that you *are* a moderate man), and we shall give you a check for the amount upon our banker—at Aldgate!

We mean to return to the subject of art in some future Number; and to examine, more seriously than we are disposed to do at present, the comparative merits of our prominent artists (in oil); to inquire into the constitution of the Royal Academy, its value and general conduct, and to trouble the reader with our opinions on *The Decline of modern art*. These opinions will, no doubt, be held to be heterodox by every hero who dreams that he is extinguishing the renown of Raffaëlle and Titian; as well as by every painter who has grown old in ignorance of all that is valuable in ancient art. Nevertheless, we think that something may be said to support them; and that "something" we shall endeavour to say.

We were just about to send the above rambling article to the press, when that benefactor of the human race, the twopenny-postman, left a handsome letter at our door, with a large splash of grave-coloured wax upon it. We examined the impression, and discovered an angel without wings, looking upwards, with a label in her month, which was adorned with the word "Cælum," or "Cœlebs," (for the letters were imperfect). The letter proved to be from an elderly maiden lady at Bristol, and contained a yard and three-quarters of very serious rhyme, which our correspondent

assures us was composed by that respectable woman, Miss Hannah More. We regret extremely that "our limits" will not permit us to comply with the urgent entreaties of our maiden friend to print the whole; but we will endeavour to pick out a few stanzas. Notwithstanding the opinion of our fair correspondent, we are inclined to think that a few passages have been interpolated. The poem opens in the following agreeable manner:—

1.
Some mortals relish earth's joys;
I own I'm for Elysian;
And therefore 'tis I often squat
Myself upon the benches at
This innocent exhibition!*

2.
I sit and ponder while the nat-
'ral objects strike my vision;
A pious joy my bosom fills
To look upon their lakes and hills,
'Mongst people of condition.

The author then breaks out into a rapturous eulogy upon the various objects in nature, proving, in a very philosophical way, that to traduce nature is almost as bad as turning a sermon into the Beppo stanza. This occupies only eighteen verses. She then exclaims as follows:

21.
I hate—yet, no; I nothing hate—
(For that word all contrition!)
But I lament to see the Great
Delight in Bobson's seas of slate,
For which the law provides no fate,
The king no prohibition.

22.
I little care for Mr. Hills,
(Whose landscapes want revision)
Who, year by year, 'mongst worsted
rills,
And iron skies, and wooden hills,
The same poor bit of ven'son kills;
(Excuse me that elision):—

23.
But when I stand before Dewint,
I cast away derision:
I see the truth in every tint,
I see his flinty roads are flint:
I wish some folks would take a hint,
From this academician.

The authoress then grows very severe upon that great consumer of yellow,

Mr. Turner, and swears that he dresses up nature like the "scarlet woman" of Babylon. There is a fine tone of moral indignation in this part of the poem; but as it extends over fifty-four stanzas, we cannot at present afford room for it. At the end of these, she says (in two stanzas more), that she nevertheless has no relish for the insipid. On the contrary, she likes various artists who treat human life dramatically: she likes "Wright," she says, and "Hunt;" and her heart "yearns" towards "the gentle Sharpe." But oh, she adds, in a more liberal vein:—

79.
Oh! did I but in riches roll,
I'd say, like some Domitian,
"We name our trusty CATHERMOLFE
Our painter,—hence from pole to pole;
And hereby order every soul
In petticoats to pay him toll
At every exhibition."

80.
A splendid hand! his light and shade,—
(No hardness, no precision,)—
His soaring towers of granite made,—
His girls in beauty all arrayed,—
His robbers armed with spear and blade,
Might make Salvator's self afraid,
Were he i'the exhibition.

From this fine artist she proceeds to another, whom all the world seems to concur in speaking well of;

83.
There's little Prout (a little out
Perhaps of good condition);
But, give him but his good reed pen,
And he will bang a dozen men
In any exhibition.

84.
Then there are Fielding's seas—divine!
(He wanteth no monition);
And Cotman, bold, and broad, and fine;
And Hunt, with brats whose mouths all
shine,
(Like mouths that on fat dumplings dine),
All o'er the exhibition.

85.
Then Crisall comes, with Barrett joined,
An innocent coalition;
Miss Sharpe, whom let no critic blame,
For she's a lady—(I'm the same!)
And Lewis J. who painteth "game;"
And David Cox, whose honest fame
Now wanteth no addition.

* This, in a luminous note of two pages and a quarter, is explained to be "The Water-colour Exhibition," distinguished from the exhibitions in oil, where Miss M. appears to think that artists deal too freely with sacred as well as profane subjects.

86.

I like e'm *all*—and did my purse
 But equal my ambition;
 I'd buy the good, and leave the worse
 For those whose taste's not worth a — : *
 Meantime (my muse being out at nurse)
 I'll try to beg a pious verse
 In praise o' the exhibition.

The first "*fyte*" appears to end here. The second is evidently in another hand : it is in a different metre also, and deals much more freely than the former with the conclave and con-

jurors at Somerset House. As the matter is very considerably better than the foregoing, we shall perhaps take a future opportunity of bringing it forward for the edification of the public. The public ought to know (they do not at present know) how to value the great "*select vestry*" in the Strand, who exhibit their misdeeds *once* a year *pro bono*—~~secreta~~. Upon this, as upon all other occasions, we shall use our privilege of plain speaking, to the very "*length of our tether*."

A ROVER'S SONG.

Loose her sails and let her go !
 How merrily she runs !
 How she drives about the snow,
 Till it flashes round her bow !
 Who will take "*the Falcon*" now,
 With her fifty guns ?

Looser ! looser ! On she flies,
 (Oh, the pretty barque !)
 Like a kite across the skies !
 She will fight until she dies,—
 Good, when daylight's in her eyes,
 Better still at dark !

What to *her* 's the black Sou' west ?
 (Is she not as black ?)
 Look, how she doth bare her breast !
 Is she winged, then, for her nest ?
 Is she fit for coward rest,
 With *Paul* upon her back ?

Blow and bellow, winds ! Avast !
 Leave her trim to me,
 Comrade, till the current's past.
 Soft !—our way we're making fast :
 Soft !—Hurrah !—we're safe at last,
 In an open sea !

Now then, for whatever dare
 Dash across her bow,
 Brig, or sloop, or frigate fair,
 We will blow her in the air,
 And every man shall have his share,
 And every man a blow !

J. B.

* This word is illegible.

ON THE CIVIL DISABILITIES OF BRITISH JEWS.

THE question of the emancipation of the Jews has been brought before parliament by Mr. Robert Grant. It is opposed by two parties who, for some time, have not acted together—the ministers, represented in the debate by Mr. Goulburn, and those who have a sincere zeal for the religion of the country, represented by Sir Robert Inglis. It is supported by the Whigs and Liberals, and those who advocated the Roman Catholic Bill; for, with the exception of the ministers and those whose services they command, every one who voted for that measure has also voted for the emancipation of the Jews. We must wait until more influential persons than Mr. Goulburn have spoken, before we can venture to guess at what are the objections of the ministers, real or pretended. No one suspects those functionaries of being actuated by any religious feelings, after their conduct last year; and objections arising from mere political considerations appear to us singularly weak. These, however, such as they are, as well as the Christian motives of Sir Robert H. Inglis, we shall consider in a moment. There is one trifle to be first got rid of.

The most oppressive and annoying circumstance in the condition of the Jews is, their being excluded from opening shops in the city of London. This is really a hardship; they shew that they so feel it by keeping so close to the forbidden ground. The city is begirt by Israelites in the Minories and Rag Fair on one side, in Holywell Street* and the neighbouring districts on the other. Mr. F. H. Goldsmid, who has written a pamphlet† remarkable for its talent and information on the subject, is particularly indignant against this corporate exclusion:—

“The penalties have now been mentioned to which the Jew has been (as I believe without sufficient ground)

supposed liable. It remains to enumerate the hardships to which his belief actually exposes him.

“In the first place, the local usage of the corporation of London withholds from Jews the freedom of the city, and thus prevents them from exercising retail trades within its limits. It would scarcely be believed, unless the fact were known, that a custom like this could still exist,—a custom excluding men, on account of their religion, from a humble mode of gaining their subsistence. *I am desirous to avoid, in this case, strong expressions, particularly as measures are now in progress which will probably end in the removal of such a relic of barbarism; but if I were disposed to employ the most forcible terms that could be selected, few men, I think, would be inclined to dispute the propriety of their application.”

We do not see why Mr. Goldsmid should avoid strong expressions, when he has to condemn what is at once dirty and ridiculous. How any interest, except that of some shabby shopkeepers, who principally direct that shabbiest of all human societies, the corporation of London, is affected by this regulation, we cannot see. Christianity is, no doubt, much advanced by an old clothesman being prevented from selling his wares in Fleet Street, when he can vend them with impunity in the Strand; and the liberties and security of England are much secured by the guardian-barrier of Temple Bar, which keeps out the circumcised dealer in sealing-wax and oranges.

The truth is, that, whatever may have been the origin of this custom,—it is not worth while to discuss it now, and perhaps we shall write, ere long, an *Anglia Judaica*, which may contain matter not generally known, in which all such topics will come under consideration,—it is now continued out of a sheer shop-keeping spirit. The Christian dealer in smuggled muslin is afraid of the superior talents of his

* There is an odd coincidence between this location of the Jews in London and that which they chose in Rome in the days of Juvenal:

“*Nunc sacri fontis nemus atque arbusta locantur
Judeis.*”

Sat. iii.

† Remarks on the Civil Disabilities of British Jews. By Francis Henry Goldsmid. Colburn and Bentley. 1830. 8vo. pp. 72.

Jew brother in the same trade. It is not to be believed that any of the speakers, on any side of any question, in the corporation, have the slightest knowledge of general principles, or the smallest information on any thing beyond the nutmegs and huckaback which they weigh or measure; and the majority of that body have, for at least seventy years, been found, with few exceptions, enlisted on the base and disgraceful side of every question brought before them. The list of their great patriots, with the single exception of John Wilkes, (the *Right Honourable* John Wilkes, *Esquire*, as they call him upon his obelisk, at the bottom of Fleet Market,) would be found to comprehend the meanest of blockheads and the most corrupt of blackguards. We do not care who takes this compliment as being personally intended for himself.

Mr. Alderman Waithman is, we understand, the principal opponent of the Jews, so far as the corporation and its privileges are concerned. We suppose he will vote, if he has not already voted, for the motion of Mr. Grant, prepared, however, to oppose that one clause of it which respects the privileges of "his order." For our own parts, not being able to conceive that the circumcision of the whole livery, under the eye of Rabbi Hirschel, would make their public acts one whit more stupid and corrupt than they are at this moment, or to fancy that the tailors, and grocers, and slopsellers, and hatters, and booksellers, and stone-cutters, and type-founders, and haberdashers, and nightmen, and all the

rest who have the privileges of London, would be rendered more dishonest and knavish by putting on the Jewish garb, — we think the exclusion of the Jews from London a matter fit only for contemptuous laughter at the impertinence that makes the corporation consider themselves as in any particular superior in religion or respectability to the people they eject, or of equally contemptuous indignation that such an anomaly, such an insult upon common sense and common justice, should be tolerated for a moment, out of respect to customs the causes of which have long since ceased to exist, or to a corporation which is, in every point of view, a nuisance that ought to be abated.

After the passage we have quoted, Mr. Goldsmid says, "I now proceed to the *more important* part of my subject;" and here we differ with him altogether. We think that he himself affords data for proving that what he calls the *more* is the *less* important part of the business. By his own shewing, there are less than thirty thousand Jews in England, of whom at least two-thirds live in London. The London Jews, then, are the persons chiefly interested. Further, he contends, and, we believe, most truly, that the whole property of the Jews bears a less proportion to the general property of the country than their numbers do to the population. He allows, also, giving very just and eloquent reasons for it, that the Jews of any activity of mind are embarked in trade.* It requires no great cleverness to deduce from all this, that regulations

* "We may be told," he says, "that the followers of this religion have always been employed in trade, in money-getting, and are fit for no other occupation; that their minds are devoid of cultivation, and that they are strangers to liberal pursuits. These, at least, are the exclamations which one age of prejudice has echoed after another, and of which the sound has not even yet wholly died away from our ears.

"And here, as elsewhere, the assertions of prejudice are not so much untrue as perversions and exaggerations of the truth. To the first article of the charge, indeed, the Jewish community must doubtless plead unqualifiedly guilty. In trade, the Jews have for ages past been almost exclusively employed. I am not, it is true, quite clear that this is a very heinous crime; and I am sure, at all events, that England is not the country in which it ought to be so accounted. But if it is a crime, the Jews are guilty. They have been prevented by the laws, and, in some cases, by the persecutions of Christian Europe, from obtaining power, and not rarely even bread, by other means, and they have obtained them by trade. The man who, as in Russia, may be driven from the country which he inhabits, at the will of its sovereign, cannot be a cultivator. The man who, as in England, is unable to sit in parliament, or to accept an office under government, without submitting to a test inconsistent with his tenets, can neither be a legislator nor a servant of the state. In fine, you prevent the Jew from gaining subsistence unless by trade, or influence unless by acquiring wealth; and express surprise at his devoting himself

affecting the trade of the London Jews are of great consequence to the Jewish body in England ; while, with respect to political matters, Mr. Goldsmid contends that "to imagine that there could be six Jewish members [in parliament] would be to make an absolutely extravagant supposition." Now, we ask him which is really the more important—that matter which concerns the pecuniary affairs of the great bulk of the "dispersion" settled among us ; or that which might, by an extravagant supposition, concern six of them, and they, (as we shall prove before we have done), *ex necessitate rei*, not true Israelites at all. We fear that this disproportionate view of the advantages to be expected from seats in parliament, &c. may impede the carrying of that which the only honest opponents of the bill are as anxious to have carried as the Jews themselves ; they may think it necessary to combine with the ministry to throw out the bill which asks every thing ; while they would be quite prepared to join its supporters in that which is truly of consequence to the

bulk of the conscientious Jews, to whom, from their poor circumstances, the *entrée* into parliament or corporate offices must be a matter of perfect indifference.

To come, however, to what the people who principally write and talk upon the subject seem to attach most importance,—the admission into these offices,—we must consider what are the objections against them. Those arising from mere politics are, as we have already said, excessively weak. No harm can arise to any of our institutions from the exertions of 27,000 people, of an unpopular faith and character, even if they were inclined to make any. Those ministers who opened the constitution to the millions of Roman Catholics, who profess the most anxious desire for overthrowing the church, and who have an establishment of their own prepared at all points to erect upon its ruins,—whose chief organs have at all times avowed the most deadly hatred of our principal institutions, and whose ranks have supplied perennial hordes of

to the acquisition of it with more zeal than other men, and consequently often with more success. You deprive our energies of almost all other objects, and are yet astonished that they should be directed strenuously towards this. You might as well turn six brooks into the channel of one, and then wonder how it happened that the united current exceeded, in its depth and its strength, each separate streamlet."

We add what follows, although not exactly connected with what we are arguing about in our text, because it is very true and very well put:—

"The latter part of the accusation against the Jews, which charges them with deficiency in mental cultivation, is of a more serious nature ; yet of this also I must, I fear, admit the partial truth, whilst I, at the same time, maintain that this also is the result as well of the disabling laws as of the prejudices which have constantly prevailed against men of that religion. The ancestors of a great part of the present English Jews originally settled in this kingdom as traders, somewhat less than two centuries ago.* They came hither from countries in which they had been suffering under the most oppressive and degrading regulations. It could not, therefore, be expected, that they should have reached the highest possible state of improvement. Here they were the objects of jealousy and contempt ; they were necessarily shut out from places of public instruction ; and, lastly, the disabling statutes closed before them the paths which lead to all the higher functions of citizenship. The dislike against them which existed, entirely prevented them from mixing with their more fortunate neighbours, and thus deprived them of the most efficacious means of enlarging ideas and developing intellect—intercourse with various classes of men. Their exclusion from places of public instruction rendered it more difficult for them than it is for others to obtain superior education. Their exclusion from the careers to success in which a superior education is most essential, removed from them the strongest motives for struggling with those difficulties ; whilst all these causes combined to inspire every individual exposed to their action with a depressing sense of degradation, which he would strive in vain to shake off, and to cow the spirit of the whole community.

"Under circumstances such as these, it would not have been rational to anticipate that the day would soon arrive when the Hebrews should deserve the character of a well-informed and intelligent body of men."

* "Second Series of Ellis's Letters illustrative of English History," 4th volume, 1st Letter.

traitors for three hundred years,—these ministers cannot, with any shew of consistency, object to admitting to the same privileges a few thousand persons who have no designs against the church, who have never lent themselves to any factious purposes, who are possessed by no proselytising spirit, and among whom a disloyal man has never been found.

“No Christian,” says Mr. Goldsmid, very truly, “needs apprehend that he will diminish by a single individual the number of adherents to his faith, if he promote communication between them and the followers of the law of Moses.

“Alarms of this description can scarcely, under any circumstances, be felt by a man thoroughly convinced that the correctness of his belief is clear and indisputable; but their existence is, I imagine, rendered impossible by the fact that the Jews never attempt to make a single convert. Nor is this line of conduct adopted from prudential motives: it is recommended by their religious opinions. The Jews have no idea that it is incumbent on the whole human race to observe the ordinances of their inspired legislator: they conceive that it is required only of him whom birth has placed among the sons of Israel; and they hold that the stranger who declares himself a member of their community, undertakes voluntarily, and perhaps somewhat presumptuously, a burdensome duty, of which the strict fulfilment is indeed meritorious, but the neglect thenceforward criminal. Their notions on this head are, in fact, forcibly, though perhaps rather strangely, expressed in a saying of the Rabbins, ‘He who is not born in the law needs not bind himself to perform the law; but he who is born in the law, must live in the law, and in the law he must die.’ These precepts certainly inculcate that adherence to belief for which the Jews are remarkable; but can never produce a zeal for seeking proselytes.

“It is, however, not on the interests of religion, but on the fear of political danger, that the advocates of restrictions have usually grounded their opinions and arguments. Now, political danger can surely never be apprehended from the Jews. The smallness of their number is of itself sufficient to render any such dread so extravagant, that the most timorous will never entertain, nor the most fanciful venture to express it. That twenty or thirty thousand individuals should wage either open or secret war against nearly as many millions, should nourish any serious design of overthrowing the laws established by

so vast a majority, would scarcely be suspected, even if the thirty thousand were as remarkable for restlessness and proneness to sedition, as the Jews have always been for their loyalty and love of order. Such are their constant and distinguishing characteristics. ‘Seek ye the peace of the city where ye dwell, and pray for it; for in the peace thereof ye shall have peace.’ This was in old time the precept of one of the prophets of Israel, and its observance forms a leading principle of the religion of the Jews. Nor is it difficult to prove that this principle has had considerable influence on their conduct; for during their residence in England, which has now lasted nearly two centuries, not a single instance has occurred where one of that persuasion has been, I do not say guilty, but even suspected, of any offence against the state.”

He might easily have found other authorities respecting their non-anxiety on the score of conversion, if he had so pleased. The Rabbins tell us, that “a proselyte is a scab on Israel;” and in practice, we believe that the number of Christians converted to Judaism during the last century would not amount to a hundred.

We may, then, dismiss the consideration of any danger to arise from the Jew bill, and with that all the political part of the question. The objections arising on religious grounds deserve a little more attention. First, then, for the ministers.

Christianity, say these gentlemen, is part and parcel of the constitution; and the admission of Jews into parliament would overthrow the Christian character of the legislature. We are tempted to ask, what is the constitution? Mr. Grattan, to whose worthy labours we are indebted for the first stirring of the Catholic question, and who, therefore, is an unexceptionable witness upon this point at least, declared that the constitution, in all its branches, was thoroughly and essentially Protestant, about forty years ago, and yet we see Roman Catholics admitted to all its privileges. Even last year, Mr. Peel allowed that he was breaking down the constitution in carrying the measure which he advocated; but the measure was carried nevertheless. This objection, therefore, comes too late: if the constitution was Christian, it was also Protestant. If we call the Jews infidels, we swore that the Papists were idolators. And surely infidelity, which

merely disbelieves in the existence of a Messiah, entertaining, however, a fervent hope and belief that one is to come, is less repugnant to a true Christian than that superstition which, knowing the Messiah to have come, perverts his doctrines, and gives his glory to another. We should like to see Bishop Copleston, for example, who has sworn upon the sacraments that the Romish faith was damnable and idolatrous, and yet, after that declaration, to say nothing of his own written opinions in support of it, introduced peers who believed in the so stigmatised creed into the House in which he so worthily sits, explaining how, if the admission of a Jew makes the legislature unchristian, the admission of a Roman Catholic has not rendered it idolatrous; and having mooted that question with his usual honesty, try to reconcile his vote against the church of Moses with that he gave in favour of the church of Rome. We own that he could adduce one very particular difference in the two cases,—viz. that the Duke of Wellington ordered him to vote for the one, and against the other. We admit that this is an argument of no trifling importance—the Duke is a *Ductor Dubitantium*, a *More Nevachim*, whom it becomes a Bishop of Llandaff to follow.

No: the assertion of the Christianity of the constitution, or of even, perhaps we might say, its existence, as it was understood from the accession of Elizabeth, certainly from 1688 up to 1829, will not pass when it comes from such quarters. Besides, is not there something at once infinitely impudent and disgustingly droll in a clamour about the Christianity of a legislature hot from the decision in the case of Lord and Lady Ellenborough, a case in which not a single bishop offered to say one word? Why the Duke—as for the rest, we need not trouble our heads about them—opposes the bill, we cannot even conjecture. If he thinks he deceives any friend of the church by it, he is much mistaken; but, unless he have some personal motive, at which we have no means of arriving, we can only attribute it to his desire to carry measures by a *ruse de guerre*; and as, after laying it down as the principle of his cabinet that he would oppose the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, he advocated it the moment it appeared in parliament; and as, up to the very

instant that he intended to develop his project for emancipation, he used every stratagem, such as assuring Dr. Curtis, the Roman Catholic primate of Ireland, that the settlement of that question was impossible, insulting and recalling the Marquess of Anglesea for some civilities to the Irish agitators, affronting the Duke of Leinster for forwarding a Catholic petition in a tin box, &c. &c.,—to induce a belief that he continued to be as much opposed to it as he had been all through his political life; so now he is countermarching on the Jewish question, and is prepared with some manœuvre to carry it, under cover of the feint of his *times damnés* in the Commons. We shall, however, be curious to learn what are the arguments of Mr. Peel; he, who sits by the favour of Sir Masseh Manasseh Lopez, can hardly plead that the legislature is desecrated by the influence of Judaism. A gentleman so versant in the law and its maxims must know that it is held as an undeniable tenet, *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*.

We may, then, safely omit saying any thing further of the ministerial opposition to the Jews. If they ground it upon temporal policy, they are fools—if on religious principles, convicted hypocrites. The religionists of the class of Sir Robert Harry Inglis must not be so treated—they are honourable and consistent, religious and conscientious men, who must not be classed with the Peels and the Goulburns. Their arguments are thus shortly summed up in the following extract from a letter addressed to Mr. Robert Grant, signed *Anti-Judeus*:—

“ I do solemnly conjure you, sir, and other supporters of this bill, to pause and reflect before you proceed with it, ‘lest ye be found to fight against God.’ I have not the honour, sir, of a personal acquaintance with you, and know not what your religious principles may be; in this ignorance you must excuse me, if I beg you to refer to a book which is supposed by Christians to contain the word of truth, and from which their creed is taken. I the more confidently refer you to it, as it is not the text-book of any particular party, but the standard to which every believer appeals; nay, a great portion of it is the law of that people whose cause you advocate. I request you, sir, to turn to the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, in which God promulgates his blessings or curses, according to the obedience or disobedience

of his people. There are circumstances in this chapter which lead us to suppose that these are not merely general, but that they refer to one particular event in which this people were destined to take a part, and I am warranted in concluding that that event was the rejection of our Saviour. The siege of Jerusalem by Titus, the immediate punishment of that sin, was evidently foreshewn in this chapter: whoever compares it with the account given by the Jewish historian, Josephus, can have no doubt on that point. I am, therefore, further warranted in asserting, that other circumstances foretold in this chapter relate to the times of the Gospel; and it is impossible to take the prophecy in one hand, and the histories of all the nations of Europe and Asia, and, indeed, I may add, those of the other two quarters, in the other, without being wonderfully struck with the correspondence of one with the other. Now it is here said that this people shall become 'an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all the nations whither the Lord shall lead them;' and the same is declared in various parts of Scripture. Read this, among others, from the 24th chapter of Jeremiah: 'I will deliver them to be removed among all kingdoms of the earth for their hurt, to be a reproach and a proverb, a taunt and a curse in all places whither I shall drive them.' It would be an insult to your understanding to prove to you how this is fulfilled. You may remark, also, that whenever blessings are pronounced upon them,—for such are in store, and perhaps the time when they shall inherit them may not be distant,—it is upon the ground of their conversion to Christianity; and, till they are converted, not all the machinations of man can prevent their being otherwise than such as God has pronounced they shall be. Man may attempt to alter the divine decree, but it is at his peril that he does so. Now, sir, allow me to ask what it is you are endeavouring to do? You are desirous of bringing the Jews into the dignified situation of a British parliament, of legislating for a Christian nation, of framing laws for, and enabling them to persecute, the church of Christ. What is this but saying in effect that they shall not be an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word in the nation; that they shall not be a reproach, a taunt, and a curse? What is this but saying that the Scripture, as far as I can prevent it, shall not be fulfilled? And is the British senate come to this—that senate by whose counsels, aided and directed by Providence, we triumphed over every enemy by sea and land, foreign and domestic? and I firmly believe, that the

cause of our exertions being crowned with such signal success was, that, while other nations had rejected the Son of God, or grossly corrupted his most holy faith, we, as a nation, were Christians, and enjoyed the blessing of a reformed church. This church, sir, may be persecuted, and laid open to her enemies; God, in his unsearchable wisdom, may see fit to make use of the designs of wicked men to obscure her light in this kingdom, and to punish us with spiritual darkness: but your object not only tends to subvert the church of England, but is directed against that Catholic church of Christ (I use the word Catholic in its proper signification), of which she is only a branch; for the Jews are alike inimical to both."

The argument of Anti-Judeus resolves itself into this: The curse of contempt is poured upon the Jews, and we, by raising them to places of honour, thwart the counsel of the Lord. This, we say, is the marrow of the argument; for as to "the senate by whose counsels," &c. "the dignified situation of the British parliament," and other whimsies of the same kind, we may lay them on one side, setting them down only to the score of rhetorical flourishes, in which truth is of less importance than sound. We also set aside the argument derived from the power given to the Jews to persecute the church of Christ by their admission into the House of Commons, (we do not think that any Jew lords would be created under the present circumstances, nor do we anticipate that any of the present members would make any thing by their conversion, and, therefore, we are certain, that not even the Sumners or Ryders would apostatise), because at most the members of the *Verpi* in the House would not amount to six, a number rather too small for persecuting purposes, even if they had any such desires, which we utterly deny. It is as idle an imputation upon them as the crucifixion of Sir Hew of Lincoln.

But why should any body think, that making Jews members of parliament is removing them from being a taunt and a by-word? We have often heard of the omnipotence of the House of Commons; but that the fact of becoming an M.P. is to release a whole nation from the curse of God, surpasses any thing we ever heard attributed to it. There might be 658 Jews in the House of Commons, and the scheme

of God be perfect nevertheless. The contempt might stick to them with as cleaving a vengeance as ever. Heaven forbid that we should say it would cling to the 658 members of parliament (for to say so, would be contrary to one of its own acts), but it might to the remainder of the tribes. In other countries of modern days they can hold offices, as in France and Holland—in former times they held high rank in the Mahometan states of Spain, Egypt, and elsewhere; and yet they are, as the Scripture has declared they should be, outcasts and a by-word. Rambam, Maimonides, or whatever other may be the familiar title of that great man, was a prime adviser of Saladin. Does Anti-Judæus, or any body else, think that an M.P. for Westbury, or Derry, or Armagh, or Harwich, or Westminster, is higher in rank? Or that the curse was removed from the Jews, because a philosopher, to whom Dugald Stewart, the crack *feelosofor* of our day, was unworthy of holding a candle, occupied, in one of the greatest monarchies of the middle ages, an office which is now shadowed forth in the person of Sir William Knighton, the maker of lords?

It is a begging of the question. The Jews (ask Mr. Peel or Sir George Warrender) have the power of putting members into parliament—is not that a removing from them the curse insisted upon by those who think that an act of parliament reverses a decree of God? Why then strain at the gnat and swallow the camel? But a more important consideration remains behind:—

The theory of the constitution is, that members of parliament are to be elected by the people. If this theory be acted upon, no persons can get into parliament (let any enactment whatsoever be passed) unless some bodies of people return them.

The sin, whatever it may be, of admitting Jews into the legislature must lie with the people, if this theory of the constitution be correct. As for any sin of the parliament that is expected to pass this bill, they need not trouble themselves by the small addition.

Now, we run no risk in saying, that of the six Jews, the number which Mr. Goldsmid calculates as the maximum of the Hebrew return, not one will be returned for any place possessing even the pretence of freedom of suffrage:

they must come in for the boroughs, that part of the system which works so well.

Is, then, Anti-Judæus, or those who think with him, inclined to fix the curse, if any there be, on the right place? Not on the people of England, but on that system which gives as its representatives any persons, no matter how alien from it in feeling, interest, hope, or faith, provided that it suits their purposes to pay a certain sum for seats in St. Stephen's. The great blockheads who compose the liberal party, and who write the liberal papers, laughed most excessively, and sneered most outrageously, at Sir Robert Inglis for saying that Jew emancipation was a forerunner of parliamentary reform. To our mind nothing can be more logical than his reasoning. The return of persons, whom nothing but money could return,—who are, whether in law or not, yet certainly in heart and thought, aliens,—persons who have no sympathy in our politics, no recollections in our history, no motive for preferring England to Bohemia, nothing to connect or amalgamate themselves with us, except the mere accident of dwelling as strangers within our gates,—would be of itself one of the strongest arguments for overthrowing what was always unfair, and would then be glaringly un-English.

Mr. Goldsmid concludes his pamphlet with the following peroration:—

“Whither shall the Jew look for consolation? Among one thousand of his countrymen he will see that he alone is marked with the badge of dishonour; that all others are free to follow those paths of creditable ambition, which against him alone are closed,—I trust I need not say for ever. These, Christians, are the circumstances which the Jew believes to be as useless to you as they are fertile in evil for him. These, therefore, are the circumstances which he implores you to alter. Surely you will not, you cannot, reject his entreaty.”

In answer, then, to this entreaty, Jews, we appeal to you. What is your creed? What is your hope? What is your religion? You are now outcasts and wanderers, because you have rejected Him whom we believe to be the true Messiah, who was spoken of by the prophets. You say that your dispersion is a punishment for your sins, and that you will be gathered together again, one fold under

one shepherd, by the Messiah for whom you look. Till then you are to be scattered among the nations, not to be collected until he shall come. How can you then seek temporal power—lose the sceptre—inosculate yourselves among the heathen—before that day arrives? We shall not tie you down to the fooleries of your Rabbins—the trash of the Talmud; but there is the book which both Jew and Christian reverence in the highest—there is the book that FORBIDS you, as you interpret it, to take any office, to hold any power among the Gojim—to beware of Mr. Grant and his motion, as snares unto your feet; and to cast off Mr. Goldsmid and his brethren, as no better than the uncircumcised, from whom they differ only in the ceremony.

For those who have no religion, the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange, the patrons of the zonoth of White-hart-

yard, the latitudinarian, the contractor, the barber, the pickpocket, the fancy-man, the cross-fighter in the ring, the hack pamphleteer, the sham-bail, the tallow-faced attorney, the Rosemary-lane fence, the East India Company crimp, the singer at the theatre, the

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ, Mendici, miqi, balatrones——

for these, who, like Esau, would sell their hopes of the Messiah for a mess of pottage, and abjure the promises in which they pretend to believe for an of a shilling—who defy ham and black-pudding, but know or care nothing for the weightier matters of the law—these, persons in all creeds and all parties contemptible—these, the *naḏaḡuara* and offscouring of all society, might be benefited by Mr. Grant's bill;—but he who thinks that his religion is something more than old clothes should petition against it.

MA CONTEMPORAINE.

From De Beranger.

Vous vous vantez d'avoir mon âge ;
Sachez que l'Amour n'en croit rien.
Jadis les Parques ont, je gage,
Mêlé votre fil et le mien.
Au hasard alors ces matrones
Faisant deux lots de notre temps,
J'eus les hivers et les automnes,
Vous les étés et les printemps.

Translation.

You tell me you are old as I—
But Cupid gives your tale the lie.
Perhaps the Fates had, ere our birth,
Together mixed your thread and mine;
Then, as they launched us forth on earth,
Sharing in haste the tangled twine,
Gave me the winter's chilly string,—
You the bright threads of summer and of spring.

THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT.*

VIZETELLY and Branston have dished us up *Three Courses and a Dessert*; of which, to borrow a pun from the preface, the *plates*, at all events, will give great satisfaction. They are in Cruikshank's best manner. •

We rejoice to see this eminent artist at last fairly emerged from the slough of politics, in which it was his original fate to be plunged. His illustrations of Mr. Hone's pamphlets, which floated the lumber, for nothing was more dull and leaden than the dead bodies of the prose or verse to which they were tied, could not fail to be received with dislike or disgust by a class which acknowledged his merits, and would gladly have patronised his labours. Mere political caricaturing is easily pardoned; but in the case of the publications to which we refer, it was undoubtedly carried beyond all pardonable limits. It is the worst taste possible to libel or caricature the king personally; for this plain reason, that he cannot defend himself. He can neither demand satisfaction in the ordinary manner of insulted gentlemen, nor cudgel his antagonist, nor bring him into court. It has been often observed of Peter Pindar, that if he had selected any other butt for his satirical muse than George the Third, he would have expiated the offence either by a broken head or a sojourn in a jail. This single circumstance was sufficient to render Cruikshank odious even among the lovers of fair play. And still more the question in which he and Mr. Hone made themselves so notorious, was one which every body, except the mere rabble and those who earned their wages by corrupting and inflaming them, felt to be of a nature in which the interference of uncalled-for persons was not delicate or honourable. Ridiculing and caricaturing a husband, no matter what his rank may be, for endeavouring to get rid of a wife whose guilt was notorious, and whose conduct was disgraceful, were tasks that ought to be left to the herd who prostitute their pens and pencils for hire, and not to have formed the occupation of a man of genius. It

was work quite good enough for Hone; but altogether unworthy of Cruikshank.

He has now, however, shaken off the sable stains, and is enriching—our language we were about to say—with productions of Hogarthian humour. In this path we are happy to know that the honour he is sure of obtaining will not be barren. Under the patronage of his former friends, his labours, which redeemed their dulness and put money into their purses, were almost unpaid. We have heard it said that the munificent remuneration he received from Hone amounted to eighteen pounds. Such is too often the fate of genius when, with its characteristic improvidence, it suffers trading avarice to prey upon it: the conduct of Thomson to Burns is a case in point; and it would not be difficult to name some scores of others.

We are, however, keeping the *Three Courses and the Dessert* waiting all this time. The first course, if it be intended to represent soup, certainly wants salt and pepper; if it be put for fish, we must say that it is flat. From this culinary critique we must, however, except *Caddy Cuddle*, which might be served up with signal renown at the best-regulated tables. The second course is no more than an Irish stew, which, as the gentlemen of the neighbouring island would say, is not the potato. In the third course, the *Little Black Porter* is really game—a thing of the first flavour; and the dessert, though the fruit is not always of the freshest, is well enough.

We wish to make an extract, but we scarcely know how. None of the short stories are sufficiently piquant, and the long ones are so well knitted together, that we can scarcely detach any part without injury. In justice to our host, we must say, that he shines in the construction of the story and the invention of incident; both of which things, we can assure him, on the authority of Aristotle, are the rarest of gifts. We shall try, however, to give a sketch of the *Little Black Porter*.

Dr. Plympton, a worthy divine of

* *Three Courses and a Dessert.* The Decorations by George Cruikshank, London, 1830. Vizetelly and Branston.

the church of England, was in the habit of taking into his house two or three West Indian young gentlemen, whose education was committed to his superintendence. The doctor, who was a widower, had one daughter of sixteen, Isabel, who was very much of a coquette, and very much admired by three young gentlemen, of the names of Charles Perry, Godfrey Fairfax, and George Wharton. Of these, Perry was at first the favourite with the lady, but by no means so with her father. He was kept under Dr. Plympton's care until the age of twenty, when his father having died, he left the parsonage, and became a determined foxhunter,—still determined, however, to marry Isabel, whom he swore he would have, by hook or by crook, before Candlemas Day. This vow came to the doctor's ears, who, according to the usual custom of parents in novels, resolved upon watching his daughter, as if she was one of the apples of the Hesperides, and he the dragon. The consequence, however, was not such as he had expected; for the young lady fell in love with Godfrey Fairfax, out of sheer want of any body better to flirt with, for as yet George Wharton did not bask in her favour.

The lovers well knew that there was no chance of the consent of the doctor being obtained; for he would have looked upon the marriage of his daughter to an immensely rich pupil as a breach of faith with his employers; and Godfrey, on his departure for Demerara, felt himself obliged to persuade the young lady to elope with him. The author here follows the example of a greater wit; and, "like Hook, conceals his hero in a cask," or rather his heroine in a trunk; for Isabel consents, as the only way of getting off unmolested, to be packed up in a huge travelling chest, and thus conveyed to Bristol, which was not more than an hour's journey from her father's house.

"Godfrey passed the remainder of the day in concealing his clothes and books, boring air-holes in the chest, and lining it with the softest materials he could procure. On the morning appointed for his departure, Isabel stole unperceived up to the store-room, where Godfrey was anxiously waiting to receive her, and stepped blithely into the trunk. Within an hour after, it was half a mile on the road towards Bristol, in the fly-waggon, which Godfrey had previously

ordered to call at the parsonage for his heavy baggage, a short time before his own intended departure. At length the chaise, in which he was to leave the village for ever, drew up to the garden gate. Godfrey took a hurried leave of his old master and fellow-student, leaped into the vehicle, and told the post-boy not to spare his spurs if he expected to be well paid.

"In less than an hour, the young gentleman alighted at the waggon-office. Assuming as cool and unconcerned an air as he possibly could, he observed, in a careless tone, to a clerk in the office, 'I am looking for a trunk of mine, but I do not see it: I suppose we must have passed your waggon on the road.'

"All our waggons are in, sir,' replied the clerk: 'we don't expect another arrival till to-morrow morning.'

"Oh! very good: then my chest must be here. I hope you have taken particular precautions in unloading it: I wrote 'with care—this side upwards,' on it, in very large letters.'

"Who was it addressed to, sir?"

"Why, to me, certainly;—Godfrey Fairfax, Esquire, Demerara—"

"To be left at the office till called for?"

"Exactly;—where is it? I've not much time to lose."

"Why, sir, it has been gone away from here—"

"Gone away!"

"Yes, sir; about—let me see,' continued the clerk, lazily turning to look at the office clock; 'why, about, as near as may be, nine or ten,—ay, say ten,—about ten minutes ago, sir.'

"Ten minutes ago, sir! What do you mean?—Are you mad? I'll play the devil with you! Where's my chest?"

"I told you before, it was gone, sir."

"Gone, sir! How could it go, sir? Did'n't I direct it to be left here till called for?"

"Very well, sir; and so it was left here till called for: it stood in the office for five minutes or more, and then—"

"And then—what then?"

"Why, then, a little black porter called for it, and took it away with him on a truck."

"Who was he?—Where has he taken it?—I'll be the ruin of you. The contents of that trunk are invaluable."

"I suppose you didn't insure it: we don't answer for any thing above the value of five pounds unless it's insured: vide the notice on our tickets."

"Don't talk to me of your tickets, but answer me, scoundrel!"

"Scoundrel!"

"Where has the villain conveyed it?"

"Can't say."

"Who was he?"

"Don't know."

"Distraction! How could you be such a fool as to let him have it?"

"Why not?—How was I to know? You'd think it odd if you was to send a porter for your chest—"

"Certainly; but—"

"Very well, then: how could I tell but what the little black fellow was sent by you?—He asked for it quite correctly, according to the address; and that's what we go by, of course, in these cases. And even now, how can I tell but what he was sent by the right owner, and that you're come under false pretences."

"What, rascal!"

All this scolding is of no avail; but the clerk at last suggests that Ikey Pope might give some clue to the fate of the chest.

"And where is Ikey, as you call him?" eagerly inquired Godfrey.

"He's asleep again, I suppose, among the luggage. Ikey! You see, he's got to sit up for the waggon at night, and never has his regular rest. He's like a dog—Ikey!—like a dog that turns round three times, and so makes his bed any where. Ikey!"

"A short, muscular, dirty-looking fellow now raised his head from among the packages which lay in the yard, and, without opening his eyes, signified that he was awake, by growling forth 'Well, what now?'"

"Ikey," said the clerk, "didn't you help a porter to load a truck with a large chest, some little time ago?"

"Yes."

"Should you know him again?"

"No!" replied Ikey, and his head disappeared behind a large package as he spoke."

He contrives, however, after urging every body else in vain, to interest this slumberous waggon-packer, who tracks the trunk to the Dog and Dolphin,—thence to the hands of a couple of Pill sharks, who had orders to take it on board the *William and Mary*, lying in King Road, bound for Demerara. The thing is clear: it was taken by mistake; and when the people who had discovered their blunder, they had forwarded it according to its directions. Godfrey is off in a moment to Lamplighters' Hall, which, as we have the misfortune of knowing, is a most abominable place, and, without delay, inquires for his chest, which

has been safely stowed away, and orders the reluctant seamen to hoist it out of the hold.

"As soon as it was brought on deck, Godfrey, with tears of joy glistening in his eyes, fell on his knees in front of it, and eagerly unfastened the cords. He trembled to find the bolt of the lock already shot back, and, with the most anxious solicitude, threw up the cover: instead of the lovely face of Isabel, his eyes fell on that of the Little Black Porter! Uttering a shriek of horror, he leaped upon his feet, and stood aghast and speechless for several moments, gazing on Devallé. The crew crowded round the chest, and Cæsar, who had been roused by Godfrey's exclamation, raised himself, and stared on the various objects by which he was surrounded, expressing the utter astonishment he felt at his novel situation, by such strange contortions of countenance and incoherent expressions, that the sailors, who at the first glimpse they had of Cæsar in the box, were almost as much amazed as the Little Black Porter himself, began to laugh most heartily. Godfrey, at length, recovered sufficient possession of his faculties to grasp Devallé by the throat, and violently exclaim, 'Villain, explain! What have you done?'"

"That is precisely what I wish to know," replied Cæsar, as soon as he could disengage himself from young Fairfax. 'What have I done?—Why do I find myself here?—And where in the world am I?'"

"In de Bristol Channel," chuckled the black cook, who stood tuning a fiddle by the side of the chest. 'Him shipped in good order and condition, aboard de good ship *William and Mary*.'

"Consigned, I see," added a sailor, 'to Godfrey Fairfax, Esquire, of Demerara,—whither we're bound, direct,—with care, this side upwards.'"

Gruikshank has illustrated this disagreeable surprise by a most admirable engraving. Poor Godfrey is in despair, but it is impossible to put back, and he is obliged to mourn over his inexplicable disappointment during the voyage.

How got the Little Black Porter into the box? Why thus—Isabel's confidential servant-maid was in the pay of Charles Perry, and communicated to that youth the design of escaping in the chest. Perry, with the assistance of his man, Doncaster Dick, (a capital sketch) has determined to intercept the prize. They took care, accordingly, to be in Bristol, waiting

for the fly-waggon — Godfrey Fairfax, they knew, could not leave the parsonage before his trunks, for fear of exciting suspicion — and then, with the assistance of the Little Black Porter, they conveyed the “precious casket” to Perry’s lodgings; and there, instead of the lovely Isabel, the gallant’s eyes were horrified by the sight of his own favourite Newfoundland dog, evidently shot that morning. His rage knew no bounds, and one of its first effects was to lay poor Cæsar low by flinging the dog at him. Cæsar, who is a most especial oporator, is by no means pleased with this canine salute.

“He intimated, in a tone tremulous with agitation, but in rather choice terms, that he should be quite delighted to know by what law or custom any person was authorised to hurl the corpse of a huge mastiff at the head of a citizen of the world; and why the alarming position of an inoffensive father of seven children, struggling to escape from an animal, which might, for aught he knew, be alive and rabid, should exhilarate any gentleman, whose parents or guardians were not cannibals; or any groom, except a Centaur. ‘If we are to be treated in this way,’ pursued he, ‘where is the use of tying our hair? — We may as well go about like logs in a stream, if gentlemen know nothing of hydrophobia, or the philosophy of the human heart. Even the brute creation teaches us many of our social duties: the cat washes her face, and even the duck smoothes her feathers, in order that she may be known on the pond for what she is: but if man is to embellish his exterior, — if we are to display the character of our minds by outward appearances, and yet be thrown at, for sport, like cocks on a Shrove Tuesday, — why, to speak plainly, the Ganges may as well be turned into a tea-pot, and the Arabian deserts be covered with Witney blankets.’

“‘The short and the long of it is,’ said Dick, ‘he means, sir, that we ought to know, lookye, as how a man who ties his cravat in a small rosette, and shews a bit of frill, don’t give or take horse-play. That’s my translation of his rigmarole, and I’ll lay a crown it’s a true one.’

“‘I suspect it is,’ said Perry, ‘and I’m sorry, porter, that —’

“‘Not a word more,’ interrupted Cæsar, again suffering his features to relax from their state of grave restraint into his habitual smile: ‘not a word more, I insist: to evince a disposition to make an ample apology, is quite sa-

tisfactory from one gentleman to a — to a —’

“‘To another, you would say,’ said Charles.

“‘You honour me vastly by this condescension, sir; and if ever I compose another cotillon, or Mrs. Devallé presents me with an eighth pledge of our affection, your name shall certainly be made use of. Gratitude is implanted even in stocks and stones; and the acorn that is only half munched by swine, grows into an oak, and, centuries after, becomes a ship, in which our celebrated breed of pigs is carried to the four quarters of the world. Even my namesake Cæsar, the Roman, and Hannibal, the Carthaginian —’”

In spite of these fine words, master and man suspect Cæsar of being in some way implicated in this trick, and determine to pump him by making him drunk. Drunk they accordingly make him — getting themselves in no small degree tipsy during the operation; but as there was nothing to be pumped out of him, the pumping process was naturally unsuccessful. Enraged at this, when they found him quite insensible, they plunged him into the chest whence Fairfax uncased him.

But how did the dog come there? By the ingenuity of the third lover. After the lady was deposited in the chest, and had received the tender whispers of Godfrey Fairfax, her courage cooled considerably; she thought of Juliet in the tomb of the Capulets, the bloody Tybalt, &c. and “tears began to flow.” Just in this conjuncture, who should appear but George Wharton, who was naturally enough astonished at hearing sounds of lamentation from such a quarter.

“‘What trick is this?’ exclaimed George. ‘Who is it?’

“‘Oh! dear Mr. Wharton! pray let me out,’ cried Isabel.

“‘Good Heavens! Isabel! — I’ll fly for assistance.’

“‘No; not for worlds! I could not wait for it. Cut the cords and break open the chest this moment, or I shall die.’

“With the aid of a pocket-knife and the poker, George soon emancipated Isabel from her place of confinement. Pale and sobbing, she sank into his arms, and vowed eternal gratitude to her kind deliverer, whom, she said, notwithstanding appearances, she loved better than any other being in existence.

" 'If so,' said George, very naturally, 'why do I find you in Godfrey's chest?'

" 'Don't I confess that appearances are against me?' exclaimed Isabel, pettishly; 'what more would you have?'

" 'I am not unreasonable, Isabel: but I shall certainly talk to Mr. Fairfax on this subject before he leaves the house;—on that I am resolved.'

" 'No doubt you ~~are~~; or to do any thing else that you think will vex me.'

" 'Nay, Isabel, you are too severe.'

" 'Indeed,' said Isabel, 'I am quite the contrary: it is nothing but the excess of my foolish good-nature that has led me into this disagreeable situation. My frolic has cost me dear enough. That horrid Godfrey!'

" 'His conduct is atrocious; and I shall immediately mention it to the doctor.'

" 'My father would rate him soundly for it, I know; and he richly deserves a very long lecture: but 'forget and forgive,' George, has always been your motto, and I think I shall make it mine. Godfrey has been our companion for years; and it would be useless to make mischief for a trifle, at the moment of his leaving us; 'twere better, by far, to part friends. Besides, after all, poor fellow, one can scarcely blame him,' added Isabel, with a smile, as her eye caught the reflection of her beautiful features in an old looking-glass; 'even you, George, who are such an icy-hearted creature, say you would go through fire and water to possess me; and no wonder that such a high-spirited fellow as Godfrey—'

" 'I feel rather inclined, Miss Plympton,' interrupted George, 'to shew that my spirit is quite as high as his.'

" 'Then be noble, George, and don't notice what has happened. It's entirely your own fault: you know his ardour,—his magical mode of persuading one almost out of one's sober senses, and yet you never can contrive to be in the way.'

" 'My feelings, Isabel, are too delicate to—'

" 'Well, then, you must put up with the consequences. I am sure that some people, even if one don't like them much, influence one to be more complaisant to them than to others whom one really loves; because others will not condescend to be attentive. But, come,—pray don't look so grave: I am sure I was nearly frightened out of my wits just now, and I don't look half so sorrowful as you; although, I protest, I haven't recovered yet. What are you thinking of?'

" 'I am thinking, Isabel,' replied George, 'that, after all, I had better

speak to Godfrey; for, if I do not, when he discovers what has happened, he will certainly accuse me of the singular crime of stealing his sweetheart out of his box.'

" 'Well, that's true enough: but we must contrive to avoid an *éclaircissement*. As the trunk is not perceptibly damaged, suppose you fasten it up again with the cords; and, by way of a joke, to make it of a proper weight, put in young Squire Perry's dog as my substitute. Godfrey vowed to kill him, you know, before he left us; and he did so, not above an hour ago, while the horrid creature was in the act of worrying my poppette Beaufridel. Godfrey said he should leave him, as a legacy, in the back-yard, for you to bury and bear the blame.'

" 'I must confess,' said Wharton, 'it would be a pleasant retaliation: I certainly should enjoy it.'

" 'Then fly at once down the back stairs for the creature: nobody will see you;—go.'

" 'Will you remain here?'

" 'Fie, George! Do you think I could endure the sight of the shocking animal?'

" 'Well, well; but will you see Godfrey again?'

" 'Certainly not: I shall keep out of the way. It is arranged that he shall say I have the headach, and am gone to my room; so he'll insist upon waving my appearance at his departure. Do as I tell you, my dear George, and we shall get rid of him delightfully.'

Those who want to hear how George Wharton was about to be married to Isabel—how the apparition of the Little Black Porter broke off the match in a most critical moment—and how he who was her lover at first became her husband at last—must go to the book.

A hint from our editor warns us that we must cut short. But even his absolute authority cannot compel us to desist without pouring forth a loud tribute of applause to the illustrations. Cruikshank himself never surpassed them. A most magnificent Sir John Barleycorn—we have a thousand times seen the man—a hundred times spoken to him—a score of times drank with him;—Bat Boroo on a gate-post, escaping from a bull prancing in the meadow beneath, with truculent designs upon his person, while, within the gate, two bull-dogs are baying in anticipation of tearing him to pieces if he ventures to descend that way; on

his right hand a deep stream, on his left a spiked wall, surmounted with the ominous intimation that man-traps and spring-guns are set inside;—Pierce Veogh clawed by a huge condor, or other such gigantic feathered bailiff, while all birds of long bill are pouring in upon him; the King's Bench and the Fleet most metaphorically depicted in the distance;—the Flying Dutchman, who much resembles our friend Shackell of the *John Bull*;—the fiery grenadier killing nobody;—the fierce Munchausen galloping on his half horse;—the deaf postilion driving on to Gretna, perfectly unconscious of having left the body of his carriage with its amatory weight behind upturned on the road;—the stable-yard dentist extracting a tooth with a pitchfork, while, over the wall, grins that favourite face of Cruikshank, the very face of his plundering Cossack in the illustrations of Napoleon Buonaparte in the *Family Library*;—all these, and five hundred others, are so admirable that we could never tire in uttering their praises. Foolish and absurd is he who

would compare the merits of this gallery with that now exhibiting in Somerset House: and it would be most unjust to Messrs. Vizetelly and Branstons, not to say that the execution and getting-up of the book, printing, paper, engravings, &c. are of the very first water.

Mr. Clarke, the author, can do better things. We must tell him, however, that his puns are often very bad, and, what is worse, very unsuitably introduced—that he cannot write Irish stories like Crofton Croker, failing as he does particularly in that almost peculiar style of story-telling, which blends the marvels of grotesque imagination with the common-place of grotesque vulgarity; (compare, for instance, the story of the talking oyster with the wonders in the *Fairy Legends*, and the difference will be obvious); and in some of his English stories, he has fallen into the error of Washington Irving, in over-doing English squires and English customs. This, however, is more pardonable in an American than in an Englishman.

I THINK OF THEE!

From the German of Göthe.

I THINK of thee, love! when the morning's ray
O'er ocean gleams;
I think of thee, love! when the moonbeams play
On glassy streams.

I see thee, dearest! on the distant strath
When dust-clouds rise;
In deepest night, when o'er the small bridge-path
The wand'rer hies!

I hear thee, dearest! when the torrent strays
With murmur fall;
In silent groves for thee I go to gaze
When hushed is all!

I am by thee, love! though thou'rt ne'er so far,
To me thou'rt near;
Now sinks the sun and smiles the rising star—
O, wert thou here!

NEWNHAM'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EXODUS.*

MR. W. H. NEWNHAM visited Mount Sinai in company with the late Mr. James Webster, whose travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, have also been laid before the public, and to which, in our present Number, we have done justice. The work before us consists of six plates relating to, 1. Mount Horeb, 2. the Convent at Mount Sinai, 3. the Chapel over Elijah's Cave, 4. the Summit of Mount Sinai, 5. the Rock in Rephidim, 6. Mount Sinai. To each of these is appended a page of explanatory matter; and the whole is followed by a general appendix of some few pages, containing, amongst other things, a concise and excellently written summary of Arabian history. Of this the following is a specimen:

"Africa, the greater part of Asia, and some of the richest provinces in Europe, acknowledged its [the Mahometan religion] sway; the banks of the Tagus, the coasts of the Black Sea, and the shores of the Indian ocean, all fell under the dominion of the Crescent. The limits of this slight notice prevent a more extended view of Arab history: it may be sufficient to add, that though schisms and discord arose between them, though the dynasty of the Caliphs was overthrown, and Egypt conquered by the Turks, who have made repeated expeditions into Arabia, still no power has ever succeeded in obtaining permanent possessions in that country, much less have any invaders been able to expel the inhabitants. The descendants of 'the Bondwoman's Son' still 'dwell among their brethren,' in all the prophesied and primitive wildness of their race; an instance of perpetual liberty, and a lasting confirmation of the truth of Holy Writ.

"Before closing these brief remarks, it may not be uninteresting to notice the striking similarity which the manners of the present Arabs bear to those of their forefathers, as described in the Scriptures.

"There are many passages in the Bible which, if almost literally transferred to the traveller's journal, would seem to describe the passing events of the day; one of the most striking is the meeting of Rebekah and the servant of Abraham.—Gen. xxiv. 10 to 20.

"It will be necessary, for the better elucidation of the subject, to state the manner of travelling across the desert, and our reception by one of the wandering tribes. The traveller may trust himself, with perfect security among the Arabs, provided proper arrangements be made previously to setting out with the chiefs or *sheiks* of the tribes occupying the district through which he is desirous to pass; but if this precaution be neglected, he runs a great risk of being stripped of every thing he possesses, and left to perish in the sands. So far as our personal experience went, we had every reason to be satisfied with the Bedouins who accompanied us; and though our baggage was constantly exposed, and sometimes left in their care for the greater part of the day, not the most trifling article was lost.

"We left Cairo with four Arabs and seven dromedaries, and, before we had been long in the desert, were joined by five others. Our first meal in the evening was taken with them, chiefly out of curiosity, and as a means of securing their good-will, which was better ensured by eating together. Their repasts are simple and quickly prepared. As soon as the caravan halts, two or three collect withered herbage, sometimes a little brushwood, or, for the want of a better substitute, they make use of dried camel's dung for fuel; another, in the mean time, mixes up some flour and water in a wooden bowl, which, made into a paste, is spread out, laid on the coals, covered over, and soon baked. (1 Kings, xix. 6.) This unleavened bread (Exod. xii. 34) is then pulled into small pieces in the bowl, and some butter poured over; from this dish all the company eat, helping themselves with their hands (Matt. xxvi. 23); and it being finished, a small cup of coffee is handed round, which completes the meal.

"It must be confessed, that the entertainment offered no inducement for us to seek a repetition, particularly as the ablutions were performed with sand instead of water, particles of which becoming mixed with the food, by no means increased the luxury of the repast.

"As soon as the Arabs had finished their supper and fed their cattle, they generally formed a circle round the fire before our tent, and passed the evening

* Illustrations of the Exodus, consisting of the following Views, &c. From Drawings taken on the spot, during a Journey in Arabia Petræa in the year 1828. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

in smoking, or reciting stories, till they fell asleep on the sand.

" Their hospitality is more the effect of immemorial custom than of liberal feeling. Of this we had repeated instances: one occurred on our arrival at Suez, at which place they concealed part of a sheep we had given them, and preferred dining on bread to eating meat, where they would have been obliged to share it with others. Their intention was to keep it until the evening, when we should be further in the desert, and less liable to visitors. However, they were disappointed, for some wandering Arabs, discovering the fire, came to the tent; customary hospitality obliged our people to offer the strangers a part of their fare, and, to the inexpressible chagrin of the former, the guests devoured the larger portion.

" In our road to Mount Sinai, we drank of the 'bitter waters of Marah' (Exod. xv. 23), which spot is now known as Wady Gharandal; though a mountain near it still retains the original name. — These waters are extremely bitter to this day.

" Two days' journey farther on is a part called Djebel Mokattab ('the written mountain'), covered with inscriptions in unknown characters, and rude drawings of camels and other animals; there is a tradition among the Arabs, that it is the writing of the Israelites during their forty years sojourning in the wilderness. Many have been copied by other travellers, as well as ourselves, but no one has been able to decipher them.

" The day before we arrived at Mount Sinai, having heard that one of our company belonged to a tribe which was encamped within four miles of us, we resolved to deviate from our course and pass the night with them. It was just sunset as we entered a large sandy plain, slightly scattered over with patches of coarse, withered grass; about eighteen or twenty small tents stood toward the eastern part, a few camels and dromedaries were scattered round the encampment, and three or four small flocks of sheep and goats were then crossing on their way to the tents from the rocky eminences, where the women and children had tended them during the day (Gen. xxix. 6). On our arrival, the women raised a long screaming howl as a welcome, which, to be properly appreciated, must be heard; such as had veils covered their faces (Gen. xxiv. 65), the others retired to their tents (Gen. xxiv. 67; xxxi. 33): these tents have three divisions, the outer of which is open (Gen. xviii. 1), the next is for the men,

and the other for the women. They are made of goats' hair, which is manufactured by the women (Exod. xxvi. 7), who also grind the corn (Luke, xvii. 35), which is brought from Egypt.

" Having dismounted from our dromedaries, we were saluted by the elders of the tribe with the customary greeting, *salaam alikum* ('peace be unto you'); those who were of the same tribe kissed each other (Matt. xxvi. 49; 1 Peter, v. 14).

" Our tent was pitched among the rest, and though it was, perhaps, the first time that Europeans had encamped among them, no rude curiosity was manifested. The children were sent to the flocks to select a lamb for our entertainment (2 Sam. xii. 3). In the mean time we were presented with a bowl of milk, while the wife of the Arab who received us was making the bread (Gen. xix. 3; xviii. 6, 7, and 8). Supper was shortly after brought to our tent; the eldest son of our host attending instead of the servant, bringing in water for our ablutions both before and after the meal (Mark, vii. 3).

" It was rather singular, that the man who entertained us, and who was our conductor through the wilderness, was called Moussa (Moses). We were surrounded by people bearing the names of Abraham, Ishmael, Solomon, and other scriptural appellations, discoursing, too, in a language, the affinity of which to the Hebrew rendered it not the less interesting.

" In short, every circumstance which occurred during the time we were with them coincided so strongly with the events described in Sacred History, that the most casual observer could not have failed to remark how little variation has taken place in this people, who have thus preserved their habits and customs unaltered for upwards of three thousand years.

" During our stay at the convent, one of the monks presented us with some manna, which falls like dew in the night on the leaves of the tamarisk and other shrubs, that grow in the wadis or valleys of the desert. Towards the morning it drops on the ground; it is collected by the Arabs, and brought to the convent for sale. In appearance it resembles fine honey thickened with flour, and has a similar flavour. We brought some away with us, and on shewing it to our Arabs, they confirmed the truth of the priests' statement.

" The following is a translation of the charter granted by Mahomet to the monks of Mount Sinai.*

* See Pococke's Description of the East.

"There are various accounts as to the cause of the gift;—it is said, by some, that one of the monks had prophesied the future greatness of the prophet, when as yet he was a young man. Others say, that, being in great distress, he was relieved by some one belonging to the convent. The most probable reason, however, is that given by Pococke, namely, that Sergius, who assisted Mahomet in composing the Korân, was once one of the monks; if this be true, the protection granted is easily accounted for.

"The original document was, some time since, sent to Constantinople, by order of the Sultan Selim; the monks being only allowed to retain a copy.

"*The Patent of Mahomet, which he granted to the Monks of Mount Sinai, and to Christians in general.*

"As God is great, and governeth, from whom all the prophets are come, for there remaineth no record of injustice against God; through the gifts that are given to men, Mahomet, the son of Abdallah, the apostle of God, and careful guardian of the whole world, has written the present instrument to all that are his national people, and of his own religion, as a secure and positive promise to be accomplished to the Christian nation, and relations of the Nazarene, whosoever they may be, whether they be the noble or the vulgar, the honourable or otherwise, saying thus:—

"I. Whosoever of my nation shall presume to break my promise, and oath, which is contained in this present agreement, destroys the promise of God, acts contrary to the oath, and will be a resistor of the faith (which God forbid), for he becometh worthy of the curse, whether he be the king himself, or a poor man, or what person soever he may be.

"II. That whenever any one of the monks in his travels shall happen to settle upon any mountain, hill, village, or other habitable place,—on the sea, or in deserts, or in any convent, church, or house of prayer, I shall be in the midst of them, as the preserver and protector of them, their goods, and effects, with my sole aid and protection, jointly with all my national people; because they are a part of my own people, and an honour to me.

"III. Moreover, I command all officers not to require any poll-tax of them, or any other tribute, because they shall not be forced, or compelled to any thing of this kind.

"IV. None shall presume to change their judges or governors; but they shall remain in their office, without being deposed.

"V. No one shall molest them when they are travelling on the road.

"VI. Whatever churches they are possessed of, no one is to deprive them of them.

"VII. Whosoever shall annul any one of these my decrees, let him know positively that he annuls the ordinance of God.

"VIII. Moreover, neither their judges, governors, monks, servants, disciples, nor any others depending on them, shall pay any poll-tax, or be molested on that account; because I am their protector, whosoever they shall be, either by land or sea, east or west, north or south; because both they, and all that belong to them, are included in this my promissory oath and patent.

"IX. And of those that live quietly and solitarily upon the mountains, they shall exact neither poll-tax nor tithes from their incomes, neither shall any Mussulman partake of what they have; for they labour only to maintain themselves.

"X. Whenever the crop of the earth shall be plentiful in its due time, the inhabitants shall be obliged, out of every bushel, to give them a certain measure.

"XI. Neither in time of war shall they take them out of their habitations, nor compel them to go to the wars, nor even shall they require of them any poll-tax.

(In these eleven chapters is to be found whatever relates to the Monks; as to the remaining seven chapters, they direct what relates to every Christian.)

"XII. Those Christians who are inhabitants, and with their riches and traffic are able to pay the poll-tax, shall pay no more than twelve drachms.

"XIII. Excepting this nothing more shall be required of them, according to the express order of God, that says, do not molest those that have a veneration for the books that are sent from God; but rather in a kind manner give of your good things to them, and converse with them, and hinder every one from molesting them.

"XIV. If a Christian woman shall happen to marry a Mussulman, the Mussulman shall not cross the inclination of his wife, to keep her from her church and prayers, and the practice of her religion.

"XV. That no person hinder them from repairing their churches.

"XVI. Whosoever acts contrary to this my grant, or gives credit to any thing contrary to it, becomes truly an apostate from God and his divine apostle, because this protection I have granted to them according to this promise.

"XVII. No one shall bear arms against them, but, on the contrary, the Mussulmans shall wage war for them.

"XVIII. And by this I ordain, that none of my nation shall presume to do, or act contrary to this my promise, until the end of the world.

Witnesses.

"ALI, the son of Abou Thaleb.

"HOMAR, the son of Hattavi.

"ZIPHIR, the son of Abum.

"SAITT, the son of Maatt.

"THAVIT, the son of Nefis.

"MUATHAM, the son of Kasvi.

"AMPHACHIN, the son of Hassan.

"AZUR, the son of Jassin.

"AMBRAKER, the son of Ambi
Kaphi.

"OTIMAN, the son of Gafas;

"AMEILLACK, the son of Messutt.

"PHAZAR, the son of Abbas.

"TALAS, the son of Amptoulak.

"SAAT, the son of Abhatt.

"KASMER, the son of Abid.

"AMBTULLACH, the son of Omar.

"This present was written by the leader, the successor of Ali, the son of Abou Thaleb; the Prophet marking it with his hand at the Mosque of the Prophet (in whom be peace), in the second year of the Hegira, the third day of the month Machorem."

The late enthusiastic Mr. James Webster's reason for visiting Mount Sinai (although labouring under enfeebled health, and at an inclement season), was, that as those laws which are the foundation of all law among civilised nations originated from that mountain, so it became him, who was by profession an interpreter of law, to visit the holy mountain. Viewed thus abstractedly, the mountain of Sinai has, doubtlessly, a great interest in the eyes of philanthropists; but considered as the place which JEHOVAH hallowed by his almighty presence, with the awful accompaniments with which that advent was ushered before the eyes of the children of Israel, and every Christian takes concernment in the scene, and becomes a participator in the glories of that ever-memorable day.

The following are Mr. Newnham's observations given with his plate descriptive of the Summit of Mount Sinai, which follow verses 15, 16, 17, of chap. 24, and 21, 22, of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus.

"15. And Moses went up into the mount, and a cloud covered the mount.

"16. And the glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai, and the cloud covered

it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud.

"17. And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount, in the eyes of the children of Israel."—Exod. chap. xxiv.

"21. And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock:

"22. And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by."—Exod. chap. xxxiii.

"In quitting the plain, represented in the last plate, the route becomes still more precipitous and difficult, over a smooth rounding part of the mountain, for about one-third of the remainder of ascent. Here we were shewn a hole in the rock, which the Arabs say was made by the foot of Mahomet's camel: near it is the spot where Moses stood when the Amalekites were discomfited by Joshua. From this, the road, bearing a little to the right, leads to the summit of the mountain, which we reached in about four hours after leaving the convent.

"Having many other places to visit, we remained here but a short time, intending to return on the following afternoon, to pass the night in the chapel, witness the sun rise, and examine the spot more at leisure, which we accordingly did. The view from the top of Mount Sinai, at the first dawn of day, leaves a lasting impression on the traveller. Nothing can exceed the wild, scorched, and barren appearance of the desert, as seen from this eminence: the craggy peaks of the bare mountains brightening into view, as they caught the rays of the rising sun; the yellow undulating outlines of the drifted sand, lost in the ravines, or intercepted by fragments of rock, which seemed to have been hurled from the mountain tops by some violent convulsion of nature,—presented a scene of most chaotic confusion, to which the varied and beautiful tints of the sunbeams gave an increased effect. To our left was Mount Horeb, behind us the vale of Rephidim, and at our feet that part of the wilderness where the children of Israel achieved their first victory. The summit of the mountain was the spot on which the glory of the Almighty was manifested to the children of Israel.

"A Christian chapel and a Mahometan mosque now stand here: a former chapel was destroyed, but another, smaller, has since been erected behind one of the remaining walls; between these walls the tables of the law were delivered; and under the large stone,

against which the nearer one is built, is the cleft in the rock spoken of in the passage above quoted. There is an opening under the rock, large enough to allow a person to crawl in, and, on entering, you see a resemblance to the back and head of a human figure indented in the stone. The rock, as well as the whole of the mountain, is granite. The path, from the base to the summit, was made by order of the Empress Helena, and some remains of it still exist; the stones are put together without cement, the construction being of that description generally known as Cyclopean."

This production of Mr. Newnham ought to find a place in every scholar's library, and to be placed by the side of every man's Bible. By its contemplation the belief in those marvellous things which Jehovah has manifested for the good of mankind, will become strengthened, and true religion will be advanced; for the God of the Hebrews is the God of Christians; and on the question, "Whether Moses taught the existence of a merely national God," the following remarks by Professor Jahn, of Vienna, are apposite and just.

"That the God of Moses was something more than the tutelary, or national, God of the Hebrews, is clear from so many passages of Scripture, it is wonderful any should have adopted a contrary opinion. For he calls him by the name *Jehovah*, who created heaven and earth, Gen. i.; Exod. xx. 8—12; xxxi. 17; Deut. iv. 23; and who sent the deluge, Gen. vi. 17. He is addressed by Abraham and Melchisedek as the Most High, the Lord of heaven and earth, Gen.

xiv. 18—20; xvii. 1; xviii. 16—25. He is acknowledged by Joseph to be the all-wise governor of the universe, Gen. xxxix. 9; xlv. 5, 8; i. 20. He calls himself *Jehovah*, who is always the same, Exod. vi. 3,—who both predicted and performed those wonderful works in Egypt and Arabia, which proved him to be omniscient and omnipotent, Deut. iv. 32—36; x. 21; Exod. vi. 7; vii. 5; x. 1, 2; xvi. 12; xxix. 46,—who is the author of every living thing, Num. xvi. 22; xxvii. 16,—who is invisible (for the descriptions which represent him as appearing at times in a bodily form are symbolic), Exod. xxxiii. 18—23; Deut. iv. 12—20, 39,—who is the Lord of heaven and earth, and every thing in them, and the friend of strangers, as well as of the Hebrews, Deut. x. 14—18. Besides him there is no other God, Deut. iv. 39; vi. 4; xxxii. 39. Moses every where exhibits him as the omnipotent, the ruler of all men, who cannot be corrupted by gifts and sacrifices, but who is kind and merciful to the penitent. He teaches that he is the true God, who is worthy of being honoured by the Hebrews; not only because He alone is God, but because he had promised great mercies to the Patriarchs and their posterity, and had already bestowed them in part; because He led them out of Egypt, had furnished them with laws, would soon introduce them into Canaan, and protect them through future ages; finally, because they had chosen God for their king. The whole object of the Mosaic ritual was to preserve the worship of God, as the creator and governor of all, till the time when the true religion should be made known to the rest of the world, for which grand end it had been originally committed to Abraham and his posterity, Gen. xvii. 9—14; xviii. 19.

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

[Continued from page 259.]

III.

THOUGH to the Pagan priesthood,
 A triumph this might seem,
 Few families there were who thus
 Could in their grief misdeem;
 For oft, in those distracted days,
 Parent and child went different ways,
 The sister and the brother;
 And when, in spirit moved, the wife
 Chose one religious course of life,
 The husband took the other.

Therefore, in every household
 Was seen the face of fear;
 They who were safe themselves, exposed
 In those whom they held dear,
 The lists are made, and in the urn
 The names are placed to wait their turn
 For this far worse than slaughter;
 And from that fatal urn, the first
 Drawn for this dreadful death accurst
 Was of Pithyrian's daughter.

With Christian-like composure
 Marana heard her lot;
 And though her countenance at first
 Grew pale, she trembled not.
 Not for herself the Virgin grieved;
 She knew in what she had believed,
 Knew that a crown of glory
 In heaven would recompense her worth,
 And her good name remain on earth
 The theme of sacred story.

Her fears were for her father,
 How he should bear this grief;
 Poor wretched heathen, if he still
 Remain'd in misbelief!
 Her looks amid the multitude,
 Who, struck with deep compassion, stood,
 Are seeking for Pithyrian;
 He cannot bear to meet her eye,—
 Where goest thou? whither wouldst thou fly,
 'Thou miserable Syrian?

Hath sudden hope inspired him,
 Or is it in despair,
 That through the throng he made his way
 And sped he knew not where?
 For how could he the sight sustain,
 When now the sacrificial train
 Inhumanly surround her!
 How bear to see her, when, with flowers
 From rosiers and from jasmine bowers,
 They like a victim crown'd her!

He knew not why nor whither
 So fast he hurried thence,
 But felt like one possess'd by some
 Controlling influence.
 Nor turned he to Diana's fane,
 Inly assured that prayers were vain
 If made for such protection :
 His pagan faith he now forgot,
 And the wild way he took was not
 His own, but Heaven's direction.

He who had never entered
 A Christian church till then,
 Except in idle mood profane
 To view the ways of men,
 Now to a Christian church made straight,
 And hastened through its open gate,
 By his good angel guided ;
 And thinking, though he knew not why,
 That there some blessed power on high
 Had help for him provided.

Wildly he looked about him
 On many a form divine,
 Whose image o'er its altar stood ;
 And many a sculptured shrine,
 In which believers might behold
 Relics more precious than the gold
 And jewels which encased them,
 With painful search from far and near
 Brought to be venerated here,
 Where piety had placed them.

There stood the Virgin Mother
 Crown'd with a starry wreath ;
 And there the awful Crucifix
 Appeared to bleed and breathe ;
 Martyrs to whom their palm is given,
 And sainted maids, who now in heaven
 With glory are invested ;
 Glancing o'er these, his rapid eye
 Toward one image that stood nigh
 Was drawn, and there it rested.

The countenance that fixed him
 Was of a sunburnt mien,
 The face was like a prophet's face
 Inspired, but yet serene ;
 His arms, and legs, and feet, were bare,
 The raiment was of camel's hair,
 That, loosely hanging round him,
 Fell from the shoulders to the knee ;
 And round the loins, though elsewhere free,
 A leathern girdle bound him.

With his right arm uplifted
 The great precursor stood,
 Thus represented to the life
 In carved and painted wood.
 Below, the real arm was laid,
 Within a crystal shrine display'd

For public veneration ;
Not now of flesh and blood ;—but bone,
Sinews, and shrivell'd skin alone,
In ghastly preservation.

Moved by a secret impulse
Which he could not withstand,
Let me, Pithyrian cried, adore
That blessed arm and hand !
This day, this miserable day,
My pagan faith I put away,
Abjure it and abhor it ;
And in the saints I put my trust,
And in the cross, and, if I must, ^
Will die a martyr for it.

This is the arm whose succour
Heaven brings me here to seek !
Oh, let me press it to my lips,
And so its aid bespeak !
A strong faith make me now presume
That when to this unhappy doom
A hellish power hath brought her,
The heavenly hand, whose mortal mould
I humbly worship, will unfold
Its strength, and save my daughter.

The sacristan with wonder
And pity heard his prayer,
And placed the relic in his hand
As he knelt humbly there.
Right thankfully the kneeling man
To that confiding sacristan
Returned it, after kissing ;
And he within its crystal shrine
Replaced the precious arm divine,
Nor saw that aught was missing.

[*To be concluded in our next Number.*]

LITERARY CHARACTERS.—BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

No. II.

THE BARD OF HOPE.

“ High diddle diddle,
 • The cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jump'd over the moon ;
 The little dog laughed
 To see such sport,
 And the dish ran away with the spoon.”
Baby Rhymes for Grown-up Gentlemen.

WHAT a delicate thing is the bubble reputation!—the breath of the rank multitude—particularly during a man's lifetime—it is never very pure, scarcely can be said to be savoury *per se*, is always ready to be blown about “ by every wind of doctrine,” and every chance current in the lottery of circumstances. Yet how we do court its unclean respirations! and how many hours of “ quiet rest” does it not take from us, troubling our thoughts, even in the silent watches of the night!

When we sit down to dip our pen into black ink, upon the subject of Mr. Thomas Campbell, we involuntarily find ourselves in danger of making the affair a funeral oration, or at least a solemn sermon, taking for our text, in reference to the subject thereof, the lamentations of the old gentleman of the land of Uz, who sat in sackcloth and among the ashes,—to wit, “ O that it were with him as it has been in years past, when his lamp burned bright,” and so forth; but as we are ourselves conscious of being in imminent danger of falling asleep during any body's “ long speaking” in the sermonising style, we shall proceed, without any further moralising, to open up the innermost intents of our subject.

We do not mean to inflict upon our respected friends, the public, much of our critical tediousness regarding the merits of the poetry which Mr. Campbell has been pleased to bestow upon the world. Small allowance has he given us, indeed, of the fruits of that muse of which so much was expected after the publication of the *Pleasures of Hope*; and of what we have had, the public has long since formed its opinion. It seems to be decided at least, that what beauties belong to his poems are not of a very profound or

recondite sort, so as to make them, like Wordsworth's, a subject of controversial discussion; nor do they seem to have been charged with any peculiar or specific faults beyond the ordinary ones of a due sprinkling of mediocrity and common-place. We can, therefore, pretend to have little to say of them that is very new at this time of day; but as Mr. Campbell has been much before the public (that is, as much as he possibly could,) during a residence in the metropolis of about some forty years, and has, in various ways besides that of his poetical character, acted as a public man, we have sundry small matters to advert to which concern him in this latter character, which we shall do with all brevity of speech, and much considerate indulgence to himself.

And in the first place, we cannot help lamenting, in our charity, that, for the sake of Mr. Campbell's reputation, he did not die immediately after the publication of his *Gertrude of Wyoming* and his *National Odes*. Had he had such good fortune, we should have had the imaginations of the whole world in his favour, fancying what he *might* have done, had he lived, to enhance to extravagance the value of what he had *then* done, which would have placed him in a niche tolerably high among the poets of our country. But, alas! how different the sacred character of a dead poet to that of a living, struggling, elbowing, envying, and envied, public man—encountering the tear and wear of public literary life, and turning his back upon the Muses, and the wholesome though barren hills of Scotland, for the sake of the temporary friendship of lords and fine people, and a place in society which is hard, to win and harder to keep, and which really humbles, instead

of elevating, the man whom Nature has made (what she has not made Thomas Campbell) a great poet.

Required, then, by the circumstances of the case, to say much more about general career and public character than about actual talent (for that, as far as it has shewn itself, is soon disposed of), we shall take up the thread of our lamentation from the time when he had just left the quaint cloisters of the old college of Glasgow, and was beginning to feel within him the stirrings of something which betokened the distinction which he was afterwards to attain in his day, and which, to the warm imagination of youth, probably seemed to presage an amount of fame which, from the way at least in which he has managed his talents, he was never destined to merit. We revert with pleasure to the days when his young enthusiasm was remarkable even to his thoughtless college companions; and never admired him so highly since, as at the time when, having "run away" from home with a youthful friend, and started off as a talented scape-grace will do, in order to see the Highland hills, he first stood on the romantic rim of the far-famed Loch Lomond, shivering, as his companion remarked, with all a poet's thrilling emotion, as he contemplated the glorious prospect of still waters and green islands spread out before him; while the mighty Ben Lomond, in the distance, seemed to lift up his gray head out of the clouds, and, in reverend condescension, to hail the youth as one of his future sons of song, who was to catch a strain of the inspiration which the land of the mountain and the flood had so often conferred upon her beloved bards, since the days of him who slept in the narrow glen and among the wild solitudes of Morven!

It was in these glorious days that, with all a poet's enthusiasm for seeing the world, and conscious of all a poet's poverty, he seriously proposed to his friend (the present worthy and eccentric minister of Broughton on the Tweed), that they should set off together to travel the continent on foot, and to live some way or other, it was not very clear how; but if his friend would only go, and play the part of Roderic Random, he, Thomas Campbell, was willing to play Strap (the barber and servant), for the sake of the advantages of this foreign travel; and away the two

would have gone, like young black-guards, to live upon the world some way or other, for neither of them could even earn a meal of meat by giving the honest villagers on their way a tune on the flute, as poor Goldsmith had done when he tried the same adventure. But the honest minister that is now, having more Scotch prudence, and being less troubled with enthusiasm, received the proposal with damping coolness, and finally rejected it *in toto*; for he began characteristically to *calculate*, and, finding the starting purse would be very light, he was not disposed to trust to Providence, or the peasantry of France and Switzerland, for the supplies that he foresaw would be necessary for so long a journey.

Before we go further, we also delight to dwell upon the time when, about the period of the publication of the *Pleasures of Hope*, he used to be turned out of his lodgings in Edinburgh for ranting and raving in the middle of the night, and disturbing the whole family and neighbourhood by the spouting of poetry. This was a trick, we are told, also of Pollok, the late author of the *Course of Time*—(a poem, by the way, which has been sadly overpraised); but we dare not make exposition of any more of these sort of things, for we shall incontinent have every ass in the country who is troubled with private poetry set-to to rant and rave in the middle of the night, in places where there is no watch to call, to the great disturbance of the king's peace, and the annoyance of sleepy stupidity all over the earth. We shall only tell a little story of James Hogg and his fiddle, which we had no occasion for until now, but which we must add, as we are upon the subject of these vagaries; for we are much given to connoisseurship in all manner of poetic madness.

It was at the time when our admired friend James was a poor shepherd lad, and serving with one Mr. Scott at a place called Singlee, that, never suspecting he had any poetry in his soul, and impressed with the fancy that he was destined to be a great fiddler, he had, as before related, by dint of extraordinary exertions and much belly-pinching, saved up the heavy sum of five shillings, with which he had purchased a real fiddle of that actual value. Being greatly at a loss for *practice*, however, which he never

durst attempt within the walls of the farm-house, or to any other audience but his own sheep on the hills, the secret of his musical powers could not be restrained any longer. One night, upon his hearing the delicate strains of a professional scraper, who, on the occasion of a dance being got up in the barn, had been called in to play "Jenny dang the weaver," and such other mellifluous Scotch music, to the farm lads and wenches, who "lap and flang" thereunto,—the Shepherd was, as he relates, admitted to the honour of being "a spectator" of this festivity, and was so charmed with the musical novelties of this Orpheus, that, when the company broke up, and he was retired to his "hay-loft," where at this period he had the happiness to sleep,—although it was in the middle of the night, he groped for his old violin, and began to practise the tunes which he had just been admiring. The whole family were, of course, thrown into consternation on hearing, somewhere in the house, the same strains that they had been dancing to, all night, after the fiddler had been some time gone; and fearing that this was the work of a ghost or a brownie, they decided upon exploring the premises in a body; and their ears leading them to the hay-loft, there they found Shepherd James sawing away on the fiddle with might and main, to his own infinite delight, and the great disturbance of the rest of the very rats and mice who shared with him his comfortable quarters. James, however, had mistaken his talent, for all this precocious zeal, and never, as far as we have heard, got beyond the playing of a penny reel or "Bob at the holster." But to return to Mr. Campbell.

It was while he was at college that our poet published (or rather printed) by subscription his first effort, as far as we are aware, which was in the Ossianic manner, then the rage, and was distributed among his juvenile subscribers for the sum of *two-pence* of sterling copper money of this realm. What was the nominal subject of this expensive poem it is beyond the power of our recollection, with any faithfulness, to recall; but we can remember that it was of course all about green mountains, and gray clouds, and blue mists, and such like matters, which, we opine, would make Mr. Campbell look exceedingly blue, if not yellow-

green, at this present time of speaking. Shortly, however, after leaving college, and before he could pretend to have emerged into manhood, he had actually published, also by subscription, price five shillings, that poem which laid the best foundation of his fame, and which, at the time it made its appearance, justly surprised the world,—namely, his far-known *Pleasures of Hope*.

The early struggle that Mr. Campbell had with literary difficulties in London, and that harassment of the world's adversity which is particularly severe upon God's poets, (though Thomas Campbell never was, nor will be, one of the highest order) rather seems, upon the whole, to have irritated than given vigour to his mind. He fagged hard at various species of literary drudgery in those days, and fretted his hour characteristically, like a poet, on life's troublesome stage. Yet did not his muse by any means desert him; and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and various small pieces of still greater merit, were tardily given to the world, amidst the toil of literary jobbing and the dirty work of party politics; which last pursuit, however, was better rewarded in Mr. Campbell's case than it has been in fifty cases more able and more generally meritorious. But let that pass. We are not very particular by what honourable mode a poet obtains a pension; but we sincerely rejoice in such men being, by any public good fortune, saved from the low cares of sinking and sickening poverty. Next after this, Mr. Campbell became the inheritor of a considerable legacy, which enabled him to attempt, what, unfortunately, had always been his aim, to set up for a fine gentleman; and from this time forth, as a poet, he never did any further good, either for himself or the expectant public.

What Mr. Campbell would have been as a poet, had he been detained among the heathy hills and "blue mists" of the North, with any sum of money from a Scotch bodle to the gallant amount of eighteen-pence, in his pocket (always admitting that he had shoes to his feet, and a little oatén meal to make crowdy withal), it is not easy now to say. But we strongly suspect, that, had his youthful eyes been suffered to dwell more and longer on his native hills—had he been forced to tarry longer about the Saltmarket of Glasgow, or to jink his way through

the dark *closses* of Edinburgh, until he had seen more of the strong characteristics of common life in his own country, and come more in contact with those scenes and feelings of which a poet can make so much—had he been “badgered about,” as the Americans elegantly say, through the world after a different manner—or had he actually played Strap, as he once wished, and gone shaving good-naturedly over the Continent, sleeping in hay-lofts and *cabarcts*, and seeing what he could see, and hearing what he could hear, sometimes rejoicing in a plentiful bellyful of lentils and *soup m'igre*, but oftener hungry and thirsty in a poetical way, yet always moving on for the benefit of the lusty muse and of posterity; he would not be the *dilettanti* gentlemanly Scotch cockney that he at present is, nor should we now be at all likely to be sitting down to cut him up, as we are about to do, from a conscientious zeal for common truth and justice all over the earth.

And yet we are almost inclined to retract the high eulogium that we were ready to have hypothetically passed upon Mr. Campbell, when we reflect that he has from the first manifested that constant hankering after the conventional honours of small gentility, so unworthy the ambition either of a genuine poet or a manly public character, of whom his country would be really proud, if it could at all, consistently with its rough apprehensions of what is worthy of fair admiration. It is this puerile dandyism of mind that is the great defect in Mr. Campbell's character, which has been at the root of that change in the man which has caused so thorough a disappointment of the poet, from the promise which seemed to be held out in his early productions. And then, like all small minds, he has early suffered himself to be spoiled by flattery. He began to write at the time when the good-natured public chose to laud highly such small-beer poets as Hector Macneil. No wonder then, that, upon the appearance of the *Pleasures of Hope*, the public thought that, in the Glasgow youth they had got a poet who was to outshine and eclipse, perhaps, all mankind; and feeling a pleasure in the “*Hope*,” which was then naturally indulged, gave him glory and praise far beyond his actual deserts, and raised about him an outcry which

has gone far to turn the poor gentleman's head, and which even yet has by no means passed away.

It is upon this point, then, that we reluctantly take up our lamentation over the declining character of Mr. Thomas Campbell. Had he had the eyesight of a respectable mind, he would have seen, even from the green age of eighteen, that it was but a poor transition for a poet, with all a poet's feelings and lofty aims, to step from the bare yet inspiring hills of Scotland, bleak and hungry though they be, into the heart of the fat and sweat of a large city, and to the premature enjoyment of partial and prophetic adulation. In truth, it was an experiment likely to prove dangerous to a man of more talent than ever Mr. Campbell could, after all, pretend to, for a young man with all the natural upsetting spirit of an ordinary Scotchman, and much of the Highland pride of the Campbells, to step so suddenly as he did, at least in a complimentary way, from the homely low-roofed house of a decent clean-looking carle, dressed in snuff-brown as his father was, and living in the third flat of some wooden building of the old Saltmarket of Glasgow, into the sickly and perfumed atmosphere of the drawing-rooms in London; where the poet who has the meanness to covet this sort of thing soon dwindles into a merely fine gentleman, if he be able to keep it up, or, if not, into a contemptible foil or servile dependent. But if this be really his taste and the object of his noble ambition, how pleasantly he learns to talk gentility like a lady's-maid, and to watch the looks of literary countesses and patronising coxcombs—bestowing his anxieties upon the tie of his cravat, or the polite *tournure* of his phraseology, until all the enthusiasm of the poet is spent, like the last gleam of a perfumed rushlight; and their being, of course, little original pith of character, the genuine freedom and remaining manliness of nature is soon polished away into namby-pamby inanity and fastidious nothingness.

Now, to speak in the most cautious terms, and with the utmost chastity of expression, the simple and naked truth, never has there been exhibited before the audience of the world a more perfect example of this degrading paltriness of aim, and perniciously small ambition, than is commended to all men's observation in the general career

of Mr. Thomas Campbell. While he was writing as a boy in his Ossianic Balaam about the blue mists and black-eyed maidens of his poor but intellectual country, in his bug-invaded garret in the Saltmarket of Glasgow, we applaud him. For being turned out of his lodgings in Bun's Wynd in Edinburgh, merely because he kicked up a row in the middle of the night, and fought with the bed-posts in defence of the Muses, we quarrel not with him. For tramping through France and the *Low Countries*, without a shoe to his foot, in honour of the blessed Nine, and for the sake of seeing *life*, we had honoured him. But for a man that had any thing in him, to degrade himself by turning gentleman's gentleman, for the effeminate pleasure of talking small literature to frowsy old spinsters, fusty demireps, and snuffy women of quality in boudoirs, is a thing that we cannot excuse. This, however lamentable, is but too true; and it is well known to every little dog of literature, that from the day that Mr. Campbell set his foot on a Turkey carpet, he has done no good. The Asiatic curtains and Florentine blinds of great houses have completely *blinded him* to all a poet should see. Curry and hock (no higher) have quite turned his stomach against all that is wholesome and strengthening in the nutrition and sense of human things; and silk stockings, French perfumery, and wax lights, have totally deprived him of all pluck, so that any good fillibegged Scotchman, coming from off the heath of the original country of the Campbells, might blow him over with the wind of his mouth by a single puff of fresh Highland breath—such as might be required to bring the first squeak from the drone of a Celtic bagpipe.

But the proof—the proof of all this, if any one is so ignorant or so blinded by the dust and fluster of indiscriminating popularity as to require such a thing at this time of day—the proof is not only ample in every one of the great and little things that Mr. Campbell has been doing for the last twenty years, but furnishes grave charges against him, both in reference to his own reputation, and to the effects of that influence which his engagements with the literary slop-sellers of New Burlington Street have given him over a portion of our current literature. We do not say much of his lectures on

English poetry. Few people are much either impressed or instructed by such laborious and dry preachments, for they are what any moderately instructed individual could have accomplished. They, no doubt, furnish the empty tribe of critical talkers, the pretty blues and greens of simpering literature, with the necessary aliment of ready-made wishy-washy opinions to mouth and mince withal; and in this respect, taken along with his more influential works, they may have had more weight, for aught we know, than such affairs usually carry into general reading society. But, notwithstanding the absurd praises of them in the *Edinburgh Review*, with any people who knew any thing, they only served to shew more clearly that sweet-lipped shallowness, and graceful fastidiousness of nothing, which “burst upon the world” so deftly shortly after in the pretty pages of the *New Monthly*, and has been simpering away to us now and then since the establishment of that great work, in the still small voice and dry dribblets of Mr. Campbell's most costive poetry.

We are now, therefore, brought to speak upon that important head of our discourse which regards the lights and shadows of that great work, the *New Monthly Magazine*, founded by Mr. Thomas Campbell.

And where shall we begin to express our admiration? “O ye Nine! where are ye?” exclaimed a rapturous dandy, in his contemplations upon the beauties of the tailor's cut, in Stultze's studio of stuffed coats, and impressed by the indescribable graces of maulmillinery. There are some subjects upon which words fairly desert us, and leave us to hum and haw, like Gooty Coleridge after the exhaustion of a three hours' *palaver* at Highgate. And yet words would be exceedingly useful, if we could find them; for it is words “signifying nothing” that we are now chiefly to speak of.

What is the *New Monthly* like, in the estimation of all rational people? It is like one of Stultze's coats without a man in it: super-super drapery, with nothing below; cut, and smoothed down, and stuffed out, and needled, and squared, and rounded, to fit the fantastic shapings of fashion, until you are sick of looking at a *thing* so empty and so aimless. It is the semblance of an egg without wholesome salt, and

from which the yolk is carefully extracted, that you may have all the insipidity without the nourishment. It is the sauce without the fish, or any bread to eat with it. It is a man without a nose to his face, or any feature that you may know him by—whose very eyebrows have been shaved away, that nature may be quite forgotten, and to make room for a plaster of paint and artificial colouring. It is the humble attendant on a drawing-room, whose tongue has been clipped, for fear it should say a word that might be offensive to cars polite, and who only whistles like a bird a few elaborate sweet strains of gently soothing nothingness which have been carefully taught it by certain cringing pseudo-exquisites and foreigners; for assuredly the *thing* is neither English nor Scotch, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor even good savoury red herring.

Is not every body sick of the *New Monthly* who have any relish for what has any thing whatever in it? Are not even its contributors sick of it, and heartily ashamed of themselves and their everlasting, weary elaboration at nothing? Are they not, trained as they are in the straining school of the great wishy-washy Bookseller, tired of the slavery of being obliged to work up constant messes of whipt syllabub for the weakly stomachs of those who cannot bear the substantial aliment of sense and truth? Do not its perfumed patrons themselves, for whose exclusive use it has been created and sustained by that tasteful individual Mr. Thomas Campbell,—do not they yawn over it from month to month, turning over its boring leaves with hopeless *cuncti*, looking in vain for something that strikes or stirs, and dawdling dismally over its affected sketches and inane caricatures? Is not its ambitious dullness only equalled by the empty weariness of those showy *soirées*, which Mr. Campbell has so much affected all his life, to his own infinite loss and real degradation—while an example has been set to a passive public of a taste and manner which has been working like a poison in our floating literature? Has it not been the *New Monthly* that has set the standing example of that heartless and pitiless drawing-room book-making which has of late deluged the literary world, and which, along with the vile taste of its puffing criticisms, threatened to overwhelm, by the

mere number of the books published in the same style and connexion, the whole field of current British bibliography.

And what criticisms (criticisms) have been put forth to the world in that elegant-ish, dandy-ish, washy-ish periodical, under the cover of the name of Thomas Campbell! Barefaced puffery we can understand and appreciate. Penny-a-line newspaper work does not get into drawing-rooms, and creeps forth generally in a tone of conscious humility. But the coxcombic strut, the ignorant pretence and shallow senselessness, of some of Colburn's and Campbell's writers, would really make a dog sick; while their zeal for *taste*, which they do not understand, and for *gentility*, which never could own them, is only equalled by their obtuseness towards real merit, and their heartlessness towards the fair claims of manly authorship. That such a crew as they are, with few exceptions, composed of,—such a pretending coterie of literary dandies and quacks,—should have so long sickened the world with their profitless brain-spinning, is a lamentable proof of the influence of mere fashion, when it can enlist for its prophet and leader such an effeminate *litterateur* as Mr. Campbell, and of how the opinionless world will consent for a time to be book-ridden to any thing by the magic of any name which it, at the time, delighteth to honour.

Every one feels that Mr. Campbell has not only, as we said, disappointed the world as a poet, but that in trying his strength with it in the character of a public man, he has failed egregiously as to the attainment of his own views, and, as far as his influence went, has done a real injury to the current literature of his adopted country, England. Placed by his early and high reputation at the head of one of the most influential third-rate organs of public opinion, he has been the example and the apostle of a school of taste which is distinguished by nothing so much as its sensitive cowardice to every thing like freedom of thought or manliness of language; while its great aim has been to please drawing-room critics merely, by empty elegance and fastidious affectation. The serious charge against Mr. Campbell then is, that the effeminacy of his taste and the puerility of his ambition have not only spoiled and frittered away

the powers he possessed as a poet, but made him, in his sphere, the example and the patron of that wretched school of silk-stockng stultification, the dandies of which have so long and so pompously been striving to keep each other in countenance, but which is unworthy of an intellectual nation, and which must ultimately be hooted out of the world by those who have hitherto been contented to laugh at it and despise it, without taking the trouble to raise their voices to cough it down.

But more than that,—is it not to the lofty airs and simpering tone of sweet-mouthed gentility assumed by the Campbell coterie, that we are in a great measure to attribute that bastard ambition which has so much infected our men of books and of pretended talent of late, namely, to be thought fine gentlemen and persons of fashion about town; who affect immensely to talk the language of high life, and babble about their intimacy with lords and great people? Has not, at least, Mr. Thomas Campbell taken the lead in this sort of thing, forgetting both the natural respect and place of aristocratic station, but also the just pride of true talent, the claims of which upon the admiration of the world are of a far different and really loftier character? We all know how infectious this ignoble affectation is, and that one prominent man has it in his power either to encourage, by his example and the airs he gives himself, this paltry pride, or by exhibiting, in his own person, the manly plainness of true talent, to discountenance an affectation so injurious to all proper pride, and so destructive to that independence in circumstances which is so desirable for the proper cultivation of genius. But we must restrain ourselves upon this subject.

Of late years Mr. Campbell has been in various ways exhibiting all the pleasant little amiable foibles of an over-dandied person. It was the *Edinburgh Review* that first spoiled him in a public way, by its fulsome and weak encomiums on his *fine taste*, and his mind was not of the calibre that would have made him see, by its own sagacity, that even supposing Mr. Jeffery, in his whiggish partiality, had not over-praised him, and that that praise, echoed and magnified as it was by his drawing-room flatterers, was all gospel; yet that mere *taste* is but a very inferior quality to positive power of in-

tellect, which, from early promise, he, Mr. Campbell, was called upon to shew out, if such a thing had really been in him. Not contented with the just praise of being, perhaps, the original suggester, and the early and active promoter of the London University, he must not only take to himself the credit of doing the whole thing from first to last, and carrying the whole fabric on his back, but he must have every thing about it ordered in his own way, as usual, or else he shall be mighty angry, and, thinking himself dreadfully ill used, must run off in a pet and inform mankind that this present is a very ungrateful and bad sort of world. There must have been something very wicked in these Whigs, Henry Brougham and all, that they would not consent to make even a corner in their great erection for the man who had done the whole affair himself, and who was, besides, their own political flesh and blood. Not a thing that he tried for would they give him. The Greek professorship!!! they might put past him, on the score of sheer incapacity, notwithstanding his sundry very pretty translations; but to refuse him, *in toto*, even a professorship of English literature, was certainly very hard to stomach by him who had as good as built the University with his own hands.

But, in truth, a man who must always be cock of the walk, and have the ordering of every thing in his own way, must, if he have a due portion of the sensitiveness and irascibility of the poet, meet with many severe mortifications when he steps out of his native element, the drawing-room, and gets among such hard-headed Whigs as those of Stinkomalee. We remember the time when Kean, the actor, was caricatured in the shop-windows carrying Drury Lane Theatre on his back. We believe that in the case of the actor there was some sense in the representation, but assuredly Mr. Campbell was quite wrong in supposing that he could carry the whole University of Gower Street on his own "poor shoulders;" for, indeed, it was too heavy for him, and that the hard-hearted council soon resolved to shew him, let him be as angry as he pleased. We do not deny that he carries the literary hobby (Literary Union, we mean,) on his poor shoulders for the present, and will do, until such time

as a conspiracy happens to be formed against him; an incident which, as Mr. Campbell knows, is very apt to take place in all absolute monarchies, especially if the small king happens to be rather the weaker vessel; and so the Bard of Hope will be thrust down to the very bottom of the form, when his time comes, he may depend upon it, and that will be another affront to his dandy-literature. We really like exceedingly his proclamation addressed to the members of this *soi-disant* "Literary" Union, and to all mankind, commanding them not to distress him with public business and private letters at this momentous crisis, while the whole habitable globe is waiting anxiously until he finishes his Life of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Poor Sir Thomas, posterity intends thee but a poor, beggarly recompense for the years of toil and hope deferred, against which thy pure genius had to struggle; viz. to dress thy manly figure up in woman's attire, by the soft white fingers of such a man-milliner as Tommy Campbell! There is so much considerate modesty and so little affectation in this notification, which is intended to stop that current of public business, which flows upon him in a way such as it never flowed upon any secretary of state in the hottest period of the hottest war; and we hope in God, that no man will audaciously offer to disobey, in the least jot or tittle, so august a mandate.

What this Literary Union, and the literary world, and the general world, is to do, when the afflictive dispensations of Providence may one day deprive the whole of this great man, it is impossible for us, in our inmost heart, to predict, and, indeed, the thought is too affecting to dwell upon. The kings and princes of the earth *may* die, for they are but mortal men, and, indeed, sometimes *ought* to die, for the sake of gratifying the people with a change; but Mr. Thomas Campbell should never die. Should, however, this lamentable event ever take place, (and great men *have* died before now,) what an eclipse there will be, to spread darkness and dismay over the whole earth! New Burlington Street will sink, and become an utter desolation! The *New Monthly* will fall like a star from heaven, and be rolled together as a scroll and a scribble, and its readers will be filled with shame and con-

fusion of face! Then will it melt away like butter of an unfavourable age, and its worshippers shall become a reproach and a proverb among the nations; for no man will be found who shall be willing to read the contents thereof, and behold it shall be utterly destroyed, and perish wholly from the earth!

We wish we had not spoken of death with reference to Mr. Thomas Campbell. The thought is so affecting that our sensitive nerves cannot stand it. It reminds us of the time when poor Mr. Campbell had taken a headache, or a watering at the eyes, or some such dangerous disorder, and when, being particularly subject to the hip-pish complaint, he thought himself going to die "there and then," to the great consternation of the world. It was upon that melancholy occasion that we called to visit him in his sickness, and to give him our best advice as to the other world—for he is a particular friend of ours, as the reader cannot fail to have perceived. He looked in our face, in that pathetic way which a man will do when taking probably his last look of a dear and affectionate brother, and he shook his head as a man will shake it when he means to say, It is all over now; and thus he opened his mouth and spake: "I think," said he, for these are his very words—"I think that I feel myself going. But I have the satisfaction to reflect at this, my last hour, that I have not lived altogether without doing some public good in my day and generation. Of my literary works I shall not at present speak. I will leave them to speak for me, which they will doubtless do so long as the language shall last. I shall only speak of that noble institution, the London University, which I have the satisfaction to think I have myself established, although I am refused a seat to sit upon within that house which I may justly call my own. But the world, my friend, is an ungrateful world; and that is its character!"

However, Mr. Campbell did not die at that particular crisis, and has left the London University, which he has built, space to repent of its black ingratitude towards him, its founder. It is certainly shameful usage, and shews what a gentlemanly poet may expect from the Whigs, whom he thought he was serving with all his might. But

probably they thought, that, as he was all his life one of the pluckless, who had too much *taste* to make the cause he espoused either the better or the worse for him, he would make the professor's chair, in their favourite University, only another insipid affair like the *New Monthly*, which the college boys themselves are wont to hoot and scout at, to the great disrespect of Henry Brougham and Joseph Hume, the discredit of that sensible individual Professor M'Culloch, and the acute pain of that amiable person Lord Auckland.

Guided, then, by experience of the past, we would seriously advise the literary recruits of "the Union," to take great care of poor Campbell, and to carry him nicely and use him gently, and "streak him canny with the hair," and give him all his own

way, and do not let him be put into a passion; for he is a poet, and a precious babe of the *New Monthly* public; and having been used to drawing-rooms, and sweet flatteries, and sugar-candy, all his days, he cannot stand any thing indelicate. The days are long gone by since he was a rising poet, and since he struggled with some vigour in the office of the Statesman newspaper, and elsewhere, in the uphill toil of "Life in London." But these were the days before he came to be a man of *fine taste*, and was without controversy a fine poet. As a poet, he has, we are sorry to say, been long since dead. As a public character, he is still alive for a blessing to the *New Monthly*, and the Literary Union, and such affairs. Much good may he do them!

TO THE PEERLESS.

From the Sylva of Pablo de Rioja.

SWANLIKE form and snowy arms,
 Tho' around thee fondly wreathing;
 Stag-like eye that instant charms,
 Rubious lips their dove-strains breathing;
 These may youth in thralldom bind,
 Yet must yield to Mind—to Mind!

Love-befrenzied youth may stray,
 Lowly slave, in Beauty's bower,
 Beauty fades like April's day,—
 A breath will soil the brightest flower;—
 And Youth pants no more to see
 What *was* his Idolatry!

Peerless thou—for thine's the sway,
 Where the tide of Sense is flowing,
 There hath Loveliness its ray
 Darted—and 'tis radiant glowing—
 And I, wondering, see combined,
 Beauty's gold with gems of Mind!

SICILIAN POETRY.*

It is not remarkable, that among the infinite emigrations of the human race, a land like Sicily,—advantageous for its position, enjoying a mild and salubrious climate, a fruitful soil, and a sea abounding in all sorts of exquisite fishes,—should have been the frequently contested prize of the despoilers of their own “lares.” Possessed in turn by the Greeks, the Romans, the Saracens, and Normans, the inhabitants, with their “ore trilingui,” soon came to deserve the appellation of “centilingues.” Indeed, it would almost appear that the modern Italian owes its origin to the Sicilians; if we may credit Dante, who, in speaking of the Latin tongue used in various provinces, first writes of the Sicilian, then of the Tuscan, and in conclusion says, “Tutto quello, che i nostri predecessori compongono in volgare si chiama Siciliano.” The old poet Malaspina also remarks, in a collection of verses published at Naples in 1661,

“Sicilia fu la madre
Della lingua volgare cotanto in prezio.”

Be this as it may, the modern tongue of Sicily seems only a dialect of the Italian, chiefly remarkable for the prevalence of the vowel *u*, which gives it a peculiarly oriental look, and undoubtedly is a remnant of its contact with the Saracens, who ruled over it for two centuries. A learned and laborious dictionary of the language was published by Pasqualino at Palermo in 1785.

The country of Theocritus, the cradle of pastoral poetry, could hardly fail, one would think, to produce good imitators; and, accordingly, the Abate Giovanni Meli, Doctor and Professor of Chemistry in the University of Palermo, imbued with the spirit of the ancients, has produced a volume of *Bucolics*, in his own Doric, which have met with some applause in the world of Italian letters, and served to raise from obscurity what was hitherto considered a vulgar dialect. The man who is dedi-

cated to the sciences, and always absorbed in profound meditations, will feel the faculties of his spirit grow weak if he does not concede to himself the prudent relief of a few tranquil hours to procure some of the pleasures and amusements of which his talents are susceptible. This calm in which he indulges,—this solace which he tastes in mingling with his application a few innocent pleasures, instead of extinguishing the flame of his genius, rather serves to strengthen and augment its force; and the intellect, exhausted by its long fatigues, and wearied by its graver studies, finds repose in the realm of fancy and imagination. This faculty of imagination to accomplished scholars is like the enchanting island of Alcina, which seduces and allures to the enjoyment of its new and inviting prospects the Ruggieros and Astolfos, wearied and outworn with having traversed on their hippogriffs the sublime regions of air. It is not our intention here to trace the history of those who have been famous in the sciences, and at the same time good poets. It is enough to mention the names of a Girolamo Fracastoro, a Francesco Redi, or an Albert Haller; much less is it our intention to make the eulogy of our author: suffice it to say, what will be readily granted, that the learned man is not always a good poet, but a good poet ought necessarily to be a learned man,—it being impossible to arrive at a distinguished rank in poesy without having first held long converse with the works of great men of every country. As to the peculiar character of Sicilian poetry, we have little to add. The difference of idiom causes no change in the essence of poetry, since all idioms afford a figurative language which speaks forcibly and energetically to the imagination,—a language which, in place of bare and isolated ideas and conceits, knows how to awaken in the breasts of the readers true passions and real sentiments.

Virgil and Moschus, Garcilasso and

* *Carmina Sicula Joannis Meli, Latinè reddita à Vincentio Raymundio. Panormi, 1815.*—*Poesie Siciliane dell' Abate Giovanni Meli, Dot. in Medicina, e Pubblico Professore di Chimica nella Reg. Università degli Studi di Palermo. Palermo, 1814.*

Montemayor, Sannazzaro and Milton, have all filled their pastoral writings with allegory and allusion. In the northern pastoral, Nature is made artificial, to be raised to the requisite degree of perfection; whilst with the southern poets of Spain, Italy, and Portugal, there is a perpetual inclination to reduce artificial life to its first elements, and to contemplate objects through the medium of Nature alone. There is, consequently, a greater desire in the former writers to mingle allegorical meanings and sentimental allusions with their descriptive poetry, and to join the somewhat incongruous sylvan deities of the classics with the personages of the Christian creed. But this, Meli has not attempted in his simple eclogues. A shepherd and his mistress meet, are driven to shelter by a shower of rain, or by the heat of the sun, and, after a conversation on rural subjects "more Mantuan," generally conclude with a song descriptive of the season. In this manner the first four eclogues proceed; a few idylls follow, with songs in the measure of Metastasio's airs; an "Ecloga Piscatoria;" and an imitation of Theocritus' Polyphemus, called "Polemuni,"—a hackneyed subject, repeated "ad nauseam" by the pastoral writers of Spain and Portugal. Like his master Theocritus, he is content to call the vales,

"And bid them hither bring
Their bells and flowrets of a thousand
hues;"

and in pictures which breathe throughout the perfume of this beautiful country, to consort all that is pleasant to the eye and ear in one grateful harmony:

"Birds, voices, instruments, winds,
waters, all agree."

Without this "arcano poetar," however, there is a point of insipidity, below which no scale of dulness can be graduated, and that point all the writers of this school seem to have attained. We would not wholly include Meli among the number of mere "babblers o' green fields;" but, it must be owned, that, like most Italian pastorals, his bucolics have all the simplicity and tenderness that is necessary to that style, with a great deal of the puerility that is not at all necessary. The mellifluous doctor is a poet of the land of promise—all butter and honey. He is, moreover, the author of many fine lyrics; a long work of his youth in *ottava rima*, called "*Fata Morgana*," displaying not a little of that egotism of the poet, which, drawing in that age all his attention upon himself, seems as if it concentrated the whole universe in his own individuality; and a Bernesque poem, of which the subject is the adventures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, which says little for the taste of him who could sit down and versify Cervantes' masterpiece with the intention of improving its irony.

The first two sonnets, which we have selected as specimens, breathe the feelings of a lover of nature, tired of the busy haunts of men, and longing for the enjoyment of shade, silence, and solitude. One may recognise in them the friend of the arts, of letters, and of repose, gifted with a poetical imagination, and smitten with the agreeable fictions of ancient mythology; but we look in vain for the physician, the professor, and the man of science. The third sonnet is altogether in Petrarch's style.

SONNET I. •

Muntagnoli interrutti da Vaddati.

Green airy mountains sloped by shelving plains,
Cliffs with hoar moss and gadding thyme overgrown,
Clear falling waters bright as silvery veins,
Mute stagnant marshes, rivers murmuring on,
Rocks where the fawns lie hid in ambuscades,
Smooth-sliding currents crowned with vocal reeds,
Sweet flowers, fantastic trees, sequestered shades,
Damp caves wherein the oozing nitre breeds,
Night-warbling birds that tune your laboured song,
Echo that hears and then doth all disclose,
Vines interlacing the elm leaves among,
Dark intricate wild wood of trees and boughs:
O blest retreats! far from the vulgar throng,
Receive the friend of peace and calm repose.

SONNET II.

Pani, chi ntra li sagri grutti oscuri,
 Unni s'adura la tua effigi santa,
 Parrasti un jornu, e mi dicisti; Canta
 Li campagni, l'armenti, e li pasturi:
 E la sampugna, ingrata a lu to amuri,
 Chi fu ninfà superba, e poi fu pianta,
 Mi pruisti, dicennu: Cu tia vanta
 Lu sulu Græcu Siculu st'onuri:
 Giacchi tantu gradisci li mei rimi;
 Addurmenta li lupi ntra li tani;
 E di l'agneddi accettanni li primi;
 Scaccia l'ambiziusi, e li profani;
 E si qualcun la tua bili un timi,
 Fallu vivu mangiari da li cani.

SONNET II.

Pan, who in caves and dark inwoven bowers,
 Where thy great image is adored as king,
 To me didst once appear, and say, O sing
 The shepherd's life, the fields, the flocks, and flowers!
 And this sweet pipe, now to a reed transformed,
 (The nymph who did thy love whilome disdain,)
 Thou gavest, and saidst, No voice hath wiser charmed
 One youth except, the Syracusan swain.
 Since to thine ears our songs have grateful been,
 The ravenous wolves do thou in forests hide;
 Accept the first-born that our flock supplies:
 Far distant drive ambition, pomp, and pride;
 And if thy power a recreant one despise,
 Ah! cast the impious man to dogs unclean.

SONNET III.

Umbri figghi a la notti, chi abitannu,
 Stati ntra grutti, ed orridi foresti,
 Del! ch l'estremu miu spiritustu resti
 A chianciri cu viu lu propriu dannu.

Dark Stygian shades, the eldest born of Night,
 Which in deep caves your gloomy horrors veil,
 Ah! may a wretch among your wilds exhale
 The soul whose hour extreme now wings its flight!
 And if with wandering steps the nymph should stray,
 More hard than marble to my mild complaints,
 With mournful voice to cruel Cloris say—
 Say that I died; then see if she laments:
 If one vain tear should ever chance to rove
 O'er my green tomb, think not from love it flows,
 Or that my fate doth her compassion move,
 For pity in that bosom never glows;
 And if she sighs, 'tis but regret to prove
 He is no more who perished for her love.

An idyl which follows the first eclogue will serve as an example of his powers of description.

IDYL I.

Now from the mountains lengthening shadows fall,
 And all around the glistening verdure shines
 With subtle dew-drops. Now on every side
 The hamlet's smoke the far horizon bounds.
 The gathering flocks towards the well-known fold
 Descend from distant steeps, and part appear
 Stenling from out the tangled maze of wood,
 Till joyful all the sunny fields regain;
 And in the front and rear, severe and grave,
 The guardian dogs, with long and shaggy hair,
 March with a measured pace and downcast eyes.
 Close following, laden with their fleecy spoil,
 The shepherd train, who bear the staff and scrip,
 Approach, and all in eager haste intent
 With hand and voice to sound the inspired reed.
 The lowing heifers calling on their young
 Fill with their cries the air, and soon each one
 Her offspring knows, and with maternal care
 Fondles the treasure, lest the prowling wolf
 Should profit by the secret shades of night,
 To leap the pen and steal the precious life.
 The song of birds is silent 'mid the boughs,
 Save when the lonely cuckoo, first at morn
 To wake the forest echoes, now the last,
 With restless flight encompasses the plain,

And poised on quivering wings above the woods,
 Now in the air suspends itself, now sinks,
 Repeating its unmodulated strain.
 But sweeter far, more varied and more clear,
 The nightingale from yonder valley deep
 Her voice exalts, and nature far and near,
 The air, the earth, each thing inanimate,
 Are by the all-surrounding melody
 Soothed into grateful calm and tranquil love.
 Dæmons meanwhile on a pendent rock,
 Near his loved Doris seated —

We prefer to the song which the shepherd commences, the opening chant of Melibæus on Spring, and have pleasure in placing at its side, for the gratification of our readers, the elegant version of Raymondi, who has reclothed these thoughts of the classics with the garb of Virgil himself, and, in his words, we repeat to him concerning this translation of Meli's *Bucolica*, — *In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.*

LA PRIMAVERA.

VER.

E passata la furta ;
 Già sciuriu la minnolica,
 Da la grutta a la chianura
 Nesci, e veni, o Clori amica.

Acris hyems fugit, jam floret amygdalus agris ;
 Linque specum quasso, campum pete Chloris amica.

Già nni invita, già nni chiama
 Primavera ntra li sciuri ;
 Ogni frunda nni dic' : ama ;
 L'aria stissa spira amuri.

Jam jam prima novis invitat floribus ætas,
 Arbor amare docet nos, aer spirat amorem.

Quali cori è renitenti
 A un piaciuri accussi gratu ;
 Quannu tutti l'elimenti
 Ni respirannu lu sciatu ?

Sævius an dulci pugnet quod pectus amori,
 Dum cuncta ipse agitat genitalia corpora mundi !

La muntagna alpestri, e dura,
 Già nni senti la potenza ;
 Già si para di virdura ;
 E li pasculi dispenza.

Præruptus durus mons illius igne movetur,
 Gramine se vestit viridi, jam pabula præbet.

Vola un zefiru amurusu
 Ntra na nuvola d'oduri ;
 Chi suavi e graziusu
 Scherza, e ridi cu li sciuri.

Inter odoratam nubem volat aura favoni,
 Lenius aspirans flores ea mulcet apricos.

Manna lampi d'alligria
 Lu pianeta risplendenti ;
 Chi rinova, ch'arrieria,
 Chi abbellisci l'olimenti :

Purpureus Titan læto fulgore coruscet,
 Quo formosa viget rerum natura novatrix.

Scurri, e va di cosa in cosa
 Certu focu dilicatu ;
 Chi fa vegeti li rosa ;
 Chi fa fertili lu pratu.

Lenior et penitus res cunctas permeat ignis,
 Quo rosa mollis hæat, quo fertilis ubere campus.

Già lu senti la jinizza,
 Già a la tauru s'accompagna ;
 Di muggiti d'alligrezza
 Già risona la muntagna.

Bucula subsequitur correpta cupidine taurum,
 Et circum montem lætis mugitibus implet.

La quagghiuzza s'embarazzu
 'Mmeuzu l'ervi di lu chianu ;
 Va lu cani, e la svulazza ;
 Poi ci abbaja di luntanu.

Ludit sæpe latens in gramine parva coturnix,
 Sed canis inde regat, procul et latratibus urget ;

E mentr' idda in aria accrisci
 Novi fiammi a lu sò arduri ;
 Già la fulmina, e colpisci
 Lu crudili cacciaturi.

Dum magis exardens torquetur amore per auras,
 Illam venator terrens jam vulnerat ictu.

Nntra li rami lu cardiddu
Duci duci ciuciulia ;
Ch' avi allatu (miatiddu !),
La campagna in allegria.

Ma la turtura infelici
Sfoga sula lu sò affettu ;
Quasi esprima : cui mi dici
Unni jiu lu miu diletto ?

Rundinedda pilligrina
Pri l' amuri 'un avi abbentu ;
Ora a terra s' avvicina ;
Ora vâ, comu lu ventu.

Fa sintirsi lu piaciri
Sinu all' 'spidi chiù crudi ;
Ntra l' obbliqui, e torti giri
La ria serpi si lu chiudi.

Ah tu sula, o Clori amata,
Pri mia barbara sventura,
Sarrai surda, ed ostinata,
Qannu parra la natura ?

Duci amuri, vita mia,
Stâ biddizza, ch' e un portentu :
Nun sia inutili pri tia ;
Ne' a cui t' ama sia turmentu.

Pipilat in ramis jucundo carmine acanthis,
Felix, quod placito pariter comes ardet amore.

Sed turtur solus misere testatur amorem,
Ut moneat gemitu sibi perdita gaudia quærat.

Irrequieta ardens peregrino ab littore irundo,
Nunc potitur tellure, volat nunc ocior aura.

Has dulces nutrit flammæ crudelior aspis,
'Occulit ipse inter sinuosa volumina serpens.

Triste mihi soli fatum instat, Chloris amata ?
Surda, tenaxque neges, cum jam natura loquatur ?

Lux mea, dulcis amor, mira hæc et forma decora
Non sit vana tibi, cruciet nec perditæ amantem.

Meli died some years ago, in poverty and obscurity ; a miserable pension from King Ferdinand rewarding all his song and adulation ; and the Sicilian Muses may long weep ere they see his rival.

Αἰλινά μοι σπωναχῶντε νάσαι, καὶ Δώριον ὕδωρ,
Καὶ ποταμοὶ κλαίειτε τὸν ἱμερόεντα Βίωνα.
"Λεχίτι Συκιλικαὶ τῷ πίνδιος, ἄρχιτι Μοῖσαι.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY OF O'CONNELL AND COBBETT.

' Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares"—

O'CONNELL and Cobbett, or Cobbett and O'Connell, "*Arcades ambo*," "fine animals" in their way, "et cantare pares," and a pair of rival canting quacks, at the very top of their class. We do not apply the words "animal" and "quack" to them loosely. Their whole essence consists in, and may be reduced to, the two designations. Even what in them is called talent, and has really produced much more than the effects of a much superior portion of legitimate talent in others, is but coarse animal passion and animal craft, at once energetic and insusceptible. Both have heaped ribaldry upon each other; and both have been covered with public opprobrium, to such a degree as would drive others to suicide or obscurity. Both have committed the most flagrant tergiversations in politics and public principle; and have each respectively paid court to, and maligned the same person or party, with truckling servility and scurrilous defamation. Yet, instead of hanging, drowning, or secreting themselves, here they are playing their pranks before a crowd of admirers, as if their names were unsullied, and their lives consistent.

Whence this invulnerability? From a certain coarse animal robustness of limb and thickness of skin; or, if we may use the expression, a certain animal effrontery of character. They are the two vainest persons in the kingdom; but their vanity is not like that of other men. It is a gross appetite, without discernment or shame. They bemire themselves, or are bemired, in gratifying this passion; but they are insensible to it themselves, and it is regarded with indifference, if not excuse, by others, as "the nature of the beast." It would be said of them that they possess a great deal of what may be called force; but their force is passive rather than active—shewn more in bearing up against what would overwhelm another, than in positive achievement. Cobbett has been hammering for more than thirty years the questions of reform and the currency, and has written cart-loads, and yet has never advanced either question a jot.

But has not O'Connell achieved Catholic emancipation? No: Catholic emancipation has achieved O'Connell. He flung himself, with all his vulgarity and vigour, into the current, and, instead of his carrying the cause, the cause carried him.

They are persons of limited capacity and still more limited information. Cobbett has a practical knowledge of the agriculture of the country, and has some right notions on the subject of the currency and the operation of the national debt; but knows of foreign commerce, and even of home manufactures, no more than a pedlar. O'Connell is a good practical *Nisi Prius* lawyer, and has some knowledge of the local circumstances rather than local interests of Ireland; but knows nothing of the history of Europe, of any science, of any art, or of any branch of literature. He passed a year in his youth at St. Omer, pretends to a knowledge of French, and speaks it like an Iroquois, or somewhat in the manner of Father Foigard.

It is in supplying this deficiency of knowledge that the superiority of both as quacks comes admirably into play. Their modes and means somewhat differ. Cobbett's great staple is prophesying—O'Connell's promising—both equally calculated to impose upon the vulgar. The prophecy is unverified, and the promise unfulfilled. What of that? A fresh prediction, and a fresh pledge, equally confident and gigantic, are launched, to astound again the populace of vulgar minds. They resemble each other in the want of real sagacity. They have no length of intellectual sight—nothing beyond that animal suppleness and cunning which is the genius of savage life. Thus they possess in a remarkable degree; and though it does not supply the place of judgment, or save them from the blindest indiscretions and blunders, it extricates them from the difficulties into which their want of steady sense and extended views has brought them. This is not the only trait of savagery which may be discerned in their characters. They have that plastic imitative power

of conforming to the usages of civilised life for which savages are remarkable. Cobbett and O'Connell are—the one in his writings, the other in his speeches,—vigorous, dramatic, picturesque, vulgar, coarse; but the one can write with elegance, and has done so sometimes; and the other can speak, not with elegance; it is true, but with tact and prudence, when the occasion suggests or demands it. This uncongenial and forced manner, however, does not last long. Savagery is their true element; and they take the first opportunity to throw off the drapery of civilisation and fly back into their native woods.

There is not the same trial of Job as of O'Connell in this respect. He has not sat in the House of Commons; and we regret, as a matter of curious psychological experiment, that some noble lord, a partisan of reform—Lord Radnor, for instance—has not proved the abuse of rotten boroughs, by the practical illustration of sending Cobbett into the hon. House. O'Connell has been submitted to the ordeal. He conducted himself for a time with a dexterous supple imitation of the manners of those around him, with only the single escapade to White Conduit House. But he soon became impatient of being on his good behaviour and his consequent nullity, and flew back to Ireland to join his followers, and be the oracle of the tribe once more. It is but a just instinct, by which he seeks his proper element. He is the creature of the populace, of which he partakes the passions—and upon whose sympathies he plays with precision and force. Perhaps, to be the orator of the populace even, that populace must be Irish. In every instance where he has addressed public or tavern meetings in England, the mass of his auditory has been Irish. We do not include or exclude the reform meeting in London the other day, of which we know nothing. And we believe that even there he had numerous “followers of my own.” But, whether in England or Ireland, he is unfit and incapacitated even for the leader of a civilised popular assembly. He did not obtain the ascendant in the Catholic committee until the arena was abandoned to him by old Keogh, who was greatly his superior in taste and manner as an orator, and in knowledge, capacity, principles, and courage, as a politician. Upon Keogh's

retirement or death, O'Connell stepped into the vacant place. Scully, a man of shrewd talent and liberal information, soon ousted him of the leadership in the opinion of the better order of Catholics. But Scully had a distaste for haranguing aggregate meetings, which was not his vocation; he also, with his wealth, was a downright miser, and never gave a dinner. Hence O'Connell had the mob to himself, and secured a sort of divided empire in the Catholic Board, by giving Sunday dinners at Merion Square to the subaltern chiefs.

Savages are remarkable for the jealous vanity with which they regard any encroachment upon their sway. Cobbett and O'Connell have this instinct in common beyond any men who have ever figured before the public. Their career has been a succession of squabbles, ribaldry, envy, hatred, and hollow hypocritical reconciliations with their associates. Whether in their fury or their fondness, the genius of animal savagery was alike apparent—in their brute ferocity and their cunning supple falsehood.

Cobbett's alternate laudations and abuse of Burdett, Cartwright, Hunt, French, are before the world. We will develop O'Connell's less known character in this respect, for the edification of our friends on the other side of the Channel. Two barristers, having more time than business on their hands, Phillips and Finlay, resolved to give the Catholics the benefit of their eloquence, having no call for it in the overstocked market of the four courts. Nothing was more amusing than the sneering, writhing jealousy with which O'Connell received these volunteer “Protestant friends,” except the supple craft with which he enlisted them in his train, when he found they could neither be sneered nor frowned out of the field. The one, however, soon took to Green Street, and the other to the Old Bailey, finding the Catholic cause mere barren patriotism.

Wyse started soon after, with all the advantages of family, fortune, and most accomplished talents. When the young and really interesting aspirant came forward to make his first public speech, O'Connell could not control his jealous pique, and vented his petty, dastardly, envious illiberality, by turning his back full upon the young speaker, and affecting to talk and laugh whilst

he spoke. But Wyse, with his many superiorities, was not a formidable rival. His talents were too cultivated, his taste too fastidious, his temperament too cold, for a popular orator. He soon left Ireland and its aggregate meetings, for the "*virtu*" and "*conversazioni*" of Rome, and did not return till within a year or two.

Shiel, a more dangerous and successful rival, now abandoned the stage of Covent Garden theatre for that of Irish Catholic politics—with all Wyse's advantages, and many more,—talents equally cultivated, a mind more exercised and informed, ambition, application, electric impulse of temperament, an unflinching energy of purpose. The shocks between him and O'Connell were probably not heard or felt in England; but here they filled the newspapers and divided the Catholics. Cobbett never poured out upon Burdett or Hunt more gross ribaldry than O'Connell upon Shiel. Finding this unavailing, he turned round, and affected to praise his friend's "superhuman eloquence," as he called it, in a tone of hollow and nauseous exaggeration, of which nobody was the dupe, and least of all Shiel, who is the first to laugh at it. Such is the jealous, selfish vanity of the man, that he will do all he can to keep any Irish Catholic out of the House of Commons—more particularly those who have any pretensions to public speaking. O'Gorman Mahon, guilty of too highly appreciating his whiskers and the approbation of the sex, but a right-minded, honest, and honourable fellow, and by no means without talent, was mainly instrumental in seating O'Connell for Clare. "You shall come in with me as the second member next election," says O'Connell, in

the ecstasy of his gratitude. Mahon, of course, holds him pledged; but, after some time, discovers that the grateful and frank O'Connell had secretly given a similar pledge to Major Macnamara, who had opposed his return, but who is neither a Catholic nor speech-maker, and would, therefore, not invade O'Connell's monopoly.

But Shiel's getting into the honourable House is the great thorn in his side. The very mention puts him into a cold sweat; and he will either openly or covertly throw every obstacle in Shiel's way at Louth. He has just come over, stung with the sense of his failure in the House of Commons. It was anticipated, however, by those who knew any thing of the honourable House. His grotesque gestures, and still more grotesque enunciation,—his false pathos, his tasteless attempts at the figurative, his vulgar finery, which is much worse than his genuine vulgarity of accent and manners,—in a word, the provincialism both of his mind and habits, rendered his failure certain. Shiel, on the contrary, has ambition and acquirements of a higher order—a style of declamation in better taste—full of energy and fire, and set off by a delivery the most skilful and effective. Shiel, in the House of Commons, will soon be regarded, and, what is still more material to success, will regard himself, as in his proper place. O'Connell, at once vain and mortified, no longer the dictator of his coterie, will soon be voted as regular a bore as Alderman Waithman. The general opinion is, that the parliamentary agency association will not thrive*—and that O'Connell, like his counterpart Cobbett, will give peripatetic lectures on the public grievances.

* This communication reached us before the suppression of the parliamentary agency office by authority.

SPECIMENS OF IRISH MINSTRELSY.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

No. III.—SONGS OF THE BRAZILIAN EMIGRANTS.

My friend Dr. Walsh, in his recent work on Brazil, has given an interesting account of the emigration of about three thousand persons from the south of Ireland to Brazil in 1827, to which I beg generally to refer. But the following narrative of the insurrection, which nearly cost Don Pedro his kingdom, is worth preserving, as it comes from an eye-witness, and will sufficiently illustrate the following lyrics.

"About three thousand men, with women and children, were engaged in Ireland and sent out to Brazil at the expense of the emperor, with an understanding on their part that they were to be located as settlers on lands in Brazil. On their arrival they were placed in barracks, and the men drilled, under pretext of enabling them to serve as militia. They were delayed on various pretences from their expected settlement; and, after being badly fed, and not paid at all for some time, were offered good pay and food on condition of entering the imperial army. They were embodied, but became mutinous.

"A similar device had been practised upon some Germans, who were engaged to serve in the army for a limited time, and, at its expiration, were to have lands assigned to them. They also became mutinous on the terms not being fulfilled. The minister who, it is said, had broken faith with them, was forced at last to some measure, and took the *provident* one of giving them all their arrears of pay. The consequence was great drunkenness in both corps. The Germans massacred a very severe foreign officer, who, with many other foreigners, had been introduced among them: they seized some arms, turned out their officers, and took possession of their barracks, vowing to have their own terms fulfilled.

"The Irishmen, in a barrack two miles distant, not at all in concert with the Germans, became riotous from drink, and a small party attacked some grog-shops in the neighbourhood. They were opposed by a body of black slaves, chiefly porters and water-carriers; these, however, were no match for the Irish, who carried on the frolic as if at a fair in their own country, and broke heads and arms *à discrétion*.

"This drunken uproar at one end of the city, and the mutiny at the other, alarmed the government; for it was imagined that they were acting in concert, and probably in accord with the Buenos Ayres government,—the war not being then ended.

"A strong body of Brazilian troops, with some artillery, were brought against the Germans, who retreated to their barracks, where, however, they would not surrender, and the Brazilians had not *'the pluck'* to storm them.

"The citizens in the panic armed their confidential slaves, who, sallying forth, massacred with long knives every straggling Irishman and German they met. It is said that more than a hundred defenceless creatures, mostly sober, inoffensive men, all ignorant of what was passing in the outskirts of the city, fell by the hands of these assassins in the streets. Several poor women were also stabbed by the wretches. I saw and spoke to one with a babe in her arms who had suffered in this way. She had been wounded in three places, and left for dead.

"In this state of things, on the evening of the 11th of June, 1828, after three days' uproar, his Majesty's ship *Ganges* entered the port of Rio de Janeiro, and a message was sent from Don Pedro, requesting the admiral (Sir Robert Otway), whose flag she bore, to grant him a guard for his palace.

"The marines of the English squadron were landed at day-light the next morning, and also parties from the French vessels of war in the port. Their services, however, were not much needed. The Irishmen's madness went off with the fumes of their drink; and want of food and ammunition brought the Germans to terms.

"The marines returned to their respective ships on the 13th. They would not, of course, have been required to act against the insurgents, but were merely landed to defend the emperor's palace, upon which, or any other place, no attack was attempted, or even so far as appeared meditated, although, no doubt, the landing of this force was not without its effect upon affairs.

"On the interposition of the English envoy to procure the return of the Irish to their own land, the emperor agreed to their departure. About twelve hundred

men, women, and children, were sent back in vessels hired by Mr. Gordon, and it was understood the expense was to be defrayed by the Brazilian government.

"The rest of the three thousand had disappeared—the greater part from want, disease, and the knife of the assassin. Some few had run away, and others had become settlers in various capacities."

The leader of these unfortunate emigrants was named Cotter. He had commenced life as a merchant, but was unfortunate in business, and became a bankrupt. He then proceeded to South America as "a patriot," or, as such adventurers were popularly called in Ireland, "a patriarch." After an absence of a few years, Mr. Cotter returned to Cork, with the title of colonel, and, under specious representations, induced upwards of two thousand men, with their families, to emigrate to Brazil.

Dr. Walsh states, that, as far as he could collect from the remaining emigrants with whom he conversed in 1828 and 1829 in Brazil, and from other sources, the terms which Colonel Cotter was empowered to offer were as follow:

"Every man was to receive pay and allowance equal to one shilling per day; one pound of beef and one pound of bread as rations; and were to be employed four hours each day in learning military exercises, to be ready to act as soldiers if called on, but not to be sent out of the province of Rio, unless in time of war or invasion; and at the end of five years of such engagement, to be discharged from all military service, and located as farmers on land, each having fifty acres assigned him."

Dr. Walsh adds:

"With these powers Colonel Cotter proceeded to Cork, caused notices to be affixed to chapel doors, and instructed clergymen to give it out from the altars in different parts of the south of Ireland. The notifications were received with great joy by the people: the exceeding distress of the poor peasantry of that part of Ireland, as well from exuberant population as want of employment, is notorious, and they were eager to avail themselves of the proposal. Land was the great object of their competition at home; and they who thought themselves fortunate in obtaining a few acres at an exorbitant rent in Ireland, were transported at the idea of receiving a grant of fifty acres rent free in Brazil. Many, therefore, as they told me," continues the Doctor, "sold their farms at home, and laid out the small portion of money they could raise in purchasing agricultural implements, conceiving that their military service was to be merely local, and would no more prevent their attending to their land, than if they were members of yeomanry corps in their own country. Among them were mechanics, who looked forward to exercise their calling to advantage in Rio, and had brought out the implements of their trade; and among them certainly were many whose idle habits led them to prefer a military life, and were ready to engage as soldiers, careless of the terms of their service. Of these descriptions two thousand four hundred persons were collected, some of them, as was to be expected, of indifferent characters and dissolute manners; but the majority decent, respectable people, who had brought out with them their wives and families, and who would be an acquisition to any country as settlers, but particularly to Brazil."

Notwithstanding Dr. Walsh's statement, I can confidently say, that at the time when these persons embarked, it was generally understood in Cork, that although *nominally* proceeding to Brazil as settlers, to avoid any difficulty or prohibition from the English government, they *actually* went out to become soldiers.

But whatever the conditions may have been, it is certain that dissimulation was practised. An instance which I remember being told of was in the case of a young man named M'Auliffe, or, as he was more familiarly designated, "Jack the Piper," who, although his musical skill supported him in a very comfortable manner, was tempted to leave his native village, Newmarket, in the county of Cork, by the account, to use his own phrase, of "the riches unknown how much" which he was to obtain in Brazil. He came to Cork, and there, after considerable hesitation, made up his mind to return to his home in the fox-hunting barony of Duhallow.

The day before that fixed for the sailing of the emigrants, M'Auliffe waited on Colonel Cotter, and stated to him his determination not to proceed on the voyage.

"I will say no more in the way of persuasion," replied Colonel Cotter ;
 "but, Jack, you can do me one favour, and will you?"

"Faix, sir," said M'Auliffe, "I'll be bail I will, if 'twas to walk on my two bare, and bended knees all the ways from Cove to Cork itself, and that's not short of a matter of ten miles, and 'tis proud a poor boy like myself is, to be axed to do your honour's bidding, Colonel."

"Then, Jack, will you see us clear of the harbour, and just play a tune at parting, for the sake of old Ireland, and to keep up the spirits of my men ; and you can return with the pilot."

M'Auliffe went on board accordingly, and whilst the vessel was getting under weigh, and running out of Cork harbour, exerted his utmost skill on the bagpipes in the performance of national melodies. But the pilot boat was cast off without him, and poor "Jack the piper" was obliged to proceed on the voyage.

After severe privations and sufferings in Brazil, M'Auliffe made his way to the United States, and from thence returned in the most miserable plight to Cork.

I mention these particulars, as the composition of the Song No. II. is attributed to M'Auliffe.

No. I.

THE FAIR MAID'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF HER LOVER.

Translated from the Irish.

You gentle young maidens of Erin,
 Come listen awhile unto me,
 And pity the ditty despairing
 That I composed under a tree:
 The vessel was far away sailing,
 From tears I no longer could see,
 While thus my own true-love bewailing,
 I sat on the shore of the Lee.

When I lost the heart from my bosom,
 It was the spring time of the year,
 The flowers were beginning to blossom,
 The trees did in verdure appear.
 My Jemmy he dwelt near Cove harbour,
 Beyond was the wide-spreading sea,
 And he told me his love in an arbour,
 By the shore of the beautiful Lee.

He spoke then in accents so tender,
 Of all that his bosom did feel,
 I thought not wild notions of splendour
 Could tempt him to rove to Brazil.
 As fondly we looked on the ocean,
 I dreamt not that soon I should be,
 With deep and heart-breaking emotion,
 Deploing his loss by the Lee.

No. II.

THE IRISHMEN'S ADVENTURES IN THE BRAZIL.

This ballad, although of so recent a date, possesses in its style many traits of ancient character. It is here given from the collation of a printed broadside by "J. and H. Baird, 20, Paul Street, Cork," with a manuscript copy procured from the printer, May 1829. The writer, who, as has been above stated, is supposed to have been M'Auliffe, like a true poet, succeeds best in fiction.

From what information I can collect, I am inclined to believe that the Irish were not in contact with the Brazilian troops; but the black porters certainly found their cudgels "a sore burden, too heavy to be borne."

For all who love sweet vocal strains, this tuneful lay I pen,
It's of those brave adventurers, all gallant Irishmen,
Who boldly sailed as emigrants, with hearts as true as steel,
To the coast of South America, and landed in Brazil.

Don Pedro then addressed us, with a malicious smile,
Saying, Irishmen, since you are here, far from your native isle,
You must become my subjects, and soldiers you must be,
Or I will have you all confined in chains and slavery.

The army did surround us—'twas on the fifth of May,
We claimed with might our lawful right, defenceless as we lay,
And raised our flag, a little rag, determined not to kneel
To any vile deceiver or false tyrant in Brazil!

Th' Hon'able Robert Gordon, our great ambassador,
Unto Don Pedro went, and said, "Illustrissimo Senhor,
These Irishmen I must protect, who are both frank and brave,
And your Majesty's mistaken if you would them enslave."

'Twas on the tenth of pleasant June, the year was twenty-eight,
That we commenced a bloody fight within the tyrant's state,
Then hundreds of these Portuguese did Irish valour feel,
Which made them know we did not go for slavery to Brazil.

The French marines and English they instantly came on shore,
But 'twas to see the Portuguese lie breathless in their gore;
They did admire, so would not fire, and thus maintained our cause,
With Irish pride, "Fight on," we cried, "against a tyrant's laws!"

Returned home, no more we'll roam, but gaily drink and sing,
Fill up to Admiral Otway, who serves great George our king,
To th' Hon'able Robert Gordon, here's to him till I reel,
Ay, 'till I fall, he saved us all from bondage in Brazil.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

No. C. ART. XI. SOUTHEY'S COLLOQUIES ON SOCIETY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULEY is a barrister, a commissioner of bankrupts, and member of parliament for Calne. He is the son of Zachary Macauley, of Sierra Leone notoriety; and every act of Thomas's life proves him to be the hopeful and worthy heir to all the father's virtues. He is the godson of Mr. Babington, of the firm of Macauley, Babington, and Co., the African traders, and the *protégé* of Henry Brougham, Esq.,—is a member of Boodle's,—a spouter at the Freemasons' Tavern, and at the Anti-slavery meetings,—and is, moreover, the identical young gentleman of whom Mr. William Wilberforce, in a fit of, no doubt, prophetic inspiration, said that, as it was well understood that, in the economy of Providence, mighty and fitting instruments were raised, in all times of emergency, for the accomplishment of God's purposes, so, in the talkative stripping before him he beheld the destined agent, under God's blessing, to inflict chastisement on the colonists and the pro-slavery incarnate demons. At an early age, Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley received the rudiments of polite education—at so early an age, indeed, that his infantine memory not having sufficient power for tenacity and retention, the politeness of the education has escaped,—the essential spirit, as it were, has evaporated, ascended, and mixed itself with the element of air, leaving a thick sediment of slime behind, which has given birth to three insufferable reptiles, that lead a noisy life in Mr. Thomas Macauley's voided receptacle of polite education, *e. g.* sophism, charlatanism, and impertinence. It appertains not to Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley to own to the truth of

“*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*”

If, instead of *ingenuous*, it were written *ingenious* arts, it would have been nearer the mark. However that may be—let us finish as much of the gentleman's biography as we intend to give. He was sent to Cambridge, made himself conspicuous for his classical attainments—spouted, ranted, and raved himself into a reputation for what, *vulgo*, is called the *gift of the gab*, (exemplified in its true co-

lours at the Leicester election, where he had not one word to say against the matter-of-fact and prosing Sergeant Goulburn,)—became the hope of the Broughamites and Whigs, and, at the member for Winchelsea's recommendation, wrote sundry articles for the *Edinburgh Review*; amongst which was one, in No. 91 of that journal, “On the present Administration.” For this production, had Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley been rightly served, he would have been instantly kicked out of all respectable society (on account of the red-hot demoniacal spirit which it manifests)—but society was sluggish about its honour, and Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley is now the actual member in St. Stephen's for the immaculate and free-voting borough of Calne.

Our judgment on him for the article which we have just mentioned is not too severe, as the following extract will shew; and, reader, remember, whilst you are enjoying its beauties of diction, and giving the author all credit for the mild spirit of Christianity which it breathes, that that author is the same youth whose existence Mr. William Wilberforce would have involved in the economy of all-gracious Providence, and who is not only the son and heir to the shining virtues of Mr. Zachary Macauley, the friend of humanity and of the *nigger* portion of the creation, but has himself spouted at anti-slavery meetings in favour of all black populations, until he received the *uocolude paternelle* of the old and enthusiastic Mr. Wilberforce, on account of the fervour and zeal with which he pleaded the cause of universal charity,—and good will and affection towards the *niggers* in particular, not of Sierra Leone, but of our West Indian islands:—

“The state of England, at the present moment (June 1827), bears a close resemblance to that of France at the time when Turgot was called to the head of affairs. Abuses were numerous; public burdens heavy; a spirit of innovation was abroad among the people. The philosophical minister attempted to secure the ancient institutions, by amending them. The mild reforms which he projected, had they been carried into execution, would have conciliated the people,

and saved from the most tremendous of all commotions the church, the aristocracy, and the throne. But a crowd of narrow-minded nobles, ignorant of their own interest, though solicitous for nothing else, the Newcastle and the Salisburys of France, began to tremble for their oppressive franchises. Their clamours overpowered the mild good sense of a king who wanted only firmness to be the best of sovereigns. The minister was discarded for councillors more obsequious to the privileged orders; and the aristocracy and clergy exulted in their success.

"Then came a new period of profusion and misrule. And then, swiftly, like an armed man, came poverty and dismay. The acclamations of the nobles, and the *Te Deums* of the church, grew fainter and fainter. The very courtiers muttered disapprobation. The ministers stammered out feeble and inconsistent counsels. But all other voices were soon drowned in one, which every moment waxed louder and more terrible,—in the fierce and tumultuous roar of a great people, conscious of irresistible strength, maddened by intolerable wrongs, and sick of deferred hopes. That cry, so long stifled, now rose from every corner of France, made itself heard in the presence-chamber of her king, in the saloons of her nobles, and in the refectories of her luxurious priesthood. Then, at length, concessions were made which the subjects of Louis the Fourteenth would have thought it impious even to desire,—which the most factious opponent of Louis the Fifteenth had never ventured to ask,—which, but a few years before, would have been received with ecstasies of gratitude. But it was too late!

"The imprisoned genie of the Arabian Tales, during the early period of his confinement, promised wealth, empire, and supernatural powers, to the man who should extricate him. But when he had waited long in vain, mad with rage at the continuance of his captivity, he vowed to destroy his deliverer without mercy! Such is the gratitude of nations exasperated by misgovernment to rulers who are slow to concede. The first use which they make of freedom is to avenge themselves on those who have been so slow to grant it.

"Never was this disposition more remarkably displayed than at the period of which we speak. Abuses were swept away with unsparing severity. The royal prerogatives, the feudal privileges, the provincial distinctions, were sacrificed to the passions of the people. Every thing was given; and every thing was given in vain. Distrust and hatred were not to be thus eradicated from the minds of

men who thought that they were not receiving favours but extorting rights; and that, if they deserved blame, it was not for their insensibility to tardy benefits, but for their forgetfulness of past oppression.

"What followed was the necessary consequence of such a state of feeling. The recollection of old grievances made the people suspicious and cruel. The fear of popular outrages produced emigrations, intrigues with foreign courts, and, finally, a general war. Then came the barbarity of fear; the triple despotism of the clubs, the committees, and the commune; the organised anarchy, the fanatical atheism, the scheming and far-sighted madness, the butcheries of the Chateaux, and the accursed marriages of the Loire. The whole property of the nation changed hands. Its best and wisest citizens were banished or murdered. Dungeons were emptied by assassins as fast as they were filled by spies. Provinces were made desolate. Towns were unpeopled. Old things passed away. All things became new.

"The paroxysm terminated. A singular train of events restored the house of Bourbon to the French throne. The exiles have returned. But they have returned as the few survivors of the deluge returned to a world in which they could recognise nothing; in which the valleys had been raised, and the mountains depressed, and the courses of the rivers changed,—in which sand and sea-weed had covered the cultivated fields and the walls of imperial cities. They have returned to seek in vain, amidst the mouldering relics of a former system, and the fermenting elements of a new creation, the traces of any remembered object. The old boundaries are obliterated. The old laws are forgotten. The old titles have become laughing-stocks. The gravity of the parliaments, and the pomp of the hierarchy; the doctors whose disputes agitated the Sorbonne, and the embroidered multitude whose footsteps wore out the marble pavements of Versailles,—all have disappeared. The proud and voluptuous prelates who feasted on silver, and dosed amidst curtains of massy velvet, have been replaced by curates who undergo every drudgery and every humiliation for the wages of lackeys. To those gay and elegant nobles who studied military science as a fashionable accomplishment, and expected military rank as a part of their birthright, have succeeded men born in lofts and cellars; educated in the half-naked ranks of the revolutionary armies, and raised by ferocious valour and self-taught skill, to dignities with which the coarseness of their manners

and language forms a grotesque contrast: The government may amuse itself by playing at despotism, by reviving the names and aping the style of the old court—as Helenus in Epirus consoled himself for the lost magnificence of Troy, by calling his brook Xanthus, and the entrance of his little capital the Scæan gate. But the law of entail is gone, and cannot be restored. The liberty of the press is established, and the feeble struggles of the minister cannot permanently put it down. The Bastille is fallen, and can never more rise from its ruins. A few words, a few ceremonies, a few rhetorical topics, make up all that remains of that system which was founded so deeply by the policy of the house of Valois, and adorned so splendidly by the pride of Louis the Great.

“Is this a romance? Or is it a faithful picture of what has lately been in a neighbouring land—of what may shortly be within the borders of our own? Has the warning been given in vain? Have our Mannerses and Clintons so soon forgotten the fate of houses as wealthy and as noble as their own? Have they forgotten how the tender and delicate woman,—the woman who would not set her foot on the earth for tenderness and delicateness, the idol of gilded drawing-rooms, the pole-star of crowded theatres, the standard of beauty, the arbitress of fashion, the patroness of genius,—was compelled to exchange her luxurious and dignified ease for labour and dependence, the sighs of dukes and the flattery of bowing abbés for the insults of rude pupils and exacting mothers;—perhaps, even to draw an infamous and miserable subsistence from those charms which had been the glory of royal circles—to sell for a morsel of bread her reluctant caresses and her haggard smiles—to be turned over from a garret to a hospital, and from a hospital to a parish vault? Have they forgotten how the gallant and luxurious nobleman, sprung from illustrious ancestors, marked out from his cradle for the highest honours of the state and of the army, impatient of control, exquisitely sensible of the slightest affront, with all his high spirit, his polished manners, his voluptuous habits, was reduced to request, with tears in his eyes, credit for half-a-crown,—to pass day after day in hearing the auxiliary verbs mis-recited, or the first page of *Télémaque* misconstrued, by petulant boys, who infested him with nicknames and caricatures, who mimicked his foreign accent, and laughed at his thread-bare coat? Have they forgotten all this? God grant that they may never remember it with unavailing self-accusation, when desolation shall have visited wealthier cities and fairer gar-

dens;—when Manchester shall be as Lyons, and Stowe as Chantilly;—when he who now, in the pride of rank and opulence, sneers at what we have written in the bitter sincerity of our hearts, shall be thankful for a porringer of broth at the door of some Spanish convent, or shall implore some Italian money-lender to advance another pistole on his George!”

Here is a passage which proves the writer to be a true-born Englishman—whose breast is impregnated with that share of national vanity, without which individual exertion, as it tends to the general advantage, is rendered altogether of none effect: here is visible the philanthropist—the man of charity and benevolence, who has learned to nullify the acrimony of personal feeling—here is the saint—the anti-colonist—here is Mr. William Wilberforce’s PREDESTINED OF HEAVEN.

When Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay commenced his series of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, the “sapphire and blue” was fast driving into its dotage. Its ancient spirit had evaporated—its youthful wit, from over-indulgence and dissipation, had fallen into a state of emasculation—its empire was tottering, its circulation was fast drawing in its horns of extended glory. Sydney Smith had grown too fat, too rubicund, and too well satisfied with the good things of this world—more especially since he became a pluralist;—Sir James Mackintosh had used so frequently his carefully collected store of international law, philosophy of history, and metaphysical sweepings from the late Professor Stewart’s library, that he could use them no longer without raising against his own sagacious person a universal horse-laugh;—Mr. Henry Brougham had become an empty lawyer and a talkative member of the House of Commons; so that whatever he wrote for my “*Great-Grandmother*” smacked of the emptiness of the one and the frothiness of the other, and therefore was utterly unreadable, because it wanted consistency and novelty;—and Francis Jeffrey himself candidly confessed that he was utterly drained of all his good things—had lost all his effervescence and wit—had become like that little plaything which pyromachinists sell to little children, called a Catherine’s wheel, after it has frisked through its gyrations and spent its every spark of sputtering and sulphur-

eous compound. In this state was the *Edinburgh* when Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley wrote his initiatory article for the journal; immediately on the appearance of which, whigs, liberals and radicals, cantabs and anti-colonists, saints, and the papers of all descriptions under the influence of their respective parties, lauded the young gentleman to the seventh heavens as a "second Daniel come to judgment."

For worldly purposes, and if principle were an unmeaning word, we could wish that not only our own lot, but the lot of all those whose worldly emolument is a source of anxiety to our hearts, had been cast amongst the Whigs; then should we have been sure to have improved rapidly in worldly circumstances, and to have fared sumptuously on the fat things of life. The Tories are the worst fosterers of talent in the universe—they look on a man religiously devoting his every hour and his earthly considerations to the advancement of their cause, with the most supercilious coolness and effrontery—imagining that every sacrifice made by the sacrificer results from the operation of conscience, and that, in point of moral reference, the actions of the sufferer, being for conscience sake, have not the slightest participation in their interests, or in the maintenance of their opinions. This has been the case more particularly since that low upstart and turncoat, the present Sir Robert Peel (of whom it has been too wofully true, *Sequitur patrem non passibus æquis*) has been in power. Actuated with the spirit of the dog in the manger, because he never could himself stand pre-eminently distinguished for talent amongst his countrymen, he determined, in obedience to the malignant feelings of his paltry temper, to keep every man of talent or information from all opportunity of distinguishing himself. No wonder, then, that the ranks of the Tories and ultra-Tories should (with a few solitary exceptions) be so utterly devoid of men of ability.

But the Whigs are wiser in their generation. They assist one another, and boast of one another's achievements. Inconceivable is the cackle and row on the birth of a Whigling. When he gives his first squeal, there is an expression of boisterous merriment, of robustious jollification:—When he first cocks his youthful eye with a knowing leer at any remarkable object, there is

a clapping of hands, and shouts of Mænadical glorification:—When he accents the first syllables of the vernacular, the amazed listeners exclaim, "Behold a wonder!"—When he goes to school, they promise their doating hearts that a Phoenix is in the act of generation:—When he enters college, he is to turn out, even as it was assured unto the simple youth of Oviedo, the Eighth Wonder of the World:—When he is introduced into public life, he is to become as the Pillar of Fire amidst the surrounding darkness, to comfort the hearts and guide the errant footsteps of the benighted Israelitish multitude of Whigs and Liberals, and their open-mouthed and hungry retinue of trimmers and shufflers. The consequence is, that whenever this *illuminato* gentleman makes his appearance in public, he is hailed by his party with loud greetings of

"Dii immortales, homini homo quid præstat stulto intelligens
Quid interest!"—

meaning thereby, that the wisdom of the whole world is as dust in the scale when poised against the wisdom of this fresh, full-fledged, self-important Whigling.

Pushed early into public life, with the eyes of all his party,—of his parents, and kinsmen, and friends, and patrons, and college, and university, fixed upon him, and watchful of his every movement, the young Whig begins, after the fashion of a green bantam cock, to settle his feathers into neat order, to arch his neck, to erect his crest, to outspread his wings, to strengthen the wiry sinews of his bandy legs to their utmost power of tension, in order to attain the highest point of altitude, and gain an imposing attitude, ere he gives the shrill crowing cock-a-doodle-do note of defiance to all his feathered opponents of the barn-yard. And, then, the phoenix-Whig commences butting against this man, tilting against the second man, boxing with the third man, bullying the fourth man, bragging over the fifth man, and vituperating and scoundrelising the sixth man, merely to satisfy the spectators on his side that his courage has not subsided from its fulness of measure, that his heart is stout and unflinching, and that, like Diomed, he is ever ready and impetuous in action. Thus has Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley acted; but has he thereby ex-

tended the circle of his reputation in the world? Alas! for the futility of human expectations—he is never, save by the few who know him personally, even mentioned by name; and though he was cheered by his own set in the House of Commons on the night of his inaugural speech; still, who remembers that inaugural speech, or Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley's exhibition on that, to him, so memorable an occasion? Who quotes (except always his own immediate set) his articles on the Utilitarian school in the *Edinburgh Review*, saving only to laugh at the sophisms and abortions of wit with which they overflow? Who talks of his concoctions on *Dryden*, *Milton*, or even *Machiavelli*, the best of all his productions, though shining with foreign and borrowed light? The man of genius or talent, and the charlatan or man of mere pretension, proceed inversely as regards the relation of one with the other. The first, because his sense tells him *not to attempt too much* until the fulness of his destined strength is attained, commences his career of life and literature cautiously, and moderately, and modestly; the consequence is, that each successive effort adds to his powers, and progressively fortifies his efficiency, until in the end he bursts forth a luminary of unexceptionable brilliancy. The second, big with the idea of that self-importance which from his earliest years is dunned into his ear, is hot and eager to do something to place his name amongst the pre-eminent individuals of his age and country; like the son of Peleus, he is for early fame, though an early grave should be his mortal consummation; like that same Homeric hero he is

“Impiger—iracundus—inexorabilis—acer.”

and he commences his feats with an improvident energy, and generally sinks exhausted before his more prudent and temperate antagonist. A young man, though possessed of the most robust constitution, cannot plunge at once into the hottest dissipation without falling an early martyr to his excesses. To speak only of his feats of drinking, without a word on other indulgences, he may, by reliance on his strength of stomach and soundness of lungs, begin by being a four-bottle man. Will he long continue so? Should he be mad enough to hold on in his course of inebriety, ere the years

of his spring of manhood have been numbered, he will lose the physical energies of a man, waste away to a pallid, tottering anatomy, his mental vigor will be speedily exhausted, he will dwindle into a poor, crazy, chattering idiot, and sink without being perceived into the grave, but too long hankering after its emasculated and puny prey. In this argument the mind will afford a fitting parallel to the body; and for this reason the very thought of an early reputation is to be eschewed. Of all this we, unfortunately, have too many instances on record; and, notwithstanding our political and other hostility to Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley, we shall sincerely regret if his name is to be added to the gloomy list of those who, although they in their first hours of existence shed around them an extraordinary brilliancy, yet very speedily,

“Like the Lost Pleiad, sunk to rise no more.”

Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley has acted incautiously and without foresight; yet two remarkable instances hung immediately before him, which he was constrained to see, and which might have served him for beacons whereby to guide his own course, had he not been actuated by that headstrong vanity and all-engrossing conceit which, alas! have ever been the characteristics of his race. The first was in Mr. Henry Brougham, who, when he began his political life, dashed at every thing like an ill-trained whelp, and, at one time, by his all-meddling spirit, sunk so low in common estimation, as absolutely to become a subject for laughter and jeers; but who, when he had grown more wary, piloted his way with such regard for character, that he at length stood forth as the leader of his own party in St. Stephen's. The second was in Mr. Macauley's patron, Lord Lansdowne, who, as Lord Henry Petty, promised to win golden opinions of all men during the whole course of his life; but behold his reputation has flown aloft, like other similar trivial things of this world, to find a resting-place in that “limbo bred and large,” of which such pleasant mention is made in the pages of the *Paradise Lost*. After these warnings, the enacting a more considerate part was a matter of some moment to Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley:—but the ancient sin of his tribe was too

strong for resistance.—He does not seem to be sensible that his powers have been diminishing in real value—and no friend or adviser has been near to give him assurance that, for originality, point, vigour, and promise, nothing has exceeded—nay, nothing has, within a hundred degrees, approximated to—what he wrote as a literary *freshman* for *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*.

Would that this freshman had been well advised and persuaded of the fact, or that, by some memorable circumstance, he had been early taught to take heed of the silly adulations of his father's clerks and dependents, and of that blind partiality of friends which swills youthful vanity generally, and which swilled it most egregiously in the particular instance of Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay. He would then have cut a more respectable figure, because his aim would have been more moderate, his purposes less assuming, his inferiority of strength, resulting from original mal-conformation of parts, less apparent. But, alas for him! it has been otherwise. Proud of the strength which he has been told he possesses, he has run a-tilt at every thing with which he has ever met. If there is one object held in great regard—no matter by what sect or party—against that most especially has he bent his aim, to bring it down from the “high top-gallant of its pride.” If there is one man more revered than another—it signifies little of what party, *save his own*—(for of the great man of his own party he has ever been the humble lacquey and adept)—he has attacked him tooth and nail, in the hope of an easy victory. Alack for the impulses of silly vanity! he was miserably defeated by Mr. Mill in the “Greatest Happiness” controversy, though we do not know whether Mr. Southey will consider it worth his trouble to answer the gentleman's insolence: we rather think, however, that he will not; it were, if he did so, waste of time, which, we know, the Laureate values too highly to throw away on such unimportant trifles. The true knight would couch lance, or take buckler and shield, perchance, against the rampant lion; but, without movement, allow the puppy-dog to bark at his figure, or even denie his person with those tricks with which petulant puppy-dogs are wont to soil more majestic creatures than their puny selves. In his conduct, then, not only

in matters which have excited his abusive faculties, but even where he has been induced to praise, the gentleman in question has become too great a nuisance to be endured:

“Tristius hand illo monstrum, nec
sævior ulla
Pestis, et ira Deum Stygiis sede extulit
undis,” &c.

This being the case, it is time that the pernicious influence of the gentleman should be forced into abatement.

The last display of the Cantab's prowess is in the 100th Number of the “*Sapphire and Blue*,” and in the second since the accession to the Editorial Chair, of Macveius Napierius Naso. It purports to be a review of Mr. Southey's admirable volumes on *The Progress and Prospects of Society*; and of the stuff—the veriest “leather and prunella”—of which it is composed, perhaps the following extract may make somewhat manifest to our readers:

“He has now, we think, done his worst. The subject which he has at last undertaken to treat is one which demands all the highest intellectual and moral qualities of a philosophical statesman,—an understanding at once comprehensive and acute,—a heart at once upright and charitable. Mr. Southey brings to the task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed in measure so copious to any human being,—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation.

“It is, indeed, most extraordinary that a mind like Mr. Southey's,—a mind richly endowed in many respects by nature, and highly cultivated by study,—a mind which has exercised considerable influence on the most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people that ever existed—should be utterly destitute of the power of discerning truth from falsehood. Yet such is the fact. Government is to Mr. Southey one of the fine arts. He judges of a theory or a public measure, of a religion, a political party, a peace or a war, as men judge of a picture or a statue, by the effect produced on his imagination. A chain of associations is to him what a chain of reasoning is to other men; and what he calls his opinions are, in fact, merely his tastes.”

This, honest reader, is entirely gratuitous on Mr. Macaulay's part:—this is merely his opinion—his dictum—or, in other words, the feeble gabble of his own foolish and flippant tongue. No reasons are adduced—no ground

is assumed—and he has been offering an insult to the public at large and to Common Sense; inasmuch as Mr. Southey's many writings are in existence to disprove the fact which Mr. Macauley so barefacedly asserts. "Hodiè," says Montesinos, most pertinently, in the vituperated "*Colloquies*"—and of the truth of the saying the commonplace Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley would fain make himself, in the little vanity of his heart, a notable instance,—"*Hodiè omnia vulgi judicio stant quæ, caduntque.*"

Again :

"Now, in the mind of Mr. Southey reason has no place at all, as either leader or follower, as either sovereign or slave. He does not seem to know what an argument is. He never uses arguments himself. He never troubles himself to answer the arguments of his opponents. It has never occurred to him, that a man ought to be able to give some better account of the way in which he has arrived at his opinions than merely that it is his will and pleasure to hold them,—that there is a difference between assertion and demonstration,—that a rumour does not always prove a fact,—that a fact does not always prove a theory,—that two contradictory propositions cannot be undeniable truths,—that to beg the question is not the way to settle it,—or that, when an objection is raised, it ought to be met with something more convincing than 'scoundrel' and 'block-head.'"

That the Cantab critic in "*My Great-Grandmother*" should bring against any one the charge of "never answering his opponent's arguments" is, indeed, somewhat strange, since he has himself been most wofully guilty of that self-same trick in the late controversy with Mr. Mill, of the *Westminster Review*, on "the Greatest Happiness Principle." Let any one of our readers turn to the three or four articles which this gentleman has written in answer to Mr. Macauley's flippant charges and attacks, and he will there see as sweet an instance of a modern wrangling logomachist's mountebankism as it was ever his lucky chance to behold.

Mr. Southey has read much, has written much, and, by his critic's confession, has "exercised considerable influence on the most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people that ever existed." Now, this "most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people that ever existed" have

not been led to believe in Mr. Southey's mere assertion, from any persuasion of his being a prophet or an evangelist—they have believed in him, and been influenced by his writings, from the thorough and heartfelt conviction of their truth. Men are not apt to lend their credulity to their fellows merely on the strength of flat and naked positions; and the greater the enlightenment of such men, the stiffer is the stubbornness of their pride and obstinacy in yielding their faith as converts to new promulgations of opinions. If, in process of time, they confess to the influence of any such promulgation, we may be sure that their judgments have been convinced by the argumentative elucidations of the new opinionist. The effect most directly demonstrates the cause. The wisdom, moreover, of every age, is sufficient for that age to which it owes its birth. It may be little or great, faulty or perfect—this in nowise affects our argument. If, by universal consent, or by the consent of the majority, or any considerable party in the community, an individual is allowed the intellectual supremacy, by that very act not only is his equality to his contemporaries, or partial super-excellence over them, acknowledged, but his complete and unqualified superiority over them *must* also be admitted. It does not require any very bright comprehension to understand that the first man of every age has anticipated that age. How stands it, therefore, with Mr. Southey? What is his intellectual position in this "most enlightened generation?" Even his enemy, Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley, confesses that he has exercised "*considerable influence.*" This phrase holds a self-contradiction. In points of understanding there can be no half measures,—there can be no qualifications—no divisions or subdivisions of beliefs or leanings; it must be entirely, or in nowise. Either a teacher enjoys influence, or he does not. If the former, it must be on given and precisely defined grounds; and again, if so, his influence is absolute over his own sphere of action or domination. It is the same with this intellectual supremacy as with temporal sovereignty—the power of kings is defined, and within that definition it is absolute: were it not so, there would be a constant interference with their actions, and kings would soon find themselves in reality unkinged—or,

like our friend Sancho in his grand government of Barataria, who, when he thought himself the lord of "all he surveyed," discovered, to his woe, that he was, in his actions, the most circumscribed of mortals. How fares it, then, with our mighty Logician, Macauleides? If our reasoning be worth a rush, his admission as to Mr. Southey's "influence on the most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people that ever existed," pulls him one way, whilst his hollow assertion that "in the mind of Mr. Southey reason has no place at all," necessarily pulls him in the opposite direction; and supposing that the argumentative Cantab were squatted between two stools, the "enlightened generation" would draw away one—Mr. Southey's want of "reason" would draw away the other—and bounce on the ground would come the logician, in the very midst and heyday of his triumphant feats of logomachy. We may conclude this paragraph by quoting Mr. Macaulay's own glittering verbiage against himself:—"He does not seem to know what an argument is," and "two contradictory propositions cannot be undentable truths." And thus have we, we trust, used our speech,

"until it has return'd

His terms of treason doubled down his throat."

So much for the general argument. We will now say a word or two with respect to Mr. Southey in particular.

Mr. Southey is one of the most accomplished scholars, of which this country has ever boasted—and accomplished scholarship predicates very pointedly, we think, years of deep study, various reading, thought, and reflection. General history, moreover, has been Mr. Southey's favourite branch of study—and "*History is Philosophy teaching by example.*" To a full-grown student, possessed of a masterly knowledge of his own language and deep poetic feeling, and, therefore, with his perceptions rendered alive and acute for even ordinary circumstances, the power of reasoning must, spite of his own disinclination, come and be subservient to his purposes; and with every anxious and reflective student, habit will work wonders. We go not the length of Mons. Jacotot's grand apothegm of "*Tout est dans tout,*" or his grand principle that moral equality is the primitive characteristic of man. But we

aver, that every sincere student *must* become a reasoner—and the more willing will, in the pursuit of "Right Judgment," very considerably outstrip the more sluggish; for the custom of assimilating and parallelising, involving and inducing, insinuates itself into the mind of the agent, gains strength by exercise, and at length becomes so habitual, that its operations are carried on with the utmost exactness, ranging from the consideration of the highest objects to the examination of the most insignificant differential quantities. The Laureate has acted in this manner during the entire period of a useful and well-spent life. So vast has been his reading, that, we are led to opine, if the truth were known, it would be found that Mr. Southey, the scholar, had forgotten more than Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley, the logician and Cantab, had ever contrived to scrape together into that receptacle for polite education of which we have ventured to make mention at the commencement of this article.

The Laureate has, moreover, been noted as one of the most effectual controversial writers of his day; and as controversy cannot be carried on without argument, and *general* reputation for any quality is not to be acquired by charlatanism—and as the Laureate has gained a general reputation for his feats as such controversial writer, we need say no more on this subject.

Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley is eternally crowing up his own logical efficiency, and the illogical and common-place arguments of every other individual. Could he persuade the world of these facts, it were well for the Cantab—but, alas! his assertions pass by his auditory even as the idle wind to which they pay not the slightest observance. In reference to Mr. Southey's alleged weakness in argumentation, thus stands the fact:—"That the Laureate is not a keen disputant, cannot be denied—that his writings are not stuck full of philosophical knot-ties and metaphysical inter-twistings, is equally so;—but it is also undeniable, that, in the most beautiful style of which the English language is susceptible, and of which our literature can boast, the theories which his mind has conceived, the actions of past ages which his patience and industry have attained, and those other actions which (his existence having

been cast at the period which witnessed the most remarkable circumstances and events that mankind were ever fated to behold) his wondering eyes have witnessed, have been severally noted down and recounted to the world at large, whilst his philanthropic bosom glowed with the ardent and Christian hope that his fellow-creatures would employ his narratives in practical and beneficial adaptation. Such has been the tendency of all Mr. Southey's literary exertions. With such views, therefore, the mode of composition and method of argument which he has employed have been well selected. Mankind are contented to receive instruction in *intelligible* language, and are fain to turn their backs on the fantastic tricks and incomprehensible cackle of logomachising ganders and self-vaunting pseudo-persifleurs and jargonists—leaving them to the contemplation of their own egregious contortions of body, their own super-exquisite jaw openings and oral crookedness, in the respective mirrors of their own vanity.

We have, however, not yet done with the Cantab and Mr. Wilberforce's *PREDISTINED OF HEAVEN*. We must give yet some more extracts from the admirable paper which we have selected for our present observations.

"What theologians call the spiritual sins are his cardinal virtues—hatred, pride, and the insatiable thirst for vengeance. *These passions he dignifies under the name of duties.* . . . 'I do well to be angry,' seems to be the predominant feeling in his mind. Almost the only mark of charity which he vouchsafes to his opponents is to pray for their conversion, and this he does in terms not unlike those in which we can imagine a Portuguese priest interceding with Heaven for a Jew, delivered over to the secular arm after a relapse.

"We have always heard, AND FULLY BELIEVE, THAT MR. SOUTHEY IS A VERY AMIABLE AND HUMANE MAN; nor do we intend to apply to him personally any of the remarks which we have made on the spirit of his writings. Such are the caprices of human nature. Even Uncle Toby troubled himself very little about the French grenadiers who fell on the glacis of Namur. And when Mr. Southey takes up his pen, he changes his nature as much as Captain Shandy when he girt on his sword. The only opponents to whom he gives quarter are those in whom he finds something of his own character reflected. He seems to have an instinctive

antipathy for calm, moderate men—for men who shun extremes, and who render reasons. He has treated Mr. Owen of Lanark, for example, with infinitely more respect than he has shewn to Mr. Hallam or to Dr. Lingard; and this for no reason that we can discover, except that Mr. Owen is more unreasonably and hopelessly in the wrong than any speculator of our time.

"Mr. Southey's political system is just what we might expect from a man who regards politics not as a matter of science, but as a matter of taste and feeling. All his schemes of government have been inconsistent with themselves. In his youth he was a republican; yet, as he tells us in his preface to these *Colloquies*, he was, even then, opposed to the Catholic claims. He is now a violent ultra-Tory. Yet while he maintains, with vehemence approaching to ferocity, all the sterner and harsher parts of the ultra-Tory theory of government, the baser and dirtier part of that theory disgusts him. Exclusion, persecution, severe punishments for libellers and demagogues, proscriptions, massacres, civil war, if necessary, rather than any concession to a discontented people,—these are the measures which he seems inclined to recommend. A severe and gloomy tyranny—crushing opposition—silencing remonstrance—drilling the minds of the people into unreasoning obedience,—has in it something of grandeur which delights his imagination. But there is nothing fine in the shabby tricks and jobs of office. And Mr. Southey, accordingly, has no toleration for them. When a democrat, he did not perceive that his system led logically, and would have led practically, to the removal of religious distinctions. He now commits a similar error. He renounces the abject and paltry part of the creed of his party, without perceiving that it is also an essential part of that creed. He would have tyranny and purity together; though the most superficial observation might have shewn him that there can be no tyranny without corruption." Pp. 532-3.

"We now come to the conversations which pass between Mr. Southey and Sir Thomas More, or rather between two Southeys, equally eloquent, equally angry, equally unreasonable, and equally given to talking about what they do not understand. Perhaps we could not select a better instance of the spirit which pervades the whole book than the discussion touching butchers. These persons are represented as castaways, as men whose employment hebetates the faculties and hardens the heart;—not that the poet has any scruples about the use of animal

food. He acknowledges that it is for the good of the animals themselves that men should feed upon them. 'Nevertheless,' says he, 'I cannot but acknowledge, like good old John Fox, that the sight of a slaughter-house or shambles, if it does not disturb this clear conviction, excites in me uneasiness and pain, as well as loathing. And that they produce a worse effect upon the persons employed in them, is a fact acknowledged by that law or custom which excludes such persons from sitting on juries upon cases of life and death.'

"This is a fair specimen of Mr. Southey's mode of looking at all moral questions. Here is a body of men engaged in an employment, which, by his own account, is beneficial, not only to mankind, but to the very creatures on whom we feed. Yet he represents them as men who are necessarily reprobates—as men who must necessarily be reprobates, even in the most improved state of society—even, to use his own phrase, in a Christian Utopia. And what reasons are given for a judgment so directly opposed to every principle of sound and manly morality? Merely this, that he cannot abide the sight of their apparatus—that, from certain peculiar associations, he is affected with disgust when he passes by their shops. He gives, indeed, another reason; a certain law or custom, which never existed but in the imaginations of old women, and which, if it had existed, would have proved just as much against butchers as the ancient prejudice against the practice of taking interest for money proves against the merchants of England. Is a surgeon a castaway? We believe that nurses, when they instruct children in that venerable law or custom which Mr. Southey so highly approves, generally join the surgeon to the butcher. A dissecting-room would, we should think, affect the nerves of most people as much as a butcher's shambles. But the most amusing circumstance is, that Mr. Southey, who detests a butcher, should look with special favour on a soldier. He seems highly to approve of the sentiment of General Meadows, who swore that a grenadier was the highest character in this world or in the next; and assures us, that a virtuous soldier is placed in the situation which most tends to his improvement, and will most promote his eternal interests. Human blood, indeed, is by no means an object of so much loathing to Mr. Southey as the hides and paunches of cattle. In 1814, he poured forth poetical maledictions on all who talked of peace with Buonaparte. He went over the field of Waterloo,—a field, beneath which twenty thousand of the stoutest

hearts that ever beat are mouldering,—and came back in an ecstasy, which he mistook for poetical inspiration. In most of his poems,—particularly in his best poem, *Roderic*,—and in most of his prose works, particularly in the *History of the Peninsular War*, HE SLEWS A DELIGHT IN SNUFFING UP CARNAGE, which would not have misbecome a Scandinavian bard, BUT WHICH SOMETIMES SEEMS TO HARMONISE ILL WITH THE CHRISTIAN MORALITY. We do not, however, blame Mr. Southey for exulting, even a little ferociously, in the brave deeds of his countrymen, or for finding something 'comely and reviving' in the bloody vengeance inflicted by an oppressed people on its oppressors. Now, surely, if we find that a man whose business is to kill Frenchmen may be humane, we may hope that means may be found to render a man humane whose business is to kill sheep. If the brutalising effect of such scenes as the storm of St. Sebastian may be counteracted, we may hope that, in a Christian Utopia, some minds might be proof against the kennels and dressers of Aldgate. Mr. Southey's feeling, however, is easily explained. A butcher's knife is by no means so elegant as a sabre, and a calf does not bleed with half the grace of a poor wounded hussar."—Pp. 536-8.

We think our reader should thank us for laying before his epicurean palate a most delectable passage.—What need was there for mentioning those "spiritual sins of the theologians—pride, hatred, and the insatiable thirst for vengeance," although Mr. Southey may "dignify" them "under the name of duties?" Has the moral character of a man any participation in the personages whom he portrays in his writings? If so—and if Mr. Southey be guilty of the charges alleged by Mr. Babington Macauley—then is he an incarnate bloodhound—although no greater incarnate bloodhound than was one Homer in times long past—or one Shakespeare—or one Clarendon—or one Sir Walter Scott—or one anybody else, who has written a book in which the passions and feelings by which the conduct of men has been influenced, have been faithfully set forth. But if the moral character of a man has no participation in such personages so portrayed, then for what earthly purpose has Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley made such particular mention of Mr. Southey's manner of rendering the three "spiritual sins of the theologians" subservient to the elaboration and unravelling of his various subjects?

One would think—for no purpose whatever, and that the period contained an idle waste of words, particularly as, at the commencement of the following paragraph, the Laureate is called “a very amiable and humane man;” and a disclaimer is added to the intention of applying “to him personally any of the remarks which we (Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley) had made on the spirit of his writings.” But let not our simple reader run away with any such supposition—for this concession is a *Grecian* gift:

“Τίμο Danaos, et dona ferentes;”

and a second glance into the text and context will let our reader into the secret movements of an *Edinburgh Reviewer's* heart—particularly if such reviewer be the honest logician, Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley—THE PREDESTINED OF HEAVEN. The actual motive for the particular mention of Mr. Southey's cardinal virtues, and the spiritual sins of the theologians, was, that the accusation, on account of its horrid character and enmity, would fix itself indelibly in the reader's memory; so deeply indeed, as to be little or in no wise affected by the extreme modesty of the qualifying disclaimer—and under the certainty of that accusation being revived in all its extreme colouring when Mr. Macauley should, after a page or two, come to speak of Mr. Southey's delectation at snuffing up the reeking incense ascending from the mangled limbs of butchered thousands of his fellow-creatures. Of this passage we will speak presently, being desirous, for one moment longer, to tarry where we are.

It is further charged against Mr. Southey, that he “disguises” the theologian sins “under the name of duties.” We are not now going to rip open the fabrication of those plots which involve such employment of the “theologian sins”—we will seek a future and better opportunity for so doing—at present we will deal in generalities. The reader, then, may, for his own satisfaction, turn over the pages of *Thulaba the Destroyer*, *Roderick the Last of the Goths*, and the *Curse of Kehama*, and judge for himself whether the passions there represented are inconsistent with the characters employed. The passions of oriental nations are not to be adjudged by those impulses which are common in occidental climates. We must

not forget that Adosinda and Roderick are *meridional* Europeans, and that their bosoms are fraught with all the impetuous feelings universal amongst Spaniards—not forgetting the peculiarity of the situations in which those two personages find themselves, and also that it is the business of poetry to dignify every incentive by which grand consummations in behalf of virtue are achieved; and we must equally remember that Thalaba and Ladurda are agents in that inflammatory region, the inhabitants of which have been appropriately styled

“Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue!”

Thus considered, we confidently state, notwithstanding Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley's assertion to the contrary, that, by every honest reader, Mr. Southey's personages will be found depicted true to life and to poetry;—particularly if the following passage from Aristotle's *Treatise on Poetry* be taken into consideration—which, in the present instance, the Cantab logician and Greek scholar seems, most unaccountably, to have forgotten.

“With respect to the manners, four things are to be attended to by the poet.

“First, and principally, they should be good. Now manners, or character, belong, as we have said before, to any speech or action that manifests a certain disposition; and they are bad, or good, as the disposition manifested is bad, or good. This goodness of manners may be found in persons of every description: the manners of a woman, or of a slave, may be good; though, in general, women are, perhaps, rather bad than good, and slaves altogether bad.

“The second requisite of the manners is propriety. There is a manly character of bravery and fierceness, which cannot, with propriety, be given to a woman.

“The third requisite is resemblance; for this is a different thing from their being good, and proper, as above described.

“The fourth is uniformity; for even though the model of the poet's imitation be some person of ununiform manners, still that person must be represented as uniformly ununiform. * * *

“In the manners, as in the fable, the poet should always aim, either at what is necessary, or what is probable; so that such a character shall appear to speak or act, necessarily, or probably, in such a manner, and this event to be the necessary or probable consequence of that.

"Since tragedy is an imitation of what is best, we should follow the example of skilful portrait-painters; who, while they express the peculiar lineaments, and produce a likeness, at the same time improve upon the original. And thus, too, the poet, when he imitates the manners of passionate men, (or of indolent, or any other of a similar kind,) should draw an example approaching rather to a good, than to a hard and ferocious character: as Achilles is drawn by Agatho and by Homer. These things the poet should keep in view; and, besides these, whatever relates to those senses which have a necessary connexion with poetry."

The Edinburgh critic has, most unfairly, endeavoured to assimilate the actual character of the poet with the fictitious characters of the poet's personages. That all authors, more or less, mix up their personal feelings and views with certain of their characters, is true; but we boldly assert that, in every tale or poem which depicts virtuous characters and involves a useful moral, it is utterly impossible to draw any line of demarcation, and say where reality ends and fiction commences: and indeed it would signify little, were that possible, because the end of the labour is praiseworthy, and therefore the elaboration must also be praiseworthy, in whatsoever manner it may be effected. And in this view, as every tree is known by the quality of its fruit, the character of the man is to be guessed at by the nature of his writings. Thus, a good man may always be recognised by the moral tendency of his writings, of whatsoever description may be the instruments employed for the completion of his purpose. It is only in compositions of an evil and dangerous tendency that you can fancy you trace out the mental portraiture of the agent:—goodness being of a more essential nature than evil, which is more allied to our condition, and always comes home to our perception in a much more decided form than its opposite. Thus, in *Don Juan*, the world have fancied that Byron's character was much more closely delineated than has been Sir Walter Scott's in his *Ivanhoe*, or Goethe's in *Wilhelm Meister*.

Mr. Macauley charges Mr. Southey with having "shewn more respect to Mr. Owen of Lanark than to Mr. Hallam or to Dr. Lingard." To estimate the powers of others is so arbitrary an

act, that it were vain to attempt to reduce it to any rule. In the present instance, however, we are at no loss for a reason. Mr. Southey has done the thing of which he has been accused, merely because, in comparison with the two other gentlemen, he considers Mr. Owen to be the more praiseworthy individual. He has convicted Mr. Hallam of glaring inaccuracies in his *Constitutional History*—and Dr. Lingard of uttering falsehoods in his *History of England*. Surely these are sufficient reasons for his judgments; which reasons, moreover, are to be seen written down, with all due deliberation, in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. But perhaps the logical Catab and PREDESTINED OF HEAVEN never condescends to open the pages of that publication?

"Mr. Southey's political system," says his critic, "is just what we might expect from a man who regards politics not as a matter of science, but as a matter of taste and feeling. All his schemes of government have been inconsistent with themselves. In his youth he was a republican; yet, as he tells us in his preface to these *Colloquies*, he was, even then, opposed to the Catholic claims," &c.—we have already given the whole of the paragraph. In answer, we reply briefly: 1. Although Mr. Southey may regard politics "not as a matter of science, but as a matter of taste and feeling," it behoves not Mr. Macauley to bring the charge of inconsistency against the Laureate in particular—but rather against those members of his own House who have wantonly and impudently forfeited their pledged faith to their country—and apostatised and ratted from their own confiding party for a worse motive than defect of taste or misapplication of feeling—FOR BASE WORDLY EMOLUMENT AND A HIRELING STIPEND.—2. To say of a young man, that in his youth he was a republican, is almost the best praise that can be yielded to the purity and goodness of his nature. A ripened judgment is a thing unnatural for youth—and, without a ripened judgment, it is impossible to say to a certainty that republicanism is one of those errant false lights which have worked infinite woe to the world. But it is natural that a youth, even in his youngest years, should, if he be possessed of

quick feelings and warmth of heart, have some bias; and it is, further, natural that he should lean towards that, whatever it may be, which is brought nearest to a heart so liable to excitation. Now, the story of republican Rome and republican Greece (in the usual course of study) is forced upon him as a subject for every day's, every hour's consideration, until his imagination becoming inflamed by contemplating the actions of a Miltiades, and Themistocles, and Aristides,—of an Epaminondas, Phocyon, and Thrasybulus,—of a Coriolanus and Cincinnatus,—of a Scipio and Regulus;—he imagines that all blessings and all glory in governments must flow from republics; and, consequently, he is induced to become a warm republican, until a further knowledge of the constitution and essence of happiness induces an alteration in his opinions. Viewing the matter in this light, we are confident that every reader will consider the republicanism of boyhood and early youth as not only venial, but praiseworthy.—3. Though Mr. Southey be an ultra-Tory, there is no necessity for following precisely along the ruts and in the footmarks made by every other ultra-Tory that ever preceded him.—4. That Mr. Southey bears not mortal enmity to those individuals who have been politically opposed to him, may be proved from his recent *Life of John Bunyan*. The amplest justice has been done to that obstinate, yet honest non-conformist; and the kindness of feeling which he has evinced towards the old offender and scurrilist, Mr. Hone, has drawn upon himself the displeasure of his own party.—5. Democracy does not predicate the removal of religious distinctions. The religion of Rome, and the schools of ancient philosophy, continued in vigour, notwithstanding the existence of democracy.

We now turn to that paragraph wherein is contained Mr. Southey's confession against butchers. And, 1. Because butchers are in an employment which is beneficial to society, is no reason why they, by the wear and tear of that employment, should not be divested of all humanity, as much as coal-heavers are rendered unfit for the society of the Duke of Wellington, or nightmen or scavengers for associating with Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Dawson, or the Bishop of London.—2. Though "the certain law or custom" prejudicial

to the milky characters of butchers, "may never have existed but in the imaginations of old women," still the very inference from its being, by Mr. Macauley's own acknowledgment, habitual to the imaginations of old women—who, Heaven knows, form perhaps a larger portion of the community than the *Athenian* critic will allow—is, that it has somewhat of the character, and therefore somewhat of the truth, of a popular proverb.—3. "Looking with favour on a soldier" argues not, in respect to Mr. Southey, "that human blood is by no means an object of so much disgust as the hides and paunches of cattle;" or that he loves the stench of human carnage, because, "in 1814, he poured forth poetical maledictions on all who talked of peace with Buonaparte." If this were true of the Laureate, Mr. Pitt, and the late Lord Melville, and his present Majesty, and "his immortal father, and the late Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, and the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Wordsworth, with every man who ever lighted a farthing rushlight in illumination of the glorious successes of our national armies, would severally be fiends of equal magnitude with the quiet, unobtrusive, placable Mr. Southey.—4. The ecstasy which broke forth in *The Poet's Pilgrimage* is very good "poetical inspiration," notwithstanding the shallow-pated Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley's naked assertion to the contrary; and if the magpie-tongued criticaster had turned up to the poem, he would have paused, and perhaps felt, a secret shame at bringing his atrocious charge against the gentle lakier;—first, because his opening motto from Pindar shews that his poetical mind was rhapsodising over the brilliance of national triumph.—Secondly, because the poem would have presented as sweet a family picture as the kindest-hearted of poets ever drew. The man who can without hesitation—nay, with pleasure—participate in the youthful frolics of children, and who, even after having arrived at the maturity of human life, still retains in his bosom the desire for self-improvement, and the unsubdued spark of youthful emulation, is not exactly the individual whose nostrils are to be delighted by the fetid effluvia steaming over a field of slaughtered bodies:

“ Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious Heaven,
 Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day !
 For so that inward light by nature given
 Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way ;
 And, brightening as the shades of age descend,
 Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which led
 My favoured footsteps to the Muse's hill,
 Whose arduous paths I have not ceased to tread,
 From good to better, persevering still ;
 And, if but self-approved, to praise or blame
 Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame.” *St. 20, 21, Proem. Po. Pil.*

And thirdly, because of his motto to the First Part, from Æschylus, *Τὸν πολυκτόνον γὰρ οὐκ ἐλπίσται θάσι*, which at least infers a belief in the poet's mind, that those who had died in the cause of their country had not fallen unregarded of heaven.

5. The Scandinavian, during his rugged age, wherein individual muscle and bone were the grand criterions for human perfection, and whose peculiar state of society impelled him to the daily exercise of that muscle and bone, argued, in all matters in which he had the slightest concernment, from himself to the nation—self being to his darkened vision the great object of care. Under a different system of religious society and policy, we, in our day, argue from the nation at large to ourselves, individual concernment being subordinate to *general interest*. The Scandinavian bard sung of the ferocious exploits of a *single hero*—Mr. Southey has spoken in glowing colours, and thanked God for the victories of our *national arms* during a struggle, in which, by their uniform conduct, the armies of Britain have earned for themselves a never-dying renown. Are these parallel cases ? If so, then was king David, of Israel, the “ man after God's own heart,” an accursed monster ; for he, too, has exulted, and given that very God the glory for the war-like achievements of his people.

Having now, we trust, refuted these various allegations against the Laureate of England, let us, in our turn, ask, whence has Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay learned this extreme tenderness of heart which makes him shrink in utter horror from even the narration of a battle ? We are, we confess, totally at a loss to trace it to any other source save the instructions derived from his own soft-hearted father, who, before he commenced the career of anti-colonist and the friend of humanity, was formerly, as we have heard, a

slave-driver in one of our colonies ; and in that capacity created for himself a memorable name as a *strict disciplinarian*. He could tell his son of the various modifications of human anguish.

We have in this *argumentum ad unionem* taken Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay's wording of Mr. Southey's sense, and argued against him by using his own statement as the basis of our remarks. For the further satisfaction of our readers, we now say explicitly, that the Cantab has most unfairly garbled the obvious meaning of his author. We have not space to give the passage, which we should be glad to do ; but by turning to p. 129 of Vol. I. of the *Progress and Prospects*, &c., it will, we are sure, be confessed by every candid dealer, that the *spirit* of the Laureate's observations are *directly in the teeth* of the philanthropic and logical Cantab's interpretation.

The last extract which we shall give from this egregious logician's attack on the Poet Laureate is the following :

“ Mr. Southey entertains as exaggerated a notion of the wisdom of governments as of their power. He speaks with the greatest disgust of the respect now paid to public opinion. That opinion is, according to him, to be distrusted and dreaded ; its usurpation ought to be vigorously resisted ; and the practice of yielding to it is likely to ruin the country. To maintain police is, according to him, only one of the ends of government. Its duties are patriarchal and paternal. It ought to consider the moral discipline of the people as its first object, to establish a religion, to train the whole community in that religion, and to consider all dissenters as its own enemies.

“ ‘ Nothing,’ says Sir Thomas, ‘ is more certain than that religion is the basis upon which civil government rests ; that from religion power derives its authority, laws their efficacy, and both

their zeal and sanction; and it is necessary that this religion be established as for the security of the state, and for the welfare of the people, who would otherwise be moved to and fro with every wind of doctrine. A state is secure in proportion as the people are attached to its institutions; it is, therefore, the first and plainest rule of sound policy, that the people be trained up in the way they should go. The state that neglects this prepares its own destruction; and they who train them in any other way are undermining it. Nothing in abstract science can be more certain than these positions are.

“ ‘All of which,’ answers Montesinos, ‘are nevertheless denied by our professors of the arts Babbative and Scribbative; some in the audacity of evil designs, and others in the glorious assurance of impenetrable ignorance.’ ”

“ The greater part of the two volumes before us is merely an amplification of these absurd paragraphs. What does Mr. Southey mean by saying, that religion is demonstrably the basis of civil government? He cannot surely mean that men have no motives except those derived from religion for establishing and supporting civil government, that no temporal advantage is derived from civil government, that man would experience no temporal inconvenience from living in a state of anarchy? If he allows, as we think he must allow, that it is for the good of mankind in this world to have civil government, and that the great majority of mankind have always thought it for their good in this world to have civil government, we then have a basis for government quite distinct from religion. It is true, that the Christian religion sanctions government, as it sanctions every thing which promotes the happiness and virtue of our species. But we are at a loss to conceive in what sense religion can be said to be the basis of government, in which it is not also the basis of the practices of eating, drinking, and lighting fires in cold weather. Nothing in history is more certain than that government has existed, has received some obedience, and given some protection, in times in which it derived no support from religion,—in times in which there was no religion that influenced the hearts and lives of men. It was not from dread of Tartarus, or belief in the Elysian fields, that an Athenian wished to have some institutions which might keep Orestes from flinging his cloak, or Midias from breaking his head. ‘It is from religion,’ says Mr. Southey, ‘that power derives its authority, and laws their efficacy.’ From what religion does our power over the

Hindoos derive its authority, or the law in virtue of which we hang Brahmins its efficacy? For thousands of years civil government has existed in almost every corner of the world,—in ages of priestcraft,—in ages of fanaticism,—in ages of Epicurean indifference,—in ages of enlightened piety. However pure or impure the faith of the people might be, whether they adored a beneficent or a malignant power, whether they thought the soul mortal or immortal, they have, as soon as they ceased to be absolute savages, found out their need of civil government, and instituted it accordingly. It is as universal as the practice of cookery. Yet it is as certain, says Mr. Southey, as any thing in abstract science, that government is founded on religion. We should like to know what notion Mr. Southey has of the demonstrations of abstract science. But a vague one, we suspect.

“ The proof proceeds. As religion is the basis of government, and as the state is secure in proportion as the people are attached to its institutions, it is, therefore, says Mr. Southey, the first rule of policy, that the government should train the people in the way in which they should go; and it is plain that those who train them in any other way are undermining the state.

“ Now, it does not appear to us to be the first object that people should always believe in the established religion, and be attached to the established government. A religion may be false. A government may be oppressive. And whatever support government gives to false religions, or religion to oppressive governments, we consider as a clear evil.”

Any body may see with half an eye that Mr. Macauley's assertions in that passage of his own which precedes the paragraph from Mr. Southey's volumes are not involved in that paragraph. If Mr. Southey has alleged such a monstrous proposition as that Public Opinion is to be “distrusted and dreaded” (though we do not believe that he has, and defy Mr. Macauley to the proof), the passage ought to have been extracted, and given forth for the wonder of the world. For any person who has advanced so abominable a position, crucifixion, or cremation, by the hands of Mr. Macauley, the high priest of *persiflage* and liberality, were too easy a death. Let us, however, see whether this *Athenian* babbler has reason on his side for what he has so impudently set down against the Laureate.

Do away with charity and affection,

which are the gifts of Religion, and you destroy the universal chain that binds man to man, and leave a direful Necessity as the dark arbiter of human destiny. If necessity had a certain uniform course, it were well; but there is unhappily a separate necessity for every man's mind, and the consequence is, that there would be a perpetual jarring in the world, were there not some restraining power. As there would in such a state of things be no regular and guiding movement, Civil Government must be dependent for its existence on merely accidental good, which, as Warburton justly says, is a mere solecism. The legislator cannot be perpetually watching to see if each individual is conducting himself justly towards his neighbour, for his eyes *must* sometimes slumber; and how dreadful would become the state of society did not individuals at such moments or contingencies continue to act justly towards one another. But of justice, men can have no perception without the previous perception of moral good and evil—nor of moral good and evil without some religious belief, for moral good and evil would vary according to the different comprehensions of men and of nations, unless their rule were defined. Now the definition of a rule argues obligation—obligation amongst men in ill-adjusted society argues superiority of power in some one other than a fellow-creature, since, in the abstract, all men are equal, and that some one *must* be a Being superior to the order of man. Hence originates Religion.

If you allow this argument in part, you must allow it *in toto*, because men are gifted with a quality called judgment, whereby they are enabled to see the aptitude of things to their own purposes; and, as Mr. Macaulay has not gone to the extent to say, that any nation, after having discovered the binding power of religion, and the certain good which it has induced amongst men, have rejected it, depending entirely on the chances of *accidental good*, we may be allowed to conclude, that, when the efficacy of religion has been once discovered, human judgment will point out the necessity of seizing on its unreserved appliances. In the first discovery lies the whole difficulty. "Nothing is more certain than that government *has* existed—*has* received *some* obedience, and given *some* pro-

tection, in times in which it derived no support from religion." Observe how cunningly the vulpine Cantab has shapen his phraseology: "*some*" is a very indefinite measure to be employed by a wordy and shuffling gentleman, who boasts of his preciseness in definitions—equally so is the unqualified use of the term "government," both in regard to its abstract and its referential meaning; particularly as, in the latter case, a man must either take the Cantab at his assertion, or else must travel over the expanse of the earth to discover the secret nook where so curiously constructed a government can have existed, unrevealed to all mankind save to this Edinburgh Reviewer and PREDESTINER OF HEAVEN. If Mr. Macaulay's argument be worth a rotten nut, we are enabled by a parity of reasoning to disprove the efficacy of every beneficial institution: *e. g.* Nothing in history is more certain than that thieving has existed, has achieved *some* exploits, and enjoyed *some* measure of impunity, in times in which the laws against it were severest. What do our readers think of this precious mode of argumentation? are they convinced that laws against theft are inefficacious, and that it is the blessed privilege of thieving to enjoy a happy and prosperous existence?—Mr. Macaulay has made one broad statement—we make another: ours is, that *NEVER*, at any period of the world, has government existed without the aid and support of religion.

We have filled up more pages than we intended with our observations on the quackery of this precious Theban. It is in the nature of true Quackery to exhibit monstrous inconsistencies in conduct. Thus has it happened to Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay. His father "consorts" with Mr. Wm. Wilberforce, and is allowed at all hands (indeed the old gentleman boasts of it) to be a saint of the first magnitude. The son, too, would shew himself by his spoutings, and declamations, and political faith, to be his father's companion in the career of holiness. Now, surely, the first axiom of the sect of which both the old and the young man are members, *ought* to be, that without religion (let them qualify it as they may) social existence cannot be carried onward. But the latitudinarian principles and opinions of the son, as expounded in the article on Mr. Southey's

volumes, would go to prove that religion is not essential to social existence. Surely, if he would be thought sincere in the faith of the Saints, and, notwithstanding his own sceptical opinions, he ought to have written up, instead of attempting to write down, the necessity of a state religion—since, and laying aside all crude theories, the efficacy of religion over society has been tried and proved, over and over again, ten thousand times, to be most beneficial. But Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley is a quack and a pseudo-philosopher, and accordingly, no two of his opinions or actions will be found to tally or coincide.

But why should he have singled out Mr. Southey for his fierce and foul vituperation? No one can impugn the harmless tenure of Mr. Southey's life, or his retiring nature (particularly since he refused a seat in that very sapient assembly, of which Mr. Macauley is so bright and particular a star), or the sincerity of his faith, or his earnest wish to further the improvement of his

fellow-creatures, or the soundness of his scholarship. Now, for any, or all these reasons, however Mr. Macauley may differ from the Laureate, surely the latter, if the Cantab be a saint, or even a Christian, deserves respectful consideration and fair usage, to say nothing of love, charity, mercy, and forbearance—qualities which, by their beauty of conduct on all occasions, the saints have identified with themselves. But his false reasonings and low abuse of the Laureate prove Mr. Thomas Babington Macauley to be no whit better than the general run of his sinful fellow-creatures. The Laureate has made for himself a fair reputation—the Cantab has made for himself no reputation at all for any thing fair or manly—the moral beggar, therefore, hates his richer neighbour, and that hatred is manifested in the exquisite piece of criticism, the beguities of which we have done all that in us lay to shew forth to the admiration of an enraptured world.—Well hast thou spoken, O son of Laius!—

Ὁ πλουτί, καὶ τυραννὶ, καὶ τέχνῃ τέχνης
ὑπερφρονεῖσά τω πολυζήλῳ βίῃ,
ὅσος παρ' ὑμῖν ὁ φθόνος φυλάσσεται.

STANZAS.

WHAT is an eye to the dawning day?

What is a song to the murmuring river?

What is youth to a morn of May,—

Which buds, and *will* blossom and bud for ever, .

'Tween scorching June and the April rain,

Like a sweet dream in a life of pain?

There is a mote in the brightest eye;

Harshness there is in the sweetest singing;

And youth, though it blossom, will, surely die—

Perhaps while the marriage-bells are ringing—

Die, and the spirit of life that burns

So bravely, flieth—and ne'er returns!

Oh! men have never, in their dim lot,

All that lives of bright and fair;

Much there is which they have not,—

Wisdom, strength, and riches rare,

Beauty in the lives of flowers,

Beyond even the dreams of ours!

Wisdom dwells with beast and bird,

Prudence, pleasure, length of days;

Yet their boasts are never heard

Stunning earth to yield them praise:

Proud, unprospering MAN alone

Talks—and all his folly's known!

J. B.

THE MEETING OF THE SIMILES.

IN our last, we expressed much regret at being prevented, by want of space, from inserting a translation of Kisfaludy's singular production, *The Meeting of the Similes*. Perhaps, in the whole range of Magyar poetry, there is not to be found a composition equalling it in degree; and in no other language can we hope to meet with any thing of the kind. For which reasons we, with our accustomed zeal and energy, have encountered the incalculable toil of translating it: and here, with many lamentations for its brevity, we invite the attention of the learned and unlearned, of every sex, age, and condition, to

KISFALUDY'S MEETING OF THE SIMILES.

SCENE—*A very pleasant part of Parnassus. APOLLO enthroned. Around him the NINE MUSES, seated on reversed flower-pots. To the right and left of the throne, a multitude of SIMILES, huddled together, and, to all appearance, very uncomfortable.*

APOLLO riseth, and saith:

"Chaste maiden ladies! Empresses of song!

Inspirers of the miscellaneous throng!

I have, of late, been dinn'd with one loud prayer,

The wail of Similes in wild despair.

Your bards, they say, have pull'd them so about,

Poor devils! that they're utterly worn out.

I'll not detain you by a prosy speech,

But hope you'll listen to the plaints of each,

And, on reflection, say which you observe is

Entitled to relief from further service."

Apollo having resumed his seat, the following pithy proclamation is made by the

HERALD.

"Let any Simile, who claims relief, Stand forth, and have the kindness to be brief."

The living Ass comes forward, dragging the dead Lion after him. Having brayed thrice to clear his throttle, he beginneth, continueth, and endeth, as followeth:

"May it please your Godship, and each gentle Virgin,

To lend an ear (*laughter*) to what I have to urge in

My own excuse—albeit here guilty pleading

To flagrant want of loyalty and breeding. When this dead Lion—d—n him!—was in life,

He did me wrong, but I avoided strife, Knowing I had no chance:—but, when he died,

Then slowly sneak'd I to my sovereign's side,

And, mindful of past suffering, kick'd his corse.

I know 'twas wrong—nay, nothing could be worse—

But tenfold vengeance fell on my fine head:

Would he were living, and poor Donkey dead!

Mighty and most musical Apollo!

Ladies! whose judgment I am bound to follow,

I solemnly aver that, had I thought

The Bards of Earth my woe would thus have wrought,

T' avoid them, I had bowed my noble ears,

In meek submission, to the trenchant shears;

And for this Lion, rather than have kick'd him,

With loyal tongue I would have humbly lick'd him:

Done any thing, t' escape the dire vexation Of being every numskull's illustration.

Upon my faith, I can no longer stand it!

And, therefore, trust that you, who can command it,

Will order that this Lion and myself May now be laid for ever on the shelf."

APOLLO.

"Yours has ever been a potent jaw— Now, great orator, you may withdraw."

The Donkey withdraws sulkily, dragging the Lion away with him. Whereupon advanceth

A PUPPY-DOG, and saith:

"Your Godship, too, will bear in mind, I beg,

That 'gainst the Lion I ne'er lifted leg:

Scorning all reply To Pidcock's paltry lie,

I still request, that poets, for the future, May praise me or, at all events, be neuter."

APOLLO.

"Herald! see that out of court he be sent:

These puppy-dogs I frequently remark, But very seldom see them duly decent;

And, if disturb'd, they're sure to snarl and bark."

The Puppy-dog is driven off; and a wild Elephant comes forward, walking gloomily between two tame ones.

WILD ELEPHANT.

"How long, great Apollo! am I doom'd to lag
Between these two fools, while my energies flag?
Yet not, O ye Muses! because I'm thus led,
Like a neutralised judge, do I wish myself dead:
No—bondage, though bad, 's not so bad, on the whole,
As being bored by the bore of the Board of Control;
My ~~two~~ tame tormentors maliciously chuckled,
When forcing me on at the call of ~~a~~——"

APOLLO.

"Hold—nothing 'gainst th' administration—
Your case shall have consideration.
So get you gone, and, from this hour,
Ne'er speak the truth of those in power."

The Elephant grunts some inarticulate oaths, and retires, as he came, between his two leaders. Then the Lap of Pleasure and the Lap of Indolence squat down in front of Apollo, to whom the following address is uttered by

THE LAP OF PLEASURE.

"Behold me full—and here, before thy throne,
Apollo! claim I to be left alone!"

After which, argueth

THE LAP OF INDOLENCE.

"She says she's full—by Jove! I'm fuller,
And all may see my load's far duller;
If either be set free,
I hope you'll think of me.

They modestly sidle off, and are succeeded by the Seat of Honour.

SEAT OF HONOUR.

"Apollo! I think I've good reason to pout—"

APOLLO (*abruptly*).

"Herald! pray kick this queer nondescript out."

The Seat of Honour is kicked out accordingly.

The Arms of Victory and the Arms of Morpheus both advance on fingertips. Neither will give way. The Arms of Victory assume a menacing attitude, but fall asleep on touching the Arms of Morpheus; and the latter are ordered to depart with this new load. The

Sword of Damocles then struts forward proudly on its point, a single Hair sticking featherwise out of the hilt.

THE SWORD.

"Apollo! I with confidence appeal
To you and to the Muses—you must feel
That I, a haughty and imperial Sword,
Who once, to justify a monarch's word,
Was o'er his fav'rite's head suspended,
Should long have found my labour ended.
But no—the precious Poet's barren brains
Must needs perpetuate my pendent pains!
I'd rather rust for ever in the scabbard,
Than thus be twirl'd about by ev'ry blab-
bard?"

I ask for justice!"

Here the Hair bristleth up, and saith:

"And I, as the Hair,
From which he has hung all this while,
must declare,
(In hope it may make his strong claim
all the stronger)
I'll be d—d if he dangles from me any
longer!"

APOLLO.

"That, Mr. Hair, 's a very rude expression,
And cannot be permitted here in session;
However, I forgive your indiscretion,
And promise to relieve you from oppression."

The Sword and Hair retire more haughtily than they came, and Silent Sorrow, with great timidity, advances.

SILENT SORROW.

"Unaccustom'd as I am to public speaking,
Back to my seat I would fain be sneaking;
I only beg the Bards may henceforth borrow
Some name, besides my own, to meet the morrow."

APOLLO.

"Madam, you'll be reliev'd—that's certain—
But hold—who moves behind yon curtain?"

The Herald draws up a veil-like sort of curtain, and discovers "Patience on a Monument, smiling at Grief."

PATIENCE.

"Thanks, great Apollo! for this late relief—
For, I presume, I now may frown at grief.
Seldom do I use a harsh expression—
Never do I lose my self-possession—
But still must say that, should the court declare,
—What would be grossly, palpably unfair—

That I must longer sit in durance vile,
At least, I am determin'd not to smile."

APOLLO.

"Patience, I pity you, and from my soul!
But you are placed beyond the court's
control:

Shakespeare has fix'd you where you are,
and we

Can ne'er reverse th' unchangeable de-
cree.

To you he gave a figure, formed to strike
Each metaphoric fool, who scribbles
'like:'

'Tis so, and so must be—your case is
hard;

Yet, though we can't conceive the Bri-
tish Bard

So dire a duty to impose upon you meant,
You still must smile for rhymsters from
your monument."

The curtain falls, and general atten-
tion is directed to the great Orpheus,
who advances, surrounded by dancing
trees.

ORPHEUS.

"My dear Apollo! what, in Pluto's name,
Makes me thus plagued with ever-dancing
fame?

I played a tune—and these confounded
trees

Began a jig, which, just at first, might
please

As something new and singularly clever,
But is a bore, thus carried on for ever.
Look ye, my friend, I should'nt care a
d—n if I

Had but the pow'r to make the things
re-ranify;

But thus, to see them in eternal revel,
Would vex that great philosopher, the
devil.

If it be true, as I am told, that men
Keep up this dance by scribbling yerse,
why then

You're just the boy, supported by the
Muses,

To make the rhymers do as Nature
chooses:

Which is, that trees should stand, that
I should play,

And Poetasters puddle on for pay
Until they sigh their silly souls away."

APOLLO.

"Why let the thing go on so long, dear
Orpheus?

You might have set them all to sleep
through Orpheus.

However, I'll take care to fix their roots,
And leave you free to captivate the
brutes."

Orpheus retires amidst his trees;
and two or three Similes advance to-
gether, but all give way at the approach

of a neat little gentleman, with a neat
little harp. He bows obsequiously be-
fore the throne and gracefully to the
Muses, and sings:

"Oh there's not in this wide world a
mountain so sweet

As that mount, where the Muses of me-
lody meet,

Where the balmiest odours are breathed
through the bowers,

And the fair breast of Pleasure peers
forth among flowers."

This strain and the singer thereof
create a marvellous sensation among
the Similes. They gradually become
excited; and the Bard is surrounded
and closely pressed by

A Beam, and a Stream,
A Balm, and a Calm,
A Bower, and a Flower,
A Dove, and a Love,
A Kiss, and a Bliss,
A Billing, and a Thrilling,
A Sigh, and a Die,
and

All my Eye!

without Miss Elizabeth Martin, O!

Thus encompassed, the Poet appeals
to Apollo in the following address:

"Great golden-haired God!
It seems rather odd
That a Bard, such as I,
So full of variety,
So lov'd in society,
Of the kind they call 'high;'
Who, to mortals amaze of,
Have ta'en Virtue's stays off,
Yet still kept her purity
In perfect security;
And who, all my life long,
Have tun'd up my song
To the folly of fasting
And to love everlasting—
Should meet with annoyance
In a region of joyance!
These Similes choke me,
They plague and provoke me.
Should acts so unfair
Be approv'd by the chair,
Then all I can say
Is, 'Would I were away,
Or that P—sd—e were there.'"

The little gentleman concludes this
address with an air of conscious and
injured dignity, covered, indeed, by a
transparent veil of courtesy, which all
those accustomed to high society find
so very useful, and those unaccustomed
to it do so very well without.

APOLLO.

"Now, by the radiant glory of my brow!
The Similes are very right, I vow.

No son of earth has with them havoc
made,
Like him who thus, unbidden, here has
stray'd.
Through life, it was thy joy strange tricks
to try
With these poor devils round me—no
reply,
Unless to say by which thou'lt choose to
die."

THE BARD.

" Ah! must I then no longer twine
My verse-wreath, brighter than the vine?
Must wit and song surround the bowl,
And I not share the feast of soul?
Ah! must sweet woman's bosom swell,
And I not live, in rhyme to tell.
What prose can never breathe so well!
Say, Beauty! will thy burning sigh,
And the unholy lighted eye,
Wild Passion's empire testify,
When I in cold obstruction lie?
Yes—yes—for still my spirit's blaze
Shall shine undimm'd in after days,
A dazzling light for vestal's gaze!
And many a maiden's heart shall glow
With flames that else it ne'er might
know,
And drink of song's most sullied streams,
That steep it in Illusion's dreams,
Until to agony it wake—
And with the mighty madness break!
Though link'd to agencies of ill,
'Tis sweet to be remember'd still:
And, so we win th' eternal laurel,
What matters it about the moral?

Then let me quit this life in glee,
Worthy love, and worthy me,
Rumpty, tumpy, tumpy ti.

(*To the Similes.*)

Since a choice to the Poet is given,
A Kiss be my passport to Heaven!"

He takes a Kiss and expires. The
uproarious delight of all the Similes is
such, that Apollo dissolves the meeting
in high dudgeon, declaring that he will
leave the said Similes at the mercy of
Poetasters for ten thousand years longer.
This decision the Muses prevail on his
Godship to grant them in writing; which
being done, it is forwarded to Earth,
and is here given:

" Ye violators of the virgin page!

The curse and scourge of each succeeding
age;

The Similes have managed things so ill,
We leave them at your leaden pleasure
still;

Well knowing, that the end must be the
same—

You scorn'd and damned to evanescent
fame!

Whether for lively France ye ply your
bootless toil,

Or flit, in Bard's disguise, o'er Britain's
hardy soil,

Or burn in Magyar lamps unprofitable oil,
Since shine ye may not, glimmer as ye
may—

The ill-starr'd twinklers of a milk-and-
watery way!"

“ THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.”

No I.

WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE “ LITERARY GAZETTE.”

[ON the opposite page sits William Jerdan, the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, reduced from six feet high to as many inches—but still the very man. We defy pencil or graver to produce a more wonderful likeness. With him begins our Gallery of Illustrrious Portraits, because upon him depends judicially, in the first instance, the fates and fortunes of literary works. He is the grand jury, the publisher being only the committing magistrate. The *premier pas*, therefore, belongs to him. We shall follow up the series by other great names. As a biography of our hero may be expected—he always writes one himself for his own Gallery—we here supply a short sketch, written in our most elaborate style.]

WILLIAM JERDAN was born in Scotland about the year 1730. The first seventy or eighty years of his life he spent in the usual dissipations of youth—a detail of which we may be excused from giving, as the follies of our early days afford no instruction to the moralist, and supply no just means of appreciating the character of the full-grown man. On his arrival in London, a centre to which all talent gravitates, as certainly as falling bodies descend to the earth, we find him employed in that profession by whose labours the opinions, or at least the declarations, of our statesmen, are conveyed to the world. Afterwards, filled with a just indignation against the vices of society, his name occurs among those who determined to tear off their deceitful mask, and to expose, by name, to the public scorn, culprits whom they deemed unworthy of being concealed from the penalties of their turpitude. Vice being, as usual, triumphant in this metropolis, it is not astonishing that his well-meant endeavours for the public good were not long continued; and we next discover him in the character of Apollo, or, to drop the language of mythology, directing the *Sun*. In this task he was assisted by Mr. John Taylor, a gentleman whose name will be remembered as long as the tail of Mathews or Gattie waves in the hundreds of Drury, or the courts of Covent Garden. The duplex government of these editors was principally remarkable for a controversy, carried on in the paper itself between them,—each, as he was lord of the ascendant of the day, emptying the vials of abuse upon his coadjutor, to the no small diversion of the public. During his solar government, he seized, in the lobby of the House of Commons, Bellingham, the assassin of Perceval, of which he has given an account in his life of that statesman. After favouring the world with a translation of the *Hermit in Paris*, and other works, he finally settled as Editor of the *Literary Gazette* (a proof of which he is in the picture before us reading, with scrutinising eye, in quest of *literals*); and there he sits still enthroned, high arbiter of wit.

So far for a Johnsonian notice—as for the rest, we have not much more to add, except that he is the best of good fellows, convivial abroad, hospitable at home—that, in spite of what a small set of very small critics, or disappointed authors, say, he manages his *Literary Gazette* admirably well—that he gives the earliest literary news—chooses the fairest specimens from new books—does not encumber us with criticism, and is wholly free from spite and rivalry. That in the hurry of weekly composition and selection, he, or those whom he employs, is sometimes mistaken, is true enough; the only wonder is, that he does not slip oftener. A great cry was got up a few years ago by some foolish Cockneys, who, having contrived to impose upon him a sonnet of Shakespear's as a modern composition, continue to ring the changes on this notable blunder ever since,—as if there were any man in England on whom the same trick could not have been played with every chance of success. None but a puppy or a pedant will pretend that he knows all Shakespear's sonnets by heart. If no worse critical lapse than this be committed by Jerdan, he may set his heart at ease, and drink his third bottle in quietness.

His criticism, we are told, is not brilliant or deep—he is no Dr. Johnson, or Longinus, or Aristotle, or Schlegel, or any other of the fine names. So be it; but there is something to be said for him, nevertheless. With opportunities of being smart and caustic, of inflicting hurt and injury, to show his wit or gratify

his spleen, he has taken the other course—that of aiding the efforts of early genius, of encouraging the hopes of neglected talent, of cheering the path of authors anxiously struggling on through the difficulties of their way, and if the books of Colburn and Longman obtain their due share of notice, must it of necessity be attributed to other motives than a fair bias in favour of partners and friends in whose choice of works his own advice is often taken? It would be strange, indeed, if he should not sometimes express in his *Gazette* the same favourable opinions which urged him to recommend to the publishers the purchase of a novel or a poem.

But supposing this to be a blemish, and admitting that the necessitous *littérateurs* who sometimes contribute to the *Gazette*, complain every now and then of the niggardly hand with which payment for their needy labours is doled out,—these are faults of others, not of himself. He supplies us with a pleasant paper every Saturday; and, to conclude,

“ If to his fault some critic errors fall,
Look in his face, and you'll forget them all.”

But we allow that the best time for looking at it is not that chosen by our Rembrandt—the favourable hour is ten o'clock at night, and his position at the head of a table, firmly-seated behind an entrenchment of decanters.

THE YOUNGEST.

THE voice of the mourner is heard on the air,
And the old hall is darkened as midnight were there,
And the foot-falls are soft, as they feared to awake
The sleep they would yet give the wide world to break.

Their youngest, their dearest, is gone to his rest,
With health on his brow, and with joy in his breast;
The morning he bounded all life o'er the hill,
At night the light step and the glad pulse were still.

His mother put back the bright curls from his brow,
And kissed in her pride the white forehead below:
But the damps on that forehead were gathering fast,
She kissed them away, but that kiss was her last.

There are others, his elders, the bold and the fair,
But they wear not the likeness that he wont to wear,
With his hair of light gold, his eyes of deep blue;
They bring not the father, who perished, to view.

With his hawk on his hand, his hound at his feet,
With flowers strewed o'er him the wild and the sweet,
He lies that short space before beauty is gone,
When life and when death are conmingled in one.

By turns his bold brothers have over him hung,
And wept as they gazed on their favourite, their young;
But his mother sat by like a statue, no tears
Relieving the grief that with them disappears.

Again that dark hall will be opened to day,
And the hymn, and the pall, and the flowers put away;
And, alone in their chapel, the boy will be laid,
And left, as the dead are, to silence and shade.

But long will he be to their memory dear—
Long his glad voice will sound like a dream in their ear:
They will miss their boy-hunter from banquet and chase,
And his place, though filled up, be a still vacant place.

L. E. L.

VISIT TO A NATIONAL SCHOOL.

NES PICKED UP IN NEW PALACE YARD, WESTMINSTER.

"MEN are but children of a larger growth,"

The proverb says:—and then
It follows that, in word and action both,
Boys must resemble men.

This is sound logic—very sound indeed,
A regular scholastic "argumentum
Ad homines;" and if it don't succeed
To bring conviction, nothing will content 'em.

Thus thought we, but the only thin
remaining

To satisfy ourselves and prove the
truth,

Was, to observe the marvellous novel
training

Now "nationally" practised on our
youth:

And so we went to see a great boys'
school,

Where long-legged loggerheads are
drilled by rule,

According to the latest regulation.

The place, they said, had been a chapel
once;

But had such masters now, that any
dun

Might there be taught the way to rule
a nation.

The man who shewed the show boys off
had been

A corporal, or a soldier of some rank,
And made them stand or move like a
machine,

Or dressed the rebel urchins up in
flank.

"There shall be no mistake, my boys!"
quoth he.

"I am the lad for unanimity!

And all things shall be ordered as I
choose.

So—mind your P's and Q's,

And, as I bid you, say your A's and
O's*—

If any dare to murmur, out he goes!"

In sooth, it was a wondrous sight to see
How all those boys,

When he held up his cane, looked pi-
teously,

And made no noise.

Full well he seemed to know each little
mind,

And all their little ways:

To some he gave a cuff or word unkind,

To others praise.

Praises or cuffs they took in equal part,
And learned their paltry lessons off by
heart.

Loud hemmed the pedagogue dragoon,
and cried,

(As on his well-trimmed ranks he gazed
in pride)

"Call which you please!"

Then—ask him any question you think
fit,

And he shall answer it.

There are no boys like these!"

And then he switched his cane, which
made a noise

That much the far-famed Russian
knew resembled;

And thereupon those poor unlucky boys
looked up and trembled.

Is this, sighed we, the march of intellect?
Surely, 'twere better wholly to neglect

God's creatures,

Than thus to sent the wretched beings
here,

To stamp with cowardice and slavish
fear

Their minds and features!

So, to avoid a scene of punishment,

Caning or blame,

As, o'er the Catechism, all intent

He sat, we asked an urchin, "What's
your name?"

The fat-faced blockhead scratched his
leaden skull,

And, looking most superlatively dull,

Gazed at the master for a nod or wink;

But, seeing none, the booby seemed to
think,

And then replied, trembling and doubt-
ingly,

"It's 'N or M,' just 'as the case may
be.'"

What need of more? Het of the lake,

Daundering o'er hill and dale,

Once penned a line we mean to make

The "moral" of our tale.

He thought, when musing o'er the varied
course

Pursued by mortals through life's
little span,

They might be traced, like rivers, to
their source,

So wrote "The boy's the father of
the man."

And, truly, we opine that men who spring
From boys like these,

Will change names, sides, or just say
any thing

Their rulers please.

Q. E. D.

* The MS. has "Ayes and Noes," which must be wrong, as no boy is allowed
to say "No" to his master.

† Wordsworth.

THE MINOR GREEK POETS.—NO. I.

MELEAGER.

“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
Its loveliness increaseth.”

AMONG the poets of old, who have, in the touching words of Keats, left their “ names upon a harp-string,” Meleager is, I think, one of the most interesting. His *Anthology* has preserved to us some of the most beautiful fragments of ancient poesy. Then, indeed, there was no *Tony*; and *Country Magazine*, like Fraser’s, rendering any *Anthology* unnecessary. Sappho sung, and Lala, the Tintoretto of Greece, painted; but no man indited an essay on their merits.

That was a glorious season, when the enthusiasm of the people carried the harp of genius; when fame was the homage of a thousand hearts, and the bending of a thousand knees; when the dove of beauty sat upon every spirit, and its dewy shadow dwelt round every thought. But this was in the first vintage of the soul, when it went into the vineyard, and its fancies were bright and numberless as the specks of light that flashed in the depths of the leaves—Beautiful indeed was the gathering!

I know not if my early associations have given the charm to the poetry of the Greeks which it possesses over me, but I love to dwell among its old and ivy-grown remembrances, and I feel, while reading the thoughts they have left us, as I do when gazing upon the grassy inscriptions in our Harrow churchyard—the brief histories of the departed, with some of whom I have talked in that very place, and whose names are all familiar to me!

The minor poets of Greece were not, like the embalmings of Dr. Chalmers, the dry bones of literature; they were warm and living spirits, men who had partaken of the rich nectar from the *πνευτή παιδων*, the cup of song, with Pindar, and Euripides, and the elders of Athens. The resurrection of poetry in the time of Æschylus had poured a glory over the land; the very weeds about the sepulchre were lighted up by the gleaming of its countenance. The curtains of precious imaginings, which Pericles drew around Athens like a sanctuary, had made it the heart’s holiest of holies. Sweet painting, the hand’s minstrelsy, was scat-

tered through every hamlet. The visions of Æschylus were embodied by the hand of Phidias, and the love-dreams of Sophocles in the Titian modellings of Praxiteles. The character given by Pasquier to the reign of Henry II. is, in some degree, applicable to the period of the administration of Pericles; then arose, as the old parliament advocate quaintly expresses it, *une grande flotte des poètes*.

Music, or poetry,—for the one was garmented in the other,—formed the element in which they lived, and moved, and had their being. The very air of heaven was inspiration. The characteristic assigned by the *Edinburgh Review* to the poetry of Keats might have been applied to every Grecian—“ a pervading tunefulness of nature.” They sat, unthought of tabrets, in the melody of their own dreamings; and many a hallowed name, that bound up all the hopes and prayers of father and mother, brother and sister, hath no record remaining to tell us of its habitation.

Meleager never looked upon that season; he was a Syrian by birth, and when he came into Greece, about a century before our era, the harvest had long been gathered in: but some ears still lay scattered over the public paths and in the shady places; some harvestings, amid whose greenness the joy of the heart might sit and sing in times to come.

The custom of singing at their banquets, so prevalent among the Greeks, must necessarily have tended to awaken a love of light and playful compositions; for it was usual with this people, whose life appears to have been “ a harmony long drawn out,” to pass the song from guest to guest, accompanying it, in their own poetical manner, with a branch of myrtle, which the singer held in his hand.

Meleager, like most of the writers in the *Anthology*, is remarkable for the grace and sweetness of his expression. How very touchingly a natural idea is portrayed in

Αι, αι, που το παθουνι μινι Σαλος;
αεψασιν Αδας.

I have no intention of being learned in these papers, which, upon a classical subject, is not the most difficult thing imaginable; they will only be the rambling notes of my own mind—if I may so speak—desiring to bind a few flowers round the urn containing the ashes of the olden poetry.

I cannot offer a more satisfactory specimen of the grace of Meleager—allowing, of course, for the deficiency of the translation—than

THE COMPLAINT.

Holy Night, and Lamp that burneth
Darkly in the hour of sleep,
When the eye of the maiden turneth
Unto the quiet deep.

Gentle was the dreamy sigh,
"I will love thee thus, for ever;"
Sweeter far the faint reply,
"I will leave thee—never—never."

Timid Evening, thou did'st hear
The deep and solemn oath,
And the parting word was in thine ear,
From the lonely hearts of both.

Holy Night! my love hath scattered
My token on the ocean foam,—
Lamp! thy shaded eye doth light him
Into a stranger-home!

We may frequently trace a similarity, in purity and serenity of thought, between the Greek epigram and the "Chansons" of the earlier French poets. I do not know the author of this "Stanza to Spring," but I think it breathes the spirit of a Grecian song.

Quand ce beau printems je voy,
Jeapperçoy
Rajeunir la terre et l'onde.
Il me semble que le jour,
Et l'amour,
Comme enfans naissent au monde.

The subject of Spring has brought to my remembrance a very graceful little poem, entitled "The Garland," by Rufinus, of whom I have no knowledge, except a faint idea that he was "a person of quality," minister, I believe, to the Emperor Arcadius, and that Claudian has "hitched" his name into two books of invectives.

I send thee a garland,
All fragrant and bright;
My fingers have wreath'd it
In dew and in light;

The lily that scented
The nest in the glen;
The rose, like an orphan,
Forgotten of men.

Wreath the flow'rs round thy brow,
Proud thou must not be:
The garland blooms and withereth—
So it is with thee.

Ανθὺς καὶ ῥοζὴς καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στίφανος.

Although far inferior, in beauty, there is an archness about this address of Meleager that renders it no unworthy companion:—

The feet of love are ever sounding
Faintly in my ears,
And mine eye doth make its sad reply,
Silently in tears.

By night and day, he never resteth,
Gleeful—unconfined—
I think the face of my hope hath nested
For ever in my mind.

Winged children! doth your mother,
In your merry play,
Give you leave to come unto us,
Not to go away?

My last specimen shall be one which most of my readers will, I doubt not, appropriate to themselves.

THE WISH.

I would not be the spirit
Who poureth out the wine
For the sons of the morning,
Although his face may shine,
With gazing on the brightness
Of a face divine.

I ask it not, what labour
Would the Bright One give to me,
For the charging, the retreating,
Of love's chivalry.
Power, nor wealth, nor glory,
Cloudy One, I ask of thee.

This alone my bosom prayeth:
Let the young boy bear
My tears unto the heaven
My weary heart may share,
Building up for ever
Its memorial there.

Give to me a merry cheek,
Gladness' own reflector,
I may fondly kiss, not wake,
Virtue's sweet protector.
Jove take the rest—unless he please
To let me take his nectar.

THE HARROVIAN.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

WE have no intention of entering into the question of the legality or illegality of slavery, either as respects the laws of God, or the abstract rule of moral right, or the existing institutions of this country. Our eyes have lately been attracted towards a society, the name of which graces the head of this article, and which, within the last month, has excited no small portion of the public attention.* The individuals composing this junta of philanthropists and philosophers are the great enemies of the West Indian proprietors, a body of great wealth and influence in this country, which draws its principle of vitality and action through the medium of commerce. As the West Indian proprietors are the grand prop of the prosperity of our colonies across the Atlantic, their actual condition, whether prosperous or adverse, is a matter of some consequence to every true politician and lover of the international grandeur of Great Britain, although (was the day!) this has been altogether overlooked by the abstract reasoners and theorising state-physicians, who have, by their ignorant application of political economy and free-trade system, entirely destroyed the energies of this once so mighty and so glorious nation.

This Anti-Slavery Society held its general meeting at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields (we like to be exact when speaking of this body of venerable sages), and the doors being opened at one o'clock precisely, upwards of three thousand people flocked into the great room, when Mr. Wilberforce took the chair, and proceeded to the business of the meeting.

The principal speakers on the occasion were Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. F. Buxton, Lord Milton, Mr. Macauley, jun., Lord Calthorp, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Brougham, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Mr. Bennet, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Pownall, Mr. H. Drummond, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Denman.

Mr. Wilberforce, the high priest of this philanthropic squad —

Jamque sacerdotēs, primusque Potius
ibant —

commenced the business of the day in a long speech, the substance of which was to the following effect:—1. That by Mr. Dundas's plan the death-blow was to

have been given to slavery in 1800; but that after the lapse of thirty years, nothing had been done. 2. Nothing could be done, as anti-colonists were told, for the accomplishment of their object, save through "a long vista of possible disappointments and certain objections." 3. That, in 1823, Mr. Canning proposed his plan "to the principal West India proprietors, or their agents, resident in this country, for the purpose of effecting a material alteration in the state of things in the West Indies; and the result was, that all the leading and influential men of that body not only assented to the measures (with one single exception) which he proposed, but recommended them to the adoption of their correspondents and fellow-planters in the different islands of the West Indies." But such proposals of Mr. Canning were "contumaciously" rejected by every colonial house of legislature. 4. That it was painful to see the inconsistency of the proprietors in this country, who, after their declaration in favour of Mr. Canning's measures, retracted that declaration, — superadding thereunto their approval of the "wisdom," "prudence," and "humanity," evinced by the planters in the West Indies in the rejection of those self-same measures. 5. That he feared there was a disposition in many of the executive to leave the slaves in the hands of the planters. 6. That the planters had cunningly contrived to get into the management of the emancipation business, for the very purpose of mocking and frustrating the designs of England; for which purpose it behoved not the Anti-Slavery Society to transfer to others, least of all to the West India planters, the performance of a duty for the execution of which PROVIDENCE HAD ESPECIALLY NOMINATED THEMSELVES, *i. e.* THE MEMBERS COMPOSING THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. 7. That the condition of the slaves had been described as that of the "happiest people in the world, — much happier, indeed, than our own peasantry," — which was "a disgusting assertion; FOR HOW COULD THAT MAN BE HAPPIER THAN A FREE MAN WHO WAS IN WANT OF ALL THOSE BLESSINGS WHICH LIBERTY AFFORDED?" And that those persons who maintained so

monstrous a proposition were void of true nobility of mind. 8. "That if the slave were indeed happy, he would not be so ready to give all the scraped earnings of his life for the purchase of his own freedom and that of his family; and that this act, on the part of the slave, evinced his possession of truer nobility of mind than ~~was~~ in the possession of those who were the vile upholders of the condition of slavery. 9. That unless the Anti-Slavery Society effected the complete redemption of West India slavery, Providence would pour forth the vials of its wrath on the sinful head of this accursed country.

Mr. Fowell Buxton asserted, 10, That in 1823, exactly upon that day seven years, government had taken the question in hand, and given a solemn pledge that such measures should be adopted as would eventually give the negro population a participation in all the rights and privileges of freemen; and that the determination was announced to, and approved by, the Houses of Lords and Commons, the West India interests, and it was heard and hailed with grateful delight by the public at large. That it was not too much to expect compliance with the proposition from the colonial assemblies; but that Jamaica said, "she had done her utmost, and that, having made her slaves the happiest PEASANTRY in the world, she would go no further;" and that even "the little island of Tobago said to Great Britain, 'There is our answer,—we will go no further.'" That such were the answers of the colonies in words, but that their acts were still more explicit; for the first order in council was that the flagellation by the cartwhip of females should be abolished, as the primary step from a state of barbarism; but that, by a majority of two to one, and notwithstanding the championship of one manly vindicator that female slaves should be flogged *decently*, it was resolved that the thing should continue to be enacted *indecently*. That notwithstanding Mr. Canning's recommendation of the abolition of the wanton and degrading use of the whip, to excite negroes to labour, an ordinance in Jamaica merely substituted thirty-nine lashes by the cartwhip, equal to 500 lashes by the cat-o-nine-tails. That the religious instruction of the slaves was prevented by difficulties as to the time proper for so doing. That the privilege of self-purchase by negroes had

been nullified. 11. That in Demerara had occurred the murder of the missionary Smith; in Barbadoes, the destruction of a methodist chapel; from Berbice came the report of the fiscal of the colony; from the Bahamas the story of the Mosses; from Jamaica the news of pretended plots and fabricated rebellions; of the deportation of people of colour; and also of persecution against the teachers of the negroes,—one missionary having fallen a victim, and another having returned to his native land with "health broken." That 800,000 slaves should not be left to the tender mercies of the colonists; and that old pro-colonial opinions were remarkable for their extreme absurdity. . . .

Lord Milton asserted, 12, That slavery was repugnant to Christianity, and that the West Indians had inserted an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper, inculpatory of Mr. Wilberforce's character as to consistency.

Mr. Macauley, jun. argued, 13, That the effect of slavery was to diminish population, and that it was a mistake to say that the comforts of the slave would keep pace with the prosperity of the master. "To assert such a proposition," said the orator, "was to reason from the phenomena of liberty to the phenomena of slavery; for it might as well be said that the post-horse at an election was benefited by increased travelling, which added to the profits of the master, and in the same degree increased the labours and diminished the comforts of the post-horse."

Lord Calthorpe asseverated, 14, That in contrasting the expectations of his party, with respect to the concessions of West Indian planters, with what had been done, they would see ample grounds for disappointment; and that the Anti-Slavery Society had a firm hold on the popular feelings of the country. . . .

15. Mr. Hunt next addressed the meeting of philosophers, philanthropists, and fair and dispassionate reasoners; and because he differed from them in opinion, he was philanthropically, and philosophically, and reasonably HISSED AND HOOTED. We give his speech uncurtailed, as it appears in the *Times* journal, for a purpose with which we will make our readers, at the proper moment, acquainted.

"He said he hoped he might be per-

mitted to express his sentiments at the risk of their not being altogether palatable to the majority of his hearers. [*Disapprobation.*] He was not the enemy of negro emancipation; on the contrary, he had ever been its advocate; but he thought the enemies of slavery had much employment at their own doors without going to the West Indies for objects for their sympathies. [*Hisses and 'Off, off.'*] He was not to be put down by clamour. He was an Englishman, and not a negro slave, and had a right to express his opinions, and would assert that right.

"Here the clambur increased so much, that

"Mr. Brougham rose to order. He trusted that he was addressing a rational assembly, and not one so borne away by passion that a fair hearing, to those who conscientiously differed from them in opinion would not be afforded. The hon. and learned gentleman implored the meeting to give every person a calm and fair hearing, otherwise it would be justly felt as a censure on their proceedings that they would hear but one side. [*Hear, hear.*]

"Mr. Hunt resumed. He was not, he repeated, an enemy of negro emancipation. Far from it; he cordially concurred with the sentiments of the speakers who had preceded him [*cheers*], for he was the enemy of tyranny in every quarter of the globe, be the victim or the instrument who and where he might. But still he was not to be led away by artful appeals to the passions of the meeting in favour of the negro slaves in the West Indies, from the consideration of the state of the white slaves in his native England. [*Partial hisses.*] Mr. F. Buxton had, with a view to inflaming their sympathies, told them of the cruelties which had been practised towards a poor black slave girl, and highly coloured statements were daily put forth of the harsh treatment and degraded condition of the negro population of our West Indian colonies; but did they never hear of the at least equally harsh treatment and degraded condition of the poor at home? Did they ever hear of the cruelties which he was himself instrumental in bringing to light, as practised in Ilchester gaol? A man was tied down almost naked, for a fortnight to the floor, and a blister, in the shape of a pitch plaster, put on his head by the governor! And yet, when he called the attention of parliament, by petition, to the enormous cruelty, some of the most zealous of the friends of the negroes denied the fact; among others, an hon. and learned gent. (Mr. Brougham) near him, on the ground that it was too atrocious to have been practised in this country in these civilised times. But

he proved it beyond a question of doubt; and he was bound to say the hon. and learned gentleman admitted that he was deceived when, on a former occasion, he questioned the truth of the statement. [*Hear, hear.*] What if this torture had been inflicted in the West Indies on some poor slave! what speeches and appeals to our best feelings! and yet he had great difficulty in getting any body to notice it. [*Hear.*] They ought not, in the excess of their philanthropy, he contended, overlook the tyrannical practices towards, and the degraded condition and the sufferings of, our own poor, in their long-sighted zeal to ameliorate the condition of the negroes in the West Indies. It was but one-eyed or left-handed humanity, to say the least of it, though unfortunately that which found most encouragement from meetings like the present. In the very neighbourhood of the residence of the right rev. prelate (Bishop of Bath and Wells) near him, at Frome, in Somersetshire, he saw last winter hundreds of poor in a condition far inferior to that of the slaves in the West Indies. They were there compelled—he said compelled, for they would starve if they dared refuse—to drag carts, to which men, women, and children were yoked, for sixpence a day the married, and fourpence a day the single labourer! Who ever heard any complaint of this disgraceful state of things from those who were so zealous and eloquent in their, he admitted, laudable advocacy of the rights of the black slaves in the colonies? [*Disapprobation.*]

The Rev. Daniel Wilson asserted, 16, That inasmuch as "Christianity was the religion of love—brotherly love and equality in the eyes of the Lord," *ergo*, slavery was opposed to the spirit of the Gospel.

Mr. Bennet stated, 17, That he had seen ten, honourable and respectable in all the conventional relations of life, coolly traffic in their slaves as if they were so many to whom was denied the inheritance of an immortal soul. Female negroes were placed in the condition of mothers solely to increase their market value, and all moral and religious ties were broken to suit the views of Mammon. He quoted some cases in illustration, which the *Times* (the only paper which we have had time to consult on this occasion) has most unfortunately not inserted in its columns.

Mr. Brownlow maintained, 18, That the time had at length arrived when they should appeal to parliament for the abolition of slavery.

Mr. Henry Brougham urged, 19, That the murder of the missionary Smith could answer the question — "How much have the local legislatures done to carry into effect the parliamentary resolutions of 1823? and that nothing could be done, save by the voice of the British public speaking as one man, for the abolition of slavery," and the monstrous brood of evils which it engendered. That the imputation thrown out against the Anti-Slavery Society by Mr. Hunt, that they neglected evils at home, while they busied themselves with the abuses under the slave labour system of the colonies, had no foundation in fact: for did the gentleman recollect, when he branded their exertions as a kind of one-eyed or left-handed humanity, the names of those most distinguished for zeal against negro slavery? Did he ever hear—who, indeed, had not heard—of William Allen?—a man who had devoted the unceasing energies of his life to the education of the peasantry of England. That when the *hon. gentleman* also alluded to the state of our prisons, did he forget the incalculable services of Mr. Fowell Buxton? Did he forget the labours, the unremitting labours, of Mr. Wilberforce, their venerable chairman, in the cause of humanity? Did he forget what that gentleman had done towards remedying the abuses of charities, in which it was also his (Mr. Brougham's) good fortune to afford him some assistance? Even on the question of reform, did he forget that Mr. Wilberforce, as well as himself, had voted for every proposition in favour of that measure which had been submitted to parliament since he had been a member of it, except one?

Mr. Pownall was of opinion, 20, That every negro born after the 1st of January 1831 should be free, and that it was no use to be mincing and huckstering about minor points of good and bad treatment, but to assert at once for every negro the inalienable right of a British subject.

Mr. H. Drummond feared, 21, That until some black O'Connell (!!), or an African Bolivar, devoted his unceasing energies towards effecting the emancipation of his negro brethren, slaves would never receive their freedom.

To Mr. Pownall, Mr. Brougham now made the following reply:—

"He implored the meeting not to permit itself to be carried away too hastily by its passions, however laud-

able and natural might be their source. What did the resolution of Mr. Pownall—which the meeting had hailed with such enthusiastic acclamation—call upon parliament to effect? Why, that after the 1st of next January every negro born should be free. [*Loud cheers.*] Now he could assure the meeting that there was no open day for the introduction—the very first stage of the measure by which that declaration would be made law—before the middle of the next month; and as it could not be expected to pass either house without opposition, the season would be so far advanced before it could receive the royal sanction, that not more than four, or at most five, months would remain between its enactment and its being in force to inform and prepare the West Indians for it. [*Hear, hear.*] He need not say that he and the members of the Anti-Slavery Society cordially concurred with the principle of the resolution, since it was merely copied from one they had themselves years ago recorded and submitted to parliament: all that he wished to deprecate was, their hastily fixing upon too near a day for its coming into effect."

Mr. Brougham was followed by Mr. O'Connell, with whose observations our readers, doubtless, do not wish to be troubled; and by Mr. Denman and Dr. Lushington, of whose specimens of eloquence no report has been given either for ourselves or for an applauding posterity.

We have now abstracted the several points as urged by the respective speakers:—our next business is to examine their veracity and force.

1. Mr. Wilberforce moved, in 1792, for the immediate abolition of the slave-trade. Mr. Dundas was for a progressive cessation. The House divided, and a majority of sixty-eight decided for a gradual abolition. Then came on the discussion relative to the period of ultimate cessation. Mr. Dundas proposed the 1st of January, 1800, as such period. It was not, however, carried till 1807; and the question of emancipation of slaves was not mooted, effectually, until 1823.

Mr. Wilberforce complains that more has not been done than he demanded. He moved for the abolition of the slave-trade, and he is indignant that the complete emancipation of the slaves has not been granted by the legislature. A given quantity will, by a given involution, produce a required quantity, and no more; and this is equally true in the doctrine of numbers as in the doctrine of logic and politics.

The assertion, that nothing has been done, is not true. Mr. Wilberforce gives only this naked word—Mr. Alexander M'Donnell, in his *Address to the Members of both Houses of Parliament*, gives facts sufficient to lead a dispassionate inquirer to the opposite conclusion.

"Previously to 1823 many ameliorating and salutary laws were passed, all of which emanated spontaneously from the colonial assemblies. It is not correct to say, that the slaves were unprotected before the interference of the imperial legislature; it is unjust to censure the assemblies for their spirited remonstrances, when they were attempting to show, not that they were refractory, but that their fellow-subjects at home were grossly misinformed." In Jamaica, so far back as 1809, laws were enacted to punish cruelty; the hours of labour were limited, holidays at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, were specifically provided; a penalty was imposed to secure to the slaves proper clothing; and the owners' property was made liable for their maintenance.

"In the interval between 1816 and the passing of the resolutions in 1823, many further judicious regulations were enacted. The slave was made capable of receiving bequests of property to any amount; he was also exempted from the effect of legal process on Saturdays, that he might dispose of the produce of his labour on that day, and devote Sunday to religious worship; the persons of females were protected in conformity with the spirit of the English law; fees on baptism and marriage were abolished; and curates throughout the several parishes of the island were appointed for the purposes of religious instruction.

"Violent abolitionists might deem these ameliorations insignificant; but it must be different with those who are truly acquainted with the negroes, and of the stages through which these people must pass before they can properly appreciate, or use with advantage to themselves, more important franchises. By degrees the intellect of the slaves was assuming a more advanced character. They found that they were an object of solicitude with the legislature; they were pleased with the notice which their claims commanded; they prized every new law in their favour as an earnest of the good intentions of their masters; they had formed a higher opinion of themselves, and had become conscious that increase of privileges was obtainable only by good conduct.

"In this promising and really auspicious state of things, the mandate was issued for the prompt enactment of fur-

ther measures, dictated without the least inquiry by hostile parties resident several thousand miles from the scene of operation. The colonists were not commended for what they had done; they were not reasoned with in any one shape, but were violently and vulgarly abused. Let all the circumstances of the case be fairly and deliberately weighed: the colonists were suffering in their commerce under restrictions imposed by the mother country; they had not, nor have they yet, been relieved from any of the burdens of the war, though all other classes in the empire have obtained such assistance; and yet, under this combined hardship, they passed many ameliorating laws, whilst foreign slave colonies, in the full enjoyment of prosperity, had not yet attempted to exalt the condition of the blacks. Had the governments of Martinique, or Guadeloupe, or Surinam, surpassed the British colonies in humane desires to ameliorate slavery, then Great Britain might with propriety have strongly exhorted her colonies to prompt imitation; and these could only have pleaded impoverishment in extenuation of their delay. But when the reverse is the fact—when foreign colonies, with every incentive to ameliorate, have done nothing,—while the British colonists, sunk in adversity, have done a great deal, certainly the history of nations could not afford such an instance of injustice and oppression as would be chargeable against the parent state, were she to attempt to deprive the colonial assemblies of their legitimate functions.

"He who dispassionately reflects upon these facts will not be surprised that some acrimony should appear in colonial proceedings. But still it must not be concluded, that no new laws have been passed in conformity with the Parliamentary Resolutions. In Jamaica, in the session of 1826-27, several important improvements were introduced. The benefit of a grand jury was extended to the slave; restrictions were imposed on the mode of plantation punishment; the continuance of the Sunday market after the hour of eleven was abolished; the separation of families under judicial or other process was forbidden; the acquisition of personal property was sanctioned and secured by law; and, lastly, the slaves were declared competent, under certain modifications, to give evidence in criminal cases.

"This new bill contained some clauses relative to religious worship: in one case prohibiting the missionary meetings after the hour of sunset; and, in another, imposing fine and imprisonment on any unauthorised preacher who should exact contributions from the slaves. These

enactments were introduced to maintain the police of the island, and not from intolerance; but Mr. Huskisson considered that they did not suit the temper of the times; and solely because they were inserted, he advised the crown to reject the entire bill.

"The House of Assembly, on receiving this intelligence, passed the following resolution:—

"After the mature consideration which the House bestowed upon that law, they regret to find that his Majesty had been advised to disallow the same, but have the consolation to think that if the slave population be deprived of the many valuable improvements contained in that code, the blame cannot be attributed to the House."

"In the other colonies, ameliorating laws, framed with great care and labour, have been passed, and are now in force. The ample information contained in the parliamentary papers renders it unnecessary to enter into details; but as it is generally supposed that, from first to last, a refractory spirit has been manifested by the colonial assemblies, it may be useful to give a few elucidative remarks from the despatches of the colonial secretary.

"In regard to Barbadoes, Mr. Huskisson, in his despatch of October 1827, stated that 'the new act contained unequivocal advancement to a better system of law, of which his Majesty is graciously pleased to mark his approbation by its allowance.'

"To the governor of St. Vincent the colonial secretary thus writes, 3d April, 1827: 'Upon a revision of the whole of this law, I am commanded by his Majesty to express his satisfaction with the general disposition of the council and assembly to adopt the recommendations which have been addressed to them on this important subject.'

"To the governor of Dominica, 3d April, 1827: 'His Majesty is graciously pleased to acknowledge with commendation the disposition which the legislature of Dominica have manifested in many of the provisions of these acts, to improve the condition of the slave population; and, considering that they are framed in general in such a manner as to promote the well-being of that class of society, his Majesty has, with the advice of his privy council, been pleased to confirm them.'

"To the governor of St. Christopher, January 1828: 'This act is remarkable for the wisdom and humanity of the greater part of its provisions.'

"In short, similar commendation is bestowed upon all the assemblies, according to the period at which the result of their labours has been transmitted to

the colonial department. Some of them, Antigua and Tobago, in the same manner as Jamaica, had already established several of the points of amelioration before the resolutions of parliament were passed.

"These extracts sufficiently attest the willingness of the colonists to accede to all reasonable propositions for improving their internal legislation; and that they are more competent for that task than parties who have never been in the colonies, few will be disposed to doubt. They know the disposition of the negroes, their temper, their susceptibilities; they have watched the progress of improvement; and they are acquainted with all the local laws now in practice, which of course have to be modified or repealed on the introduction of new measures. It is ridiculous to conceive functionaries in England to possess similar knowledge.

"But, independent of the vast superiority of necessary information, the colonial legislator has nothing else to attend to but the immediate welfare of the community in which he resides; those who are to applaud or censure his assiduity are about him; from necessity he is obliged to study his subject, and to meditate deliberately upon the practicability of new plans which are proposed. How different is the case in England! The very preliminary education is wanting; there is no inducement, nothing in the subject to enable an aspiring politician to shine. Once a month the claims of the colonists may be taken into consideration; a few stray books will be collected, with pages here and there conveniently doubled down for reference; numbers of papers will be prepared, not of course under the extravagant supposition that they are to be read—no!—but with pithy marginal notes to convey the cream of the affair without needless exertion. Even when these preliminaries are completed, there is no immediate decision. All the documents have to be taken into the country, to be maturely examined amid that rural quietude so favourable to meditation; and after this weighty preparation, in all probability, in the brief interval between the closing of the day's sports and the preparing for the evening banquet, the momentous question will be decided; a question where millions of property are dependent, where the character and honour of the country are deeply concerned, and where the welfare of thousands of our fellow-creatures is at stake."

2. That nothing "could be done by anti-colonists, save through "a long vista of disappointments" (pardon

us, reader, for the phrase is Mr. Wilberforce's), was naturally to be expected by reasonable men, who were attacking a rich and powerful body of proprietors.

3. The resolutions of 1823, and the Trinidad order in council founded on it, promulgated in 1824, were two distinct things—the latter going a great deal further than those measures which the West Indians agreed to support, and enumerated by Mr. Canning in 1823. It is the policy of the Anti-Slavery Association to confound the two, and to assume that the measures of 1824 were consistent with, and naturally sprung from, the resolutions of 1823—so far from which Lord Seaford most particularly entered his protest against two important parts of the Trinidad order in council in 1824. The charge of contumacy is easily disposed of. The colonial assemblies were independent, and had a right to reject any measures proposed to them; and the common feelings of mankind would lead them instantaneously to reject all measures accompanied, as in this instance, by threats.—(For an exposition of this part of the case, see *Barclay's Letters to Sir George Murray*.)

4. There is no inconsistency whatever in the conduct of the proprietors in this country. The West Indians at home approved only of the measures of Mr. Canning as mentioned in 1823, and dissented from those in 1824; and never intended to interfere any further than by the expression of an opinion, subject to the consideration of the colonial legislatures.

5 and 6. So far from the planters having got into the management of the emancipation business, the reverse is the fact. The incapacity of the colonists for the effectuation of emancipation is only the individual opinion of the Anti-Slavery Association. If the whole affair were left to the colonists, it would be better for ultimate beneficial results. The assumed piety of the saints, and the bold impiety contained in the concerted belief, that their body was the sole instrument chosen by the Almighty for the attainment of his purposes, and the effrontery manifested in the induction evolved from that belief—that the saints are the only people on earth cognisant of the Almighty's purposes—ill assort one with the other. On reading such an impudent and shameless assertion, we are forcibly reminded of Molière's

Tartuffe, who was rather stolid in religious discrimination whenever his worldly purposes got the better of his solemn assumption of sanctity.

“Surtout, peut-on souffrir l'homme aux réalités,
Qui, pour se faire aimer, dit cent impiétés?
Débaucher une femme, et coucher avec elle,
Chez ce galant bigot est une bagatelle.”

7. Happiness is a relative term, and a slave may be happier than a free man. Terence and Æsop were so—the Neapolitan lazzaroni are so—the serfs in Russia and Poland are so—even at the very moment that our free peasantry are starving. Liberty is also a qualified term, and its blessings are not only indeterminate in the abstract, but may be counteracted by a hundred contingencies in winging their way across the waters of the Atlantic. The same sun is pendulous for the whole earth, but with variable heat and variable light—nay, sometimes in total eclipse for various portions on its surface.

8. Cases frequently occur wherein the slave refuses to be made free; and many cases are on record which prove that where a father has purchased the freedom of his sons and daughters, the “nobility of soul” inherent in the former gives way to poverty, rags, and beastly drunkenness; and of the latter, in rank prostitution. This is not observable in one colony, or any one colony of any other nation; but in every colony of every nation.

9. The fearful denouncement of God's wrath comes only from the saints, without the recommendation of any special revelation to themselves; and perhaps the impunity from heaven of the colonists, and of the world at large, may prove the *μάρτυς ψαλλον* to be a wilful utterer of falsehoods.

Here Mr. Wilberforce concluded; and we ask all our unbiassed readers what he has proved? We think they will agree with us in pronouncing the verdict contained in the short but emphatic dissyllable—Nothing.

One word more, however, we must have, before parting company with this aged and worn-out, though yet self-vaunting, saint. The chance which placed this old gentleman on a senatorial seat in the House of Commons was his golden tide of fame and popularity. He became, by that

measure, the ostensible agent in the completion of the slave-trade abolition. The public judge, in a great measure, by superficial appearances; and the case in reference to Mr. Wilberforce was one involved in that general rule. But this legislator was no more the prime operator in the abolition under consideration than are the giant figures of St. Dunstan's church free agents in striking the four-and-twenty hours on their bell. There is an individual still living to whom the illustrious honours are due, and from whose head those illustrious honours have been shifted to the brow of a person who, at most, is only of secondary importance. The name of this (morally) *mediatised* individual is THOMAS CLARKSON, — whose spirit, bold in the possession of innate virtue, and stern and immittigable in its career of glorious intent and universal love, paused not — wavered not — stopped not, even when approaching what, to common eyes, had the semblance of insurmountable obstacles and sights of fear, until he had achieved the hallowed purpose of his life, and offered such achievement, to which he had sacrificed his golden youth and his sunny manhood, as an humble offering to the great and gracious God of his adoration. *Detur digniori*: — let the wreath of laurel encircle the brow of the more meritorious champion. Mr. Clarkson was the friend of Mr. Wordsworth, of Mr. Southey, and of Mr. Coleridge; — and who would not feel an enthusiasm in that cause, in which he was before honest of purpose and firm in integrity, when constant comfort was softly whispered into his ear by three such men of lofty thought and ardent temperament? The first of the three has inscribed the following fine sonnet on this, certainly, one honest man in the cause of the emancipation of slaves.

“ TO THOMAS CLARKSON,

‘ On the final passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, March, 1807.

‘ CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
How toilsome — nay, how dire it was,
by thee
Is known, — by none, perhaps, so feelingly;

But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
First roused thee. — O true yoke-fellow of Time,
With unabating effort, see, the palm Is won,
and by all nations shall be worn!
The bloody writing is for ever torn,
And thou henceforth shalt have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
Repose of length, firm friend of human kind!

The worthiest, however, and the best of mankind, are most obnoxious to detraction and plunder; and so it befell the subject of Mr. Wordsworth's eulogy: for when Mr. Coleridge had written his article on Mr. Clarkson's *History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade*, the writer's compliments to the Real Friend of Humanity were allowed to remain, but Mr. Clarkson's name was, in every instance, most carefully erased by Mr. Henry Brougham, and in its place was regularly substituted the name of Mr. Wilberforce. The favour of Mr. Wilberforce, and of his friends and party, was at that time an object of importance to the right-minded substituter of the name, who came to enjoy a wider popularity thus honourably acquired. Mr. Coleridge himself is the authority for this most flagitious fact.

One half word more with the veteran saint, and we have really done with him for the present. To hear a man who professes to be a Christian, and foremost in piety and well-doing, not only unceremoniously invoking the Divine name, but the Divine presence, whosoever he chooses to call a meeting, and for whatsoever purpose, and on that mixed rabble who may and who do ordinarily compose such meetings, is surely an utter abomination and act of blasphemy. With Mr. Henry Hunt staring him in the face, and Mr. Macauley, jun., and twenty other men with whose names we will not soil our pages, the venerable saint could do this! Merciful Providence! that thy name should thus be used in mockery, and as an idle by-word or a jest! To confine ourselves only to the names above mentioned, we do not think that Mr. Hunt will

do his own character such discredit as to call himself a man of piety and a religionist; for, in the first place, no one would believe him, and, in the next, he would belie all the most celebrated achievements of his life. And Mr. Macauley, jun. has, in all the writings attributed to him, manifested a spirit the opposite of Christian faith; and we happen to know that, whilst at college, he was more generally considered the Gallicised *persifleur* than the true and trusting Protestant, confident in the redeeming graces of a Saviour who died on the cross that mankind might be saved through his blessed interposition. If Mr. Wilberforce could speak in this manner in the presence of these two individuals, and of Mr. William Smith, the Socinian and the member for Norwich, we see no reason why he should have paused had the Freemasons' Hall been graced by the persons of the Rev. R. Taylor and Mr. Carlisle of Fleet Street, and of atheistical notoriety. It is enough, and more than enough, for a man to answer to God for his own unworthy self; but does it not smack of heart-hardened scorn of the Holy Being, that he should answer for the purity of faith and purity of action of three thousand individuals? It is written, and our Liturgy informs us, that where two or three are joined together in the name of Christ, their prayers will be granted; but that assurance predicates, in the suppliants, guileless hearts, truth-telling lips, vice-scorning bosoms, cleanliness of thought, and confidence of faith; and we know that St. Paul was not deemed a chosen instrument for God until his sincerity had been attested. Here, however, a mock religionist and a self-vantr of piety invokes the presence of God on the deliberations of a meeting, the members of which are unknown to him, and who the day — the hour before such meeting, may have been guilty of every crime in the black calendar of human culpability; — yes, these individuals are assured, on the word of the hoary William Wilberforce, that Almighty God has, in his economy of wisdom and providence, chosen them — ay, every man among them — as the instrument for his holy purposes! Out, we again say, on such rank blasphemy! Mr. William Wilberforce's enactment, in this respect, is of as black a dye as what we

lately heard in respect to a priest in the streets of Naples. He had a staff in his hand, surmounted with the Passion carved out on wood, which he was holding up to the multitude, and endeavouring, by his eloquence, to work on their charitable feelings towards himself. In the course of his speech, he used the following argument: "You give," he said to his auditory, — "you give your means to unworthy objects; you squander your money on the veriest trifles, on the most frivolous amusements. You will suffer yourself to be amused by the tricks of Pulchinello, and you pay the performer handsomely for his trouble, whilst you neglect me, the minister of God. Do you wish to see Pulchinello in reality? — Ecco," said he, pointing to the top of his staff, "ECCO IL VERO PULCHINELLO!"

Mr. William Wilberforce is no whit better than this haranguing priest of the modern Sybaris.

We now turn to Mr. Fowell Buxton, whose arguments are numbered 10, &c. It was decided by parliament, and seems most consonant with reason, that all emancipation and all extension of the liberties of freemen should be gradual, though the saints would have had them instantaneous. Theories will run smoothly enough round the brains of enthusiasts, bigots, fools, and knaves; but when placed on the stony road of fact, their progression is found to be slower — nay, not unfrequently to be wholly retarded. These phenomena have been proved with respect to the emancipation of slaves. "Give them emancipation," say the saints, "after a septennial preparation." "Not so fast," says the legislator and the man of sense. "There was a promise that all slaves in the West Indies should be emancipated; but the work for that purpose must be slow to be sure — must be progressive to be beneficial. So said your own friend Mr. Canning, in his celebrated speeches of 1823 and 1824, which were applauded to the seventh heavens, and with which even you appeared to be satisfied."

Jamaica was at first obstinate, but has since passed repeated ameliorating laws. See the *Abstract of Laws, &c.* recently published by Ridgway. Jamaica and Tobago are not all the colonies; and if their planters chose to speak nonsense or contumaciously, surely

the mother country ought to punish them.

Human nature is, abstractedly, so weak, and so much more so practically, that an instantaneous change from any one extreme to another is always productive of the most pernicious consequences. We will not attempt to palliate the cruelties of past ages, either with respect to European nations generally, or ourselves in particular, any more than we will attempt the monstrous proof of the Greeks and Trojans, or the savages of America, having shapen their course of action according to the line laid down in the Christian Revelation. But, as severe whipping, and chastisements barbarous, in our own more humane views, had been written down as part and parcel of colonial usage and law, a thorough leniency towards all offenders, suddenly manifested, would have rendered life insufferable in those islands. And as women are just as free agents as men, and just as accountable for crimes, in a moral point of view, so ought they to be made equally amenable to the laws of their particular place of domicile; otherwise female impunity would be, as it were, a premium for crime, which would increase to a frightful extent, and, like an endemic, at length involve, within its contagious influence, the male portion of any population.

The punishment of females by flogging is absolutely necessary on some estates; but why should we interfere in this matter when, according to Mr. Buxton's own admission, there are many advocates for this abolition in the assemblies? and as improvement advances there will be more. Leave them to themselves, and there will be no doubt of it; interfere, and they will become as obstinate as before—but this is what the Anti-Slavery people want to do. They want to force the West Indian legislatures to rebellion.

Observe the effect of a contrary system, *i.e.* one of conciliation, in 1823. Jamaica refused to adopt any one single measure—she has since gradually passed laws amending the condition of slaves very nearly up to the Trinidad Order in Council—in some instances beyond it. (See *Abstract of Laws, Jamaica.*)

The charge of the slave-whip being equal to 500 lashes, is a MONSTROUS FALSEHOOD.

The privilege of self-purchase has

certainly been altogether rejected. It is a most impolitic measure, and has been proved to be so by practice in the Danish and French colonies.

11. The murder, as it is called, of the missionary Smith, is an atrocious libel, for which Mr. Buxton ought to be prosecuted. The negroes were about to revolt—they acquainted Smith with their plans, which Smith concealed—he was tried and found guilty by British officers of a share in the rebellion, and sentenced to death; but the governor, afraid possibly of the vengeance of the saints, respited him. *He died in prison.* This is called murder. The subject was brought before Parliament, and the saints and the anti-colonists made a strong muster on the occasion. The saints, of course, supported the missionaries; and ever since that time it has been talked over as a murder by the anti-colonists and the dissenters. (See the *Parliamentary Debates* for a history, if necessary, of this case.)

The destruction of the Methodist chapel is another thing of the same kind. The Barbadians do not like the missionaries, and threatened to expel them from the island; there was a riot, and the chapel was destroyed—but the magistrates exerted themselves to bring the offenders to justice. Popular riots do occur at Manchester, Leeds, Huddersfield, Paisley, and pass us,

“Like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonderment;” but a partial explosion of the kind in the West Indies, affords grand materials for anti-slavery meetings.

The story of the Mosses is a bad one, but not worse than that of Esther Hibner in this country. “*Ex uno disce omnes*” may pass current in poetry, but never in respect to moral rules of action in civilised society. Individual delinquency embraces not national inculpation.

The case, however, of the Mosses is not even tangible by the anti-colonists for their crooked inference. The particulars stand thus:—A negro woman was sulky, and disobedient, and abusive, and was kept in the stocks, in consequence, for a longer period than law or humanity justified; she was beaten (not severely, for she only received nineteen strokes in seventeen days, with a small cane, above her clothes, by the orders of her master); she was not starved, for one of the

grounds of complaint against her was that *she would not eat*; and finally, she was sent to field-work as a punishment, where she caught an infectious disorder and died. This is the sum total of the charge against Mr. Henry Moss and his wife.

The accusation respecting "the pretended riots" rests on the bare assertion of Mr. Fowell Buxton, for the matter has been discussed and elucidated in parliament, and proved to be a libel. So also have the reports of the protectors of slaves in Berbice; and that is also a libel. As to the charge respecting the persecution of the missionaries, that, we apprehend, must result from the individual characters of those persons. Without just reason, society cannot long continue a violence of action approximating to persecution; for, in every civilised society, there is an apprehension of right and wrong which operates on the faculty of reason, and when that society lives under the strong arm of power and law, the hope of immunity and the fear of punishment would preserve every agent in the right line of duty. The sufferings of two individuals are too impotent to criminate a whole community; particularly when the ten thousand contingencies affecting human passion, and human weakness, and inductive of good and evil fortune, are taken into consideration. One thing further must be kept in mind—the Anti-Slavery gentlemen have eternally argued against the colonists, as though they were, without qualification or exception, a set of incarnate fiends. They give themselves credit for goodness and virtue, and their opponents discredit for all vice and moral deformity. But there is no truth in sweeping denunciations. The mass of men, as we have already said, are induced, *ex necessitate*, to act a just part; besides which, to a dispassionate reasoner, it must seem somewhat ludicrous to be told that the Anti-Slavery people are good to a man, and the colonists bad to the same extreme degree. Why should this be the case? Are the former divested of the operation of all evil-working passions; and are the latter bereaved of all redeeming grace merely because they have property in the West Indies? If the former enjoy fair reputations, are not the latter blessed in the like degree; are not their names as fair, their integrity as conspicuous,

their virtues as substantiated, and their characters, in the eyes of the world, as unimpeached? All this is as true as that the sun attains its zenith at mid-day; for, were it otherwise, the facts damnable to the party and of the individuals would be notorious, whereas none such are known to exist. If this argument be found favourable to any given number of the West India proprietors, it may also be made to include a greater indefinite number;—and if to a greater indefinite number, why not to the whole body, save only the ordinary exceptions which, however, to the aggregate, are after the rate of the smallest fragment of any body to the otherwise complete body itself?—and if this be true, where is the chance that a multitude of men, of the quality we have just described, should soil their hands by the persecution of two solitary individuals? The word "persecution" is thought, in all cases of delinquency, to be one of salutary efficacy. Mr. Henry Hunt called himself the victim of persecution; so did Wooller, so did Carlisle, and Hone, and Burke the murderer, and every felon and culprit who has been brought up to the judgment-seat, and found guilty of infringing the laws of his country.—Not unfrequently what is called persecution by one party is converted into the act of even-handed justice by the other; and perhaps the case of the two missionaries from Jamaica is placed within the horns of a dilemma of this description.

12. The insertion of advertisements into newspapers by any public body against its opponent argues no moral guilt or turpitude, but rather comes within the privileges of open warfare. Have not the abolitionists done as much towards the colonists?

13. The rule of nature is to increase and multiply, save, as it is sufficiently proved by Mr. Sadler in his work on Population, in highest prosperity, when parturition is less frequent,—this barrenness of offspring being a wise and salutary check imposed by an inscrutable Providence. Believing in this doctrine, we regard Mr. Macatley's assertion in this manner. If the effect of slavery be to diminish population, then slavery is a prosperous state, and can require no amelioration; but Mr. Macauley is not a follower of Mr. Sadler, whom he has been pleased to style a quack, but a Malthusian. Now Mr. Malthus glories in a diminishing population. Why does not Mr. Macauley,

then, glory also in this diminution? Here he deploras it, and falls into an inconsistency!

All the above, however, is merely for the sake of argument. Let Mr. Macauley prove that slavery, as at present existing, is subject to yearly diminution in its members. Let him also prove, that the comforts of the slave do not keep pace with the prosperity of his master. Our answer to his elegant figure about the post-horse is, that the celerity of the post-horse depends on individual will, and the chance of uncontrolled tyranny; whereas slavery is regulated by codes of law, strictly enforced by superintending legislatures, and is in its regular movements completely absolved of the sway of individual tyranny.

14. With all submission to Lord Calthorpe, we do not think that the Anti-Slavery Society has a firm hold on popular feeling.

15. Mr. Hunt was hissed and hooted because he dissented from the body at large. If the saints are humane, they should also be just—justice being *not* incompatible with true saintship. Now justice should have induced them to listen to both sides of the question, from the apprehension, common to all just men, of human fallacy. And after they had patiently heard any dissentient, and he proved himself by his botched speech to be “a child of error!” they should yet have treated him with kind consideration and charity, “which thinketh no evil.” But no—they are all-sufficient—will have nothing con-

tradictory of their views, and salute Mr. Henry Hunt with a universal grunt and hiss. Poor Mr. Henry Hunt was in the situation of a more ancient gentleman than himself, who, being in a certain place, which shall be nameless,

“Stood, expecting
Their universal shout, and high applause,
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears,
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.”

Mr. Hunt, however, notwithstanding his sibillatory reception, told the saintly squad a homely truth, which they could not stomach—that, instead of looking so far as the colonies, if the honest vindicators of abuses would look more nearly to their own doors, they would have somewhat whereon to exercise their powers of medicament. Indeed, the man of blacking spoke more truly than he perhaps imagined, unless he had himself done that of which we were ourselves guilty, even to the incurring the scornful looks of many a puritanic pale-faced saint, who passed us whilst we were in the act of sinning. The fact is, we in vain tried to obtain entrance, on the day of the septennial meeting, into Freemasons' Hall—every avenue and nook was crammed to suffocation, and we were glad to escape to the street door for a little fresh air. Before this door sundry Blacks were parading their pleasing figures, with placards on their hats, on which was written in letters, about ten-score times as large as the following:

AM I NOT A MAN, *AND YOUR BROTHER?

We managed to enter into conversation with one of these showmen—a negro from Guadeloupe; and early in the dialogue we asked him in plain honest English, WHAT HE WAS TO RECEIVE FOR THAT DAY'S JOB? All on a sudden the man's glibness in English was gone—he who could converse pretty freely before could not now understand one single word of our vernacular. We saw wherein lay the humour of the man—and asked him whether, as Guadeloupe was his island, he did not consider French as his language? The man replied in the affirmative, and we gave him the double by striking up in that dialect. Now our man of colour had no excuse, and he answered, though with much hesitation, our

questions, to the following effect. Some person in authority at the Society establishment had written to him to say that, if he would come forward and exhibit for the occasion, he would make it worth his while, though no sum was exactly mentioned for his enactment of the mountebank parade of the day: that all the other Blacks were hired on the same terms: that they knew nothing of the objects of the Society, being from islands which did not belong to the English: THAT HE WAS A ROMAN CATHOLIC: WENT TO MOOR-FIELDS CHAPEL TWICE A WEEK: THAT TWO SACRAMENTS WERE ALL OF WHICH HE KNEW ANY THING (we discovered afterwards that a sacrament, in his conception, was the

act of going to church, which he did twice a week): THAT HE WORSHIPPED St. JOSEPH AND THE VIRGIN MARY, AND DID NOT KNOW OF SUCH A BEING AS JESUS CHRIST—HAD NEVER HEARD OF HIM, WAS IGNORANT OF THE NAME OF HIS MOTHER—IN SHORT, THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST HAD NEVER BEEN MENTIONED IN HIS HEARING.—Such, we again repeat, was the confession of this poor black man, hired by the Anti-Slavery Society for the purpose of parading before the door of their meeting house!!!

In the first place, what occasion could there possibly be for exhibiting a man of colour from a foreign colony? In the second place, here was this Anti-Slavery Society, deliberating on the emancipation of negroes in our colonies at the very moment when there were emancipated blacks at their very door sunk in the most brutal ignorance.—You, Mr. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, WHO BOAST OF YOUR SANCTITY, SUBSCRIBE TO BIBLE SOCIETIES, CALL THE NEGRO POPULATION "YOUR CHILDREN," HAVE WRITTEN A BOOK ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, AND BLASPHEMOUSLY GIVE NOTICE TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AND TO THE WORLD AT LARGE, THAT YOU, AND THAT SAME SOCIETY, ARE THE INSTRUMENTS CHOSEN BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE FOR THE EFFECTUATION OF ITS PURPOSES,—WHAT SAY YOU TO THE ABOMINABLE FACT WHICH WE HAVE JUST MENTIONED? YOU AND YOUR PARTY CAN GRIEVE THAT YOUR MISSIONARIES HAVE NOT FULL SCOPE FOR INSTRUCTING THE SLAVES, WHILST AN EMANCIPATED NEGRO, WHO'S AN ABJECT INFIDEL, IS ONE OF YOUR HIRED SERVANTS, AND IS PARADING BEFORE YOUR VERY DOOR WITH A PLACARD IN HIS HAT, WRITTEN BY YOURSELVES, AND WHICH CALLS HIM THE BROTHER OF CHRISTIANS! IN WHAT MANNER IS HE SUCH, SAVE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF CHRIST, WHO, BY HIS OUTPOURED BLOOD, HAS MADE US ALL BRETHREN IN CHARITY AND LOVE? WHAT SAY YOU TO THIS? O WHITED SEPULCHRE! DOES NOT THIS FACT FLING CONFUSION ON YOU AND YOUR SOCIETY OF SELF-STYLED SAINTS? AFTER THIS, GO, IF YOU CAN, TO YOUR CHAMBER, THROW ASIDE YOUR PHARASAICAL CANT, KNEEL AT THE FOOTSTOOL OF YOUR MAKER, AND, WHILST THE TEAR OF CON-

TRITION AND ANGUISH IS SCORCHING YOUR EYE, SMITE YOUR BOSOM, AND EXCLAIM, GOD, BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER!

We are sick—sick at heart, and would fain throw aside the pen—and cannot, therefore, mention particularly our objections to the arguments adduced by either the Rev. Daniel Wilson or Mr. Bennet—by either Mr. Brownlow or Mr. Brougham. Our readers, looking back to our rationale of the arguments of these gentlemen, will, most certainly, be instantly able to find adequate replies in exposure of their shallowness. From Mr. Brougham we did expect something ingenious—something so glozed over by that speciousness which his sophistry can cast over self-evident subjects—that his opponent might be driven hard for a satisfactory exposition of the fallacy. But he alleged nothing new or difficult of answer. He mentioned the case of the missionary Smith, and launched his invectives against the efficacy of the local legislatures. And he took care to eulogise himself in most prodigious terms. The attainment of popular applause has ever been the cynosure by which this crafty lawyer has steered his course of life. We have shewn how, from interested and most selfish motives, he transferred the honour from the true-hearted Thomas Clarkson to the person of the politician, Mr. Wilberforce. In early life he wrote most ably and powerfully in favour of those very colonial interests which he has been latterly endeavouring to ruin and destroy. The reason for this was—Chance of Popularity: for the same reason he sacrificed consistency to serve the anti-cologists and saints. What have they gained by his, in other respects, sufficiently powerful advocacy? Nothing!—for he has been a puny instrument in their hands.

Ἵψις μαγνὸν ταινὸν μηχανορραφὸν
δολιὸν ἀγχιρτην, ὅστις ἐν ταῖς κερδαῖν
μολὸν δίδωκε, τὴν τεχνὴν δ' οὐ φυλάσσει.

This is ever the case when men undertake matters which they do not understand, and ought to be a sufficient warning to all trimmers and shufflers, and gentlemen who have a hankering after the sweet things to be derived from sudden tergiversations, induced by the base motives of self-interest.

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 Huskisson, W., Haggerston, chymist. Lloyd, Thavies-inn
 Hussey, T., High Holborn, hat-manufacturer. Jones and Co., Mincing lane
 Hatton, T., sen., Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, plumber. Heming and Baxter, Lincoln's-inn-fields
 Haghey, W., Weymouth, carpenter. Bridges and Co., Red Lion-square; Arden, Weymouth
 Hone, R., Brixton, Surrey, dealer in shares. Crosby, Bucklersbury
 Hawkins, J., Camberwell New-road, builder. Drews, Bermondsey-street
 Hyde, E., Manchester, victualler. Hurd and Co., Temple; Wood, Manchester
 Hartwright, J., Cheltenham, draper. King, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Packwood, Cheltenham
 Harrison, J., Bury, Lancashire, hardwareman. Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Woodcock, Bury
 Hawthorn, T., Hanley, Stafford, victualler. Walford, Grafton-st., Bond-st. Harding, Burslem
 Haslewood, G. D., Oldbury, Salop, apothecary. Slaney, Gray's-inn-sq.; Cooper, Shrewsbury
 Hardy, J., Sprooughton, Suffolk, salesman. Price and Co., St. John-square
 Hudson, J., and Busher, T., White Lion-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturers. Hudson, King-street, Cheapside
 Humberstone, J., White Lion-street, Pentonville, cheesemonger. Lewis, Bernard-st., Russell-sq.
 Isaacs, W. H., Charles-street, Soho, bookseller. Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane
 James, S., Everett-street, Russell-square, grocer. Carlton, High-street, Marylebone
 Johnson, H., New-street-square, brass-funder. Potts and Son, Serjeants'-inn, Fleet-street
 Jones, J., Throadneedle-street, merchant. Chester, Staple-inn; Finlow, Liverpool
 James, S., Carlisle, mercer. Addison, Verulam-buildings; Wamop, Carlisle
 Jones, G., Tenterden-street, Hanover-sq., livery-stable-keeper. Baxter, Size-lane
 Jenkins, H., Tonbridge-wells, grocer. Clutton and Co., Southwark, and Temple
 James, I., Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, victualler. Evans and Co., Gray's-inn
 Johnson, J. N., Liverpool, colour-manufacturer. Ellis and Walmesley, Chancery-lane
 Jones, W. C., Shrewsbury, mercer. Philpot and Co., Bloomsbury-square
 Johnson, T., Leeds, victualler. Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Blackburn, Leeds
 Kennedy, T., Keswick, Cumberland, woollen-manufacturer. Leadbitter, Bucklersbury
 Kirk, B., Leeds, victualler. Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Naylor, Leeds
 Lade, J. S., Maidstone, corn-factor. Harmer, Hatton-garden
 Lilley, J., Tisbury, Worcestershire, dealer in corn. White, Lincoln's-inn
 Lewis, T., Basinghall-street, coach-proprietor. Smith, Basinghall-street
 Lineam, S., Bristol, mason. Bridges and Co., Red Lion-square; Hare and Co., Bristol
 Lawator, L. I., Camomile-street, merchant. Heathcote, Coleman-street
 Langdon, J., New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, upholder. Hensman, Walbrook
 Lees, J., jun., Nottingham, joiner. Knowles, New-inn
 McKenzie, W., Boshler's-court, Oxford-street, tea-dealer. Amory and Co., Throgmorton-st.
 Meredith, J., Prescott, Lancaster, innkeeper. Chester, Staple-inn
 Millar, J., Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. Jones, Cornhill
 Marshall, W., Huddersfield, Yorkshire, shear-manufacturer. Battye and Co., Chancery-lane
 Mayne, J., and Wilson, F. A., Picket-st., Strand, printers. Yallop, Basinghall-street
 Martindale, R., Brabant-cu., Philpot-lane, broker. Swall and Co., Frederick-place, Old Jewry
 Margetts, T., Kilsby, Northampton, cattle-dealer. Austen and Co., Gray's-inn
 Miller, J., Manchester, agent. Hurd and Co., Temple; Hitchcock, Manchester
 Martin, W., Bath-street, City-road, cordwainer. Todd, South-square
 Mason, F., Hereford, boot-maker. A Beckett, Golden-square; Matthews, Gloucester
 Myers, J., Leeds, maltster. Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds
 McCormack, J., Pontefract, Yorkshire, tea-dealer. Cloughs and Co., Pontefract
 Miller, J., Tottenham-court-road, stable-keeper. Cardale and Co., South-square
 McDonald, C., Liverpool, surgeon. Lake, Cat-eaton-street
 Moore, J., Leadenhall-street, draper. Clutton and Co., Southwark, and Temple
 Nangle, W., Liverpool, seal-engraver. Williamson, Liverpool
 Nicholson, E., Great Titchfield-street. Warren, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane
 Nash, E., Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, goldsmith. Tanner, New Basinghall-street
 Nathan, J., Minories, tailor. Isaacs, St. Mary-axe

Nightingale, R., Tipton, Staffordshire, victualler.
Swaine and Co., Old Jewry
Newark, W., Jun., Coventry, gun-maker. Hall,
Great James-street, Bedford-row
Oakes, W., Carnarvon, grocer. Adlington and
Co., Bedford-row; Frodsham, Liverpool
Orford, J., Britannia-street, City-road, builder.
Roher, Furnival's-inn
Parry, W., and Berry, C., Oxford-street, uphol-
sterers. Tribe, Clifford's-inn
Phillips, A., City-road, watch-manufacturer.
Yates and Co., Bury-street, St. Mary-axe
Potter, W., and Lamb, J., Blackman-st., South-
wark, horse-dealers. Hull, Charles-st., Hatton-
garden
Power, C., Old City-chambers, underwriter.
Kelly, New-inn
Parrott, H., Coburg-place, Kennington, coal-
merchant. Tilson and Son, Coleman-street
Parker, J., Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford, furrier.
Barber, Fetter-lane; Young, Lane End
Peak, J. B., Keele, Staffordshire, miller. Smith,
Lincoln's-inn; Dent, Hauley, Staffordshire
Porter, J., Manchester, publican. Makinson and
Co., Middle Temple; Makinson, Manchester
Phillips, S., Abargavenny, dealer. Batty and Co.,
Chancery-lane; Wasborough and Co., Bristol
Pitts, R. T., Aylsham, Norfolk, grocer. Austin,
South-square; Barnard, Norwich
Perkins, Rev. S. W., Stockton, Warwickshire.
Burfoot, Temple; Poole, Leamington-priors
Prince, W., Sunningwell, Berkshire, lime-burner.
Ford, Great Queen-street; Frankum, Abingdon
Potter, G., and Bishop, W., Blackman-street.
Southwark, wine-merchants. Osbaldeston and
Co., London-street, Fenchurch-street
Partridge, S., Birmingham, tea-dealer. Chester,
Staple-inn; Arnold and Co., Birmingham
Prince, W., Liverpool, tailor. Blackstock and
Co., Temple
Penning, J., Holles-street, Cavendish-square,
cabinet-maker. Sidebottom, Hatton-garden
Perry, W., Witham, Essex, coach-maker. Brom-
leys, Gray's-inn-square
Rose, R., Coventry, grocer. Hindmarsh and Son,
Jewin-street
Rogers, J., Knightsbridge, victualler. Clayton,
John-street, Bedford-row
Ramon, Hilario de, late of Paris, now of London,
merchant. Lowe, Southampton-buildings
Richmond, W., Gutter-lane, factor. Smith, Bas-
inghall-street
Ridley, W., Gateshead, Durham, dealer in marine
stores. Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard
Robinson, T., Wigton, Cumberland, saddler.
Mounsey and Co., Staple-inn; Ewart, Carlisle
Rider, D., Leeds, and Armitage, J., Hudders-
field, woollen-cloth-merchants. Dawson and
Co., New Boswell-court; Scott and Co., Leeds
Rowland, T., Bath, victualler. Makinson and
Co., Temple, Hellingly, Bath
Robson, W., and Gray, G., Gateshead, Durham,
ship-builders. Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard;
Williamson, Gray's-inn
Ryan, T., Pitfield-street, Hoxton, merchant.
Nettleship and Co., Grcers'-hall
Reynolds, J., Portugal-place, Mile-end, carpenter.
Bowden, Aldermanbury
Rollason, H., Birmingham, gilt-foy maker.
Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartlett, Birmingham
Salmon, J., Hardwick, Oxfordshire. Aptin,
Banbury
Simpson, H., Warmfield-cum-Heath, Yorkshire,
boarding-house-keeper. Scott, Lincoln's-inn-
fields; Taylor, Wakefield
Shorlin, J., Street, Somersetshire, innholder.
Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Welsh, Wells
Skyme, A. J., Hereford, tanner. Robinson, Pan-
cras-lane; Gough, Hereford
Sharp, W., Romney, Southampton, paper-manu-
facturer. Jones, John-street, Bedford-row
Sampey, S., and Field, M. and E., New Bond-
street, milliners. Young, George-yard, Lom-
bard-street

Stodart, G., S town-terrace, master-mariner.
Chiff and Co., Red Lion-square
Seagood, J. J., Bread-street, Cheapside, table-
linen-manuf. Spencer, St. Mildred's-court
Southon, D., Shalford, Surry, corn-dealer. Ayr-
ton, Church-row, Stepney
Standing, T., Gargrave, York, innkeeper. Be-
verly, Temple; Hartley and Co., Settle
Sheppard, C., Exeter-st., Chelsea, grocer. Addi-
son, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn
Skyring, Z., Primrose-street, Bishopsgate, car-
penter. Bennett, Copthall-buildings
Spear, J., Keppel-mews, Bedford-sq., job-master.
Smyth, Furnival's-inn
Sutton, T. J., Scarborough, Yorkshire, master-
mariner. Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street
Snowden, W. F., Oxford-street, agricultural im-
plement-maker. Hamilton and Co., Berwick-
street, Soho
Stevens, M., Richmond, Surry, painter. Hume
and Co., Great James-street, Bedford-row
Scott, J., Holywell-street, Shoreditch, stationer.
Harrison, Walbrook
Smale, T. and W., Aldgate, butchers. Hors-
ley, Berners-street, Commercial-road
Slade, J., Sherborne, Dorset, maltster. Warry,
New-inn
Spanton, J., York, bookseller. Williamson,
Gray's-inn-square; Blanchard and Co., York
Sykes, L., George-street, Mansion-house, mer-
chant. Spurr, Warrford-court
Thompson, C., Earl-street, Blackfriars, book-
binder. Wettig, Duke-street, Portland-place
Thom, G., and Livingston, T., Cheapside, bis-
cuit-bakers. Reilly, Clement's-inn
Thimble, W. W., Goswell-street, corn-dealer.
Bailey, Ely-place, Holborn
Tye, J., Chalford, Gloucestershire, draper. Evans
and Co., Gray's-inn-square
Thornes, F., Stroud, Gloucestershire, fishmonger.
King, Sargeant's-inn, Fleet-st.; Paris, Stroud
Templeman, J., West Coker, Somerset, sail-
cloth-manufacturer. Holme and Co., New-inn
Thomas, J., Birmingham, grocer. Byrne, Ex-
chequer-office, Lincoln's-inn; Mole and Son,
Birmingham
Tregenna, H., East Looc, Cornwall, draper.
Brooking and Co., Lombard-street
Turner, R., Manchester, wine-merchant. Michael,
Red Lion-square; Booth and Co., Manchester
Underwood, W., Coventry, grocer. Byrne, Ex-
chequer-office, Lincoln's-inn
Vick, N., Stafford-row, Pimlico, coal-merchant.
Farden, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Willett, C., Brandon, Suffolk, draper. Turner,
Basing-lane
Winch, J., Kingsland-road, victualler. Selby,
Sergeant's-inn
Wilkinson, T., Warrington, Warwickshire, tailor.
Chester, Staple-inn; Tibbets, Warwick
Whitby, J., Weasenham St. Peter, Norfolk, gro-
cer. Austin, South-square; Barnard, Norwich
Wiley, F., Sheffield, mercer. Taylor, John-street,
Bedford-row; Badger, Rotherham
Wood, F. C., Leeds, boot-maker. Dawson and
Co., New Boswell-court; Struther, Leeds
Wathen, H., Gloucester, bootmaker. A'Beckett,
Golden-square; Matthews, Gloucester
Williams, J., Glynwrdwy, Corwen, Merionethsh.,
grocer. Ede and Co., Clement's-inn
Wills, W., Coventry, grocer. Byrne, Exchequer-
office, Lincoln's-inn; Carter and Co., Coventry
Walker, T., Manchester, innkeeper. Adlington
and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton
Wrighton, J., Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire,
paper-maker. Eldred and Co., Southampton-
street, Bloomsbury
Wilkinson, J., Dudley, vice-maker. Barber, Fet-
ter-lane; Fellows, jun., Dudley
Whitehead, E., Nafford, Lancashire, victualler.
Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Were, J. E., Westminster, tanner. Stephens,
Bedford-row

DIVIDENDS.

Agg, G.,
ham, Gloucestershire, silk-throwsters; April 23
Arden, J., Weaverham, Cheshire, farmer; May 1
Alzodo, J. R., Bank-buildings, merchant; May 28

Andrews, A., Swansea, Glamorgan, tailor; May 4
Austin, D., Mile-end-town, brick-maker; May 4
Bailey, J. T., Liverpool, paint-manufac.; May 15
Beale, J., Winchester, Hants, draper; May 14

- Barney, R., Wolverhampton, rope-maker; May 8
 Bayley, W., Macclesfield, silk-thrower; April 27
 Bentley, W., High Holborn, draper; May 7
 Black, J., Chapel-place, Oxford-street, merchant; April 6
 Brown, J. and J. A., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builders; May 14
 Bayley, J., Manchester, wine-merchant; April 17
 Bull, J. and W., Taunton, drapers; April 17
 Beaman, E., Warrington, Cheshire, salt-manufacturer; May 26
 Beattie, J., late of Portsea, victualler; April 29
 Burd, G., West Derby, near Liverpool, glass-manufacturer; April 21
 Brewster, T., Wade's-mill, Herts, miller; May 28
 Brock, W., and Le Mesurier, B., Warrford-court, merchants; June 11
 Barker, J., late of Walsall, Staffordshire, timber-merchant; June 2
 Birks, J., Rossington Grange, Yorkshire, salesman; June 5
 Brown, D., Halifax, merchant; June 2
 Byers, J., Newport, Monmouth, draper; May 24
 Barber, J., Cowper's-court, Cornhill, stock-broker; May 14
 Brock, W., and Le Mesurier, B., Warrford-court, merchants; April 27 and May 21
 Bruton, J., Southwick, ship-builder; May 17
 Brown, T. C., Manchester, victualler; May 14
 Bristow, J. and W., Worcester, curriers; May 18
 Brown, J. L., Bath, draper; May 18
 Hibby, R., Liverpool, merchant; May 20
 Boys, E., jun., Canterbury, spirit-dealer; May 21
 Clarke, W. B., Cheapside, silversmith; May 21
 Clarkson, A., Hounslow, coachmaster; May 11
 Cox, W., Bath, silk-merchant; May 14
 Clitherow, R., Horncastle, Lincolnshire, scrivener; May 25
 Crossley, T., Eiland, Yorkshire, dyer; June 2
 Crothwaite, J., Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant; April 16
 Cohen, A., Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant; April 16
 Crump, T. and J., Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, woollen-draper; May 29
 Cardinal, J., Halstead, Essex, currier; April 20
 Christie, J., Mark-lane and Manchester, merchant; April 30
 Carver, J. and Peet, W., Basinghall-st.; May 23
 Cooke, H., and Herbert, J., Birch-lane, merchants; June 11
 Charles, R., Liverpool, ship-chandler; June 1
 Crole, D., Sweeting's-alley, Cornhill, exchange-broker; June 11
 Coupland, J., Liverpool, factor; Coupland, W. T., Kingston, Jamaica, factor; and Close, J. and T., and Reinhold, S., Manchester, manufacturers; April 21
 Crees, W., East Stonehouse, Devonshire, merchant; June 16
 Chadwick, T., Crab Eye, Lancashire, cotton-spinner; May 10
 Corser, G., Naylor, G., and Hassall, J., Whitechurch, Salop, bankers; May 5
 Chalcraft, J., Brighton, Sussex, builder; May 12
 Chandler, W. W., Norwich, grocer; May 12
 Corkhill, J. A., Wadebridge, Cornwall, scrivener; May 19
 Davenport, A. N., Preshentle, near Oswestry, Salop, nurseryman; June 7
 Dickinson, W. O., and J., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants; June 4
 Down, W., Church-passage, Guildhall, Blackwell-hall-factor; May 4
 Deary, R., Lincoln's-inn-factors, coal-merchant; April 30
 Dimock, J., Bridgend, Gloucestershire, clothier; May 12
 De Roure, J. P., and Hambrook, J., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchants; May 28
 Dunn, W., Great Dover-street, Newington, coffin-maker; May 25
 Downing, F., Huddersfield, grocer; May 27
 English, E., and Becks, A. B., Bath, wholsters; May 19
 Elves, W., Gracechurch-st., ironmonger; April 16
 English, R., Bath, cabinet-maker; June 9
 Everett, C., New Broad-street, merchant; May 18
 Eborall, J., Lichfield, mercer; April 27 and May 27
 Evans, E., and Craig, J., Cheapside, drapers; June 4
 Evans, W., King and Queen-dock, Rotherhithe, ship-builder; May 7 and 28
 Eyre, W., late of Coventry, ribbon-manuf.; April 29
 Emerson, W., Alford, Lincolnshire, draper; May 28
 Fletcher, J., Liverpool, merchant; May 24
 Farmer, S., Atherstone, Warwickshire, mercer; May 30
 Feldon, C., Oxford, tailor; May 26
 Frampton, G., Weymouth, merchant; June 1
 Forrest, J. B., Kilbourn, oilman; May 28
 Fleming, M., Fulham, schoolmistress; April 10
 Fox, R., Quorndon, Leicestershire, baker; May 4
 Fraser, J., Bath, perfumer; April 25 and May 15
 French, T., Cheltenham, grocer; May 28
 Foster, F., Oxford-street, tailor; May 14
 Gastrell, J., and Dew, J., Bristol, haberdashers; May 19
 Gibson, H., and Greaves, A., Lancashire, calico-printers; May 24
 Gribble, R., Barnstaple, Devon, draper; May 27
 Gorst, J. R., and Baxendale, R., Liverpool, coach-manufacturers; June 5
 Goodwin, W., and Thorp, J., Scawby and Broughton, Lincolnshire, merchants; April 26
 Garbett, S., Birmingham, merchant; April 16
 Gardner, W. R., Harpur-street, Red Lion-square, engraver; April 30
 Gardner, S., Paddington, victualler, and Wellington-road, Marylebone, plasterer; May 14
 Goodwin, W., Scawby, Lincolnshire, merchant; April 28
 Giles, W., Harp-lane, Thames-street, victualler; April 27
 Gates, E. and W., Cornfield, Northampton, drapers; June 2
 Goff, W., Brighton, linen-draper; April 16
 Goodeve, B., Gosport, Southampton, brewer; April 30
 Hone, W., Reading, Berkshire, stable-keeper; June 4
 Hitchcock, T., Old Ford-lane, brewer; May 14
 Hercock, T., Middleton, Northampton, horse-dealer; May 24
 Horden, J., and Crosse, J., Lad-lane, lacemen; May 25
 Hills, W. C., Upper Rathbone-place, pawnbroker; May 28
 Hornby, G., Liverpool, brewer; May 28
 Harding, T., Tottenham, stone-mason; July 4
 Harley, J., King-street, Cheapside, warehouseman; May 28
 Hewett, G., Reading, Berks, corn-factor; May 28
 Hastie, T., Whitehaven, Cumberland, merchant; May 28
 Hitch, W. C., Hertford, statuary; April 16
 Harris, C., Alcester, Warwickshire, saddler; April 23
 Henshall, W., Kinderton, Cheshire, carrier; May 1
 Hayward, T., Deal, grocer; April 30
 Hunt, R., Duke-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer; April 30
 Harrison, W., Maidstone, salesman; May 28
 Hutchinson, S., Marylebone-lane, woollen-draper; April 20
 Harvey, O. V., Penzance, Cornwall, mercer; May 14
 Higgs, J. S., Exeter, Devonshire, draper; May 14
 Henderson, J., Lawrence-Pountney-lane, dry-salters; May 7
 Hirschfeld, F. Z., Billiter-sq., merchant; April 27
 Harrop, B. and J., Tamewater, Yorkshire, clothiers; May 10
 Hollinworth, E., Stayley, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturer; May 15
 Inn, M. S., Oxford-street, draper; May 11
 Jennings, W., Abergavenny, draper; May 20
 Jones, W. R. and G., Potter's-fields, Southwark, wharfingers; May 21
 Jackson, W., New Malton, Yorkshire, coal-merchant; June 1
 Jones, J., Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor; May 14
 Jones, J. and H., Grafton-street, Soho, brass-founders; April 23 and May 21
 Jones, H., Brecon, builder; May 11
 Jackson, D., Birmingham, button-factor; May 1
 Keene, J. W., Birmingham, factor; May 1
 Kensington, J. P., City, banker; June 4
 Knott, W., Rhodes-bank, Oldham, Lancashire, innkeeper; May 18
 Knibbe, J., Oxford, innkeeper; May 25
 Knowling, J., Exeter, builder; May 25
 Liley, J., Redbourne, Hertfordshire, innkeeper; June 4
 Leach, J. H., Canterbury, draper; April 27
 Lopez, A., Iglesias, M. J., and Gonzalez, F., Copthall-court, merchants; May 21
 Leeds, T., Manchester, spinner; May 20
 Lister, J., and Lay, J. B., Longroyd-bridge, Huddersfield, dyers; June 2

Line, W., Camden-town, builder; May 31
 Llewellyn, W. Fenchurch-st., merchant; April 27
 Lodge, G., Tower-street, wine-broker; April 20
 Lamb, J. and J., Liverpool, harness-makers; May 19
 Lyon, J. R., Cambridge, grocer; April 30
 Lyon, J. W., Bouverie-street, merchant; May 7
 Moeman, A., Liverpool, merchant; May 18
 McCulloch, H., Watling-street, warehouseman; May 21
 Marshall, J., Norwich, silk-merchant; May 21
 Mawhood, C. T. L., Well-street, Wellclose-square, soap-manufacturer; May 25
 Mathew, F., Woodbridge, Suffolk, grocer; June 7
 Merryweather, W., Long-acre, coach-maker; April 24
 Marshall, J., Watling-street, silk-manufacturer; May 15
 Morgan, T., Ross, Herefordshire, tailor; April 23
 Marsden, M., Manchester, upholsterer; April 26
 Morgan, W., Llanelly, Brecknockshire, butcher; May 8
 Mansell, J., Birmingham, timber-mercht.; May 8
 Maltby, T., and Buckland, H., Gutter-lane, lace-manufacturers; May 11
 Newbold, G., Coventry, riband-manuf.; Ap. 29
 Nelson, G., Liverpool, cow-keeper; May 4
 Norton, J., Brompton, master-mariner; May 28
 Ogle, A., Ollerton, Nottinghamshire, seedman; June 8
 Oldham, J., Bristol, woollen-draper; May 18
 Ormrod, R., Manchester, iron-founder; May 17
 Price, I. H., Hereford, timber-merchant; May 7
 Peadman, J., Studley, Warwickshire, needle-maker; April 26
 Packman, W., Ludgate-hill, tavern-keeper; May 21
 Parkinson, T., Preston, Lancashire; June 8
 Plenty, W., West Smithfield, iron-founder; Ap. 20
 Pattinson, T., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer; May 11
 Price, C., Strand, umbrella-manufact.; May 14
 Powell, W., Wetherby, Yorkshire, ham-factor; May 11
 Pape, W., Northampton-square, tailor; May 28
 Petherbridge, E. and W., Newton Abbott, Devon, and Whitechapel, drapers; May 25
 Parsons, J., Fulham-road, Chelsea, upholsterer; May 4
 Peirce, T., and Williams, D., late of Merthyr Tidal, bankers; April 20
 Palmer, J. A., and Bouch, W., Lawrence-lane, drapers; May 11
 Peer, J., Coleman-street, coach-master; April 20
 Philipott, J., Bellerica, Essex, coach-proprietor; April 30
 Ponten, J., Strand, hat-maker; April 30
 Plant, U., Wharton, Cheshire, flour-dealer; May 1
 Pullan, R., Leeds, merchant; May 28
 Richards, W., jun., Tiverton, Devonshire, maltster; July 26
 Richards, B., Bognor, Sussex, innkeeper; April 26
 Rickman, H. N., Worcester-street, Southwark, brush-maker; April 30
 Redstone, H., Winchester, Hampshire, linen-draper; May 7
 Roby, J. H., Leamington, Warwickshire, victualler; May 5
 Robson, E., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, saddler; May 28
 Shields, R. M., Liverpool, grocer; May 22
 Stanfield, E., Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, cotton-spinner; May 20
 Shipley, W., Bagshot and Staines, coachmaster; May 21
 Smith, B., Bristol, tailor; May 8

Stacey, L., Newcastle-st., Strand, tailor; May 21
 Salmon, T. A., Leeds, stuff-merchant; May 31
 Sephton, G. F., Liverpool, iron-merchant; June 8
 Singleton, J., Halifax, draper; June 3
 Summerfield, W. P. and W. L., Liverpool, merchants; June 2
 Sykes, J. and J., Leeds, merchants; April 27
 Suramerland, W. R., Ratcliffe-highway, publican; April 16
 Stevens, J., Plymouth, ship-owners; April 29
 Sudell, H., Woodford-ark, Lancashire, merch.; April 17
 Stone, S., Edgeware, farmer; April 20
 Shrimpton, A., Newnan-st., goldsmith; April 30
 Stevenson, G., John-street, Tottenham-court-road, coach-maker; April 30
 Swan, J., Northleach, Gloucestershire, draper; April 30
 Scammell, E., Warminster, Wilts, dealer in china; April 26
 Scammell, W. M., Warminster, Wilts, currier; April 26
 Sparks, J., Shrewsbury, dealer in china; April 28
 Stubbs, J., Pateon-street, Leicester-sq., Jeweller; May 7
 Sherwood, W., Gilbert, T., and Piper, W., Patheoster-row, bookbailers; May 16
 Tomkins, T., Buckler, J., and Thomas, F., Packer's-court, Coleman-street, Blackwell-hall-factor; May 7
 Tiplie, E., Miltcham, Surry, surgeon; April 30
 Troughton, B., late of Coventry, banker; Ap. 29
 Tait, J. S., Liverpool, milliner; May 25
 Turner, W. R., Great Dover-road, carver; May 25
 Tapp, J. and C., Wigmore-street, Cavendish-sq., coachmakers; May 28
 Trimby and Co., Watling-st., merchants; June 1
 Thompson, J., Aldersgate-st., linen-draper; June 8
 Travis, J., Soyland, Yorksh., innkeeper; June 6
 Thache, J., Cheltenham, grocer; June 3
 Trimbley, G. H., J. G., and G. D., Watling-st., merchants; May 4
 Teague, M., Redruth, Cornwall, grocer; May 14
 Von Roy, F., Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant; April 30
 Westray, R., Stockport, Cheshire, grocer; May 12
 Wilson, T., Cambridge, silversmith; May 12
 Was, R., Fleet-street, water-closet-manufacturer; May 20
 Warne, G., Clifton, Gloucestershire, hotel-keeper; May 6
 Walker, J., Ley-Moor, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer; June 1
 Watkins, H. C., Liverpool, cotton-broker; May 28
 Ward, W., Coventry, riband-manufact. July 20
 White, R., jun., Blakeney, Gloucestersh., tanner; May 21
 Wagner, G., and Chapman, W., Greek-st., Soho, drapers; June 25
 Wintle, H. S., late of Mark-lane, merch.; May 21
 Willis, R. W., Barnstable, draper; June 2
 Wilson, W., jun., Hoy Park, Yorkshire, corn-factor; June 1
 Witherspoon, M., Liverpool, merchant; June 7
 Whitehead, J., Denshaw, Yorkshire, merchant; April 24
 Wilkinson, J., Liverpool, ironmonger; April 24
 Wood, J., Manchester, oil-merchant; April 21
 Wood, T., Horncastle, Lincolnsh., tailor; May 25
 Wright, R., Theobald's-road, builder; April 30
 Wroe and Co., Bradford, worsted-spinners; Ap. 29
 White, J., Bolton-upon-Dearne, Yorkshire, innkeeper; April 30
 Wotton, T., Bristol, leather factor; May 4
 Wheeler, W., Cheltenham, whitesmith; April 26

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Cole, W., and Vorley, R. K., Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, hop-merchants
 Clarke, W., Leadenhall-street, draper
 Crompton, J., Rushcroft, Lancashire, fustian manufacturer
 De Groot, J., Wood-street, merchant
 Fowler, D., Euston-sq., and Camberwell, builder
 George, M., Margate, Kent, draper
 Hayes, J. and C. F., and McCallum, C., Albury-mills, Surry, paper-manufacturers
 Jacobs, L., Gloucester-place, Chelsea, broker
 Knibb, E., Liverpool, draper

Moore, J., Leadenhall-street, draper
 Nicholls, G., Cleve-Prior, Worcester, builder
 Pecqueur, L., Paddington-street, Marylebone, ———
 Rayne, J. and C., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, seed-crushers
 Swinton, A. D., Salisbury-sq., medicine-vender
 Tarver, J., Wolverton, Warwickshire, carpenter
 Ware, W., Exeter, timber-merchant
 Wainwright, M. and W., Leeds
 Whitelock, J., Stranton, Durham, miller

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Aitchison, R., Edinburgh, merchant
 Anderson, P., Inverness, insurance-broker
 Anderson, J., Edinburgh, insurance-broker
 Anderson, G., Inverness, insurance-broker
 Bathgate, W., Edinburgh, grocer
 Budge, D., Dundee, innkeeper
 Campbell, R., Lochgilphead, saddler
 Gall, J., Dundee, haberdasher
 Grieve, R., and Co., Glasgow, merchants
 Jeffrey, W., Glasgow, tea-merchant
 Jenkins, P., Glasgow, bookseller
 Miller, R., Edinburgh, bookseller
 Mitchell, T., and Robinson, W., Edinburgh
 McIntyre, J. and D., Glenmachrie, cattle-dealers
 McDowall, D. and Co., Glasgow, merchants
 McKilligan, G., Banff, merchant

Muir, A., Edinburgh, merchant
 Rankine, C., Edinburgh, mercantile agent
 Robertson, W., Banff, merchant
 Roxburgh and Co., Glasgow, merchants
 Russell, R., Kirkcaldy, ironmonger
 Scott, W., Crougthy-ferry, merchant
 Seymour, F., Glasgow, merchant, and manager of
 the theatres of Ayr, Greenock, and Kilmarnock
 Smith, W., East Kilbride, merchant
 Thom, J., mason, Edinburgh
 Thomson, J., Sanquhar, banker
 Thompson, J., Edinburgh, bookseller
 Turner, J., Hamilton, innkeeper
 Waugh, J., Redhall-mills, near Edinburgh, miller
 and victualler
 Young, T., Glasgow, merchant

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Right Rev. Dr. Christopher Bethell, Bishop of Gloucester, has been translated to the See of Exeter, vacant by the translation of the Right Rev. Dr. Wm. Carey to the Bishopric of St. Asaph.

The Hon. and Rev. Augustus A. Turnour has been collated to the Vicarage of Little Melton, Norfolk, void by lapse.

The Rev. H. Barry Domville, of Oriel College, Oxford, has been promoted to the Rectory of Pencombe, Hereford. Patron, Sir Compton Domville, Bart.

The Rev. T. Brereton, B.C.L., of New College, Oxford, has been presented to the Vicarage of Steeple Morden, Oxfordshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Reynell. Patrons, the Warden and Fellows of New College.

The Rev. Dr. Barrow, Prebendary of Southwell, has been promoted to the Archdeaconry of Nottingham, void by the death of Archdeacon Kye.

The Rev. Patrick Comerford Law has been instituted to the Rectory of Northrepps, Norfolk. Patron, the King, as Duke of Lancaster.

The Rev. Peter Felix to the Vicarage of Easton Neston, with Halcote, Northamptonshire. Patron, Earl Pomfret.

The Rev. Ellis Walford, M.A., has been instituted to the Rectory of Dallingham, Suffolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. Isaac Clarke.

The Rev. Christopher Mason has been promoted to the Vicarage of Branfield, Suffolk. Patron, the King.

The Rev. J. E. Cummings, B.A., to the Vicarage of North Shoebury, Essex. Patron, the King.

The Rev. Patrick Fairbairn has been promoted to the church of North Ronaldshay, in the united parishes of Cross Burness and North Ronaldshay, in the presbytery of North Isles, vacant by the transportation of the Rev. David Pitcairn to the church and parish of Evie.

The Rev. R. Sherson, M.A., of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, has been instituted to the Rectory of Zaverland, in the Isle of Wight. Patroness, Mrs. A. Wright, of Henley-upon-Thames.

The Rev. H. Hawes, D.D., is promoted to the Prebend of Grimston and Zarnminster, void by the death of Doctor Phineas Pott.

The Rev. C. Holloway, B.A., to the Rectory of Stamford Dingley, Berks, void by the death of the Rev. E. J. W. Valpy.

The Rev. Horatio Mauls, B.A., is promoted to the Vicarage of Box, Wilts, void by the death of the Rev. J. W. W. Horlock.

The Rev. Hammond Roberson, M.A., of Liversedge, Yorkshire, has been collated to the prebendal stall of Apesthorpe, in York cathedral.

The Rev. W. Harbur is elected perpetual curate of St. Mary Key, Ipswich, *vac.* Rev. Samuel Carr.

The Rev. W. T. Eyre, M.A., of Brazenose College, Oxford, to the Vicarage of Padbury, Bucks. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. J. Eddy, M.A., to the Rectory of Fugglestone St. Peter, with Bemerton, void by the death of the Rev. C. Eddy.

The Rev. J. E. Lance, to the Rectory of Buckland St. Mary, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. Tembleman.

The Rev. D. Wilson, A.M., of Wadham College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Over Worton, void by the resignation of Rev. J. Davies, A.M.

The Rev. C. Oakes, M.A., of St. John's College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Kemberton, with the Vicarage of Sutton Maddock, Salop.

The Rev. C. D. M. Drake, M.A., to the Rectory of Dalham, Suffolk. Patron, General Sir J. Aflleck, Bart.

The Rev. Hugh Hammer Morgan to the Chancellorship of Hereford Cathedral, void by the death of the Rev. Morgan Cove, LL.D.

The Rev. H. C. Morgan to the Vicarage of Goodrich, Hereford, void by the death of the Rev. H. Williams.

The Rev. E. Money to the Prebend of Gorwall and Overbury, void by the death of the Rev. Dr. Cove.

The Rev. H. Stonhouse, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, to the Rectory of Eaton Bishop, Herefordsh., void by the death of M. Cove, D.D. Patron, the Bishop.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO SERVE IN THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT.

April 6th.—City of Cork. Daniel Callaghan Esq., in the room of Gerard Callaghan, Esq., whose election has been determined to be void.

Hythe. John Loch, Esq., in the room of Sir Robert Townsend Townsend Farquhar, Bart., deceased.

April 16th.—Dorchester. Henry Charles Sturt, of More Critchill, Dorset, Esq., in the room of

the Hon. Anthony W. A. Cooper, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Bor. of Corfo Castle. George Banks, Esq.

April 20th.—East Loos. Henry Hove, Esq.

May 7th.—Bor. of St. Maw's. G. G. W. Pigott, of Doldonhall-park, Bucks, Esq., in the room of Sir S. B. Morland, Bart., deceased.

NEW SHERIFF.

SUFFOLK.—The King has been pleased to appoint John Gordon, of Assington, Esq., Sheriff of the County of Suffolk, in the room of John William Sheppard, of Campsey Ash, Esq., deceased.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SECURITIES.

The following Table exhibits the daily prices of the English Funds at the close of the market, from April 20th to May 20th, inclusive. The extreme fluctuation in Consols for the Account, it will be seen, is $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. The selling prices only are given.

APRIL.											MAY.															
20	22	23	24	26	27	28	29	30	1	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	11	12	13	14	15	17	18	19	20	
ENGLISH.																										
3 per Cent Consols	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	
Ditto for Account	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	
3 per Cent Red.	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	
3½ per Cent Red.	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	92½	
4 per Cent 1886.	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	
4 per Cent Ann.	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	
Long Ann. 30 years.	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	104½	
India Stock	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	242	
Bank Stock	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	215½	
Exchequer Bills	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	78	
India Bonds	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	
FOREIGN.																										
Brazilian 5 per Cent	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	74½	
Buenos Ayres 6	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	
Chilian 6	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	26	
Colombian (1834) 6	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	23½	
Danish 3	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	106	
French 5	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	83½	
Ditto 3	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	45	
Greek 5	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	33½	
Mexican 6	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	29	
Ditto 5	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	
Peruvian 6	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	64½	
Portuguese 5	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	111	
Russian 5	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	166	
Spanish (1822) 5	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	17½	

Where no price is quoted, there was no variation in the market from the preceding day.

Price of Shares on Thursday, May 27.

Anglo-Mexican	£36 10 to £37 10	Brazil Comp. Impl.	£75 10 to £76 10	Del Monte	£61 0 to £63 0
Bolanos	410 0 .. 430 0	Ditto National	28 0 .. 28 10	Ditto new	9 0 .. 9 10
Brazil Company	8 10 .. 9 0	Colombian	9 0 .. 10 0	United Mexican	16 0 .. 16 10

LONDON COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Bond fide Prices, as negotiated on the Royal Exchange, from 20th April to 20th May, inclusive.

	TIME.	BILLS, &c. M.		MONEY.		REMARKS.
		Maximum.	Minimum.	Maximum.	Minimum.	
Amsterdam	3 months.	12 6½	12 5½	12 7	12 5½	
Ditto	3 days' sight.	12 6½	12 4½	12 7	12 5	
Rotterdam	3 months.	12 7	12 5½	12 7½	12 6	
Antwerp	3 months.	12 6½	12 5½	12 7	12 5½	
Hamburgh Mar. Rc.	3 months.	14 1	13 15	14 1	13 15½	
Altona	3 months.	14 2½	14 1½	Nothing done
St. Petersburg	3 months.	10	10	Nominal.
Paris	3 months.	25 87½	25 72½	25 90	25 77½	
Ditto	3 days' sight.	25 67½	25 52½	25 70	25 57½	
Bordeaux	3 months.	155	154	155½	154½	Nothing done
Frankfurt on the Main ..	3 months.	10 15	10 11	10 16	10 12	No quotation
Berlin	3 months.	10 14	10 11	10 17	10 12	
Vienna, <i>effective</i>	3 months.	36½	36½	36½	36	
Trieste	3 months.	36½	36½	36½	36½	
Madrid	3 months.	36½	36½	36½	36	
Cadiz	3 months.	36½	36½	36½	36	
Bilboa	3 months.	36½	36½	36½	36	
Barcelona	3 months.	36½	36½	36½	36	Nothing done
Seville	3 months.	36½	36½	36½	36	Nothing done
Gibraltar	3 months.	47½	47½	47½	47½	Nothing done
Leghorn	3 months.	47½	47½	47½	47½	
Genoa	3 months.	25 90	25 75	25 95	25 82½	
Venice	3 months.	47½	47½	47½	47½	Nothing done
Malta	3 months.	47½	47½	47½	47½	Nothing done
Naples	3 months.	47½	47½	47½	47½	
Palermo, 118 per oz.	118 per oz.	120	119	119½	119½	
Lisbon	60 days' date.	44½	44½	44½	44	
Oporto	Ditto.	44	43½	43½	43½	
Rio Janeiro	60 days' sight.	23	21½	22½	21½	
Bahia	60 days' sight.	27½	25	Nominal.
Buenos Ayres	60 days' sight.	No quotation
Calcutta	60 days' sight.	20½	..	21	..	
Bombay	60 days' sight.	19½	..	20	..	
Madras	60 days' sight.	19½	..	20	..	
Canton	60 days' sight.	47	Nominal

Foreign gold, in bars, £3. 17s. 9d. per oz. Standard silver, in bars, 4s. 11d.
New dollars, 4s. 8½d.; and 4s. 8½d. per oz.

*. Little or nothing has been done during the month in those places to which Nominal is annexed.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, 1830.

Thermometer.			Barometer.			Thermometer.			Barometer.		
APR. Thursday 22	From 33 to 54	29.54 to 29.39	May. Thursday 6	From 40 to 80	29.90 to 29.75	Friday 7	49 .. 87	29.65 .. 29.55	Friday 7	49 .. 87	29.65 .. 29.55
Friday 23	47 .. 55	29.30 .. 29.52	Friday 8	40 .. 63	29.49 .. 29.48	Saturday 8	40 .. 63	29.49 .. 29.48	Saturday 8	40 .. 63	29.49 .. 29.48
Saturday 24	44 .. 57	29.16 .. 29.56	Sunday 9	45 .. 61	29.34 ..	Sunday 9	45 .. 61	29.34 ..	Sunday 9	45 .. 61	29.34 ..
Sunday 25	32 .. 58	29.88 .. 30.06	Monday 10	41 .. 62	29.37 .. 29.60	Monday 10	41 .. 62	29.37 .. 29.60	Monday 10	41 .. 62	29.37 .. 29.60
Monday 26	43 .. 63	29.12 .. 30.14	Tuesday 11	37 .. 51	29.64 .. 29.72	Tuesday 11	37 .. 51	29.64 .. 29.72	Tuesday 11	37 .. 51	29.64 .. 29.72
Tuesday 27	30 .. 65	30.14 No var.	Wednesday 12	31 .. 56	29.64 .. 29.72	Wednesday 12	31 .. 56	29.64 .. 29.72	Wednesday 12	31 .. 56	29.64 .. 29.72
Wednesday 28	33 .. 69	30.09 .. 30.04	Thursday 13	38 .. 64	30.84 .. 30.50	Thursday 13	38 .. 64	30.84 .. 30.50	Thursday 13	38 .. 64	30.84 .. 30.50
Thursday 29	39 .. 72	29.96 ..	Friday 14	31 .. 59	30.10 ..	Friday 14	31 .. 59	30.10 ..	Friday 14	31 .. 59	30.10 ..
Friday 30	39 .. 74	29.85 .. 29.82	Saturday 15	40 .. 67	30.12 .. 30.15	Saturday 15	40 .. 67	30.12 .. 30.15	Saturday 15	40 .. 67	30.12 .. 30.15
MAY. Saturday 1	34 .. 63	29.81 .. 29.83	Sunday 16	35 .. 70	30.21 ..	Sunday 16	35 .. 70	30.21 ..	Sunday 16	35 .. 70	30.21 ..
Sunday 2	36 .. 60	30.02 .. 30.05	Monday 17	45 .. 78	30.16 .. 30.11	Monday 17	45 .. 78	30.16 .. 30.11	Monday 17	45 .. 78	30.16 .. 30.11
Monday 3	30 .. 64	30.11 .. 30.13	Tuesday 18	47 .. 76	30.01 .. 29.89	Tuesday 18	47 .. 76	30.01 .. 29.89	Tuesday 18	47 .. 76	30.01 .. 29.89
Tuesday 4	32 .. 60	30.12 .. 30.12	Wednesday 19	45 .. 68	29.86 ..	Wednesday 19	45 .. 68	29.86 ..	Wednesday 19	45 .. 68	29.86 ..
Wednesday 5	34 .. 72	30.04 .. 30.01									

LONDON:

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FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. VI.

JULY, 1830.

Vol. I.

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LONDON:

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET:

JOHN BOYD, EDINBURGH; AND

GRANT & CO. DUBLIN.

M.DCCC.XXX.

To all and sundry of his Readers, Oliver Porke sendeth greeting.

WE promised to insert whatever should be published against us in the way of criticism. Our last number, however, was so full that we were unable to find space for a smart article against our observations on Ebony and his Champion, which appeared in that very ably conducted publication—"The Edinburgh Literary Gazette." It is now too late to insert it, and we hope the Editor will give us credit for having left it out on account of want of space, and not attribute to us any other motive.

Our last number has drawn down upon us the anger of many partisans of the Anti-Slavery Society; of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer; and of Mr. Thomas Campbell, whose more appropriate name is "the Bard of Hope." What we have written, we have written, and that conscientiously; so that we are not at all inclined to retract one iota of our allegations. We care nothing for the outcry of the friends of the two latter gentlemen, but we must say one word on the subject of the Anti-Slavery Society.

A letter has been received by our publisher, from a valued friend of his own, who is a minister of the Presbyterian church, and resident in Ireland; with his name we are unacquainted—our publisher having objected to satisfy us on that point; and he is right. The letter is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,—As I called this day to *reprove* you for admitting to the last number of your Magazine an article with regard to an Anti-Slavery Meeting, part of which endeavours to throw religion and the friends of it into the shade, and, as I have not been fortunate enough to find you at home, I take the liberty, by reason of the regard I have for your family, to call your attention to it.

"I have no objections to your inserting in your periodical articles of a general nature. I do hold, however, that you should never insert any that sneer at religion, and go to turn the exertions of its friends to ridicule.

"The article referred to is of this nature, at least one part of it, and, in the eyes of many, will 'knock your Magazine on the head.'

"I earnestly hope, however, it will not, and trust that future numbers will testify that the sentiments in question got insertion by oversight. "I am, with best wishes," &c. &c.

This Magazine shall never oppose the interests of religion; on the contrary, it shall, to the utmost of its humble power, uphold them. But, is the gentleman serious in thinking that the cause of religion is hurt by exposing the tricks, and, let us say it, the blasphemies of the *traders* in piety? The views and intentions of the ladies and gentlemen who support Anti-Slavery Societies are, we know, pure, honourable, upright, and truly Christian. Will any body venture to say the same of those who are behind the curtain? or of those who make, of their assumed godliness, gain, not spiritual, but temporal? The general question of Slavery may be discussed without involving any religious consideration whatever, *pro*, or *con*.

The most bitter of the notices against us, is in the "Sun." Here it is for the gratification of our readers:

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.—"The talent of this Magazine is of a more limited character than we had at first been led to suppose. The whole merit of the present number lies in its clever but coarse power of abuse. From first to last it is one tissue of personal scurrility, as if the Editor (or whoever else may be responsible for the diatribes in question) were a cross between Zola and Thersites. We dislike this bullying vulgarity—this literary bush-fighting. It is neither manly nor generous. If an Italian bravo were to turn contributor to a Magazine, he would write precisely in the same fashion. The first contribution is avowedly an analysis of Mr Bulwer's novels. It is, however, distinguished by nothing but a pedantic affectation of learning. The writer makes use of the names of Aristotle, Locke, Reid, Kant, Schelling, Stewart, and Coleridge, in order to prove, what?—that Mr. Bulwer is no novelist! From an industrious perusal—and the task has been one of no ordinary difficulty—of this wholesale invective, we have come to the conclusion that the author of "Peveril" is a greater novelist, and more essentially a man of talent, than we had ever before supposed him to be. If his sketches of vulgar life were not true to nature, they would not have given such deadly offence as they here appear to have done. From this rancorous criticism we must, however, except one passage. Pity it is that the man who can write so sensibly, and with such natural vigour, should condescend to enter the lists of ribaldry with Hunt, Cobbett, and the rest of that accomplished, disinterested, and patriotic fraternity!

"The Young Dragon," by Mr. Southey, is in that gentleman's most easy and flowing style. Like Horace, as comprehensively described in one pertinent half line by Pope—this amusing legend 'charms by graceful negligence.' 'Literary Characters, by Pierce Pungent,' is a rambling tissue of unmeaning abuse of Mr. Thomas Campbell. The great fault the critic finds with this first-rate poet is his gentility. All but this he can excuse—for all but this there is 'balm in Gilead.' In the article headed 'Comparative Anatomy of O'Connell and Cobbett,' there is vigour, undoubted vigour—much soundness of observation, much force of expression, much knowledge of character, but still the same leaven of coarse scurrility. *Toujours perdrix* should apply to any thing rather than the articles in a periodical which wishes to gain popularity. 'Mr. Thomas B. Macaulay and Mr. Southey,' is a communication from the pen of the same critic, who hugs himself in the idea that he has demolished Mr. Bulwer. We are led to this opinion from the pedantic use of the quaint word 'predicate,' which occurs *usque ad nauseam* in both articles. Mr. Macaulay, a gentleman who gained the highest honours that the first University in the world can bestow, to whom we are indebted for one of the finest articles that ever appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, the Essay on Machiavelli, is elegantly styled a quack, an Ignoramus, a compound of 'sophism, charlatanism, and impertinence,' &c. &c.

Index, Title, &c., in our August Number.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. VI.

JULY, 1830.

Vol. I.

THE DESPERATE SYSTEM.

POVERTY, CRIME, AND EMIGRATION.

THE rapid and alarming increase of crime in this country, within the last few years, seems very much to astonish the present race of philosophers and political economists. Mr. Potter Macqueen, in his last pamphlet, partly attributes it to the laxity of morals and the principles of infidelity "introduced into this country by the French revolution." Dr. Blomfield, the Bishop of London, ascribes it to the profanation of the Sabbath. Mr. Fowell Buxton, and Mr. Nathan Drab, of Exeter, ascribe it to the morbid sympathy which exists between the law and the gallows. Lord Wharnccliffe is of opinion that it is caused by the game-laws. "Why should peasants be hung," he asks, "that pheasants may *not* be stolen?" Mr. Barclay, the brewer, thinks that it has its origin in the enormous increase in the consumption of gin and British spirits. A Mr. Dunlop endeavours to prove that it is the natural effect of the malt and beer monopolies. The philanthropic society of Bristol attribute it to the unprecedented importation of "the *low* Irish," by which we suppose they mean hodmen, pigs, ribbonmen, and "gentlemen of the press." Mr. Robert Owen ascribes it to the universal ignorance that prevails of the "science of circumstances." Mr. Hume alleges that it is produced by the taxes and the tithes. Boatwain Smith imputes it to the neglect of the "pure word," of which he, the said Smith, is the only unadulterated spring; while Lord Bexley, on the

other hand, attributes it to the decline of the Bible Society. The Duke of Wellington, borrowing his notion from Lord Goderich—for his grace never hazards any idea of his own—assigns the cause to "overproduction;" while the Reverend Mr. Malthus and Mr. Wilmot Horton ascribe it to a "redundancy of population." Mr. Projector Gudgeon, of the Transportation Society, charges the evil upon the superfecundity of "young couples;" while Mr. Henry Wilson says (with some reason we admit) that it is caused by the higher rate of profits obtained in the trade of larceny than in the trade of honesty.

Heaven preserve us! here are reasons sufficient to overturn a world. Pandora's box was a mere jest to this. If crime have its origin in so many sources—if it flow with the stream and against the stream—if it be caused by overproduction as well as by bad harvests—if it be caused by the French revolution and the Irish invasion—by cheapness as well as dearness—by excessive industry as well as excessive indolence—if men increase the faster that men are hanged—if boys steal with greater audacity the more severely they are punished—and if poaching increase in a geometrical ratio with the commitments of poachers to gaol, then, sure enough, the last days are come—the march of crime is irresistible, and burglars and thieves, like his Majesty's ministers, will speedily be in a triumphant majority.

We, however, who are extremely

humble persons, entertain a very different opinion from any one of those promulgated by the philosophers.—That crime has increased, is increasing, and will continue to increase for some time, we are most willing to concede. Its increase since 1823, is rapid and unexampled in the history of any country. The returns laid before parliament present a picture, which, with the profane, is calculated to bring religion and human laws into contempt. It is enough to make the minister of justice lay violent hands upon himself. Its horrid details are sufficient to convert the priest into a hermit; and send him who ministers at the altar into a cavern; in order to propitiate heaven by a life of seclusion, and penitence, and severe penance. But, before we consider the cause, let us for a moment indulge the reader with an abstract of the official returns of crime. It appears from this document, that the number of persons charged with criminal offences, and committed to the different gaols in England and Wales, is as follows:—

Years.	Criminals.
1823	12,263
1824	13,698
1825	14,437
1826	16,164
1827	17,921
1828	16,524
1829	18,675

Total in seven years, 109,682

Of these were convicted:—

1823	8,204	1827	12,564
1824	9,425	1828	11,723
1825	9,964	1829	13,261
1826	11,107		

Total convicted, 76,248

From this it will be seen that since 1823 crime has increased more than one third. During seven years the mass of guilt has augmented at the rate of from five to seven per cent. per annum. If it proceed at the same rate it will double itself in twelve years; or, in other words, in 1835 we shall have just twice as many criminals as we had in 1823. It is true that murders have not increased in the ratio of other crimes. In 1823 we had twelve, and in 1829 only thirteen. This certainly is consoling; but as to shooting, stabbing, wounding, and poisoning, the increase is shocking. In 1823 the number of persons convicted of these crimes was only fourteen; in 1829 their number amounted to sixty-five. If we advance at this rate long, Ireland, and even Naples, will be out-distanced in these sanguinary and mortal feats by England. Embezzlement by servants is progressing with similar strides. In 1823 we had only sixty-four such persons; but in 1829 we had one hundred and thirty. In 1823 there were one hundred and twenty-four persons convicted of breaking into dwelling houses; but in 1829 no less than five hundred and sixty-one were convicted of this crime. Gentlemen who usurp the king's prerogative, and make sovereigns as they need them, numbered one hundred and seventy-five in the year 1823; but, in 1829, they numbered two hundred and fifty-six. Larcenies have increased from 6,000 to 10,000. Assaults have increased about fifty per cent., and sheep-stealing is doubled.

This advance of crime is not confined to particular districts, as the following abstract will prove:—

Criminals.

Counties.	Year 1823.	Year 1829.
Middlesex	2,503	3,567
York	624	1,291
Nottingham	196	358
Lancaster	1,632	2,226
Kent	504	665
Somerset	380	674
Chester	249	542
Cornwall	68	122
Essex	388	587
Gloucester	264	449
Surrey	537	716
Worcester	173	282

From this it is plain, that no county of any importance, whether agricultural or manufacturing, is exempt from the evil of a rapid and alarming increase of crime. In Middlesex and in Cornwall; in York and in Somerset; in Surrey and in Lancaster; among the sheep lands and the loom lands; among the mines and the factories; among ploughmen and weavers—the increasing evil prevails.

There are some people, philosophers of course, who do us the favour to propound remedies, without deigning to enquire into the origin of this criminal profligateness. The leaders of these political Sangrados have but one specific. They propose banishment, under the milder term, *removal*. They generously recommend the deportation of “young couples.” They perceive that the nation is struggling with a mortal consumption; and they prescribe bleeding. They see that we are infirm and helpless, and they recommend the removal of what constitutes our powers of vitality and strength. They find the head giddy, and the feet weak; and they suggest the expediency of cutting out the heart. We shall not argue with these learned persons. The tread-mill and the water-gruel diet ought to be the only answer to their impertinence, and the certain punishment of their ignorance and presumption.

But, ~~THE~~ CAUSE! Need we conceal it? Need we shelter cant and oppression at the expense of justice? The source of crime, the fountain-head of pauperism and its consequences—is POVERTY! Since 1823, this unhappy country has been cursed by the visionary measures of a set of men, than whom, greater fools or more mischievous empirics never existed in any land. In 1823, the Liberals commenced their experiments, and from that period we have been doomed to undergo all the alternations of increasing embarrassment and pauperism. The ministers then committed a fatal mistake. They had not sufficient penetration to perceive that the reduction of wages, prices, and profits, which they aimed at, and which they have unfortunately accomplished, was a certain approach towards poverty. Cheapness

in all countries, is only another word for indigence. Cheapness that affects the cultivator, the manufacturer, and the labourer, without affecting the placeman, the pensioner, the fundholder, the soldier, the sailor, or the mortgagee, is a term, the proper definition of which, is—robbery. It is as much an offence against the person and the property of the poor, as is the act of entering a man's house, assaulting him in the presence of his servants, and carrying off his plate and ready money. Had there been, since the death of Lord Londonderry, any man of talent, of honour, or even of ordinary information combined with integrity, in the cabinet, the acts of spoliation which have been perpetrated, the loss of property which has been incurred, the ruin of millions which has followed, could not have taken place, and England would have been saved, even in defiance of its corrupt and subservient parliaments. Lord Londonderry fell a victim to his own apprehensions. He had twice saved his country from the scourge of the currency bill; but he saw that public opinion was in its favour; that his colleagues approved it; that the age of empiricism had commenced, and that the nation would sink under the numberless theories, and insane experiments, which were soon to be carried into practice. He foresaw the ruin which he could not prevent; his mind fell a prey to its own anxieties; and he anticipated death rather than witness the calamities which were to befall his country.

Since 1823, our progress towards the minimum of endurable privation, has been as rapid as the most inveterate enemy of England could desire. The industry of the country has gradually become less remunerative. Not that we have toiled less—not that the farmer has relaxed in his exertions—not that the velocity of the shuttle has decreased—not that those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, have been sleeping in the sunshine and giving a holiday to the earth, and the things under the earth; no such thing; they have toiled more uninterruptedly than they ever did before; and yet the meal has disappeared from their garner, the oil of

the cruise has dried up, their fare has become more scanty, their children more hungry, their clothes more ragged; till at last the feast of the soup kitchen, and the pittance of the overseer, have accomplished the climax of their moral and physical degradation.

We trust that none of our readers belong to that class of sceptics, who would here call upon us to produce satisfactory proof upon oath of the distress and misery we have attempted to describe. Every man who has his eyes open—who can read, or hear, or see—or is capable of comprehending what he reads, hears, or sees, must assent to the accuracy of the picture. The common people are steeped in wretchedness to the very lips. England may have been, as Napoleon averred, a nation of shopkeepers; now it is a land of beggars. Nearly 10 millions of poor rates are levied annually to support, at the rate of from two shillings to five shillings per week, the infirm, the unemployed, and the destitute. And yet there is more real benevolence, more active philanthropy, and more charitable institutions in England, than in any three nations of Europe, if united. The great mass of the people are unable, by their utmost exertions, to earn wages sufficient to render them more comfortable, or more than one or two degrees more respectable or independent, than the actual pauper. Hence the prolific and increasing crop of criminals. Crime is not so much the offspring of poverty, as it is of reduced circumstances. For instance, a Scotch highlander, accustomed to a scanty fare, is far from being demoralized in the ratio of his sustenance or his poverty. The lord of an Irish cabin, who lives solely upon potatoes, sometimes with, and sometimes without salt, is not naturally a thief. It is only when the circumstances of a people are declining towards poverty—when increased industry has to contend with decreasing remuneration—when disappointment preys upon hope deferred—when the peasant considers himself oppressed, and the artisan robbed—then it is that crime marches hand in hand with privation, and an increase of suffering produces an increase of guilt.

And yet it is but justice to say that, at the outset, the latter rarely increases with the hasty strides of the former. There is much long-suffering, many painful struggles, many a countervailing quail of remorse, and as many delays in the court of Conscience as in the court of Chancery, before the victim of penury becomes an adventurer on the highway, or a shoplifter in the streets. A farm labourer without employment, and without bread, on the first night after his discharge, as he lays his head upon his pillow, if he have a pillow, puts the following questions to himself: “Shall I apply to the overseer, or live upon Squire Stubbs’s preserve?—Shall I be a pensioner on the parish, or merely a private pensioner of my Lord Rump, Sir John Goose, or Parson Ratwell, who is a distant relation of my Lord Chancellor Turncoat?” Pride, or perhaps the Devil, whispers the hind, that it will be more *honourable* to poach, than be degraded as a pauper. He commences poaching accordingly. He is caught in “my Lord’s” preserve, and the justices send him to gaol to do penance, but, in fact, to finish his education. He is liberated at length—his wife, meanwhile, has died of poverty and grief, or perhaps she has eloped with a neighbouring journeyman tailor, who earns excellent wages, by working to a buyer and seller of stolen goods. What, then, is the convicted poacher to do? If he should be seen within a mile of any preserve, he is liable to be shot. He accordingly joins a new confederacy, composed of those companions whose *friendship* he acquired in prison. He consults them in the emergency; and, under their advice, he steals a sheep, or perhaps a horse;—is discovered, tried, convicted, and either hanged or transported.

Such is, in innumerable instances, the cause, the rise, and progress of crime in the agricultural districts. The same cause produces the same effect in large towns, where the population is more dense and more mechanical. There is a boy, we are told, at this moment confined in Newgate on a charge of larceny, who, before he had transgressed the law, when he sought relief from the overseer, was told gruffly to “go and steal!” In short, if we were dis-

posed to illustrate our hypothesis—that crime is caused by poverty—by examples we could fill the whole of this number of *Regina*, together with an appendix—twice the size of the *Quarterly Review*, advertisements included.

It is perhaps more desirable that we take a glance at the living authors of this demoralization, and these calamities. The representatives of the country are irresponsible agents. Those of them who buy seats, represent no interest but their own. They have nothing at stake, but the money paid to the seat-vender; therefore they are independent! Those who have constituents cannot be called to account until that interesting period arrives, when they venture to solicit from their electors a renewal of their patronage. If they have jobbed with public money, trafficked with the minister for places and appointments, neglected the interests of the people and injured their country, their only punishment is the preference given to a new candidate, who, in all probability, may prove more venal than the former.

Be this as it may—however responsible these men are morally, they are not legally nor constitutionally responsible for the evils they inflict on the nation. But the ministers are responsible, even though they should plead the sanction of the houses of legislature. The ministers who have been in office since 1823, are responsible for all the pauperism and demoralization which have increased since that period.* Their measures—not the measures of parliament—but the measures they have devised, recommended, and carried by majorities composed of their own retainers—have caused this increase in pauperism and crime. They are the guilty parties. Ignorance in a minister is as much a crime, as felony is in a mender of copper kettles. If he have done the state wrong, it is no defence to say he meant well. If by his policy he has reduced thousands of families to beggary, thence to poaching, thence to criminal acts generally, he is the author of both the suffering and the crime, and is more culpable than the sheep-stealer whom he transports, or the house-breaker whom he hangs.

For these reasons, we charge upon

the ministers of the King, not only the distress that prevails, but the crime that degrades England, in the eyes of the whole world—which places her lowest in the scale of morality, and paralyzes the example of her boasted benevolence, her apostolic missions, her public schools of instruction, her bible distributors, her cheap libraries, the purity of her reformed doctrines, and the excellence of her laws. We charge the increase of 23,841 criminals, since the year 1823, upon his Majesty's government. We affirm that they are answerable, at some bar of judgment, for the deep and incurable wounds they have inflicted upon the nation. Sympathy is not atonement. A hypocritical minister may shed an artificial tear over the sorrows of an orphan, whose father, driven to despair, outraged the laws of nature and paternal love, as well as the duties of religion, by an act of self-destruction. His sorrow, even if unfeigned, would not sanctify his guilt. The culprit cannot wring a verdict of acquittal from a jury by sighs and sobs, or by any external symptoms of penitence. The minister cannot be allowed to shelter himself under the assumed mask of innocence, or temper his criminality by any appeal to his good intentions. For his acts he is responsible—not for his wishes; not for his prayers; not for his expectations; not for his avowed designs. He has caused the evil—he stands arraigned by his acts—he has deeply injured his country—and if there be any justice on earth, his punishment ought to be as ample and severe as his measures have been pernicious.

But here we pause to inquire, if the amount of national suffering, of which we complain, and of crime, which we lament, has reached its maximum. Is it true that the fury of the storm is spent—that the winter of penury is warming into spring—that we have reached the extreme ebb of the tide, and that the waters of hope and life and prosperity have commenced their much desired and salutary reflux? Mr. Herries, in his speech on Mr. Atwood's motion of the 8th June, is reported to have said,—“If, in the face of all experience, they were to permit such a political relapse, they could not antici-

pate any thing but the return of that panic and national distress *which they had now so fortunately weathered*." Mr. Powlett Thompson is made to say, on the same occasion,—“It is true we have paid a high price for a gold circulation, but the price is paid.” Now, what we demand to know, is, are these averments true?—Have we *weathered* the storm, as Mr. Herries alleges? or is the price of our currency changes *paid*, as Mr. P. Thompson affirms?

If we could repose any faith in the statements and averments of either of these gentlemen, we should certainly have the consolation of believing that crime has reached its *maximum*, and that the distress of the country is decreasing. But, unfortunately for our poor judgment, our incredulity is strong, while our conviction happens to be on the opposite side. It may be prejudice, but facts fortify our inferences, when from any allegation of prosperity put forth by a dependent of the Wellington administration, we constantly, and as if by instinct, cling to an opposite conclusion. As for the opinion of Mr. Herries, upon any other subject than the price of stocks and the fluctuation of consols—and for the sincerity of his opinion, even on these points, we invariably demand proofs—we would not value it higher than a Jew's word, a stock-broker's affidavit, or the protestation of a courtizan. Mr. Herries may know something of Lombard-street, and the alleys of the Stock-exchange; but as to his knowledge of the sufferings or the wants of his country, he does not soar so high, nor is so good an indicator, as the weathercock that vacillates to the music of Bow bells. One word upon Mr. Powlett Thompson is enough. The ship-dues levied by the king of Denmark at Elsinore comprise the only information of which he can boast *ex cathedra*.

The struggling land-owners, and those merchants and manufacturers who are at the present moment contending with severe losses and inevitable bankruptcy, are easily flattered by any delusion which acts like a narcotic upon the paroxysms of despair. They cling to every floating straw, as if it were a cable spun by Hope under the superintendence of a special providence. They imagine

that a good harvest, a full crop, and perseverance, even in bad measures, provided it be a *steady* perseverance, will make evil good, and yield a fair return to patience, even at the expense of justice and sound policy. They trust to chance, as the culprit trusts to the chances of a muddled jury, an oblivious judge, and a bad law. In short, they think that the very blunders of the state physician will operate as beneficially for them as Nature did in *extremis* for Roderick Random.

Alas! alas! They are only sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. They, perhaps, forget that so long as we continue measuring our wealth, by a standard that is gradually increasing in value, the fixed annuitant may be benefitted, but every other class—all producers, land-owners, manufacturers, and labourers—must be injured. Gold is our standard; and its quantity is daily becoming less. There is more of it consumed in manufactures than is supplied by the mines. It is daily disappearing from our English circulation. Even at this hour, after thirty millions of sovereigns have been issued from the Bank, the mint is busily employed in supplying the wants of 1830. Most of the pieces which one receives in exchange for a ten pound note bear the impression of the present year. Where those already coined have gone, Heaven knows; but certain it is they have vanished from the current of our circulating medium. While this continues, prices must fall lower—wages must fall in proportion—the value of every kind of property in land or houses, in shipping or farm-stock, in iron or cotton goods, must proportionally decline. If we have a good harvest, and more than an average crop, Mr. Goulburn will lose more than a million sterling of corn duties, and in October next the farmer will be obliged to sell *two* bushels of wheat for the price which *one* realized last year. If we have a deficient crop, the exchequer will be replenished; but the sufferings of the labouring population will be seriously increased. With these prospects before us, and they are the natural and inevitable effects of the avowed policy of the ministers, it would evince both weakness and ignorance to expect

relief from time, or a steady perseverance in that which is radically pernicious. If distress continue, crime, therefore, must increase. Its prevention, or its cure is not a matter of police. No gendarmerie can stay the "superfecundity" of crime. They may detect, but they cannot restrain. They may fill the prisons, and load the hulks, and give an impetus to the increase of population in New South Wales; but they cannot eradicate the parent root of crime. Peel's soldiers, even though drilled on Sunday, are nothing more than clodpoles, armed with hangers, traversing a field of fyre, and cutting down the green shoots and the withered stumps which they consider to be dead. With respect to this last indication they are mistaken. The roots are sound; the police may apparently clear the soil; but as they cannot, or rather dare not penetrate the surface, the shoots of next year will be more abundant than they were the year before.

To what then, it will probably be asked, must this state of things lead? The question may be pertinent, but we decline answering it. A candid compliance might involve us in the hazardous consequences of a legal tournament with Sir James Scarlett, and consign our sword and buckler, our shield and cuirass, and of course our unhappy person to the cells of Newgate. We would, therefore, advise the curious reader to propound his question to his Majesty's ministers. We stand upon our prerogative, satisfied that we do enough when we point out the evil. Others are paid to devise remedies—we are not. On them devolves the duty of relieving us; if they neglect this duty, it must be at the peril of a certain conspicuous adjunct of the human form, which is generally considered the guardian of the lower extremities. The head, says somebody, is to the feet, what a watch-box on a tower is to the sentinels who snore in the hall.

One word, however, before we conclude, with respect to the many-headed monster whose multifarious plans are offered as cures for the existing distress. The lesser quacks assume the character of legal reformers; the greater are transmigration philosophers. The latter pro-

pose to relieve us of our pauper dead-weight, by transporting the consumers of poor rates—by removing an English cottager, in order to make room for an itinerant corn-cutter from the Sister Island. These gentlemen monopolize but one idea, and this, they conceive, embraces the cause as well as the cure of penury. The cause is—a redundancy of population; the cure is—emigration. The present crisis, therefore, is quite a harvest for these persons. If by any chance or mistake the ministry were to adopt any salutary or corrective measure, their beautiful hobby would break down, and their system be blown up. If the Duke of Wellington should, by some happy blunder, commit violence on Peel's bill, and Huskisson's theories, these gentlemen would be unable to lay their hands upon a single beggar. The *materiel* of emigration would disappear; the "young couples" would marry at home; and the philosophers would be deprived even of the consolation of a full workhouse. For these reasons they are, at the present moment, equally clamorous and industrious. And they are encouraged in their schemes by the government. They attract attention; and they entice the thoughts of the multitude from the real cause of their embarrassments. When the juggler wishes to deceive the sense, he diverts the eye. We are induced to look at the only thing we should not see; and as we gaze, the trick is accomplished, and we are imposed upon. Just so with the emigrationists. We find ourselves meandering in New South Wales, when we ought to be in England. We are discussing localities, sand-banks, and kangaroo soup with Mr. Thomas Peel, of the Swan river, when we ought to be spinning twist with his cousin, at Whitehall, in the City of London.

To show the folly of all this, on the part of the sincere encouragers of emigration, and the criminality of it on the part of the mere pretenders and the tools of the government, we have only to compare the condition of this country, at the present juncture, with that of France, antecedent to the revolution. Before that tremendous volcano burst forth, which poured its human lava upon France, the middle and lower classes in

that country had long endured the most extreme privation. Famine had visited the poor. The queen had actually sold her plate to furnish food for the wretches who were dying in the streets of Paris. The finances of the nation were in a state of fearful derangement. Credit was paralyzed—confidence had fled. Had Neckar's currency plans been adopted, the nation might have been saved. But the philosophers of that day, like the philosophers of England in the present day, clung to a metallic medium, and poverty increased, wages fell, prices declined, profits diminished, just as the amount of available currency was hoarded from fear, or circumscribed by law. France, then was in a precisely similar state to that with which we are now contending. She had more labourers than she could employ—more artisans than she could support—more paupers than she could maintain. But did she then complain of a redundant population? Was there to be found a man so heartless or so depraved as to propose the deportation of her unemployed labourers? If such a philosopher had appeared, he would have been the *maiden* martyr of the guillotine. No man was so senseless or so wicked as to as-

cribe the sufferings of France to providence, to improvident marriages, or to superfecundity. Events have proved that these were not the causes of either her calamities or her excesses. It was a long series of bad laws—of arbitrary measures—of oppressive monopolies—of despotic exactions—of insufferable favouritism—and of grinding taxes; which led to an event from which we fear the rulers of Europe have not learned those lessons which were intended for their instruction.

So much the worse for us under similar circumstances. Emigration is considered the sovereign and the only cure in England. Crime is to be diminished by banishing the virtuous. The arts are to be improved by expatriating the most useful and ingenious of our mechanics. The soil is to be rendered more productive by exiling the active farmer, and the industrious cultivator with his remnant of capital. The sinews of the country are to be strengthened by exporting its young blood and its "young couples." God forgive the heartless men who prescribe these remedies! The credulous only are their victims; and if the folly be chargeable on the nation, they alone are answerable for the guilt.

THE DEAD.

A SPIRIT doth arise
 From the ashes of the dead,
 Holy as if the skies
 Thrice sacred influence shed.

There ethereal hopes are born,
 Such as sanctify the earth—
 The noblest wreath e'er worn,
 Owes to the grave its birth.

For we think upon the dead ;
 The glorious, and the good :
 And the thought where they have led
 Stirs the life-blood like a flood ;

Where the pure bright moon hath shed
 The light which bids it rise,
 Towards the heaven o'er its head ;
 Even such our sympathies.

Is it some hero's grave,
 Who for his country died ?
 Then honour to the brave,
 We would be proud to rest beside.

Is it some sage, whose mind
 Is as a beacon light
 To save and guide his kind,
 Amid their mental night ?

Some poet who hath sung
 The griefs o'er which he wept ;
 The rose where rain hath clung,
 That fresh and sweet is kept ?

Some martyr who hath sealed
 With his blood, his faith divine ;
 That ever men should yield
 To their passions, God's own shrine ?

Who can think on men like these ?
 Nor feel that in them dwell,
 The highest energies ;
 And a hope unquenchable :

While the grave an altar seems
 For the most exalted creed,
 Till resolves that were as dreams,
 End in honourable deed.

Plant the laurel on the grave,
 There the spirit's hope hath fed,
 By the good, the great, the brave,—
 Be honour to the dead.

THE PLAYHOUSES AND THE PLAYERS.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven."

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THERE is positively *nothing*, underneath the moon, that is utterly without speck or fault!—We have arrived at this painful conclusion, after the most serious and laborious investigation that ever deprived a philosopher of three nights' rest. It would give the reader any thing but pleasure to recount to him the multitude of tests and moral experiments that we have gone through—the folios of sophists and sages, ancient and modern—the fifteen hundred syllogisms—the almost insuperable paradoxes, that we have encountered, in order to convince ourselves and the world of this new and invaluable fact. At one time we were exceedingly perplexed; conceiving that although every thing else had failed, yet that *one* thing was doomed to baffle all our endeavours to discover in it any particle of error. This supposed monster of perfection was FRASER'S MAGAZINE! A second lucky thought, however, enabled us to dispose of this enemy also; for, in each number, we actually discovered *two letters* that had been accidentally displaced by the printer's devil—no doubt out of the most contemptible malice, and for purposes that are sufficiently obvious!—In regard to other things which underwent our scrutiny, we saw,—Firstly, that our politicians were plainly unsound as a body, on one side or the other: Secondly, that our philosophers were perpetually at loggerheads upon fifty different matters—a circumstance that acquitted them of being unpleasantly faultless: And finally, it has happened also to us, in the course of our reading, to perceive certain obliquities of style in our prose writers; a little of the false afflatus in our poets; and some of the prettiest little no-meanings in the world amongst the three hundred volumes of our living ladies. Nay, so minute has been our scrutiny, that, by dint of various microscopic experiments, we have actually discovered two or three spots upon the brilliant disc of the Drama!—It would be too much to keep all this knowledge to ourselves; and, therefore, we shall do the reader the favour of

imparting to him a portion of our late observations.

In order to do this effectually, we must reduce the object that we may select to a small size, and exhibit it singly on our terrestrial orrery; or, at least, lecture upon it singly. And so—let us look at the Drama.

THE DRAZMA is not the most important thing in the world. But it is by no means without its advantages and uses. Its house is a rational, gentlemanlike place of resort. Its effect, on morals and manners, even in these days, is considerable. And, above all, it is a source, when properly conducted, of very high enjoyment.

That it should have lost part of its old attractions is a thing to be lamented. The fact is unlucky for its professors; probably it is injurious to the public also. For the public *will* have amusement of some kind, and we doubt prodigiously whether they will adopt a worthier object when they abandon the English Drama. To quit sense for sound only—as is the case with those who transfer their affections from our theatre to the museum of singing-birds in the Haymarket—seems ludicrous in itself. It amounts to an impeachment of the national understanding. For, excepting when Pasta, (a genius of the first order,) was here, the exhibition of character, on the Italian stage, has been of the lowest and most meagre description. Malil ran and La Blache may be, to a certain extent, exceptions to this rule; but neither of those agreeable persons can, we think, compete with some of our native performers. The ordinary shade of these exotics is of the most dismal hue. There are Curioni, Torri, Deville, Castelli, Santini, and a host of others, whom—we thank the gods!—we forget. It is scarcely in caricature to assert that one might as well set up a row of cabbage-plants, or stuff a series of scare-crows, with as much hope of effect as this stiff, stupid, and insipid race of aliens. Their very appearance shews that they have either no brains, or no respect for the consis-

tency of things. When Curioni plays the father of the heroine, in *Tancredi*, he looks decidedly younger than Madame Blasis, his daughter; and this simply because he has not the soul to hide a face with no meaning in it behind a respectable beard. The whiskers of the Italians are their bane. It makes them look like monkeys off the stage, and ugly anachronisms upon it. It is a vital offence against costume, and generates a wooden self-complacency that would be detestable if it were not too ludicrous for gravity. Do any of our readers remember the opera of *Medea*?—when *Pasta* poured over Jason those floods of jealousy and sorrow? There was Jason, transformed, like Bottom the weaver, into the Signor Curioni—without life, or majesty, or meaning of any sort; for all the world like a wooden effigy indifferently cut, and standing stock-still, while the wonderful actress was wasting her heart-breaking tones upon him; conspicuous for nothing but his tawdry trappings and the monstrous whiskers that we have already decied. We were in hopes that the fire-breathing bulls of Colchis would have singed to death these excrescences; but the beasts were grown tame, and spared them. Their ‘Greek fire,’ we suppose, was not of the true quality.

We have introduced the Signor Curioni, not invidiously, but simply as a specimen of the ordinary rate of Italian actors, of which he is the head. The rest (with the exceptions before mentioned) are at least as bad as he. And we have brought forward the subject of the opera, merely to shew the quantity of intellect that is sufficient to depopulate our national theatres.—We now turn to our theatres themselves.

It would be satisfactory to have, if possible, a census of pleasure-going people; shewing their numbers and ages; and how they contrive to kill the great enemy Time in the year 1830;—to see how many thousands frequent the opera; how many thousands affect the French plays, or huddle together at concerts, and balls, and club-houses, &c.; and it might be as well, also, to mention the few who brood over a solitary bottle of port or claret at their own rational fire-sides. We should then know the comparative power of attraction at each place, and might investigate the subject with

a greater prospect of success than at present. Nevertheless, certain causes force themselves upon us. We cannot be mistaken in some: and as to the others, we must even be content to guess; and so—we will venture to proceed partially upon hypothesis.

Assuredly, something is attributable to the size of the houses, where the actor cannot be heard distinctly, except in the pit and certain parts of the boxes. This subject, however, has been so frequently discussed, and so much more importance given to it than we think is right, that—the more especially as the evil is now without remedy—we are disposed to pass it over.

Something also is owing to the indifferant character of the dramas brought forward; but this may partly be ascribed to the penurious recompense which the theatres give to the writers of plays: the consequence of which is, that few writers of talent will waste their time upon a drama, and those few will not call up any super-human exertions for the purpose; contenting themselves with doing what is necessary for popularity, but doing nothing to ensure renown. Mr. George Darley, (under the mask of John Lacy,) a few years ago, published some vituperative letters to “The Modern Dramatists,” on this subject; insisting that these same dramatists scribbled nothing but poetry in their plays, and forgot the importance of *action*. There was some reason in this; although it was scarcely necessary to manufacture half a dozen long letters to establish one obvious and uncontradicted truth. There are, no doubt, considerable faults in the writers; but the managers and players (who have still all the old eulogized stock of plays to resort to,) have some little errors also to account for; and these we propose, presently, very briefly to refer to. With every wish &c. to be, &c., we must take the liberty, of saying that the Theatres seldom exhibit any thing that is worth the trouble and expense which a spectator must necessarily incur. This was not formerly the case. Why is it the case now? Why is the expense greater, and the pleasure less? In the name of justice and common sense, why (instead of six shillings, as of old,) are we to be forced to pay TWENTY-EIGHT or THIRTY-FIVE shillings? And why, instead of one

must we give *FOUR* or *FIVE* precious nights, in order to see four or five tolerable actors? Let us understand this. *Why* is it? And *who* is in fault? For it is a fault. It is a direct impudent imposition on the public, and cannot be too soon put down. * It is an evil that exists solely because the public are too indolent to abolish it. Formerly, we remember to have frequently seen, in *one play*, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Young, Mr. Charles Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons!—We have also seen Cooke, the *two* Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Jordan!—We have seen, in *one farce*! Cooke, Lewis, Fawcett, Simmons, and three or four others of some note and considerable merit!—And *now*, forsooth! now, if there be *one* such—except when Mr. Kemble and his daughter play—if there be *one* endurable hero, capable of uttering ten words without clipping his Majesty's English, or of laying the emphasis once in a dozen times on the right word, we may bless "the stars" for our good luck, and go home overflowing with gratitude and delight.

If the gentry, who are so forward to assume Othello's scymitar and Hamlet's sables, would but assume their high spirit also,—if, with the dress of comedy, they could put on its good sense and shrewd apprehension—they would cut down at once, as utterly out of keeping and good taste, the rank and ludicrous self-importance that is so often found flourishing in the hot-beds of the theatres. They would be content to coalesce, to stand forward modestly, "And in their *own dimensions*, like themselves,"

as actors of former times were content to do; and not be eternally fidgeting, and unhappy, and troublesome, until they can roll and swagger about in some huge disproportionate orbit of their own chusing; and where, after all, they merely twinkle and glimmer a little, scarcely making the "darkness visible."

Formerly, as we have said, play-going people expended a fair proportion of money and time in order to see a fine play finely acted. Now, every thirteenth rate hero and heroine of the sock and buskin must be

puffed into monstrous and unnatural importance, and thrust down the throats of the public, as *morceaux* of intellect, which they never can be sufficiently grateful to behold. These people create themselves "*STARS*," by their own imperial will and pleasure; and, once raised above their due level, they attempt, upon their own little single, selfish shoulders, to bear the vast weight of Shakspeare's dramas, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear; disdaining all aids, and preferring to totter and stumble along with no associate but their own imbecility.

"*Sic itur ad ASTRA*—"

So they go on; much nearer the moon, however, than the stars, till at last down they drop like the little blockhead in the fable, whom the folly of his father tempted to put on goose's wings, in order to show us how to rise in the world—an experiment which, we all know, met with but indifferent success.

It is quite clear that this state of things ought not to continue. If we are to put up with indifferent fare, why are we to pay the price of delicacies? Why are we to have the lamplighter let loose upon us? the property-man promoted to a truncheon? the candle-snuffers, eclipsing the very wit which they ought to multiply and increase?—Let us not be told that we may go or stay at home. That is not the case. There is A MONOPOLY; and, while that exists, we have a right to complain if we have not a rational entertainment for a reasonable sum. We have it not at present; and we recommend the public to ascertain *why* they are deprived of it. Something may be owing to the monopoly. But there is a something else, which sadly requires detection. Are the managers in fault or not? We are very much inclined to suspect that they are *not*. We will endeavour to get to the root of the evil; and when we are fully prepared, we will publish all facts necessary to a right understanding of the subject. We will not go back, and betray what we already know. But, in future, if any actor, in the exercise of his vanity, insists on having a play to himself, (new or old,)—or if he refuse to play

* We are indebted for this observation to a friend, and we therefore acknowledge it, although the circumstance is perhaps sufficiently obvious.

in the same drama with his equal, we will let the public know it. We will publish names and circumstances, without fear or favour. We will do the same in respect to managers, who *will* have "stars" only; as with "stars" who *will* play alone, and insist on exorbitant salaries, and who, like the beggarly rats and full-bred vermin, who run from a house where they cannot bury themselves in a superabundant larder, desert the boards where they have been fed and fostered, for an additional thirty shillings per week, which some covetous or envious manager is willing to pay.

We are for every body having what his labour is honestly worth. But, it is quite clear that no manager ever can be a match for a coalition of wealthy and insolent actors; *unless the public consent to aid him.* It is a pity that there is no summary law to help him, as there is to help the manufacturer in a case of a "strike."—Only let the reader observe the state of the case. If a manager is compelled to make a resolution to pay a certain reasonable rate of salary, proportioning the amount to his average receipts—quick! all the Brutuses and Coriolanuses, and Hamlets, and Catos, and Volumnias—all the nightingales, male and female—are off! They are on the wing in a moment to the next theatre, or to the country! These superlative queens of tragedy and comedy—these representatives of old Rome,—these Princes of Denmark and stoic philosophers, who are telling us night after night what a paltry thing mere money is, buckle up their belts and are off. There are a hundred places in the provinces where these recusants can find fools to stare at them, and pay the price of a quarter loaf, (which they should give to their children,) in order to be admitted to the exquisite distinction of standing face to face with a great London actor—a "STAR!"* Our good peasants and country tradesmen, with their

hordes of apprentices and subalterns, are not the best judges of what is best, unluckily for them! and therefore, they will pull forth one of their sixpences or a hoarded shilling, to hear a fellow without an idea in his head mispronounce Shakespeare, or swagger in red and ermine, when, if they were wise, they would go home to bed, and reserve their strength for the next day's labour, and the money for the first inevitable exigency. But they prefer to see the "Star!"—and, therefore the "Star" shines on from county to county, and from town to town, satisfied in his own soul that there is nothing in the world equal to himself, and execrating the stupidity of the London manager, who imagined that he was not *all* attractive.

During all this time the London manager goes on also—but with empty houses, and a grumbling corps of inferior players, helpless, hopeless, and deserted—fain to keep his courage up, and "try a fall;"—but at last compelled to give in, and pay his thirty tyrants their exorbitant demands, and show them off one by one at seven shillings a head;—or else he takes refuge in a razor, and cuts the carotid, in order to be fairly rid of them; a proceeding which (though we abhor suicide,) is not very dissimilar to those desperate events of antiquity, when the stoic and the hero thus sought to avoid the chains of a less despicable but not less galling tyranny!

From the playhouses, let us pass to the players; some of whom have given us, at various times, much pleasure. We like them; and, though there are some incurable simpletons amongst them, we are disposed to look at many of them with a friendly eye.—We will begin with the ladies, and touch upon the tragic actresses first.

There can be no competition as to the highest place. It is occupied,

* The word "Star" may require explanation with such of our readers (if any) as are not classical.—A *Star* is an actor who acquires some note in London; by virtue of which, he becomes entitled to lay the provinces under contribution, and illuminate their Cimmerian regions. By his dazzling performances, he frequently earns more than the whole country company of actors,—to say nothing of the curses of the poor provincials themselves, who would as soon have a cloud of locusts in their gardens, as see the fatal light of one of these eccentric bodies fall upon the heads of the bumpkins on whom they fatten.

beyond the shadow of a doubt, by Fanny Kemble. She has sprung at once into the chair of the Tragic Muse; and, though she has something to learn, and a few trifles to unlearn, we do not think that she will readily meet with a formidable competitor. She is decidedly a most intelligent and accomplished young woman, touchingly alive to the beauties of poetry, with an apprehension of the grandeur as well as the pathos of tragedy. She is, moreover—with the single exception of the wonderful Pasta—the only person whose movements on the stage approximate in the slightest degree to elegance. Her attitudes are studies for a painter. If they be occasionally a little *too* studied, she, at other times, exhibits a free, flowing, natural outline, varied into every curve and inclination of positive grace. Her figure, in our opinion, conveys more meaning, and accords more with the changing sentiment of her characters, than that of any actor or actress we ever saw—excepting Pasta. We may have forgotten somewhat of Mrs. Siddons; but we think, that she—although beyond comparison the first actress that this country ever knew—did not, in the general intelligence of her movements only, excel her niece. Fanny Kemble is certainly an actress of the greatest promise. Amongst the infinite quantity of nothings which we have heard objected to her, her voice has been found fault with. To our ears it is very delightful. It is not, indeed, clear and resonant, like a bell; but it is grave and sweet—a *veiled* voice, as musicians say—capable of any thing. As her eyes seem to be the very seat of tragic expression, so on her voice does the spirit of sorrow appear to hover and tremble. The reader, who has once heard

“How silver sweet sound lovers’ tongues by night,”

will not require to be reminded of the passionate beauty of her Juliet, the tender pathos of Mrs. Beverley, or the wild grief of Isabella; nor will he have forgotten, more especially, how she can dwell on the matchless poetry of Shakspeare, making that delightful which common actresses are content to render dull—modulating her words so, that every inflex-

ion of her voice presents a new link in the chain of melody, till at last, in the exquisite words of Portia, it

“—dies, and makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music!”

The next in order is Miss Phillips, a tall young lady, and very pretty. We recollect little else of her—(we do not say this invidiously)—except that she did not offend us by her extravagances; no trifling encomium, perhaps, in these dissonant and degenerate days. In regard to Mrs. West, Mrs. Egerton, and Mrs. Faucit, they may be set, like three Delphic prophetesses, on a tripod. They have the same vague, indiscriminate vehemence—the same imperious distorted action, and outrageous gesture; all sound and fury, in short, and signifying—nothing. If quiet, they are tame; if sad, they whine, like wind through a crevice; and if animated, they are as mad as Cassandra. To the above list we must add Miss Lacy, who, although different enough in general, we have seen rise into a very effective actress. Her philippics (in an old play, revived three or four years ago, where she plays the part of a virago) are equal to those of Demosthenes. We should have added Miss Foote also, but that she has gone over to the house of Comedy; and Mrs. Bunn, but that she has gone—we know not whither!

Of the comic actresses, Miss Kelly is the best. She has no *air*, indeed, and not a great deal of natural grace; but in low comedy she is superlative. We would not say a syllable against her Betty Finikin for the world. It is replete with erudition. Why cannot she and Wrench (that too easy actor) be maid and footman for ever? and travel for ever to Gretna Green? How many pair of heels has she kicked to pieces in Betty? How many gowns has she twitched to tatters? How many legs of how many tables have been sacrificed to her disappointment in love?—She is a capital actress. Her *Annette*, in “The Maid and the Magpie,” is a most effective performance; and her *Yarico* is a very touching piece of tragedy.—Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Glover are ladies of equal weight in our critical scales. They are both excellent in their way; and now that Mrs.

Davenport has flown from her nest, (fearful lest she should never grow old,) these two ladies form the sole remnant of the old school of comedy. There is a meagreness in the present race, which is not at all to our taste. The cant and false refinement of the present age have extinguished the spirit of humour. Our jokes are spare, contracted, insignificant, verbal abortions. There is little or none of that rich racy humour which set our forefathers laughing, and split the sides of the critics. Our wit is confined to two or three periodicals, and the inexpressible good things of Sam Rogers.

In this dearth of vivacity, it is well, perhaps, for our indifferent writers, that they have Mrs. Chatterley and Miss Chester, Mrs. Keeley and Miss Foote, and the large irregular phalanx of Misses and Mistresses, whose names we have generously forgot, to represent their weary comedies in five and two acts before us, and administer the narcotic properly. We cannot labour all day and laugh ourselves into fits afterwards. We have enough to do to chuckle over the serious follies which "the Press," is perpetually bringing forth.

We descend now to the inferior sex—the men!

Mr. Kean is the first on the roll. Had he not been so much before the public lately, we might indulge ourselves in a more elaborate survey of his pretensions, than we now intend. As an actor, he is certainly an eminent man. He has advanced the histrionic art,—not so much on the whole, we think, as the Kembles, who advanced it in *all* ways, rescuing it from the absurdities of costume, and raising it from the vagabond character which its minor professors had done their best to establish. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten, that Kean was the first man who broke in upon the stage with his natural energy and strength of passion; putting the ancient monotony to flight, and doing a world of good, and some little harm, to the art of acting. Following Kean, comes Mr. Young, formed on the Kemble model; inferior, we think, to either of the illustrious brothers, but still an effective and dashing performer in Pierre and such characters. Then comes Mr. Macready, an actor of the mixed order, blending some-

thing of the florid and familiar with a little of the stiffness of ancient days. He has, however, a prodigious deal of energy and spring of character, and can do capital things when he lets his better genius command him. We were sorry to see this excellent actor underrated and subjected to so much vituperation during his late visits to the London theatres. He deserved better treatment. As to Cooper, Ward, Wallack, Diddear, &c. &c., and the swarm of immortals without names, "the common people of the sky," we must dismiss them each with a pat on the head, and with the most earnest petition that they will let us see as little of them as circumstances will permit.—

First of the comic school, (first, because the only *gentleman* comedian existing,) and at the very top of the heroic—mixing, indeed, the tragic and heroic together, stands—Charles Kemble. We remember him thirty years ago, when,—not to speak it profanely,—he was *not* a first-rate performer. Many persons gave him up as hopeless. And why? Simply because he did not care to exert himself. Eclipsed by his elder brother and sister, who pre-occupied the stage, and obscured by coarser artists, he abandoned himself to the natural tranquillity of his temper, and sank for a time into a secondary actor. But when these impediments were removed, and he had free play for his faculties, he rose at once into his place, and became a model for all chivalrous characters, and a comedian of the first order. His Mirabel, his Falconbridge, his Charles Surface, Mercutio, &c. are parts in which no one living actor can approach him. How utterly unmeaning and insignificant are the efforts of Cooper, and Wrench, and Wallack, &c., and the hard, laborious humour of Mr. Jones, when compared with the easy and brilliant comedy of Charles Kemble. And as he is excellent in the younger parts, so are there several who are excellent in the older characters. There is Dowton, the most testy—Faffen, the most crabbed and fidgetty—Bartley, the most royally good humoured of old men. These three great living antiques are all equally good, in their respective ways. We scorn to institute a comparison between them. We go

to see, and we like to go to see them all. If we are in a state of indignation, we go and sympathize with Dowton; if we are as bitter as wormwood, we go and survey the sharp angles of Farren's visage; and if we are running over with laughter, and ready to jump over the heads of every body we meet, we go and shake hands with Bartley, and echo the untranslatable chuckle, that lives, like immortal music, in his throat. Besides these,—there is Matthews, whose Sir Fretful Plagiary we cannot forget if we would,—nor Teddy, the Tiler (Power), an inimitable Irishman,—nor Blanchard, illustrious in 'Sir Aguecheek, nor—bwt, yes; we have forgotten the rest, all but one, whom we see even now—"in our mind's eye, Horatio." There—by the side of the foregoing, equal with the loftiest, and worthy of that high place—there it is! There stands—THE FACE of Liston.

"(By them stood

*Orcus, and Ades, and the dreaded NAME
Of Demogorgon!—"*

superlative, unfathomable, superhuman—a mystery of comedy and farce—related to no thing—comparable only with itself—a *lusus comedie*, generated in some wild and interlunar period of the art; not like other faces—not like "the human face divine"—not single, simple, and beautiful—but beautiful and complex;—conjoined with something which is scarce a face,—inextricably entangled, like the Siamese twins, and destined to flourish, amidst shrieks and laughter, the sole awful momus of the present century!

THEATRICALIS.

P. S.—There still remains unnoticed a third class—the singers, a sort of amphibious or epicene race; belonging neither to tragedy, nor comedy, nor farce—but sometimes enriching (and now and then spoiling) each in turn. "This is scarcely the place to remark upon them, if we had—which we have not—time to enumerate their thousand and one merits. Their "most sweet voices"—sometimes, it must be owned, not quite equal to the music of the spheres—belong to a different department. A short space however remaining to us, we shall permit the extravagance of our admiration to evaporate in half a dozen sentences.—First and

foremost then, comes Miss Paton, or Lady Lennox, or *quocunque nomine* she may be known—a young lady of considerable science, and infinite airs and graces, some only of which, we confess, meet with our entire approbation:—Then there is Madame Vestris, a clever actress, with a delightful voice, and possessing, amongst other accomplishments, a modest, imperturbable confidence and agreeable self-complacency that never can be enough admired:—And thirdly Miss Stephens, who—years ago (we scorn to remember the number) used to sing more sweetly than a bird. As to the Misses Cawse, Miss Ford, Miss Harfimersley, and Miss Betts, (a formidable brunette,) and a whole aviary besides—had we the ordering of such things, we would uncage them in a moment with the utmost humanity, and let them chirp for ever in the woods.

Mr. Braham (one of the most extraordinary singers that ever lived) is now at his set; scarcely declining, indeed; but rather reposing upon his laurels and Bank stock, like some intellectual epicure, sated with applause. Mr. Sinclair has a fine falsetto voice, but is utterly without sentiment. To our shame be it spoken, his warbling moves us no more than the singing of the tea-kettle. Mr. Wood, Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. Tinney, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Isaacs, and the remainder of the rank and file, may be heard nightly, we believe—"till the sense aches at them:" and so may Mr. Duruset, an unassuming pleasant singer, however; some of whose songs ("Under the Greenwood Tree," for instance, and others) can never be heard too often. He is full of taste, has sentiment without affectation, and merit without pretence.

And with these words we dismiss the Theatres, the Managers, and the Actors; wishing the first fullness, even to repletion; and commending to the second, firmness and liberality, and to the third, a speedy reformation of their errors. It is scarcely possible that that intelligent body, who are so familiar with Shakspeare and the muses, should not improve rapidly under our disinterested advice. Should any stubborn cases, however, appear, we must deal with them individually, and apply, if necessary, the actual cautery. But this is not probable.

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

[Concluded from p. 562.]

Oh, piety audacious !
 Oh, boldness of belief !
 Oh, sacrilegious force of faith
 That then inspired the thief !
 Oh, wonderful extent of love,
 That Saints enthroned in bliss above
 Should bear such profanation ;
 And not by some immediate act,
 Striking the offender in the fact.
 Prevent the perpetration !

But sure the Saint that impulse
 Himself from Heaven had sent,
 In mercy predetermining
 The marvellous event :
 So inconceivable a thought,
 Seeming with such irreverence fraught,
 Could else have no beginning :
 Nor else might such a deed be done,
 As then Pithyrian ventured on
 Yet had no fear of sinning.

Not as that Church he entered
 Did he from it depart,
 Like one bewildered by his grief ;
 But confident at heart.
 Triumphant he went his way
 And bore the Holy Thumb away,
 Elated with his plunder ;
 That Holy Thumb, which well he knew
 Could pierce the Dragon thro' and thro',
 Like Jupiter's own thunder.

Meantime was meek Marana
 For sacrifice array'd,
 And now in sad procession forth
 They led the flower-crown'd Maid :
 Of this infernal triumph vain,
 The Pagans, Priests, precede the train ;—
 Oh, hearts devoid of pity !
 And to behold the abhorr'd event,
 At far or nearer distance, went
 The whole of that great city.

The Christians go to succour
 The sufferer with their prayers ;
 The Pagans to a spectacle
 Which dreadfully declares,
 In this their overruling hour,
 Their Gods' abominable power ;
 Yet, not without emotion
 Of grief, and horror, and remorse,
 And natural piety, whose force
 Prevailed o'er false devotion.

The walls and towers are clustered,
 And every hill and height
 That overlooks the vale, is throng'd
 For this accursed sight.
 Why art thou joyful, thou green Earth?
 Wherefore, ye happy Birds, your mirth
 Are ye in carols voicing?
 And thou, O Sun, in yon blue sky
 How canst thou hold thy course on high
 This day, as if rejoicing?

Already the procession
 Hath pass'd the city gate,
 And now along the vale it moves
 With solemn pace sedate;
 And now the spot before them lies
 Where, waiting for his promised prize,
 The Dragon's chosen haunt is,
 Blacken'd beneath his blasting feet,
 Tho' yesterday a green retreat
 Beside the clear Orontes.

There the procession halted:
 The Priests on either hand
 Dividing them, a long array,
 In order took their stand.
 Midway between, the Maid is left,
 Alone of human aid bereft;
 The Dragon now hath spied her:—
 But in that moment of most need
 Arriving, breathless with his speed,
 Her father stood beside her.

On came the Dragon rampant
 Half running, half on wing,
 His tail uplifted o'er his back
 In many a spiral ring.
 His scales he ruffled in his pride,
 His brazen pennons waving wide,
 Were gloriously distended;
 His nostrils smoked, his eyes flashed fire,
 His lips were drawn, and in his ire
 His mighty jaws extended.

On came the Dragon rampant,
 Expecting there no check;
 And open-mouthed to swallow both
 He stretch'd his burnished neck.
 Pythirian put his daughter by,
 Waiting for this with watchful eye,
 And ready to prevent it;
 Within arm's length he let him come,
 Then in he threw the Holy Thumb,
 And down his throat he sent it.

The hugest brazen mortar,
 That ever yet fired bomb,
 Could not have shocked this fiendish beast
 As did that Holy Thumb.
 He stagger'd as he wheel'd short round,
 His loose feet scraped along the ground,

To lift themselves unable ;
 His pennons in their weakness flagg'd,
 His tail, erected late, now dragg'd,
 Just like a long wet cable.

A rumbling and a tumbling
 Was heard in his inside ;
 He gasp'd, he panted, he lay down,
 He roll'd from side to side ;
 He moan'd, he groan'd, he sniff'd, he snored,
 He growl'd, he howl'd, he raved, he roar'd ;
 But loud as were his clamours,
 Far louder was the inward din,
 Like a hundred braziers working in
 A cauldron with their hammers.

The hammering came faster,
 More faint the moaning sound ;
 And now his body swells, and now
 It rises from the ground.
 Not upward with his own consent,
 Nor borne by his own wings he went ;
 Their vigour was abated ;
 But lifted, no one could tell how,
 By power unseen with which he now
 Was visibly inflated.

Abominable Dragon,
 Now art thou overmatch'd ;
 And better had it been for thee
 That thou hadst ne'er been hatch'd !
 For now, distended like a ball,
 To its full stretch, in sight of all,
 The body mounts ascendant ;
 The head before, the tail behind,
 The wings, like sails, that want a wind,
 On either side are pendant.

Not without special mercy
 Was he thus borne on high,
 Till he appear'd no bigger than
 An eagle in the sky.
 For when about some three miles height,
 Yet still in perfect reach of sight !
 Oh, wonder of all wonders !
 He burst in pieces with a sound,
 Heard for an hundred leagues around,
 And like a thousand thunders.

But had that great explosion
 Been in the lower sky,
 All Antioch would have been laid
 In ruins certainly :
 And in that vast assembled rout,
 Who crowded joyfully about
 Pithyrian and his daughter,
 The splinters of the monster's hide
 Must needs have made on every side
 A very dreadful slaughter.

So far the broken pieces
 Were now dispersed around,
 And shivered so to dust, that not
 A fragment e'er was found.
 The Holy Thumb, (so it is thought,)
 When it this miracle had wrought,
 At once to heaven ascended;
 As if when it had thus display'd
 Its power, and saved the Christian maid,
 Its work on earth was ended.

But at Constantinople
 The arm and hand were shown,
 Until the mighty Ottoman
 O'erhrew the Grecian throne.
 And when the Monks, this tale who told,
 To pious visitors would hold
 The holy hand for kissing,
 They never fail'd, with faith devout,
 In confirmation to point out,
 That there the Thumb was missing.

THE LASS O' CARLISLE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

1.

I'LL sing you a wee bit sang,
 A sang in the aulden style;
 It is of a bonny young lass,
 Wha lived in merry Carlisle.
 An' O, but this lass was bonny,
 An' O, but the lass was braw;
 An' she had goud in her coffers
 An' that was the best of a'.

Sing hey, hickerty, dickerty,
 Hickerty, dickerty, dear,
 The lass that has goud an' beauty,
 Has naething on earth to fear.

This lassie had routh o' wooers,
 As beauty an' wealth should hae:
 This lassie she took her a man,
 An' then she could get nae mae.
 This lassie had bairns galore,
 That keepit her han's astir,
 An' then she dee'd an' was buried,
 An' there was an end o' her.

Sing hey, hickerty, dickerty,
 Hickerty, dickerty, dan,
 The best thing in life is to mak
 The maist o't that we can.

EAST INDIA QUESTION.—NO. III.

EVIDENCE LAID BEFORE PARLIAMENT.

THAT a hundred millions of people should be governed by a few thousands from a distant country, that an extensive empire should continue to own allegiance to a remote and comparatively small island, that the princes of so large and fair a portion of the East should have become subject to the commercial genius of England, embodied in, and acting through the organ of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies—every one acknowledges to form an anomaly in the history of nations. But while many express their surprise and admiration at the existence of a fact so contrary to the predictions of the statesman, and the calculations of the political economist, few take the trouble to enquire into the causes which have enabled the “Company” to triumph over time and distance, religious prejudices and national antipathy; and to form a powerful empire out of the most discordant materials. The Christian, the Mahomedan, the Hindoo, the followers of Buddh and Zoroaster are blended into one political system; and play their several parts as rulers, soldiers, or subjects. While the head-quarters of this empire are established in London, its outposts are placed on the frontiers of China. Yet the most perfect and active communication is kept up between the distant members of this body politic, like the circulation of the blood in the human body, notwithstanding the head and heart are separated by a vast continent, and by a voyage of many thousand miles.

The first thing that strikes us in viewing this wonderful fabric, is the comparatively humble origin from which it sprung, and the gradual advances by which it rose and expanded, as if by an irresistible inherent principle of vigour and greatness in its constitution, till it has reached its present magnitude and eminence. Amid revolutions and wars, foreign and domestic, changes of dynasty and of forms of government, the “Company” has still survived and flourished, like a hardy plant whose root has struck deep, and whose

trunk is too firm to yield to the passing storm. Opposition and rivalry have either sunk before it, or at last joined its ranks; wars threatening its extermination, have at last ended by giving it an increase of territory and revenue. Whether in the cabinet or the field, it has generally come off superior: and Fox was not more successful with his famous India Bill at home, than its rivals, the Dutch or the French, and Tippoo, were abroad. Other dependencies of the crown, apparently much more firmly united to England, as the American states were, have thrown off their allegiance: while India, with no aid from similarity of religion or manners, or from those numerous ties of consanguinity which made America a sister country—remains still faithful to the crown of Great Britain.

As such continued success for a period of two hundred and thirty years could not arise from accident, it affords strong presumptive evidence that there is something in the constitution of the “Company” which works well. In endeavouring to ascertain the cause of this, our attention is first arrested by what appears to be the main spring of the system—the Court of Directors. This Court is composed of twenty-four gentlemen, most, if not all of whom have usually enjoyed great experience in the mode of conducting commercial, financial, and other kinds of public business. Many of them have passed the best period of their lives in India, in the direct superintendence of the civil and military affairs of that country. Indeed, it is the distinction attained in the judicial revenue, and commercial or diplomatic service abroad, which affords the best title to the dignity of Director at home. These twenty-four are divided into various committees, for the sake of giving closer attention to and effecting the more rapid dispatch of the several departments of the public business; and the proceedings of each sub-committee are again open to the revision of the whole body assembled weekly in full court. But

matters of a political character requiring secrecy, are confined to the committee of correspondence.

If we compare this political body with the India Board, the Colonial office, or any other department of the Government, we shall perceive that instead of one or two public men nominally responsible to the nation, through Parliament, for their acts, we have here four and twenty who may be called to account with much greater effect, both in the Court of East India Proprietors and in Parliament. Instead of a minister, whom the fluctuations of party influence may have called to the temporary exercise of power in an office quite new to him, and from the duties of which, most probably he may again be removed, by state intrigue, before he has become qualified to exercise them, we have in the East India Company a number of gentlemen who have been bred up from youth to the knowledge of its affairs in the best possible school—that of active life. By their success in subordinate offices, they have proved their capacity for their present duties, while their personal knowledge of the people over whom they are to legislate, enables them to act with a degree of judgment and consideration which no other system would produce.*

For, undoubtedly, the most valuable principle of the Company's system, is the active superintendence which this board exercises over every part of the administration in India. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to read the official documents and correspondence which have been laid from time to time before Parliament. The clear and comprehensive manner in which all the acts of the local authorities are reviewed, the acuteness displayed in correcting their errors or negligences, the care taken to check wasteful expenditure, with the sagacity and foresight evinc-

ed on political questions, all prove how well the Court of Directors has in general been qualified to exercise its functions, and lessen our surprise that the results of its administration have been so successful.

The uses of the India Board are not so obvious; as Mr. Tucker has observed,† it seems rather an antagonist force, retarding the operation of the machine of Government, than a regulator to direct it. It is called a Board of "Control," and no doubt it was introduced for the express purpose of giving the minister a more direct control over the proceedings of the "Company." But as regards the nation, such a board is of a very ambiguous character. For, as to control, that was already exercised, first by the Court of East India Proprietors, secondly, by the two Houses of Parliament, and thirdly, by the public. Did this new Board of Control present a better title to public confidence than one or all of these checks already existing; or even than the Court of Directors itself? The composition of the Houses of Parliament is too well known to require any remark—unfortunately, there is little prospect of their amendment. But the contrast between the Court of Directors and the India Board is worthy of attention. The Directors are chosen by the suffrages of the public; every man, woman, and child in the kingdom possessed of 1,000*l.* East India Stock, is entitled to vote. There is thus a kind of universal suffrage (of the wealthy) and vote by ballot, (the nearest approach that has yet been made to the two great principles contended for by the most ultra-reformers,) and the Directors may therefore fairly be said to represent the wealth and intelligence of this great commercial country. Whereas the India Board is filled up by the minister of the day; the higher departments in it being mere-

* We regret to observe, that of late years a practice has been growing up, of bringing into the Direction, by coalitions of the Court with the great capitalists in the City, a very different class of men from those who formerly composed it—men who have no personal sympathy with the native population of India, having never been among them; who never probably thought of its affairs till they were made Directors! whose minds are besides too much engrossed in the direction of numerous Dock Companies and Insurance Companies, &c. to have leisure even to look into and become acquainted with the vast and complicated affairs of our Indian empire. If this injurious system be persevered in, the country will, with justice, withdraw its confidence from the Court of Directors, and call for its abolition.

† *Finances of the East India Company.* London, 1824. p. 222.

ly used as a stepping stone to some more envied office, the subordinate situations reserved as a reward for political adherents and dependants.

Those who recommend the total abolition of the Company, and the conversion of India into a King's colony, or in other words the substitution of this Board of Control, or something similar, for all the political functions of the Courts of East India Directors and Proprietors, must have very inaccurate notions of the science of government. In the present system, the Board may be of some utility as a check, and it may lay some claim to public favour, from the resemblance which the India Board, the Courts of Directors and Proprietors bear to the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons in the British Constitution. But to make the Board supersede the other two bodies, must appear as preposterous to any one who really understands the affairs of India, as to Englishmen in general would seem the proposal of making the King's prerogative supersede the functions of the two Houses of Parliament. We ought rather to imitate the example of our ancestors, by whose exertions the royal prerogative was brought within its proper limits. The public ought in like manner to watch with a jealous eye the exercise of this prerogative by the minister over the affairs of India. If the Board of Control, instead of interposing only on great occasions, be allowed to exercise a vexatious interference with every public measure; if the combined experience of the twenty-four Directors may be upset by the presumptuous dictation of some clerk in the India Board, who becomes possessed of supreme wisdom in all matters, moral, political, judicial, and financial, in virtue of his father or uncle having held the high dignity of mayor, provost, baillie, or alderman in some close or rotten borough, by which means he was enabled to help some obsequious ministerial utterer of aye or no into Parliament; the views of the statesman will be miserably frittered away, as now, by mere verbal critics and word catchers, and the foundation of the Indian system, with every thing valuable in it, will soon be completely undermined and destroyed.

The direct assumption of the entire government of India by the minister, (to which this system must inevitably lead,) is to be deprecated in every point of view. Situated as the House of Commons already is, the immense patronage of India thrown into the hands of ministers, would hardly leave a shadow of independence in Parliament. The effect in India would be equally pernicious. Its appointments being now in the gift of Government, the minister and his dependants would have but one interest; that of drawing as much wealth as possible from that country. The public expenditure would rapidly increase, and offices of trust and emolument abroad, instead of being conferred on the most deserving of the middle class of society, would be given to the worst members of the aristocracy, whom the minister could not conveniently dispose of in any other way. The history of the finances of India might then form a proper supplement to that of our diplomatic and consular establishments abroad, the study of which we would prescribe as a useful lesson to the advocates of Indian economy through ministerial management.

It remains for us to consider the constitution of the Court of Proprietors. This body might be rendered a much more efficient auxiliary in the government of India, if the right of voting for Directors were extended by proxy to all creditors of the Indian government abroad. By this simple expedient the natives of India might be admitted with the utmost safety to a certain share in self Government. While such a privilege must serve to attach the wealthier classes to our system of rule, it would form a new bond of union between the two countries. Every British subject abroad, who might aspire to the office of Director at his return, would then feel a deeper interest in cultivating the friendship and conciliating the favour of the native community. The new privilege attached to it, would induce the native capitalists to advance money to the government on better terms, and with increased confidence. If some members of their own body were occasionally to take a part among the rulers of India in Leadenhall Street, the Company would be great gainers by such an

accession of strength. We rejoice to hear that at the present moment a distinguished individual of this class, the celebrated Rammohun Roy, whose fame has long ago preceded him, is expected to come to England, (the first Hindu ever seen in Europe!) in order to aid with his great talents and extensive information in promoting those improvements in the mode of governing India, which may be practicable at the present settlement of the Company's Charter.

We come now to the financial part of the question. The Company has been severely reproached for being in debt, from which it is argued that its affairs are not well managed. This reproach comes with a peculiarly bad grace from some of the opponents of the Company, the Chairman of the late grand meeting of the Free Trade party in Calcutta, personally a most worthy and benevolent man, having become bankrupt within a few days afterwards—the House of Palmer and Co., at the head of which he was, having failed for about four millions sterling—an event which has plunged thousands of families, both in India and in England, into misery and want. Has this ever happened to those who trusted their fortunes to the much-abused Company? The leader of its opponents in England is also, according to his own account, a bankrupt, after bringing from India 10,000*l.*, not his own, and subsisting for years on charitable contributions.

Nor does such a reproach come with a good grace from those who propose transferring India to the direct government of the ministry. The debt of India is not fifty millions; scarcely equal to two years of its annual revenue: our national debt is above 800 millions, nearly equal

to twenty years of our immense public revenue. The interest on the Indian debt is about two millions, or less than one tenth of the gross Indian income: the interest on the national debt is more than two thirds the gross revenue. Yet the British ministers, of whose wasteful expenditure we have every day such flagrant proofs, are recommended to be chosen as trustees to manage in a superior manner the finances of the East India Company! Moreover, the Company's comparatively trifling debt has been incurred in conquering an empire of a hundred millions of subjects, which has been wholly acquired within a few ages, and it has assets to show for the capital it has sunk. But the British Government had only to defend what we already possessed; and with all its vast expenditure it has lost as much territory in America as the Company has acquired in Asia.

Even in this respect, however, we find on reviewing the financial situation of the Company, that the result has not been so unfavourable as has been represented. In order to arrive at a just conclusion on this point, let us take a review of the last forty years; a period which must be quite sufficient to satisfy the public, and during which we have had all the advantage of ministerial superintendence through the Board of Control. Adopting, for the sake of convenience, the financial tables of M. Cesar Moreau, French Vice-consul, a work which has been universally praised, and which is quite free from the suspicion of undue bias, we find that the total *Dt.* and *Cr.* side of the account at the successive intervals of five years, stood nearly as follows in round numbers:—

Years.	Gross Debts, Territ. & Com.	Gross Assets, Territ. & Com.	Surplus Assets, at Home and Afloat.
1792-3 . .	£ 20,000,000	£ 20,000,000	£ 2,000,000
1797 . . .	17,000,000	22,976,000	4,560,000
1802 . . .	23,200,000	28,800,000	11,980,000
1807 . . .	36,700,000	36,800,000	12,600,000
1812 . . .	43,200,000	39,500,000	708,000
1817 . . .	43,000,000	45,288,000	14,000,000
1821 . . .	51,137,000	51,122,000	15,000,000

It must not be supposed, from the above, that the debts of the Company actually amounted to thirty-six, thirty-nine, forty-five, and fifty-one mil-

lions at the successive periods mentioned. Because, *besides* their property in India, they had actual surplus property in England and afloat,

sums due to them, a great part of which might in a short period be converted into money to the amounts given in column third. In 1797, four and a half millions; in 1802, nearly twelve millions; in 1817, about fourteen millions; in 1821, fifteen millions. Hence, though there may be a large apparent increase of debt, the property belonging to the Company has evidently increased in the same ratio. Consequently, all that can be justly inferred from it is, that they have greatly enlarged their transactions and extended their territory. As a proof of this, their territorial revenues have risen during the same period, from 8,200,000*l.* in 1792, to 21,800,000*l.* in 1821-2. Here M. Moreau's tables stop; but the evidence lately laid before Parliament supplies the rest.

In 1821 the territory yielded a clear surplus revenue of 500,000*l.*; in 1822-3, the last year of Lord Hastings's administration, the clear surplus, after paying all expenses, interest of former debt included, was 1,363,479*l.*

Up to 1822-3, therefore, the financial prospect of India was in the highest degree satisfactory. Lord Amherst assumed the reins of power in August, 1823, and the Burmese war ensued. We find, by the evidence before the Lords' committee,

	Principal.	Annual Interest.
1814. May 1st, Indian Debt . . .	£27,002,439	£1,502,217
1827. — — — — — . . .	34,796,836	1,749,068
Increase	£ 7,794,397	£ 246,851

To account for the increase not being larger it is necessary to observe that during this period the Company's commerce has contributed 12,000,000*l.* to assist the territory. Five millions are commercial profits made over to assist the revenue, seven millions undue advantages given to the territory in the rate of exchange.

This sum of twelve millions, by which the Company's commerce has assisted the Indian revenues during the present charter, has for ever settled the question long so keenly contested as to whether or not the Company has traded beneficially, and as to whether the union of commerce with government was advantageous to the finances of India.

that since 1823-4, there has been an increased charge of above four and a half millions annually, being a net increase of 3,726,000*l.* every year. The whole territorial deficiency during the present Charter, has been about 19,000,000*l.*, of which about two-thirds, or nearly twelve millions sterling, have been incurred within the last four years. Six millions of this sum may, therefore, be attributed to the wars against the Nepaulese, Pindaries, and Mahrattas, during the splendid administration of Lord Hastings; the remaining thirteen millions belong to the short and inglorious rule of Lord Amherst, who found India possessed of a surplus revenue of 1,363,000*l.*, and has left it with a prospect of a permanent deficiency of 1,478,000*l.*—An actual deterioration little short of three millions per annum! Yet this man is rewarded with titles and honours; the favour and countenance of ministers and of royalty. No one breathes a censure against the illustrious Earl of Arracan; while the Company on whom he has been inflicted by ministers, are reproached with the debts and calamities which he has brought upon them.

The following is the state of the Indian debt since the commencement of the present Charter :—

Another test which may be applied is that of comparing India with the Colonies under ministerial management. How great is the contrast! Our colonies are all more or less a drain upon the treasury, and a burden upon the nation. Whereas India is yearly pouring its treasures into the mother country, (if we may so call the paramount state, which, instead of nourishing, draws its sustenance from the subject territory). So early as 1810 the sums remitted on account of the private fortunes of individuals drawn from India was estimated at two millions sterling annually. By the statements lately laid before Parliament in the clear and exact evidence of Messrs. Lloyd and Melvill, it appears that the sums

now disbursed in England by the Company on account of territorial charges abroad, including allowances and pensions to retired civil and military officers, interest, &c., amount to three millions annually. This is of course exclusive of the sums remitted as private fortunes through other channels, whether the same be two or three millions, and of the returns of the private trade to India. This gives a total of seven millions sterling annually drawn from India, of which the greater part is never intended to return in any shape, but to remain and enrich this country.

The question that will now strike every reflecting reader is—how is it possible that this immense expenditure can be supplied? The answer is—by the Company's China trade. This is the link between the two countries which solves the great problem of maintaining the British power in India. If the remittances were attempted to be made in gold and silver, the precious metals would soon become so scarce and high priced that it would be impossible to procure them in sufficient quantities, and currency enough would not be left for carrying on the business and government of the country. If such an immense sum were remitted in bills, it would render the government dependant on the operations and intrigues of capitalists, who, for their own private ends, might embarrass the administration in difficult emergencies, thwart great public measures, or exact such terms as must prove ruinous to the public finances. Lately, when the Company invited tenders for bills of exchange on the several Presidencies in India and on Canton, the sum tendered was only 50,000*l.*—a sum quite insignificant as compared with their transactions at a rate of exchange so unfavourable as below one shilling and nine-pence. In like manner money was tendered by the government in India for bills on London, at the rate of one shilling and eleven-pence, which is con-

siderably lower than the Parliamentary rate of exchange—none offered until the failure of Palmer and Co. happened, immediately after which one house took twenty lacs, to meet the emergency. But by means of its commerce the Company has been enabled to effect its remittances from India at an average of two shillings and two-pence halfpenny the rupee, an improvement of above fifteen per cent. on the intrinsic value of the rupee.

The exclusive privilege of trading to China is the great channel by which the Company now effects its remittances, and, as the opponents of the Company know that if they can deprive it of this resource its existence as an organ for ruling India must soon come to an end, the greatest efforts will be made to deprive it of this mainstay of its present system. This part of the question, therefore, deserves a very careful consideration. The advocates of the free trade to China maintain that the country loses a million and a half annually by the monopoly, comparing the prices at which teas are sold by the Company with the prices at which they might be sold by private merchants. Before this can be accurately determined, several points require to be considered, and, first, the effect the monopoly has in keeping down the price and prime cost of the teas in China. With the Company's immense capital, and two years' stock of teas always on hand, it possesses entire command of the market in Canton. Any undue increase of price is effectually resisted, and a deterioration of quality is not tolerated.* But if a host of private traders be allowed to rush into the market, one eagerly competing with another to make up his cargo on the best terms he can, to escape the ruinous charges of freight and demurrage, the Chinese Hong, being a united body like our own Company, will be enabled to dictate their own terms to their now numerous cus-

* When the teas sent are found to be bad, they are thrown into the Thames in shiploads, and deducted from next year's account in China. Will the private trader evince this regard for the health of His Majesty's lieges? Or could he afford to throw away his whole fortune in one cargo? Or could he compel the Chinese Hong to refund the price? But Mr. Huskisson says, for his friends at Liverpool, "All we want is free competition. Let the public judge who sells the cheapest." The vender of sloe-leaves says the same! Let the public judge whether our sloe-leaves or your tea be cheapest. All we want is free competition!

tomers. The prices in China will immediately rise, and the quality will be greatly deteriorated. This country will be inundated by a spurious article, and the Government, for its own protection, will impose a fixed duty, as upon wines; which will thus fall heavy upon the poor by forcing up the price of the inferior teas; while the rich, who least need any indulgence, will be enabled to drink the finer teas on comparatively moderate terms.

To render the tea question clear to the comprehension of every one, let it be observed that,—

The prime cost of the tea in China is for some years past at an average above 2,000,000*l.* annually, or 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb.

Sale prices in London, 3,300,000*l.* annually, or 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.

Ad valorem duty of one hundred per cent., 3,300,000*l.* annually.

Aggregate price paid by the wholesale purchaser, 6,600,000*l.* annually, or 5*s.* per lb.

Hence it appears that the original cost of the tea is one shilling and three pence, on which the Company has an advance of one and three-pence; the Government duty of one hundred per cent. adds two and six-pence more; making the price, as delivered out of the warehouse in London, five shillings per lb. To this the tea-broker, the wholesale dealer, and the retailer add at least two shillings and sixpence more; so that, though sold by the Company at half a crown a pound, it costs the consumer at least on an average from seven to eight shillings. It appears, therefore, that the only part of the price chargeable to the East India Company is the sum of one shilling and three-pence; and this sum, amounting to about sixteen and a-half per cent., is the utmost reduction to be hoped for, supposing the importers of tea from China were to consent to perform that duty to the nation for nothing,—without any profit or reward whatsoever. But as this is not to be hoped for; as even the free traders do not profess this degree of disinterestedness, let us see what would be the consequence of throwing the trade open. In the first place the Company's system is admitted to have had the

effect of keeping down the price of tea in China; for, from the magnitude of its transactions, it acts as a powerful monopoly against the Chinese: and, if there be any truth in the charges against monopoly, this is certain, that it has the effect of turning the market to its own advantage.

On the opening of the trade, therefore, from the effect of competition the prime cost of the tea in China must be greatly enhanced, probably to the extent of half a million, perhaps much more, or it would deteriorate in quality in the same proportion. This sum given annually to the Chinese, whose monopoly or *Hong* may then rule the market uncontrolled, would be for ever lost to the nation; whereas this money, when allowed as profit to the Company, goes to support British shipping and British seamen, and British interests in India, and returns through these various channels to strengthen and enrich this country. Again, by losing the China trade as a channel of remittance, the nation would lose immediately fifteen per cent., as already shewn on the revenues of India annually transferred to and disbursed in this country, a loss equal to about half a million more. This sum also may be regarded as for ever lost to the nation, since it would never reach it. The retired servants of the Company in this country—who look on with eastern apathy, while others are labouring to destroy the hand that feeds them!—must then at once be curtailed of their allowances nearly one fourth, by the adoption of the mercantile rate of exchange instead of that now acted on; and the direct perpetual drain upon that country—totally unlike a trade in which there is an equivalent return—must soon produce such a scarcity of money, and such a depreciation in the value of its produce, that the revenues will more and more decline, both at home and abroad, till it be impossible to carry on the government. Thus are we to sacrifice a million sterling per annum, and endanger the most splendid acquisition of the British crown, in order to enjoy the supreme felicity of having a spurious beverage for breakfast under the name of cheap tea! Its cheapness even is more than problematical; for allowing the free

traders ten per cent. profit on the capital necessary for carrying on the trade. (say 6,000,000*l.*) this sum, above half a million, added to half a million gained by the Chinese Hong, who will then have undisputed sway, will swallow up nearly the whole saving proposed to be effected. The most fallacious of all arguments is the alleged cheapness of teas on the Continent and in other countries, as compared with this. How is the identity of quality to be ascertained? and supposing it were so, what does it prove? Why is the price of every thing almost that can be named so relatively high in this country? why is the price of butcher's meat, an indispensable necessary of life, raised 100 per cent. before it reach the consumer,—or that of fuel 200 per cent.? Because we live in a country loaded with a debt of nearly a thousand millions—a country in which the merchant, the broker, the retailer, &c. down to the carrier and common porter, must consequently demand a higher price for their capital, skill, and labour, in order to live and bear the public burdens; and where consequently, if the monopoly were annihilated and the ports thrown open to-morrow for the tea of all nations, it must still be dearer in this country than in any other.

The rational part of the public will

see that they have a much shorter and surer way of attaining the object desired. Let the Directors of the Company be called upon to conduct the trade in a more economical manner. The late attempts to reduce their civil and military expenditure, (a most ungracious and irksome duty,) prove that there is a capability of enforcing retrenchment. We may then enjoy all the advantages proposed, without the danger of completely overthrowing a fabric which it has taken above two hundred years to raise, and involving the nation in the wreck. We have bestowed some praise on the wisdom evinced by the Court of Directors in former times. We are no parasites, and have no inclination to flatter our contemporaries. On the contrary we will say, that if the present Court do not bestir themselves to meet the national wishes, by curtailing the excrescences of their commercial system, and rectifying the jobs and abuses which can no longer be tolerated, they are unworthy of their predecessors, and of the high and responsible office they now hold, and they will deserve to see the ignominious downfall of an empire which might still have added many glorious pages to the memorable transactions of their native country.

EVENING,

AFTER A PICTURE, BY SCHILLER.

SINK, radiant God; the parching meadows thirst
For fresh'ning dew; men languish in thy beams;
Unnerved the weary brutes
Behind the waggons sink.

Behold, reclining on th' empurpled wave,
Who welcomes thee with smiles! Doth thy heart know?
Swift, swiftly urge thy steeds,
Thy sea-queen, Thetis, waits.

Quick from his car, the God of day springs down
In loving arms embraced; Love checks the reins—
The fiery coursers stand,
And drink the cooling tide.

O'er the empyrean, with soft steps and slow,
Ascends the mist-robed night; sweet loves attend
Her train; and Phœbus sleeps
By blue-eyed Thetis lull'd.

S. D. E.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

BY D. M. MOIR.

[Continued from page 426.]

V.

"My footsteps rove now where they roved,
 My home is chang'd; and, one by one,
 The old familiar forms I loved,
 Are faded from my path and gone."

MOULTRE.

THE day of my departure arrived; but Anna Singleton I saw not, for she was so ill as to be confined to bed. To me this was the most insupportable of all my augmented agonies. Fevered, doubtless, my passions at that time were, and all objects were contemplated by me through the haze of a heated imagination; yet, even as I now write, in the calm of melancholy retrospection, after a lapse of thirty-seven years, I cannot but think how much of my misery would have been alleviated, if fate had granted me the opportunity of bidding her a simple farewell before we parted—if I had been allowed to touch her hand, or (how dearer far!) to press her lips to mine—to fold her in a first and last embrace—to pour out the torrent of my feelings towards her—to tell her that my passion for her bordered almost on sinfulness—that day and night her image haunted me—and that though we might never meet again here, she would live in my inmost heart, until my dying hour.

The window of her bedroom looked into the garden, and I kept pacing round and round the walks, in the vain hope of perhaps seeing her for a moment at the casement; till, the mail hour arriving, I was hurried away towards the metropolis, fretting myself into a fever. Ah! thought I, perhaps the dismal prospect of our separation has pressed upon Anna's mind, and yet I have been silent—I have not given her words of sweet consolation—I have not conjured her to put an unlimited trust in my fidelity! Perhaps, again responded agonizing doubt, it might be quite otherwise, and she has shut herself up, to avoid the outpouring of a passion, which she disdained. Or, if she be really sick—and my heart smote me for harbouring unjust suspicions of one single-hearted as the briar-rose—if she be really sick, forgetfulness may come with health, and the day be not far distant when she may care

not to waste a sigh on him, who, after entrapping her affections, could leave her father's dwelling, without mentioning his place of destination, or explaining his prospects—without even taking leave of her, or invoking a blessing on her head. So she will think to do well in blotting me from her memory; and, mingling with new friends, she will form new attachments—the past shall be shunned as an unwelcome visitant, and every recollection of what hath occurred between us shall vanish from her memory like a melancholy morning dream.

Transferred from the quiet of rural shades to the heart of the mighty metropolis, I was for a few days after my arrival exceedingly miserable.—Amid the tremendous mass of population, I felt my fractional insignificance so bitterly, that my mind, overcome by a sense of profound humility, almost lowered itself down to despair. In a little while, however, when custom had taken off the edge of novelty, and when the overwhelming objects around me were beginning to lose their impression of extinguishing preponderance, my feelings commenced flowing in a new channel; a weight seemed as if removing from off me; and perhaps as much comfort, all things considered, was my portion, as could possibly attend a being so responding and sensitive as nature had formed me.

A month passed over and I commenced my medical studies, if not with enthusiasm, at least with the determination to be as industrious and attentive as possible. Many things occurred to shock me, especially in the anatomical department, and I have loathed to see, what propriety of feeling prompts me to bury for ever in silence—let us draw the curtain of oblivion over all scientific horrors. I battled against the fastidiousness and the squeamish delicacy of my impressions with the whole force

of my understanding; but my heart and natural feelings never could become parties to what I witnessed; and though I endeavoured to consider the disgusting spectacles before me, not by themselves simply abominable, but as the details of a noble and generous system, at the same time I perceived with a punctuous sorrow, that all my romantic ideas of the constitution of human society, of life, and man, and nature, were passing from me like shutting flowers at nightfall; and that if my mind could not preserve its energy undiminished, I ran imminent risk of subsiding into a misanthropic and gloomy fatalist.

My revered instructor, Dr. Singleton, continued most parentally to keep up a correspondence with me, and about two months after my arrival in London, I received a letter from him, couched in terms of "the most affectionate interest." In it he encouraged me to assiduity in my studies, and assured me that a man's success in life depended in almost every case on his own exertions and deserts—that my being left almost without relations, instead of being a cause of disheartening, ought to be an additional stimulus to my getting on; as where there were the fewest helps to success, there was the greater honour in attaining it. Thus far, all was well; and, as I read, the glow of emulation expanded my bosom; but if the body of this letter nerved my heart, the postscript completely unstrung it; for, alas! it only spoke of his daughter's rapidly declining health!

Here again my prospects were all once more suddenly clouded; the garden of existence smiled as if about to burst into bloom, and the whirlwind of desolation passed over it. Where now was my industry? I tried to study, but closed my books in disgust. I lost all relish for employment; and abstracted, downcast, and moody, I became the sport of

my sensations. The acquaintances I had begun to form were broken off, and I shunned society as the face of an enemy. It is true, that, as by a mechanical impulse, I continued to attend lectures with my wonted regularity, but instead of following Albinus, Camper, and Monro, my thoughts were far away, wandering amid my old haunts by the sylvan Ouse, conjuring up the loveliness of Anna Singleton, or mourning over her beauty in pale decay.

Circumstances so hemmed me round, and perplexed me, that I had become, as it were, incapable of thinking or acting for myself. Dr. Singleton was, at least I have every reason to suppose so, unconscious of the tender ties subsisting between his child and myself; and of course I had no feasible excuse to offer for abandoning my studies at mid-term, and go down to visit him. What was I to do? Self-abandoned to despair, was I to remain in listless idleness, while events, which were moulding my destiny for ever, were hurrying on around me. Was the object of my heart's delirium to languish on the bed of sickness, perhaps of death, to pine in loneliness without being cheered by a single word of mine, assuring her how dearly she was beloved, and how deeply her illness was lamented. Alas! without incurring the imputation of insanity, I felt that I must remain silent, and suffer in my "hope deferred" all the anxiety with which fear and affection can torture the human bosom.

For several days I could not eat a morsel, and to lie down at night was frightful, for sleep seemed to have fled from my pillow for ever. That there is a state of earthly wretchedness more complete than mine was during this agony of suspense, I fain would not hope; yet was my misery uncombined with guilt, and all my sorrows arising from the intensity of innocent affections.

VI.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer;
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear."

HEBER.

As the velocity of falling waters increases according to the depth of their descent, so do the most violent

passions of the human mind soonest wear themselves out. All bitter was my misery on hearing of Anna Sin-

gleton's illness, and so intense was my anxiety for her recovery, that, I verily believe the loss of reason itself must have followed a protracted suspense: but scarcely had a week elapsed ere another letter arrived.

I trembled when it was delivered to me, for the superscription was in a hand well known to me. On turning it over, merciful heavens! the seal was black! My heart throbbed—fluttered—paused—then beat with a violence that pervaded every limb, and almost ere the servant had left the apartment, I started up and tore the sheet open in a paroxysm of delirious anguish. All my dreadful anticipations were too well founded. Anna Singleton was no more! She had departed to a sencer and happier world. Her spirit was now beyond the contamination of sin—beyond the reach of woe. She had died in peace with, and beloved by all; full of benevolence and serene faith. Her sun had gone down in cloudless light; but what but darkness remained for me? I struck my clenched hand on my forehead with frantic wildness; then stood, as a being incapable of comprehending the extent of my misery, in the unmeaning apathy of despair. What reason had I to lament? My repinings were sordid and selfish. Anna Singleton was, or ought to have been to me, far more than life itself, and she was forever removed from the sins and the sorrows of earth, to the bowers of paradise, to the society of angels, and of blessed spirits—and was I to deplore that she was happy—eternally happy! In a moment my soul was cased in adamant. I shed not a tear, but ordering away the meal I had not tasted, shut myself up to suffer in darkness and silence. The tower of my hope had been suddenly dashed to the ground, and scattered in ruin. The rock on which I had founded all my schemes of future felicity had been shivered to its foundations by the earthquake of despair. The waters had passed over my beacon-light; for me, life was now but a troubled deep without a guiding star; like a castaway, whose bark has been swamped, I was left to swim amid the pathless, boundless, and unbridled waters. Misery for me had received its crowning consummation, and, happen what

might, nothing could afflict me more. Changed for me, in a twinkling of the wings of Time, was the aspect and the object of existence. Circumstances had conspired to leave me without a hope, and without a fear: yet scarcely had I reached the verge of manhood, an orphan, and almost a misanthrope.

There was one passage, however, in this fatal letter which fell pleasantly on my sorrows, as the dew on the parched herb, and dropped balm on my rankling and incurable wounds. "The day, preceding her death," wrote Dr. Singleton, "my dear child, as I was sitting by her bed-side, with her hand in mine, mentioned one or two of her friends, to whom, when all was over, she entreated to be kindly remembered, and more especially you, of whom she thought with affection, even in her dying hours."

Night approached, and mental distress had thrown me into a high and raging fever; lights seemed to flash before my eyes, and a dull, dreary, continuous noise as of many waters sounded in my ears. The pulses throughout my frame throbbed so distinctly, that I could feel them in every limb, and a dull leaden weight lay stiflingly on my breast, impeding respiration. I threw myself on my bed, and immediately wild dreams began to haunt me: the fantastic visions of a heated imagination were all out in array. Now I was in central forests, beneath umbrageous boughs, tossed to and fro, ever to and fro, with a creaking noise, by some mighty rushing wind. 'Twas midnight on the dim broad river, and boats without passengers were drifting up and down. As the lightnings flashed over, I beheld the bare beetling rocks on which I stood, and, looking up to heaven, all was black and starless. Now I was startled by wild animals rushing from thickets in savage hunger; and now I ran with fettered feet from their glaring eyes and ruthless fangs, until I reached the ocean—a mighty expanse of waveless waters, gloomy and sunless. A panther was making his spring at me, and I plunged over the rock to avoid him; away and away I swam; all was silent around, there was the monster behind me, buffeting the waves with his catlike paws. We were now out of sight of shore,

the surface of the sea was wrinkled by large inky raindrops, which melted in the flood with a hissing sound. I felt my strength exhausting, and breathed as it were liquid fire, when, looking fearfully back, I saw my drowned enemy floating on the waters, and large black birds flapping their wings over him. Then a terrific thought struck me, that the ocean had no bottom, and I felt myself sinking rapidly down, down—the noise of the waters thundering in my ears as I sank; and all was dark save a single lurid ray that shot, as from the setting moon, deep into the wilderness of waves! The sea-monsters fled startled from me as I descended, with their enormous fins, and their fanlike tails; and some had legs like crocodiles; and with their sprawling web-feet they menaced me as I descended. Still did I sink and sink, till an insensibility came over me, and I clutched at the sea-weeds, which gave way in my grasp—and ever gave way, unable to support my weight, till I fell through a clear aerial expanse, lighted by pale, pale stars, till at length my feet touched a rock—and the rock opened—and, lo! a glimmering passage, through which I wandered; yet far, far above, as in a firmament, I heard the floods howling, and as I groped through the awful caves, I saw at length a lamp hanging from the roof by a rusty iron chain. Beneath its faint light frowned a huge iron-studded door, which creaked on its hinges as I pushed it open. Before me lay a far stretching vault hung around with the emblems of mortality. Over the floors were scattered yellow mouldering human bones, as of those who had been dead many hundred years, and tressels were ranged around the walls, on which were placed coffins, exhibiting the dead in their last looks, and ghastly habiliments. The farther extremity was occupied by an immense mirror, at each side of which flared a large unsnuffed torch. I looked in, but it was only a reflected view of the dismal cemetery. No living sound was stirring; but as I gazed I perceived a figure with long hoary locks, wrapt up in a black mantle, peering over my shoulder. My flesh crept on my bones with a sudden tremor, and as I started from the

fiend, I gave a fearful cry, and instantly awoke.

My landlady was wetting my lips with some cooling liquid, and a physician was standing beside her with a light in his hand, as if he had just been leaning over me.

When my agitation had a little subsided, and I was made to comprehend my situation, I asked him, in a hurried manner, what he thought of my case? But his only answer was an injunction to remain quiet. I again closed my eyes, not to sleep, but to contend with the monstrosities of a distempered imagination; and I lost all perception, the two succeeding days being a blank in my memory.

At length I awoke, as from a long and deep sleep, but feeble as a babe; and such was my languor, that though restored to sensation, I opened not my lips till the fourth day. With returning strength, however, the sense of my misery returned. Again I felt that for me earth was henceforth only a wider prison—a pleasureless domicile—a desolate wilderness. And shall Anna Singleton be committed to the cold and insatiate grave—perhaps she is already there, I thought—without my so much as making an effort to touch her hushed lips; without my so much as gazing on her insensate remains; without my so much as dropping a single tear on her coffin? Forbid it, Heaven, and avert it, Mercy!

A wild and unwonted strength returned to my frame; and, starting from bed, with trembling, hurried fingers, I dressed myself for my journey. While adjusting my neckcloth at the mirror, I almost shuddered at the survey of my own haggard, sunken, and pallid features; but I was too earnestly bent on my purpose to hesitate for more than a single moment; and, throwing my cloak over my shoulders, I was rushing to the door of my apartment, before I discovered that I had forgot my hat. My nurse, alarmed at the sound of footsteps, entered, and gazed with an air of astonishment at beholding me dressed; then, instantly withdrawing, without opening her lips, I heard her hastening down stairs to the kitchen. I saw at once that she thought me delirious, and was in

search of assistance to secure me—and the thought operated like magic. She had neglected to bar my egress; and so, to avoid the torrent of expostulation, I staggered away into the streets.

Hurrying through some cross lanes, to avoid the probability of being overtaken, I got into a postchaise, and was driven off. We travelled during the whole day, the ensuing night, and part of the morrow. Absorbed in my own dismal speculations, I hardly deigned a glance without; and when I did so, the scenes were strange to me. At length I recognised the familiar hills with their waving forests and pastoral green sides; passed villages

through which I had sauntered on holidays—was life ever to have another holiday for me?—and saw the river rolling through valleys, from which I had brushed the dews of summer. Nearer and nearer we came to the nucleus of concentrated misery. The trampling of the horses' feet, and the rattling of the carriage wheels sounded dismal as we passed down the short avenue of beeches that led to the house. The school-yard was crossed; not a foot was stirring, the boys being for a time dispersed to their homes. At length the horses were drawn up, and in a state of indescribable agony I entered the house.

VII.

“ The Autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest ;
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !”

SCOTT.

Old Margaret, a domestic, who had been familiar to the mansion of Dr. Singleton for eight and twenty years, was the first who came to accost me. Familiarity and custom had made her a privileged person, and almost as one of the family; for, to add to her other claims, she had been the nurse of her who was no more. As we met in the lobby she put forth one hand to me, as with her other she raised her apron to her eyes and wept aloud, saying, “ Ah, is it you at length? Come away, Mr. Henry. Had you been here earlier, perhaps my sweet young mistress had not died so soon—but it is all over now !”

My kind old preceptor seemed utterly disconsolate, and, while he talked of resignation, the big tears chased each other down his venerable cheeks. For some time neither could utter a syllable, and we sat down in silence. At length he welcomed my arrival, as the funeral was to take place on that day; and, at my request to be led to the room where the remains of his beloved daughter lay, the mournful boon was immediately granted.

Oh, death! death! thou art an

an awful, a terrific thing. How altered was the countenance of the beautiful!! It was pale, and cold, and frozen, in all its lineaments. Shrouded in the habiliments of the grave, it lay like a waxened image—a stiff insensate form, mantled in plaited folds and melancholy ruffles. My heart died within me, as I surveyed the awful change wrought by the destroyer; and, taking the chill hand in mine, I could not help muttering involuntarily to myself—is this the object of all my desires? Is this what I pined for—

“ Day and night,
With love and longings infinite !”

The lid of the coffin rested against the wall. I read, on the silver plate, the name and the age of its inmate: “ Anna Singleton, aged Nineteen.” And, as hovering around it were the figures of angels, with palms in their hands—figures, that, though the work of human craft, seemed visible heralds from the region of “ the Shadow of Death.”

And such is earthly hope, methought, and such is earthly love! I have done with them. A glorious image filled the vacancy of my soul

—it has been dashed from its pedestal, and none other shall ever occupy its place. Farewell to the vanities of the world.

In the depth of my sorrow, I had prayed that death might carry me off, for I wished to die, that I might be buried in the same grave with her I loved, but the iron aspect of the destroyer repelled me; the moveless calm of silence horrified me; its everlasting "obstruction" chilled my heart, and I clung to life, with all its misery, as the shipwrecked sailor clings to the floating plank, though aware that the surges can only float him to a strange and uninhabited shore. The dull grey cloud of desolation fell over my spirit, and I felt that happiness was no more for me. Sunshine was to be for ever a thing of the past.

Pacing to the window, I rested my arm on the sash, and gazed abroad over the garden into the far country. The afternoon was gloomy: and the wind sighed through the leafless trees, which waved to and fro as if in mockery of my grief. Large rain-drops beat against the panes, and trickled down the frame. I felt disconsolate—existence was like a polar shore—earth, the abode of cheerless discomfort. The distant hills were bare and dim, and I heard fitfully the low of the oxen in the plashy meadows; then, turning round with a despairing spirit and a bereaved heart, I felt myself alone with the dead in a solitary chamber, and be-

held the silver-shielded coffin, with its white-robed lifeless tenant.

I took a last, lingering look—the fountain of tears was dried up, I could not weep—I tried to tear myself away, but could not. The "dread note of preparation" sounded in my ears, and from the tread of footsteps, the opening and shutting of doors, and the grating of successive carriage-wheels on the gravel, I was made aware that the funeral hour approached. Big drops of perspiration, extorted by the agony of my sensations, trickled down my forehead, and, to supplant the fevered strength of my over exertion all my former feebleness returned. Every thing seemed in motion, and staggering, as if through intoxication, I sank upon the floor.

What followed, I know not; but when perception returned, I found myself in bed, in a darkened room. "It is all over now!" I exclaimed. "We parted without so much as one mute farewell look. She sickened without my approaching to cheer her suffering couch by affectionate office, or soothing word. She died without my giving her a farewell kiss; and they have laid her in the cold, dark grave, while I was slumbering on the bed of apathy!" Arise, awake, dreamer to thy duty—to shame—to a sense of thy misery. I dashed my clenched fist against my brow, and groaned aloud in agony of spirit.

VIII.*

"It must not be—I may not trust
My fancy with the fond review;
Go—perish in the silent dust,
Ye dreams, that bright with transport, grew.
I wake—as 'midst wild ocean's roar,
When round some bark the breakers rave;
And now no beacon marks the shore,
No guiding star illumines the wave."

PRINGLE.

It was December. Day had closed his eye in the pale west, and the evening sky, frosty and cloudless, glittered with a myriad of tiny lustres; when, contrary to the solicitations of my friends, and especially of Dr. Singleton, I rose to set out on my homeward journey—if home I might be said to possess, who expected comforts nowhere. I bade

adieu to the scene of my love's and school recollections with the strange but strong resolution of never more revisiting it—and I have kept my determination unbroken.

As I was leaving the house, Di, the favourite little dog of Anna Singleton, knowing my voice, crept crouchingly forward, and fawned upon my hand. I could not endure its

pitiful look, and when I thought of the days, when, a happy trio, we had roamed amid the sylvan scenery of Ouse, my heart died within me. Old Margaret informed me that the poor creature had not tasted food since the loss of its mistress.

Wrapt up in my cloak, I reclined in the carriage with closed eyes, ruminating on my melancholy fate, and utterly insensible either to change of place, or lapse of time. Thoughts, dark and dismal, flitted across my memory in perplexing and gloomy succession; but the pause of the driver amid the darkness at length broke my reverie, and caused me to look out upon the night. All was still and shadowy; nought was to be heard but the quaver of the boughs in the casual breeze, and the monotonous murmur of distant waters. The sky was partly overcast with dark masses of cloud, between which, here and there, a twinkling star looked down over the comfortless earth. On each side of the level road were venerable woods, which, by their umbrageous clumps, added more complete dreariness to an already sufficiently dreary scene.

On fingering my watch, I discovered that it was past eleven, and the east began to shew traces of the rising moon, by the infusion of a glimmering light into that portion of the sky, and shortly afterwards the waning ominous orb shewed itself, leaning in dusky solemnity on the girdle of the silent horizon. I looked earnestly before me for some time, but still trees—trees—trees appeared and passed behind in rapid succession, and apparently endless, till at length, having gained the open plain, I almost immediately observed, between me and the faint lunar radiance, the gloomy outlines of the Gothic building, at the foot of which the decaying relics of her who was the morning star of my existence,

lay in their silent, solitary mansion.

As I gazed with a mixture of melancholy and miserable feelings on the frowning massiveness of the holy, ancient pile, we drew nearer—nearer—and nearer; till, at length, we had almost passed it. Could it be so? No! With a heart burning within me, as I thought of the soft auburn hair, the glowing cheek, the bright blue eyes, and the entrancing voice of her, now low laid in dust, I leapt out, and rushed towards the churchyard. The great gate was locked, but, knowing that the walls were in some parts dilapidated, I was not long in effecting an entrance. Was it a light that I beheld? No, it could only be my own feverish imagination! And the stir?—it could be only the rustle of the rank grass on the tombstones! I paused, and listened, and again looked round: all was still and reposing in that wide city of the dead.

The intensity of my feelings allowed no scope for hesitation, and, winding in sombre twilight, I strode hastily from grave to grave, over wooden cradles, and iron railings, and stone monuments, towards the eastern corner, where the wreck of all my cherished happiness was deposited.

The door of the enclosure was open, and I threw myself on the newly roofed grave, around which the dark mould was scattered, and yet lay sprinkled about carelessly. The midnight dews had fallen upon it, and with them I mingled my tears. The melancholy winds sighed over it, and I gave sigh for sigh. The sleep of death was within it, and I longed to sleep that dreamless sleep. I thought of past times—of her that lay below, and my heart shrank within me. I called aloud on her name, in agony of spirit, but the owls alone from the gloomy towers whooped an answer in mockery!

IX.

“Who, that ’mid a desert’s heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they.”

MOORE.

Wrecked in hopes, and conscious in mind, from nature and circumstances, that I was now rendered a

being unfit for the bustle and business of society, yet, as by a mechanical impulse, I returned to the scene

of my studies; studies destined to fit me for a profession I had resolved to abandon as soon as I came of age. I knew that my fortune would be considerable, even after my sister's portion was paid out of it; and what object of ambition remained on earth that could make me wish to augment it?

For many and many a month day followed day in cheerless and pleasureless succession; and night was to me a season of sleepless regret, for my miseries were aggravated by the shattered state of my naturally too-irritable nerves. I made several determined efforts to rid myself of this nightmare of the imagination, but in vain; and resolved, in memory of Anna Singleton, to wear black for the remainder of my life—a resolution I have never once even broken through or regretted.

Shunning society, and shutting myself almost altogether up from the ongoings of life, I felt myself among mankind but scarcely of them; and I know not how long this state of seclusion had continued, had I not been recalled to myself and the world by a sense of filial duty.

My sister Matilda was, as I mentioned before, only five years old at the death of my mother, and consequently, scarcely conscious of the awful loss we had sustained. At the time I was placed under the tuition of Dr. Singleton, she was taken home by Mr. Elton, one of our guardians, and in his house was educated by a governante, along with his own two daughters.

This gentleman was a retired merchant, who had had his feelings seared and his coffers filled by a long residence in one of the West India islands, where his acquaintance with my father, who had the command of the military on that station, commenced. On his return to England, he had married the heiress of Chellington park, a valuable estate in Sussex, and finally taken up his residence there.

So situated, Matilda and I were not in the habit of meeting, save for a few days every second or third year during the Midsummer or Christmas holidays; and although the peculiarity of our circumstances might have naturally tended to loosen the bonds of filial affection, yet we re-

mained very dear to each other, probably from the feeling that so little of our family blood now ran in living veins. She was now a tall beautiful girl of sixteen, quiet and retired in her manners, but with a stately reserve, which, to common observers, was a little apt to be mistaken for pride. Like most beings so constituted, her affections were ardent, her sympathies and antipathies were any thing but lukewarm; and, to her justice be it spoken, that those who knew her intimately loved her best.

Notwithstanding his want of attentions to my sister, as our guardian, she had grown up to be an accomplished as well as a beautiful creature. Mr. Elton was completely a man of the world, and evinced this both in his private and political acquaintances, and in his bowing down to the Baal of wealth; never allowing what he considered as trivial circumstances, to stand much in the way of his convenience. By many he was lauded, and he was not insensible to his own laudations, for the dutiful interest which he had taken in our family concerns; but his control over our pecuniary matters was an item totally overlooked by the multitude. His ulterior conduct, however, towards my sister, evinced the operation of those principles which guided his conduct.

I was now within a few months of coming of age, and had resolved on dedicating a few years to foreign travel, whenever fortune put me in possession of the means for carrying my plans into execution. From the resolution I had taken of remaining single, I knew that I should have an ample sufficiency for all my wants; more especially as, shunning the gay world, I had no inclination but for studious or contemplative retirement.

While anxiously looking forward to the time when I was to be my own master, and the manager of my own concerns, I received a letter from Matilda, which instantly took me into Sussex. It is unnecessary for me to enter into a minute detail of the business, but the leading circumstances were as follow.

A long cherished mutual attachment between my sister and Frederick Elton, the heir of Chellington Park, had been discovered by the father's proposing to his son the eli-

gibility of the union of their family with that of a notable baronet in the neighbourhood, through whose borough influence he calculated on the securing of a seat in parliament. The disappointment, the wrath, the fury of the old gentleman on this development of affairs, can scarcely be conceived. He summoned Matilda into his chamber, and, after a pompous recital of all the benefits he had bestowed on our ill-starred family, taxed her with having acted with the basest ingratitude in having entrapped the affections of one whom she knew, or ought to have known, she never could have looked forward to as her husband. This was too much for a being so highly minded and of such delicate feelings as my sister possessed to bear without open and instant rebellion. The meekness, the almost servility with which she had for so long a series of years accustomed herself to bow to the opinions, and obey the behests of one to whom she had looked up with almost filial reverence, was, as by the touch of a talisman, thrown aside, and, instead of the quiet, retiring, obedient creature he had always found her, he beheld before him a woman of dignified soul, determined resolution, and intellectual strength, conscious of insult, and able to resist it.

With a force of character almost peculiar to herself, Matilda demanded a conference with Frederick, and, stifling the strong emotions of her bosom, she endeavoured to persuade him that an engagement formed as theirs was, in secret, between such young persons, and, as it turned out

in direct opposition to the wishes of their friends, could not be considered as obligatory, and ought to be immediately broken off by mutual consent. That it was for her happiness as well as his that this request should be complied with, and that each should endeavour to bury in oblivion all that had passed between them.

Young Elton was, no doubt, as much struck as his father could possibly be at this change from gentleness and confiding affection, to a stoical indifference or haughty regardlessness. His pride, too, was not a little touched, that he could thus be thrown off on the instant like a cloak loosely worn, and that feelings, which had taken years in their fostering, could be nipt by an hour's frost. He endeavoured to remonstrate and to exculpate himself from any supposition of having entered into his father's views; but still, as the Jew merchant's answer to the entreaties of Bassanio, was, "The pound of flesh," the resolute words of my sister were, "let our clandestine engagement be broken off."

Notwithstanding all this, however, poor Frederick could not so easily be off with the old love and on with the new, and, for a full month, resisted the importunities of his father. The truth at last began to be developed, and it appeared that old Mr. Elton, without so much as consulting his son on the subject, had, so far as a year ago, entered into arrangements with Sir Simon Hargrave concerning a matrimonial alliance between the two families.

X.

' So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies
All that the world is proud of.'

WORDSWORTH.

Had I not possessed as much of our family pride as my sister, my first impulse would have been to call Mr. Elton or his son to immediate account; but, screwing myself up to that point of feeling, from which, as the representative, although rather the decayed one, of a long line of progenitors, who had moved in the foremost rank of England's gentry, I could look on no alliance as beyond my sister's right or expectation, I unhesitatingly accorded with her views,

and, without deigning to hear the old gentleman's proffered exculpation, carried my sister away with me to a retired situation in the neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surrey.

Having heard accounts of my money matters quite to my satisfaction, and being on the eve of having their management committed to my own care, I abandoned my medical studies for ever, with the feeling that, as nature and circumstances had rendered me unfit for the pursuits of active

life, my only chances of spending life with any degree of comfort were to be sought for in rural seclusion. Could I really have ever been a happy and contented being, the tranquil beauty of that residence was fitted to confer that state. I read, and walked; my moons were spent in exploring the picturesque and luxuriant country around, and my evenings in the society of my beautiful and accomplished sister. Although her situation was, all things taken into consideration, more to be deplored than mine, she bore up with an equanimity and firmness which disgraced my feeble efforts. In her countenance was depicted the calm of better worlds, and the only indication of melancholy that I could discover about her, was her delight in the performance of sombre and pathetic airs. The harp was her favourite instrument, and often beside the honeysuckle festooned lattice I have sat, dreaming away the hour of summer twilight, listening to sounds that indeed "took the prisoned soul, and lapped it in elysium."

Like the rust eating away the sheathed sword, the canker of grief was all the while, however, preying on her silent heart; and one day, when I entered the parlour unexpectedly, I found her sitting dissolved in tears. It was not till some weeks afterwards, that I discovered that one of the domestics had carried home to her the rumour of Frederick Elton's immediate marriage with Miss Hargrave—a story, which, on investigation, I found to be quite correct.

The struggle, which had been so long and so successfully kept up in secret, now began visibly to manifest its effects. The subject was one almost too delicate for me to touch upon, and from it her high-toned and noble mind kept shrinking aloof. There was nothing for it but to bear in silence, she, the burden of a broken heart, and I, the misery of beholding the only being linked to me by the ties of kindred blood, hopelessly sinking into the grave.

The summer had passed away, and earth, assuming its looks of wintry desolation, added a deeper shadow to the sorrows of human life. Poor Matilda was now much thinner, and her cheeks had lost the rose tints of health. I could scarcely get her fer-

retted out of her chamber to a forenoon saunter—and her very amusements at length became irksome.

As a last resort, I determined on our spending the winter in London; and to London we went, with a tacit compliance on her part, which seemed to augur ill for its proposed good effects.

Studiously avoiding all recognitions, which might lead us into society, we lived in the bustle of the great Babylon, as among mankind, but not of them; and for awhile I flattered myself that the change of scene and situation had operated in a not unfavourable manner on my engaging companion; but another shock upset all my pleasing speculations; for one day, as we were sauntering through one of the squares, a carriage drew up before us, and out stepped a gentleman and lady, to whom I at first paid no particular attention, until called to do so by the trembling which passed through the arm which lay within mine, and I recognised, although not with the intuitive perception of Matilda, the person of Mr. Frederick Elton, and his feather-bedagged bride.

With much difficulty I got her conveyed home, for she abhorred the scene of calling a coach, assuring me that there were no fears about her strength. She had, however, been taxed to the utmost; for no sooner had she thrown off her bonnet, when she fainted on the sofa, and for a long time we were unable to restore her to a sense of what was going on around her. The consequence of all this was a sudden fever. Daily she grew weaker and worse; and, as night and day I watched by her bedside, hourly did the conviction flash more impressively over my mind, that this, the last and brightest light of our house, was about to be extinguished. I could not reconcile myself to this awful dispensation of providence; although, alas! it appeared and was unavertible. She never once breathed the name of him, whose fate had been so inauspiciously linked with her own; and, early one morning, as I awoke from slumber, on a chair by her bedside, I found the hand, which was locked within my own, cold.—I was now an isolated being among mankind.

(To be continued.)

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

"En vérité, ceux qui s'acharnent contre le Magnétisme ont bien tort; car s'il n'est pas vrai, il est au moins bien plaisant."

THE Animal Magnetism of these times, and its "collateral sciences," would have been very fearful things to our forefathers in darker ages. Had the present magnetisers but lived two centuries ago, they might have had the satisfaction of being persecuted, scourged, and burnt for witchcraft, art magic, and devilry. Now, however, in this nineteenth century, when witches, magicians, and devils no longer people our imaginations, but have utterly forsaken this earth, and left us in quiet scepticism; we can not only endure Animal Magnetism, and its manifold wonders, in the utmost composure and equanimity, but also enjoy pleasantly and comfortably all the fantastic tricks, which its followers play before high heaven.

Not as partisans, nor as enemies of Animal Magnetism, do we take it up on this occasion. Towards the magnetisers and their cause we entertain neither love nor hatred; but their doings and pretensions are a subject of curious speculation: and, without presuming either to patronize them, or to put any hindrance in their way, we may be permitted to look at them from afar; to cast a shy passing glance at their "new and wonderful science, which is to alter the whole destiny of mankind."

But, first of all, before inviting the reader to accompany us any farther, we shall do well to warn him that however "wonderful" this same Animal Magnetism may be, it offers little or nothing "new." Almost the only novelty about it is, that such a thing should have so many followers in times like the present. For it is notorious that every itinerant quack-salver, every needy star-gazer, every deluded moon-struck enthusiast of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, had his magnets and sympathetic powders, his univer-

sal fluids, visions, and potent, mysterious influences; and that by means of those he could work such wonders on the weak, the credulous and diseased, as Animal Magnetism, with all its solemn apparatus, was never able to perform, even in the hands of Mesmer himself. In those ages when the great mass of the people, and even many persons of otherwise strong and fearless character, laboured under the grossest and darkest superstition, the pretensions of such visionaries were listened to with fear and trembling; and possessed an influence over the minds of men, of which we can no longer form any adequate idea.

Inseparably connected with these "miraculous influences," was the rage for witchcraft, sorcery, vaticination, which began to prevail so much towards the end of the fifteenth century, and which various circumstances contributed to strengthen and diffuse. Law interfered with a high hand to extinguish that universal rage; and law, as always happens, did nothing but kindle it into irresistible frenzy. Also, at the same time, religious controversy and supernatural excitement, and the fierce, stormy aspect of affairs over all Europe, tended much to increase the power of superstitious credulity, and gave freer scope for misguided delusion or crafty imposture. Then it was, that devils and evil spirits, of the strangest and most whimsical description, were let loose in thousands upon the whole catholic world, but at first chiefly upon Germany; for in that country priestcraft and papal superstition were first set at open defiance; and the general re-action which had already taken place against them, was there first rendered strong and effectual by the appearance of Martin Luther, the great advocate and champion of the Reformation.*

* A considerable time before the Reformation, in 1484, Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull, empowering two Dominican friars "to make inquisition into the vices of sorcery and witchcraft," and to put to death, at their own discretion, all whom they should find guilty of practising these arts. These men of blood found more and more to do every day. Whole towns seemed possessed with evil spirits. A German historian of some eminence has calculated, that in the small electorate of Triers alone, in a few years, no less

A long train of witches, prophets, miracle-workers followed, stretching down almost to our times. No nation of Europe remained free from such delusions; and men like Luther, Melancthon, Cardan, Kepler, Bacon, partook, in some measure, of the prevailing spirit of their times. In this country, too, we had our Fludds, Maxwells, Lillys, Digbys, Great-rakeses, besides a sufficient number of witches, &c. &c., which we kept burning occasionally for some centuries. Cæsar's investigation of these matters at length brought us back to humanity, and showed us that it was no duty to torture and put to death those miserable deluded wretches, whom superstition alone had clothed in imaginary terrors; and that, after all, the best way of getting rid of such persons is to leave them, unno-

ticed and unpersecuted, to the contempt and neglect which they never fail to incur of themselves.

It would be interesting and instructive, but foreign from our present purpose, to trace the history and connexions of these things more minutely. Some of the ablest and most learned of the magnetisers have appealed to them as proofs that the world has never been without Animal Magnetism in some shape or other—the only merit of the present magnetisers consisting in their having reduced those rude materials to a “science.” Some have even gone so far back, as to seek for further evidence in the extasies and convulsions of the ancient Pythian priestesses and sibyls, which the poet has so well described:

————— Subitò non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ mansere comæ; sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans: afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Dei.

All this has been lately discovered to be nothing more than a striking variety of the “crises” and “clairvoyance” of Animal Magnetism.

Others again assert, that Animal Magnetism has nothing at all to do with these witcheries and extasies; but derives its efficacy from a connexion with pure religion and the immediate interpositions of the Divinity. The enemies of Magnetism look upon it as the faint remains of antiquated delusions,—beneath the notice of all wise and enlightened persons; while some of the most zealous and hot-headed amongst them have not scrupled, even within these few years, to trace its origin to the devil and his agents. For our part, we feel no disposition to quarrel with any of these worthy people; and we cannot take upon us to settle their disputations. Without entering into any further discussion regarding such magnetical genealogies, we shall straightway proceed to give some account of the Animal Magnetism and Magnetisers of the present time, quietly taking them as we find them. Only, in order to make ourselves intelligible, it will be necessary to pre-

mise a few observations on their history since the appearance of Mesmer, the first and greatest of modern magnetisers.

This man was a native of Mersburg, in Swabia, and was born about the year 1734. Nothing further is known of his history till he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1776, when he published his inaugural dissertation “concerning the Influence of the Planets on the Human Body.” This “first step,” in his career of “discovery,” is said to be nothing but a revival of the ancient dreams of the Theosophists of the first century, and of Paracelsus and his followers in more modern times. Such, at least, in reality are his pretended “discoveries,” which he set forth in a later work, as we shall presently see. Mesmer's speculations seem, at first, to have met with little patronage; for we hear nothing more of him for several years. It was in 1772 that he undertook his first cure, in accordance with his views of the “universal fluid,” of which he always spoke so much.

We cannot understand or appreciate his varying theories, with-

than six thousand five hundred persons were executed under pretext of putting down sorcery and witchcraft, and expelling devils.—(*Vide Möhsen Geschichte der Wissenschaften*, p. 436.

out alluding to the ancient ideas which were entertained regarding that universal fluid. It was supposed to pervade the whole universe; and to be the immediate agent by which all the phenomena of nature are produced. Every living being had a certain portion of it allotted to him, upon which the functions of life depended. This portion varied at different times, and under different circumstances in the same individual; and when diminished or weakened, disease was the consequence. To cure that disease, the fluid required only to be increased or strengthened. Mesmer, we shall presently find, pretended that he had discovered the means of doing this, and consequently of curing diseases.

The first experiments of Mesmer were made with metallic plates of a peculiar construction, which had been invented by Father Hell, a jesuit, and professor of astronomy at Vienna, for the purpose of applying the magnetism of the loadstone in, the treatment of diseases. During the latter half of the eighteenth century, the imaginary medicinal virtues of the magnet began a second time to be extolled, as they had been in the days of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, &c. Several physicians in Germany, and elsewhere, conceived they had performed cures by its application; and they endeavoured to explain its efficacy by supposing "healing effluences" to proceed from it into the body.* Mesmer says, that he also was successful in his experiments; but he took care to attribute his success to "his peculiar power over the universal fluid," and not to the magnetic plates, which he declared were by no means essential, being mere conductors. In a letter he thus explains his views:—

"I have remarked," says he, "that the magnetic matter is almost the same thing as the electric fluid, and that it may be conducted like this by intermediate bodies. Steel is not the only substance adapted to it: I have rendered paper, bread, wool, silk, leather, stones, glass, water, various metals, wood, men, dogs—in a word, every thing I touched—magnetic to such a de-

gree, that these substances produced the same effects as the loadstone on the diseased. I have filled jars with magnetic matter, in the same way as is done with the electric fluid."

Mesmer gained confidence after these successful experiments, and wrote an account of his discovery to the most celebrated learned societies of Europe. The academy of Berlin alone made reply, and treated his pretensions in the way they deserved to be treated. Yet Mesmer was not cast down by this neglect; but contrived to profit by it. For he had now learnt by experience, that his discoveries could not be received otherwise than with contempt, if he suffered them to remain in this their original shape; and accordingly he began thenceforth to declare, that the agent which he employed was totally different from the "universal magnetic fluid;" to distinguish it from which, he gave it the name of *Animal Magnetism*. He persisted boldly in asserting his claims, in challenging attention to the "wonderful cures" he performed, and in abusing every person who opposed him; till at length he was forced to leave Vienna, and seek refuge and a market for his discoveries somewhere else. It would be superfluous, and very tiresome, to enter into any detail of the scandalous contentions in which he involved himself at Vienna; or to follow him in his wanderings through Germany, Switzerland, &c. Suffice it to say, that, in spite of all his miraculous cures, he could find no resting place till he reached Paris in the month of February, 1778, whither the fame of his miracles had gone before him, and where many persons were expecting him with impatience.

At first he met with considerable opposition, and found but few willing to submit themselves to his treatment; but before the end of the same year he made a convert of M. D'Esion, one of the members of the Royal Society of Medicine. This circumstance was of great advantage to him; and ere long patients flocked

* In this country, we had Perkins, with his "metallic tractors," doing wonders about the same time; till Haygarth came forward and showed the absurdity of his pretensions, in his well-known work "On the Imagination as a Cause and Cure of Disorders." Those who wish for more information about the experiments in Germany and France, may consult the Göttinger Anzeigen for 1765, and Journ. de Médec. vol. xxvii. &c.

from all quarters. He established "salles à magnétiser," where M. D'Eslon and himself magnétised large numbers of persons of both sexes at once. These apartments became fashionable; and ladies of high rank went to them for the purpose of procuring "sensations agréables." There all idle and inane persons could have "des agitations vives, des accidents variés, des sympathies adoucissantes." Mesmer succeeded in attracting the attention of the government; and was engaged in negociations with it for almost three years. These negociations terminated in an offer to him of a yearly pension of 40,000 francs, provided he would remain at Paris, and allow three persons named by government to witness his treatment, and receive instructions from him. Under various pretexts he refused this offer, and desired, as he had done before, to be put in possession of a "chateau and its lands," to which he might retire and continue his "works of charity, far from opposition and persecution;" and he declared his intention of quitting France, if this request could not be complied with. To the queen, who had caused the offer, we have mentioned, to be made him, Mesmer addressed a letter, giving an account of the motives for his refusal. He wanted to sell his "discovery" as dear as possible, and somewhat overshot the mark. "Aux yeux de votre majesté," says he, "quatre ou cinq cent mille livres, de plus ou de moins employées à propos ne sont rien: le bonheur des peuples est tout. Ma découverte doit être accueillie, et moi récompensé avec une munificence digne du monarque auquel je m'attacherai!"

This last and very modest appeal was made in vain; Mesmer left Paris, and went to Spa "for the benefit of his health," or to wait till his numerous adherents might do something in his favour. But M. D'Eslon immediately came forward, declared himself in possession of the secret, and expressed his willingness to submit it to a public investigation; which Mesmer had always refused to do. A royal commission was appointed, consisting of physicians and members of the "Académie des Sciences," among whom were Ben-

jamin Franklin, Bailly, and Lavoisier. Mesmer, of course, declared that M. D'Eslon was a very bad character; and that all the proceedings of the commission were to no purpose. But Mesmer had already published an account of his theories, in the work to which we have alluded above; and M. D'Eslon had taken part in his practice for nearly three years, and produced the same results in every respect. The account of his universal fluid is curious:—

"It is a fluid universally diffused; it is the medium of a mutual influence between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated bodies; it is continuous, so as to admit of no void; its subtilty is such as admits no comparison; it is capable of receiving, propagating, communicating all the impressions of motion; it is susceptible of flux and reflux. The animal body feels the effects of this agent; and it is by insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves that it affects them immediately. There are observable, particularly in the human body, properties analogous to those of the loadstone—poles, for example, equally distinct and opposite. The action and virtues of Animal Magnetism may be communicated from one body to other bodies, animate and inanimate. This action takes place at a remote distance, without the aid of any intermediate body; it is augmented, reflected by mirrors; communicated, propagated, increased by sound; its virtues may be accumulated, concentrated, transported. Though this fluid be universal, all animated bodies are not equally susceptible of it: there are even some, though a very small number, which have peculiarities so opposite, that their very presence destroys all the effects of this fluid in other bodies. Animal Magnetism can heal diseases of the nerves immediately, and others mediately. It perfects the action of medicines; it excites and directs salutary crises, so that the magnetiser has them in his power; by its means the physician knows the state of health of each individual, and judges with certainty of the origin of the most complicated diseases; he prevents their increase, and succeeds in curing them, without ever exposing his patients to dangerous effects or disagreeable consequences, whatever be their age, sex, or temperament. In Magnetism, nature offers an universal means of curing and preserving mankind."

Such was the agent which Mesmer pretended to have discovered. We need only remark that he returned to Paris while the commission was exa-

mining the processes of M. D'Eslon, and taught the secrets of Animal Magnetism, in a course of lectures, and by actual experiments, to upwards of a hundred persons, from each of whom he received one hundred louis d'ors. These persons formed themselves into *sociétés de l'harmonie*, in various parts of Europe, for the purpose of practising and making known their "new science." Mesmer is said to have received 400,000 francs (about 16,000*l.*) for his instructions. He was notwithstanding highly dissatisfied with the proceedings of his disciples; and wished to profit still more by his discoveries, by reserving the privilege of teaching them, exclusively to himself. He soon left Paris and returned to his native country; troubled himself little more with Animal Magnetism; and "lived in dignified retirement" till the year 1815. We shall now leave him, and introduce our readers into the magnetic apartments, as described by Bailly.

"The commissioners observed," says he, "in the middle of a large room, a circular case, of oak wood, and about a foot or a foot and half high, which is called the *baquet*, or magnetic tub. The cover or upper part of this, is pierced with a number of holes, from which proceed branches of iron, bent and moveable. The patients are placed, in several rows, around this *baquet*, and each has his branch of iron, which he fastens with a cord to the diseased part of his body. A cord passed round their bodies unites them to one another. Sometimes they form a second chain by joining hands, &c.

"A piano-forte is placed in a corner of the room, and various airs are played upon it in varied motions. Sometimes the sound of the voice and song is added. Each of the magnetisers has a rod of iron about ten or twelve inches long in his hand.

"The patients, ranged around the *baquet* in large numbers, and in several rows, receive the magnetism by all these means—by the branches of iron which convey to them that of the *baquet*;* by the cords wound round their bodies, and by the union of their thumbs which conveys to them that of their 'neighbours'; by the sound of the piano-forte, or an agreeable voice, which diffuses it in the air. The patients are also magnetised directly by means of the fingers and the iron rod, passed before the face, above or behind the head, and

over the diseased parts, always observing the distinction of poles. They are also acted upon by the magnetiser fixing his eyes upon them. But, above all, they are magnetised by the application of the hands, and the pressure of the fingers, on the hypochondres and the regions of the abdomen; an application often continued for a long time, sometimes for several hours."

And now we have a description of the effects produced by this complicated magnetic apparatus:—

"In their different conditions the patients present a very varied picture. Some are calm, tranquil, and experience no effect; others cough, spit, and feel slight pains, local or universal heat, and perspire copiously; others are agitated and tortured by convulsions. These convulsions are remarkable in regard to their number, duration, and force. As soon as one convulsion begins, several others come on. The commissioners have seen some of them last for more than three hours. They are accompanied with expectorations of a muddy and viscous fluid, brought up by the violent efforts. Streaks of blood were sometimes observed; and, among others, one young man often brought up large quantities. These convulsions are characterized by the precipitous involuntary motions of all the limbs and the whole body, by the constriction of the throat, the leaping motions of the hypochondres, and of the epigastrium; by the dimness and wandering of the eyes, by piercing cries, tears, sobs, and immoderate laughter. They are preceded or followed by a state of languor and reverie, a sort of depression and even drowsiness. The least unforeseen noise causes shudderings; and it was remarked, that the change of time and measure, in the airs played upon the piano-forte, had an influence upon the patients; insomuch, that a quicker motion agitated them more, and renewed the vivacity of their convulsions. There is an apartment lined with mattresses, and originally reserved for the patients tormented with those convulsions: it is called the "*Salle des Crises*."

"Nothing can be more astonishing than the spectacle of these convulsions. One who has not seen them can form no idea of them; and it is equally surprising to remark the deep repose of some patients, and the agitations which animate the rest—the accidents which are repeated, the sympathies which are established. Patients may be observed exclusively attaching themselves to each other, precipitating themselves towards each, smiling and

* The *baquet* was regarded as a reservoir of magnetic virtues, which the magnetisers had previously imparted to it; the branches were supposed to be conductors, as well as the music, and the rods of the magnetisers concentrated to a point the fluid issuing from their bodies.

† The convulsions were regarded as crises by Mesmer.

speaking affectionately together, and mutually soothing their crises, &c.

"The commissioners remarked, that among the number of patients affected with convulsions, there were always many women* and few men; that these convulsions were an hour or two in coming on; and that, as soon as one was affected with them, all the rest began successively and rapidly to be affected," &c.

Such was the Magnetism of Mesmer and his adherents, at Paris; but it was destined soon to assume a more quiet and agreeable aspect, under the Marquis de Puységur, who had retired to his estate at Busancy, near Soissons, for the purpose of practising

magnetism among his tenants and dependants. A peasant, whom M. de Puységur was magnetising, fell into a sort of sleep, during which he began to talk, and answer questions in such a way as almost turned the head of the worthy Marquis. This was the first appearance of what was called somnambulism and "*clairvoyance*;" and soon there were no more convulsions among magnetic patients anywhere: the change was a comfortable one for both parties, inasmuch as the outrageous vaulting of the patients, which used to make them a heavy enough handful to

* In the "Rapport Secret sur les Mesmérisme," we have the following account of these critical convulsions:—"Les commissaires ont reconnu que les principales causes des effets attribués au Magnétisme Animal sont l'attouchement, l'imagination, l'imitation; et ils ont observé qu'il y avait toujours beaucoup plus de femmes que d'hommes en crise. Cette différence a pour première cause la différente organisation des deux sexes. Les femmes ont en général les nerfs plus mobiles, leur imagination est plus vive, plus exaltée. Il est facile de la frapper, de la mettre en mouvement. Cette grande mobilité des nerfs, en leur donnant des sens plus délicats et plus exquis, les rend plus susceptibles des impressions de l'attouchement. En les touchant dans une partie quelconque, on pourrait dire qu'on les touche à la fois partout. Cette grande mobilité des nerfs fait qu'elles sont plus disposées à l'imitation. Les femmes sont semblables à des cordes sonores parfaitement tendues, et à l'unisson. Il suffit d'en mettre une en mouvement, toutes les autres à l'instant le partagent. Dès qu'une femme tombe en crise, les autres ne tardent pas d'y tomber. C'est à leur sensibilité des nerfs qu'est dû le plus grand nombre de leurs crises. Il en est quelques unes qui appartiennent à une cause cachée, mais naturelle, à une cause certaine des émotions dont toutes les femmes sont plus ou moins susceptibles, et qui, par une influence éloignée, en accumulant ces émotions, en les portant au plus haut degré, peut contribuer à produire un état convulsif, qu'on confond avec les autres crises. C'est cause est l'empire que la nature a donné à un sexe sur l'autre pour l'attacher et l'émouvoir. C'est sont toujours des hommes qui magnétisent les femmes; les relations alors établies ne sont sans doute que celles d'une malade à l'égard de son médecin; mais ce médecin est un homme; quelque soit l'état de maladie, il ne nous dépourrait point de notre sexe, il ne nous dérober pas entièrement au pouvoir de l'autre; la maladie en peut affaiblir les impressions, sans jamais les anéantir. D'ailleurs la plupart des femmes qui vont au Magnétisme ne sont pas réellement malades; beaucoup y viennent par oisiveté, et par amusement; d'autres, qui ont quelques incommodités, n'en conservent pas moins leur fraîcheur et leur force; leur sens sont tous entiers; leur jeunesse a toute sa sensibilité. La proximité long-temps continuée, l'attouchement indispensable, la chaleur individuelle communiquée, les regards confondus, sont les voies connues de la nature pour opérer inmanquablement la communication des sensations et des affections. L'homme qui magnétise a ordinairement les genoux de la femme renfermés dans les siens; les genoux et toutes les parties inférieures du corps sont par conséquent en contact. La main est appliquée sur les hypocondres, et quelquefois plus bas, sur les ovaires. Le tact est donc exercé à la fois sur une infinité des parties, et dans le voisinage des parties les plus sensibles du corps. Souvent l'homme, ayant sa main gauche appliquée, passe la droite derrière le corps de la femme; le mouvement de l'un et de l'autre est de se pencher mutuellement pour favoriser ce double attouchement; la proximité devient la plus grande possible, le visage touche presque le visage; les haleines se respirent; l'imagination, qui agit en même temps, répand un certain désordre dans toute la machine; elle suspend le jugement, elle écarte l'attention; les femmes ne peuvent se rendre compte de ce qu'elles éprouvent, elles ignorent l'état où elles sont. Quand cette espèce de crise se prépare, le visage s'enflamme par degrés, l'œil devient ardent; on voit la femme baisser la tête, porter la main au front, et aux yeux, pour les couvrir. Cependant la crise continue, et l'œil se trouble. Dès que ce signe a été manifesté, les paupières deviennent humides; la respiration est courte, entrecoupée; la poitrine s'élève et s'abaisse rapidement; les convulsions s'établissent, ainsi que les mouvemens précipités et brusques ou des membres ou du corps entier. A cet état succèdent la largeur, l'abatement, une sorte de sommeil des sens, qui est un repos nécessaire après une forte agitation."

their magnetiser, gave place to the most gratifying repose and "*clairvoyance*," and to oracular consultations of the tenderest, most spirit-stirring description.

"I cannot refrain," says M. de Puységur, in a letter to a friend, "from the pleasure of telling you about my experiments. I am indeed so agitated myself, I may even say so exalted, that I feel some relaxation, some repose, to be necessary for me; and this I hope to find in writing to one who can understand me. When I censured the enthusiasm of Father Hervier, how far was I then from knowing the cause of it!—But I come to the matter in hand, and it presses upon me very much."

After speaking of some successful cases, which we have not room to transcribe, he proceeds:

"These slight successes induced me to attempt being useful to a peasant, a man twenty-three years of age, who had been in bed for four days, from the effects of a catarrh. I went then to see him: it was last Tuesday, the fourth of this month, at eight in the evening. After getting him lifted up, I magnetised him. What was my surprise on seeing, at the end of seven or eight minutes, this man *fall asleep* quietly in my arms, without convulsions or pains! I urged the crisis, which occasioned giddiness; he spoke, and talked quite aloud about his affairs. When I conceived his ideas were affecting him disagreeably, I put a stop to them, and sought to inspire him with gayer. To accomplish this, no great effort on my part was required; then I saw him satisfied, thinking himself shooting for a prize, dancing at a festival. I cherished these ideas in him, and thereby forced him to make many motions on his seat, as if he had been dancing to an air, which, by singing it *mentally*, I made him repeat aloud," &c.

And, in a letter to his brother, about the same time, he goes on to say:

"It is with this simple man, this peasant, that I am instructed and enlightened. When in the magnetic state, he is no longer a silly peasant, scarcely able to answer a word: he is a being that I do not know how to name; I have no need to speak to him; I think before him, and he understands me—answers me! If any one comes into his room, he sees him, if I wish it; he speaks to him, tells him the things that I wish him to tell him; not always such as I dictate to him, but such as truth requires," &c. &c.

Our excellent, kindly, but rather light-headed Marquis, soon had so many patients that it became "impossible to touch them all;" and there-

fore he determined to magnetise a tree, round which seats were placed, and conducting cords suspended from the branches. As soon as he had brought his first patient to the tree, and wound the cord round him, "he looked at the tree, and, with an air of astonishment, which is indescribable, he said no more than, '*What is it that I see there?*'" Then his head sunk and he fell into a perfect *somnambulism*."

"To-day," he continues, "I have repeated the same experiment upon him, and with the same success! I avow it, sir—my head turns with pleasure at seeing the good I do. Madame de Puységur, and the company she has with her, my domestics, all that is around me, feel an amazement, mingled with admiration, which it is impossible to describe; and I shall also confess to you, that I believe they experience only the half of my sensations. If it were not for my tree, which gives me rest, and will do so still more, I should be in an agitation inconsistent, I believe, with my health. I exist too much, if I may use the expression."

A short extract from a second letter to his brother, shall complete the picture of M. de Puységur's zealous labours.

"If you do not come soon, my dear friend, you will not see my *extraordinary man*, for his health is almost entirely restored," &c.

"I continue to use the happy power which I have from Mesmer, whom I daily bless; for I am very useful, and produce many salutary effects on all the sick in the neighbourhood. They flock round my tree: this morning there were upwards of a hundred and thirty. We have a perpetual procession in the country. I pass two hours at my tree every morning. It is the best *baquet* possible; there is not a leaf upon it that does not communicate health, and every one experiences more or less good effects from it. You would be charmed to behold the picture of humanity which this presents. I have only one cause of regret, it is my inability to touch all who come; but my man, or rather, my *intelligence*, consoles me; he teaches me what I ought to do. According to him, it is not necessary for me to touch every one; a look, a gesture, a wish, is sufficient; and 'tis a peasant, the most limited in the country, who teaches me this. When he is in a crisis, I know nothing more profound, more prudent, and more clear-sighted (*clairvoyant*) than him," &c.

If our limits permitted it, we should have much pleasure in accompanying

our good friend the Marquis through more details. He goes on circumstantially relating his "wonderful cases" with such complacency, such kindly enthusiasm, and entire "*abandon*," that you cannot help taking some interest in them, and being, in some measure, carried along with the current of his feelings. You shall find him consulting his "*somnambulist*," or "*Médecins endormis*" (sleeping physicians) about their own diseases, and those of others brought into contact with them, and occasionally locking them up over night—furnished with "paper, pen, and ink"—in dark apartments, without candle or fire, setting them asleep, and making them write, till daybreak, when he would come and fall into raptures, on seeing how they had performed their tasks. All we can do at present is, to promise the curious reader considerable entertainment if his inclination leads him to consult the works of M. de Puységur himself. Of the many hundreds of volumes which have been written on this subject, they are perhaps the least tiresome, and the most instructive.

About the same time with Puységur, the Chevalier de Barbarin was doing equal wonders at Lyons; but without any magnetic tree or baquet, or universal or partial fluid: he prayed at the bedsides of his patients, and somnambulism came on, and "astonishing cures" were performed. The Abbé Faria, too, produced his "lucid sleep," or somnambulism, in a still simpler manner, and exhibited his patients for money. He placed the person whom he intended to magnetise in an arm-chair; desired him to shut his eyes and collect himself. Then, "all of a sudden, he pronounced in a loud and imperative tone, the word *Dormez!* (sleep!) which generally made such an impression upon the patient, as to occasion a slight shaking of the whole body, warmth, perspiration, and sometimes somnambulism, or lucid sleep. If the first attempt did not succeed, he submitted the patient to a second, then a third, and sometimes even a fourth, after which he declared him incapable of lucid sleep;"—as Mesmer, Puységur, and all other magnetisers used to do when they could not succeed. The Abbé boasted of having produced "lucid sleep" five thousand times in this way.

But we have not space to follow him or Barbarin. We cannot here attempt to make even the most rapid survey of the boundless field which Animal Magnetism now opens before us. The new science soon spread over the whole of Europe, offering a strange contrast to the sceptical, turbulent, revolutionary spirit which prevailed at the same period. With various fate in different countries, it has come down to the present time. "In regard to every thing connected with it," says a German magnetiser, with perfect justice, "Great Britain presents nothing but a *tabula rasa*." It has excited much laborious speculation in Germany, and has had many partisans, but is now decidedly in its wane; in that country you now hear much less of people reading with their stomachs, and fingers, and toes; and of the other moving accidents of clairvoyance. It is in France, the country of *philosophes*, and *savans*, and forlorn Jesuits, that animal magnetism is still doing battle against scepticism; and has the most numerous and zealous partisans. A committee of the Royal Society of Medicine was appointed some years ago to investigate the subject, and their decision has long been looked for with impatience by the magnetisers. We can only indulge ourselves with a transient glance at one or two of the most striking cases in the "*Hermes*" of last year. And first, we shall extract "one sleep" from the very long and tedious journal, of the treatment of a poor woman of the name of Gerôme, by the Duchess de Bourbon, written by herself; which, though it is now somewhat antiquated, is, we believe, published for the first time:—

"On the 17th, I magnetised her (Gerôme) at nine; as soon as she was in somnambulism, she desired to have every thing necessary for writing, and wrote what follows:—
'I forbid myself coffee for four months, as being contrary to my health.' In the evening, somnambulated Madame Gerôme in presence of my son (the Duke d'Enghien) and the Abbé Labdant, his preceptor. She desired to have my son put into *rapport* with her, that she might judge of his disposition. After having seated him upon her knees, and touched him, she said to me, 'Put me into *rapport* with his preceptor that I may speak to him.' I did so. Immediately after having touched the Abbé, she said to him, 'Sir, I feel that you are the honestest man in the world, and that you have an excel-

lent heart; I should wish to have a private conversation with you.' Her desire having been satisfied, she proved to M. Labdant's satisfaction that she had judged accurately of the heart and character of my son, to whom she said, when he came in again, ' Monseigneur, believe, and profit well by, the advices which that honest man will give you.' Then she added, ' You have a tender mother, who is no longer attached to this earth, except through you; never give her any essential vexation, for by so doing, you would soon bring her to the grave.' When all had left the room, I asked her if she had nothing to prescribe for herself tomorrow: ' I must take a little rhubarb in powder every morning for three days, in the first spoonful of soup I eat, and every evening of those three days *un lavement à l'eau simple*, in which a little fresh butter has been melted.' "

" Ex uno disce omnes," from one sleep judge the rest, gentle reader! You have here somewhat less than the sixtieth part of the whole case, as detailed by her highness the Duchess de Bourbon. We can serve up no more of it at present; but if you take delight in the namby-pamby, pathetic style, you may have a rich feast by turning to the original in the "Hermes" of last year and of 1828.

The next case we have to notice, was laid before the Académie Royale de Médecine last year by M. Jules Cloquet, one of the surgeons of St. Louis Hospital, at Paris. Madame Plantin,—"mother of a rich merchant in Rue St. Denis, No. 151," and of Madame Lagandré, "who lives at Dijon," is "an excellent somnambulist," and "was cured by magnetism of a very severe disease, upon which all the resources of medicine, had wrecked,"—had been magnetised nearly half a year for "a tumour of the right breast, complicated with swellings of the axillary glands," when M. Cloquet was consulted, and judged the disease to be cancer, and to require an operation—"which indeed M. Chapelain had already proposed to the patient and her relations as indispensable." M. Cloquet was subsequently informed by M. Chapelain that "the lady was susceptible of somnambulism, very imperfect indeed; but yet he hoped, nevertheless, to be able to suspend sensibility, and proposed that the operation should be

performed during magnetic sleep.*" It was fixed for Sunday, 12th April, 1829, and we shall take the description of it from the report of M. Cloquet to the Académie Royale de Médecine:—

"On the day fixed for the operation, M. Cloquet, upon arriving at half past ten, found the patient dressed and sitting in an arm-chair, in the attitude of a person quietly resigned to natural sleep. Nearly an hour before, she had returned from mass, which it was her custom to hear always at the same hour, and M. Chapelain had put her into magnetic sleep after her return." The patient spoke with much calmness of the operation she was about to undergo. Every thing was arranged for it: she undressed herself, and sat down upon a chair. "

"M. Chapelain held up the right arm; the left was allowed to hang by the side of the body. M. Pailloux of Saint Louis hospital was employed to hand the instruments and apply the ligatures.

"The first incision, proceeding from the hollow of the axilla, was directed above the tumour to the inner edge of the breast. The second, beginning at the same point, went along the under edge of the tumour to meet the first. The swelled glands were dissected cautiously, on account of their nearness to the axillary artery; and the tumour was extirpated. The operation lasted from ten to twelve minutes.

"During all that time, the patient continued to talk tranquilly with the operator, and did not give the slightest sign of sensibility. No movement in the limbs or in the features, no change in the respiration or the voice, no emotion, even in the pulse, manifested themselves. The patient ceased not to present that state of resignation and automatic impassibility, which she showed on the arrival of M. Cloquet. She did not require to be held, but only to be supported. A ligature was applied to the lateral thoracic artery, which had been opened in extracting the glands. But, what is worthy of observation, when the surgeon washed the skin round the wound with a wetted sponge, the patient manifested sensations similar to those produced by tickling; and said several times with hilarity, 'Ah! get done, don't tickle me.' "The wound was united with adhesive plasters and dressed, and the patient was put to bed, still in a state of somnambulism, in which she was allowed to remain forty-eight hours. The wound was dressed a second time on the Tuesday following. The patient showed no sensibility or pain;

* In magnetic sleep "no external impression is felt by any of the senses. The somnambulist does not hear with his ears, see with his eyes, smell with his nose, or taste with his tongue; but yet he hears, sees, smells, tastes better than one who is awake."

the pulse kept its usual rhythm. After the dressing, M. Chapelain waked the patient, whose magnetic sleep had lasted two days. She seemed to have no idea, no feeling of what had passed."

For some days after the operation, the "patient continued" well," but died before the end of the month. Her daughter, however, "while in a state of somnambulism had foretold the very day of her death, and the very appearances which were found on dissection." We have only to regret that the whole household of Madame Plantin—her son, her daughter, her relation Madame Granier, and herself—though the "best people in the world," were at the same time perhaps the very weakest, most deluded, most contemptible. The details of their conduct in the case before us, as described by themselves, are of the most moving sort; but we would counsel no reader to set about perusing them, without arming himself with much patience and toleration. Of M. Chapelain, their magnetiser, we know nothing, and care not to know. Should any man choose to investigate this matter more circumstantially, all we can do at present, is to wish him good speed; for we have matter of a more serious sort to discuss before bidding a final adieu to Animal Magnetism.

Some of our readers may perchance have heard, that the magnetisers of our days no longer confine their efforts exclusively to the "human animal." You shall have them magnetising dogs, horses, vipers, toads, &c. &c. by a "single glance" of their eyes. Nay more, they have lately discovered a sort of rivalry in serpents, tigers, &c., which, according to the Chevalier Brice, procure their prey by the magnetism of their eyes, which they dart upon their victims, thereby rendering them powerless and incapable of motion. But "the terrific toad" (*l'affreux crapaud*.) is supposed to be the best magnetiser of them all; and appears also to run most risk from magnetism, as the

following tragical scene may sufficiently show. The *dramatis personæ* are, a "young physician of a robust constitution, and who had *very black eyes*, with hair of the same colour;" a "toad of the largest species from the marsh of Saint Goud, near Etooges;" and "M. Bouvrain, '*professeur*' and '*ingénieur-géomètre*,' friend of the doctor," with "another eyewitness."

"These gentlemen," says Chevalier Brice, "put the toad upon a table, placed it in sight within a glass vessel, to prevent it from getting away, and also to receive any thing that might come from it should it happen to burst. The toad remained quiet; the doctor crossed his arms, leant his elbows upon the table, and began to look fixedly at the toad about two feet distant from it, and in presence of M. Bouvrain and the other person, who kept observing what was going on. The experiment lasted only eighteen minutes, at the end of which the toad burst, *et remplit le vase de verre d'immondices et d'impuretés*. During the first ten minutes, the spectators could remark no change in the person of the doctor. His look seemed to be only that of curiosity; but it was not so afterwards. At the end of ten minutes, his look appeared as it were, to experience a sort of displeasure and irritation. From ten to fifteen minutes, the doctor insensibly, and as it were involuntarily, came three or four inches nearer the toad, and his attention seemed to redouble. At fifteen minutes, he changed the position of his arms, uncrossed them, and closing his hands together, supported himself upon them; the hands appeared to crisp themselves; his countenance assumed the expression of anger. From fifteen to eighteen minutes, his face became successively very red, then very pale, and covered with perspiration. At eighteen minutes, the toad gave way. With respect to this latter, the observers saw no change in him; he had constantly held his eyes fixed upon the doctor, who assured his companions, that he had at first experienced a general uneasiness; and that gradually life was exalted to such a degree in him, that if the experiment had lasted a few instants longer, he did not know whether he should have been able to continue it, since it would have been impossible for him to support the state of vital exaltation in which he felt himself. In short,

* The details of this case are to be found in the "Archives générales de Médecine," for May, 1829, and in the *Hermes* for June. We have not been able to procure any other account of it, and do not know whether M. Cloquet's statement is misrepresented. At the sitting of the Academy, M. Larrey brought forward instances of persons who had borne severe operations without showing the slightest symptom of pain; and "he regretted deeply, that his honourable colleague should have suffered himself to be led into error by such juggleries," and said, the person upon whom the operation had been performed, was nothing but "*une commère des somnambulisateurs*."

he added, that he should either have fallen backwards, or found himself out of order; or something still worse would have happened to him."

"After the operation, the Doctor felt himself very severely indisposed, which he attributed to the experiment, &c.

Next day, M. Bouvrain wished to try the same experiment. He arranged every thing in the same way; but scarcely five minutes were elapsed, when he felt his eyes full of tears, and was ready to faint—then he ceased."

Now, should any of our virtuosi think of measuring their strength with such "affreux crapauds," we would only intreat them to have fair play; and let each man singly face his toad. It is our private opinion, that had this rule been strictly observed in the case before us, the doctor would have come off second best, as well as his friend M. Bouvrain. But leaving this matter to be decided by abler judges, we proceed to notice, in conclusion, a new way of travelling and seeing the world, which, every one must allow, is in all respects superior to any thing that has hitherto been thought of by the cunningest of our inventors.

"All magnetisers," says M. Pigault Lebrun,* "who have any experience, have remarked two sorts of somnambulists: the one useful as physicians, the other known under the denomination of travelling somnambulists."

"A young lady, newly married, and who had become a mother a few months before, had brought a girl from the country to take charge of her infant."—"This girl was only fifteen years of age; she knew no other place but her native village and St. Quentin, and had no idea of the objects which did not exist in the very limited canton which she had till that time been confined to. She was sick, and her mistress desired me to magnetise her. Biche, in a few sittings, became a very lucid somnambulist; and her organization induced her to travel. During our intervals of silence she would transport herself into the neighbouring towns, and then give a description of them, aloud and with an exactness, which struck all the spectators who had been there with astonishment. I was afraid this inclination might produce irritation in the fibres of the brain, and I did all that was in me to prevent her from in-

dulging in it. Vain effort! at each sitting she had something new to relate."

"She loved the King, Louis the Eighteenth. When her treatment drew near a close, she urged me pertinaciously to conduct her to Paris, and take her through the Chateau des Tuileries. I feared that serious inconveniences to her health, might result from so important a trial; yet I could not help promising to comply with her desire the last sitting but one. I presumed that her recovery, and the marked return of strength, would enable her to support the fatigue—moral at least, which such a journey might occasion her."

"The day was fixed, and the news of this interesting experiment had spread over the town. It was the month of June, the weather was *superbe*, and the curious were admitted into a pretty garden. An arm-chair was placed in it, upon which Biche sat down, and fell asleep instantly."

"She smiled at the idea of going to Paris, and seeing the King. Soon she wanted confidence in herself, and urged me to accompany her. Does not this peculiarity prove that the somnambulist can, in no circumstances, withdraw himself from the influence of his magnetiser?"

"The spectators were seated in a circle, and the deepest silence reigned in the assembly. I knew the road perfectly from St. Quentin to Paris, and I conducted Biche from one place to another. Still remaining in her arm-chair, she seemed to walk rapidly, lifting her feet one after another. Her head kept moving backwards, and its movements corresponded exactly to those of her feet. She imitated, as much as her position allowed her, the action of one who is really walking."

"Very soon her feet were lifted with difficulty, and set down with force: her respiration became short and difficult; she at length got out of breath, and the perspiration flowed from her brow. I asked her the cause of the painful affection she felt. She replied that she was ascending a very steep mountain. 'She is going up the Côte de Verberie,' exclaimed the master of the house. I then recollected this ascent, which is short, but rugged."

"I here pause to indulge in my reflections. How comes it that Biche, without ever rising from her arm-chair, experienced the very same fatigue which is felt by one who is struggling up that steep? How comes it that she didn't clear it at a single leap—she who seemed to be travelling at the rate of several leagues a minute?"

"We pursued our route, and arrived rapidly at the height of St. Denis. Here

* Vide "Voyage d'une Somnambule de Saint Quentin à Paris, en 1817, par M. Pigault Lebrun (Hermès, March, 1829)." We select this specimen of magnetic travelling only because it is the latest journey we know of; many such are to be had in the journals and works on Animal Magnetism.

the figure of Biche contracted itself, and she compressed her nose with force. I failed not to ask her, what was going on within her. She replied that she was seeking to avoid a foul odour which was following her. The material cause of this new fact was very soon discovered. Several persons present questioned the wind. It was blowing from Pontin, upon St. Denis, and it is known that the '*voirie*' and the '*dépôt de la poudrette*' are near Pontin. But how did it come that Biche, at St. Quentin, thirty leagues from these effluvia, felt the same disgust which they occasion to one who is placed in the disagreeable situation of actually inhaling them? &c. &c.

"We continued our route. I had invited Biche, on account of the high interest of this sitting, to tell me what novelties she should see. "Oh! how high the houses are!" exclaimed she, all of a sudden. I concluded from this remark that she was entering the faubourg St. Denis. I bade her descend in a straight line, and immediately she stopped before the triumphal arch, very improperly called la Porte St. Denis. She described this monument to me with much exactness. I recommended her to follow the straight line to the edge of the river.

"I thought her appearance expressed anxiety, and that she was not getting on so rapidly as she had done till then. I asked her the reason. She replied, she was keeping close to the houses, to secure herself from the carriages. She at length arrived at the Pont-au-Change, and exclaimed, with an air and tone of surprise, that she saw houses upon the river: it was the boats for bathing and washing.

"I now made her turn to the right, and told her to stop before the palace, which she would soon come to. 'I am there!' said she.—'Upon what point are you? what do you see?'—She described to me the Cour du Carrousel. 'Let us go on to the vestibule of the palace, which you see.'—'I am at the foot of the beautiful stair.'—'It leads to the apartments of the King. Go up it.'—'Above, yonder, there are great gentlemen who have long red culottes, bordered with gold,'—(it was the hundred Swiss Guards).—'What have you to do with their being there?'—'They won't allow me to pass.'—'Why so?'—'They are pre-

venting some ladies who wish to go up.'—'Fear them not; am not I with you? Pass.' She smiled with a sly air, and whispered to me: 'They are looking to the right and left; I have passed between their legs, and they have not seen me.' (Biche is very little, and the Swiss-guards are very big.)

'Let us go into the apartments of the King.'—'Oh, how beautiful it is! but the journey has fatigued me much. I wish I could rest myself.'—'*Eh bien!* seat yourself.'—'Seat myself in the King's apartments! and in the finest of his arm-chairs?'—'Fear nothing; I will answer for every thing.'

"She kept sitting upon the seat, &c. Her countenance was expressive of lively satisfaction: a little peasant girl seated in the King's apartments, in a magnificent arm-chair!

"After a moment of repose and silence, she said she was going to seek the King. 'Oh! there he is—there he is!' exclaimed she.—'In what position is he?'—'He is sitting.'—'Is he alone?'—'No, he is,' &c. &c."

The somnambule proceeds to describe the King's attendants, priests, &c. &c., but we have already had enough for the present, and must beg M. Pigault Lebrun's pardon for cutting him short, and passing over "the crowd of reflections which his narrative gives rise to." We leave every reader to his own reflections, without presuming to dictate to him what opinion he is to entertain of these important matters, which we have been discussing; or whether he is to entertain any opinion at all on the subject. And as for our worthy magnetisers, we have nothing but good wishes to offer them, and a long farewell! It is probable we may never meet again; experience has shewn, that there is no market for magnetic ware in this country. Time was when we had enough of it; and slowly indeed did we part with it. But now it seems gone, never to return!

LETTER FROM SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART., TO THE EDITOR OF
FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In a late Sunday paper there appears the following :—

"The Great O'Dogherty sleeps the sleep of death. That glory of Maga is defunct, and well may Ebony sport his suit of sabres! In the eastern corner of a churchyard, on the steepest acclivity of one of the steepest mountains in Wales, we lately stumbled upon a tombstone, which placed the fatal fact beyond a doubt. On the slab, instead of the customary *memento mori*—the skull and cross bones—we saw, rudely sculptured, a punch-bowl and two ladles, underneath which we read the epitaph, which, in editorial parlance, it is this day our painful duty to lay before the public.

The Ensign's Epitaph.

Here Ensign O'Dogherty—peace to his spirit!—
Enjoys the estate all were born to inherit;
In the arms of his dear mother earth buried deep,
In quiet, at length, does the Adjutant sleep;
Whose genius call'd forth all the wit and the worth,
And the merit and mirth of old Christopher North;
Yet tho' fame spread his glorious achievements afar,
The pen was the Ensign's great weapon of war.
In peace, like his fancy, 'twas playful and light;
But barbed like the dart of the Indian for fight:
In friendship as soft as the dove's down his plume,
But, like lightning, its wrath could the victim consume.
Now, peace to Sir Morgan! the pride and the grace,
The phoenix, the first, and the last of his race;
At length may the base his resentment despise,
And, in safety exclaim, here O'Dogherty lies!"

What a singular, a devoted life mine has been!—In every thing misrepresented, in every thing put before the public in a false light. I have been accused of crimes, of which I never heard—identified with persons whom I have never seen. The small irregularities of my life have sometimes brought me forward in strange circumstances, and these my numerous enemies have not failed to enlarge upon with their usual malevolence. Of this however, I shall not say much—suffering is the badge of all our tribe; and, as Seneca observes, there is nothing so agreeable to the Gods as the spectacle of a virtuous man struggling with calumny and adversity. I cannot however refrain from remarking upon this saying of Seneca, that he must have fancied his Gods to be of a Roman taste for a gladiatorial display of the "virtuous man" fighting "bad circumstances" for the mere sport of the thing; but for my own part, I do not think well of that scheme of Pagan providence, which sets it down as a diversion to the Gods aloft to see good fellows knocked about, and, by implication, rascals of all degrees in easy chairs.

I find I am going to moralize, which is a horrid waste of time, and, to revert to my own affairs, I say that there is not a more ill used individual than myself, from this to the Cape Matapan in Peloponnesus, a country of which my friend Prince Leopold—we lodged together in Thayer Street, Manchester Square, many years ago, at a half-crown a week each—is or was to be High Sheriff. Doubts as to my identity or existence so absurd, that I do not now take the trouble of contradicting them, are constantly set forth by the incredulous. Well known as it is to my friends, that I am a half-pay Ensign, and, like Hazlitt, a Magazine man by the yard, people still perversely persist in swearing at one time that I am a Captain of dragoons, at another, a learned Civilian. A third author tenders his testimony, that I am principal preacher of the sect of Johanna Southcote. The insolent theory of a fourth sets me down as a member of the Court of Aldermen. I should not wonder if I saw it asserted somewhere or other, that I was the Grand Rabbi of the Jews, and kept at the same time a polony and bacon shop in Saint Thomas Apostle, under the disguise of being a Christian and a pig butcher.

Long habituation to these distressing calumnies has at last bronzed my feelings, and I care not the end of a fig, even if I was said to be George Dawson, or Judas Iscariot, Pickpocket Time, or Philosopher Thomson. But I submit to you, my dear friend, if this continued persecution is not diabolical. Here am I, for the second time, described as being dead, and my epitaph written with a peculiar malice, the full extent of the venom of which can be scarcely appreciated but by that small and silent circle of my friends who are aware of the unhappy circumstances of my life. To be another person from what I am, is no doubt a nuisance, but to be nobody at all is far worse. Let us talk practically. Who would take an article for a Magazine from a dead man? or having taken it, would think of handing over the proceeds? At the very best, suppose the editors and proprietors, men of the most scrupulous punctuality, and therein much unlike the people of the defunct London University Magazine, whom a friend of mine was about, to advertise for non-payment of Five pounds for fifteen pages; yet what could be expected in answer to an application, but a declaration that they would pay my executors, administrators, and assigns. Who would ask to dinner a man inurned, or invite a skeleton to participate in a bowl of punch, a tumbler of toddy, a flagon of flip, a jug of gin twist, a sneake of summat, or any thing to the same effect. I have read in some book, the name of which I totally forget, that the Egyptians were in the habit of putting skeletons on the table to remind their guests of the shortness of human life; but I never heard that any person of that country, from King Pharaoh down to King Bampfylde Moore Carew, ever asked his bony companion to assist in discussing the drink.

It would take a long article, which might be made a good one, to enumerate all the disadvantages of being dead to a man who must live to obtain a livelihood; and I, therefore, reclaim against the newspaper which has killed me. I am alive and well, sound wind and limb, ready and willing to dine with any gentleman of the Tory party, (not literary) who will invite me seven days in the week. I am not particular in my liquor, and as for eating, why I have no objection to French cookery; nor do I feel a dislike for that of England. Let those, therefore, who doubt my vitality, put me to the test.

As for the Sunday paper in which this demoniac epitaph, well worthy of the dark and malevolent mind of its author appeared, I may hereafter have much to say. In the mean time I see no reason why I should not mention that it was "THE AGE." No reason in the world. By Jupiter Tonans! who is at present engaged in the Times newspaper to thunder forth articles—*flash* articles of course—there is sometimes a degree of stupidity manifested by people engaged in the scribbling world, that astounds me—there are folks who, albeit they are bred in Saint Giles's, (*χαλκί' ἱθάκη*! I am Irish, and cannot join Johnson in so apostrophizing Grub Street,)—were well versed in all the topography and ichnography of Rats' Castle,—knew every tripe shop and cat's meat shop in the Seven Dials—could discuss with erudite and well practised jaw, the various merits of the à-la-mode beef houses at the back of Monmouth Street, distinguishing the flavour of the onions of the Thirteen Cantons from that of the same odoriferous vegetable served up at the St. Patrick's Cross, by long practice of twopenny mumbings—had no difficulty in threading the mazes of Short's Gardens, or angling through the nooks and crannies of Buckridge Street and adjoining courts—folks, I say, thus bred, thus reared, thus practised, thus trained, thus educated, thus, &c. &c., will tell you that they do not know where Russell Square is to be found, albeit in that square lives my friend, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, from one of whose tipstiffs the sham-dandy would in former days have been delighted to have accepted a dinner-invitation in his well locked and bolted crib off Chancery Lane. I say nothing of Sir Charles Flower, with whom I dined last week, or of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, a painter of some name; neither do I mention Serjeant Spankie, who might have been a brother reporter, and quaffed stout at the Eccentrics in days of yore, with the very fellow who now pretends that he knows not the square in which the learned Serjeant has found his port. In like manner you will hear wits of the same calibre pretending thorough ignorance of the existence of various newspapers or periodicals living and flourishing in this our metropolis; though it is by journalist favour they appear in the upper boxes with ladies of the saloons, or visit the

unpaid wonders of the Colosseum. I never see the Morning Chronicle, liaps a tallow-faced thief in a public office. Bell's Life in London is low, and I never look at it, quoth another creature, smelling abominably of musk, showered over his wretched person in the vain hope of drowning odours more idiosyncratic. The Dispatch an't philosophical, and don't come into our happartments, squeaks a calf-visaged scrivener, the pallidity of whose countenance is only relieved by purulent pimples of pestiferous hue : and so on of all the tribe ; each paper being by some set or another denounced as unknown. Had they been denounced on their proper demerits, it would have been all right, and I never should have complained ; but it moves my choler not a little to find those who derive from them all the raw material of their thoughts, and all the staple of their information, setting them down as things unread—as matters to be scorned, in comparison with the rubbish of the fashionable novel—the deep stupidity of the Sydenham School—the foul philosophy of Mill, or the concentrated dulness of such muddarks as Jack Macculloch or Wilmot Horton. Being in my own proper person totally above such stuff, I declare that I know that there are about fifty newspapers in London of various degrees of genius and stupidity, and, knowing that fact, must be acquainted with the name of that paper which traduces me. Even if I were not before cognoscent of its existence, the cruel manner in which it has entombed me is quite reason enough for my knowing it now ; for you may be certain that if the most obscure, asinine, and consumptive journal in the three kingdoms, were to abuse any body, that body would be sure of seeing it, either through his own unassisted enquiries, or by the obliging agency of a d——d good natured friend. I am sorry to say that Tenterden, for whom I have a considerable respect, made himself look very like a spoon when he asked, a few days ago, whether “ THE AGE ” was a daily paper. In the first place, from internal evidence, nothing could be more unlikely than that he should be ignorant of what every body else in court knew, and what he himself might have learned from the legal documents before him, as well as from former not innumerable appearances of the journal in question before his court ; and if external testimony be wanted it is easy enough to prove that Lord Tenterden tumbles over the newspapers, weekly and daily, at the Athenæum, and must be of an obtuseness remarkable even in a Chief Justice of King's Bench, if he should of a sudden divest himself in court of a knowledge perfectly familiar out of it.

I know the origin of these now revived rumours of my death, and shall probably, if I can trace the conspiracy to its fountain, bring the foul conspirators before a court of justice, there to await the frown and vengeance of offended law. I am afraid that Scarlett (though he is indebted to me for many favours,) and I are not on such terms at present as to warrant me in asking him for his *ex officio* prerogative in my behalf ; and, besides, I disapprove of that practice, as being unconstitutional. I shall have recourse only to those modes of procedure which are based upon sound justice, and perfectly compatible with the enlightened opinions of Mr. Jerry Bentham, and the practice of Mr. William Holmes, W. L. Whether, however, I bring the guilty to trial or not, I shall deem it due to my character to write a detailed history of my life and wrongs for several years, which will shake the nerves of some, and lacerate the feelings of others. I am, in this matter, an injured man, and speak warmly because I feel deeply. It is in vain to talk to me of the case of Mr. Samuel Rogers, who has been dead these thirty years, and yet makes puns hebdomadally—because Rogers is a banker and a man of wealth, and can afford to be dead ; I am an H. P. and a beggarman, and cannot. Besides, he is a Whig, and his party cling to him : I am a Tory, and am, of course, scouted down by mine. And, lastly, he *gives* dinners—I *take* them. The force of antithesis can go no further. He, therefore, is no precedent for me.

To convince you, Sir, that I am still alive, I willingly accede to your request of writing for your Magazine, which, in your note, you call the most intellectual and independent ever established. In so saying, Sir, you are perfectly right. Stick to that : boldly declare your own merits, and you will get no small circle to believe you at last. I have long practised that art, and generally found it successful. I am sorry to say that I am very much pressed for time at this present moment, in consequence of affairs at Windsor, Bushy Park, and elsewhere. People *will* put the most delicate matters upon me,

and I have no article cut and dried by me. Inclosed, however, you will find a couple of trifles, which, if you think worthy of your elegant pages, are very much at your service.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Yours, faithfully,

MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

Junior United Service,
Monday.

REVIEW OF THE REPROOF OF BRUTUS.*

HIBERNUS *sum*, says old Chremes, in Terence, *Hibernici nihil à me alienum puto*. We have merely taken the liberty of changing *homo* and *humani* into our own national substantive and adjective; and do not care if we thereby have made Chremes an Irishman. Whether *he* was or not, *we* are; and, therefore, take a deep interest in books about Ireland. Of the various novels and works of fiction fastened upon our unhappy native land we say nothing here, intending to make mince-meat of them all, in one general olla podrida: political works about it are almost gone with the question—Tours and Travels, as in the days of Twiss, are not thought upon; steam-boats having brought it too near London to be of more interest than Clapham or Highgate; and, since Tom Moore has given up singing the glories of Erin of old, we have no Bards of renown either to cheer or depress us.

Little did we anticipate, when we saw "the Reproof of Brutus" advertised, that it had any thing to do with the Natives. We remembered, of course, the Shakspearian pun, and would have been ready to admit that we had many brutes among us ready to reprove—brutes, indeed, of the same species with him who reproved the prophet Balaam, the son of Beor.—But, until we heard it from a friend of ours, the mention of whose name we omit, it did not occur to us that the fine gentleman without breeches, shoes, shirt, or stockings,

waving his right hand aloft, in the manner of the late Mr. Kemble, and holding a twelve-penny nail in his left, who is standing upon something, which it is impossible to distinguish whether it is a rock or a cloud, for "each seems either," and pointing to a group of Astley's horse-riders going up to the back slips in the carpenter's gallery, as depicted on the frontispiece of the said Reproof, was Brutus; far less that a row of brick-kilns and certain overturned trunks and valises in the foreground, represented the Colosseum and its tottering columns; least of all, that various *Cluricaunes*, (see Crofty,) the most diminutive of fairies grouped together in a higgledy-piggledy fashion, were the representatives of the Irish nation abroad, receiving a thundering set down from the breechesless gentleman aforesaid, with the twelve-penny nail in his hand. Henry Richter! Henry Richter! you *can* do what you *can* do, but your name is not John Martin.

But what has Brutus, in the name of all that's brutish, to do with Ireland? It is impossible to guess; so let the author puzzle it out in his own fashion. He opens his Poem by a general wailing, a regular Keen, and finds that it comes from the Irish. True it is that in no country is there a more constant howling of all kinds kept up, but it is new to us that it is directed after their landlords, who, it seems, are

"Wandering afar through distant climes, to find
Some novel scene to please the vacant mind;
To tell of all the wondrous things they saw
Along the Rhine or at the German Spa:
From Herculaneum, and Pompeii too
They bring home curious trifles of virtue;

* The Reproof of Brutus. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance, & Co.

At Naples hear the Signor Andoretti ;
 Admire the Bay—it is so vastly pretty !
 Oh ! how unlike the ancient godlike bands
 Of patriot-heroes in those classic lands,
 Whose living monuments no zeal inspire
 In breasts unconscious of a kindred fire !
 Much as I long to see Imperial Rome,
 Content I'd sojourn in a studious home,
 Than dwell unmoved where every object teems
 With fairy visions of our youthful dreams ;
 Whether by Valambroso's brooks we stray,
 In Arno's vale, or on the Appian way,
 Musing along Cumæa's sacred shore,
 Where fancy strews the sibyl's leaves once more ;
 The Sabine farm, or Virgil's tomb behold,
 Or where the Roman scorn'd the Samnites gold*
 Delightful scenes, with ancient art combined
 To charm and elevate the youthful mind !"

By this time those who read will have perceived that the Author of the Reproof of Brutus, though he may have ear enough for any thing else, has no ear for poetry. More wooden verses were never made by a machine. But pray who is the Signor Andoretti ? who talks of the *prettiness* of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius flaming behind ? or who are the ancient godlike bands at the German Spa ?—and, in the name of all that's classical, why should we be moved by what the Poet calls living monuments in *Valambroso*, and yet despise Herculaneum and Pompeii. Needless it were to remark, that though the gentleman can steal a word from Milton, he does not know Italian enough to enable him to spell it. It is ever the just punishment upon a thief that he should mar his dishonestly acquired goods.

Having thus established a hook wherewith to hang his Roman pictures, he proceeds to tell us of his own dreams :—

" One night while brooding o'er my country's fate,
 The lamp expiring and the hour late."

" Hour" is a dissyllable then, it appears, in the manner of the Iberian pronunciation of the canine letter. (See, among ten thousand other proofs, the far famed *chanson* of the Orangemen :—

" A bullet from the Irish came,
 That grazed king William's *ar-rum* :
 They thought his majesty was slain,
 But it did him little *har-rum*."

—or hear, in the House of Commons, Sir John Newport, and many other Ar-rians of the Emerald Isle.) The ho-ur being late and the author being, in fact, knocked up, according to his usual custom in the afternoon, he fell fast asleep ; and his supper having been heavy, he was plagued with unpleasant dreams :—

" Methought transported to the Latian shore,
 The troubled sea retired with awful roar."

We had always been of opinion that the sea being already at the Latian shore it had no need of being transported thither ; particularly when it appears it was so transported only for the purpose of retiring. But let us get on :—

" Affrighted people, gathering on the strand,
 Foreboded ruin from the trembling land ;
 Then to the gates of Rome I swiftly pass'd,
 Heeding no dangers from the furious blast
 Of wind and hail, though *peril's varied form*
 Conspired to swell the raging of the storm."

[What the deuce is the meaning of this ?]

" 'Mid fallen columns and th' inverted dome,
 The splendid ruins of departed Rome,
 Onward I went, though lightning flash'd around,
 And awful thunder roll'd along the ground."

A very singular phenomenon indeed. We have heard of thunder rolling, but rolling along the ground, is new.

" There, where the *Coliseum** rose sublime."
 " (Barbarian ravage and the waste of time
 Alike surviving) in its area vast
 I found, where fragments huge of stone were cast,
 Seeking exemption from high heaven's decrees,
 A band of little Lords, called " Absentees,"
 Crouching beneath the shrubs in sad dismay,
 Ardently longing for the morning's ray :
 But ere th' eternal city charm'd the sight,
 And gave once more its beauties to the light,
 These Lords, all trembling betwixt hope and fear,
 A stern but just reproof were doom'd to hear :
 For when the elemental strife had ceased,
 Cimmerian darkness their alarms increased :
 As threaten'd woes severest pangs impart,
 When guilty conscience agitates the heart ;
 Sudden a flood of light was seen to glide
 High on the summit of the broken side
 Of th' *Amphitheatre* ; then a milder flame
 Succeeding, show'd a vision dear to fame."

How Cimmerian darkness resembles threatened woe, we cannot tell ; but we admit that the pronunciation of *Amphitheatre* is entertaining.

A very grand company succeeds :—

" Patriot, hero, orator, and sage,
 Tribune and *lictor*, all the classic page
 Proudly records, in glorious triumph pass'd,
 With radiant splendours all around them cast."

The reader may be curious to know who were these patriots, heroes, orators, sages, tribunes, and *lictors*, who came forward in such grandeur. Strange to relate—the first was a *wolf*, and the second a *nymph*. Here they are—

" First the tamed wolf two lovely children rode—
 Mysterious origin to Rome bestowed ;—
 The Egerian nymph, with Numa by her side,
 Imbibing wisdom for a monarch's guide."

There is a mystery in the last line—which of them was imbibing wisdom ? It can scarcely be Egeria, for she was the instructress ; and if Numa, who was the monarch guide for whom he imbibed it ?

Then follows in order, as we set them down, the Decii—Gracchus—Fabius—the traitor Catiline. Gad-a-mercy—is not he a little out of place ? Virgil claps him in Tartarus. Tully—Agrippa, who brings a most cockney rhyme in his train.

" When hostile partisans appeal to arms,
 The intestine tumult *sage* Agrippa calms :"

[Viz. by cutting them down. *Sage*, indeed !

" Scriberis Vario *fortis* et *hostium*
 Victor, Mæonii carminis alite,
 Quam rem eumque *ferox* navibus aut equis
 Miles te dūce gesserit.
 Nos, *Agrippa*," &c.]

Then a gentleman to us unknown.

" Impartial history doubtful worth ascribes
 To him whose power o'erthrew the Volscian tribes—
 That pride repulsive, when the people sued,
 By female virtue was at length subdued ;—"

* Ask Mr. Horner—ought not this to be Colosseum ?

Then Marius—the *gentle* Scipio—(Alas! for the *fulmina belli Scipiadæ*.) Cato—Cæsar—and lastly Brutus the mild, “the noblest Roman of them all,” being a line *borrowed* from Shakspeare, and applied contrary to the wishes of the owner.

This list, in which sense, poetry, history, politics, and chronology are alike violated, is passed upon us as a *catalogue raisonné* of the *élite* of Roman patriots. Here, however, are men of the most opposite views: Gracchus, the Agrarian tribune, and Cicero, the sycophant of the faction, by whom Gracchus was murdered—the fabulous Decii, and the historical Agrippa. Catq, and Cæsar, to say nothing of Brutus, and so forth. It is as if, in a procession of British worthies, we had Laud and Oliver Cromwell, masquerading it harmoniously in company with king Arthur and the knights of his round table, linked arm in arm with General Wolfe and the Marquis of Granby. But in all the set we do not see a *licitor*, as announced in the programme. Nor when we consider that a *licitor* was of the same rank in Roman society, as a bumbailiff and hangman are in ours, do we think it very necessary that they should be resuscitated as samples of what

‘The classic page
Proudly records’—

But our worthy poet had heard that they were Roman officers, and he does not exactly know the difference between a *field* marshal and a *provost* marshal.

Brutus, seeing the Irish absentees wool-gathering in the Colosseum, addresses them in a grand speech.

“Degenerate aliens of a noble race,
What mission brought you to this sacred place—
Sacred to public worth? Oh, could you own,” &c.

Now the Colosseum was built by Vespasian, and called after a statue of Nero, who did not trouble his head about public worth of any kind; but Brutus is not particular. He proceeds to ask the absentees what brings them from home.

“Once more I ask, what object call’d you thence.
T’ indulge your classic taste?—Ah, poor pretence!
What land more classic than where Alfred reign’d?
Where Hampden glorious liberty regain’d!
Where Shakspeare sang, and tuneful Pope revived
A Homer’s honours? and where Milton lived
To pour immortal strains, to strike the lyre
With power supernal and with holy fire?
Haste then to Albion, and her sons console.”

We do not wish to be hypercritical, and yet we could desire a different roll of names here. The classicality of the land of Alfred is doubtful enough. Hampden regained no liberty, being shot in the beginning of the civil wars. Pope spoiled, and mistook Homer; and Milton is a bad witness to call in this case, as he most enthusiastically loved Italy. But, admitting the correctness of the list, how is the return of these absentees to *Albion* a cure for the absenteeism in *Ireland*; or how can it mend the misfortunes so poetically bewailed by Doctor Hall, in a note on this very passage.

“Their lean cattle, (says the Dr.) are sent to all the ports of the western coast of England, Bristol channel, &c. to be fed by English graziers throughout the whole kingdom; their fat cattle are slaughtered to victual the English ships of war and merchant ships, and also for the consumption of the inhabitants of their sea-coast, and of many other parts of the world; their butter, tallow, skins, are in great part exported; and the money arising from all these things sent to the absentees and others for rent and tithes.”

How beautiful a bit of pastoral poetry! The woes of the Irish grazier, in being obliged to sell his cattle to Englishmen, are truly appalling. It is something like the sorrows of the Manchester manufacturer over the cottons departing from his warehouse, to be worn in other regions. If, however, Dr.

Hall means to say that any considerable portion of the tithes,—at least of that part of the tithes devoted to the use of the clergy of Ireland, is spent anywhere but in Ireland, the Doctor lies under a very considerable mistake. As for rents, we leave all that to Peter Macculloch, Will Huskisson, and the rest. It is nothing to us, for we, (we speak only for ourselves,) have none to receive.

The remainder of Brutus's speech is occupied with some reflections upon the manner in which the Gods regard the world, translated into some dialect of Barbary out of Pope's Essay on Man. In a philosophical poem written in rhymed couplets, it is impossible not to be occasionally reminded of that famous Essay; and our author treats us every now and then to the same rhymes, the same flights, (alas! how different) of ratiocination, interspersed with *morceaux* decorated with the lighter graces of poetry. We take it for granted that every body has by heart the passage beginning with

“ Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;”

Which is thus translated.

“ The poor Canadian, trembling at the sound
Of tempests raging his frail hut around,
Dreads in the lightning's glare th' avenging rod,
And in the thunder hears the voice of God.”

The march of mind since Pope's time, has discarded the generic word Indian, and our more exact geographer has it Canadian. But another passage about this said Indian, is one of the drollest misapplications of a classical text we ever remember.

“ Aroused by truth, the path of science trod,
The noble *savage* hears no threat'ning God
In awful thunder, but unites his power
With others to avert the dangerous hour;”

For the original of which we are referred, in a note, to Virgil's

“ Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.”

The noble SAVAGE, indeed! Good poet! Virgil was speaking of the PHILOSOPHER Epicurus. “Fortunate is the sage who knows the philosophy of creation, the *cause rerum*, the origin of the phenomena of nature, and who has trampled beneath his feet all superstitious terrors (*metus*), the stoic dogmas of the unalterable decrees of fate (*inexorabile fatum*), and the fables of a fictitious world of punishment, so much noised about by the priests (*strepitus Acherontis avari*). This is “the noble SAVAGE who hears no threatening God.” Heaven help our poor poetical philosopher!

The author having thus made an ass of himself under the character of Brutus, proceeds to perform the same feat *in propria persona*, for about two hundred pages. One jejune couplet follows another. Pamphleteering articles hacked into rugged rhyme, tumble heavily page after page. Now and then a passable thought. Sometimes, though not often, a just appreciation of character may turn up; but all through the verse is heavy, heavy, heavy as a Dutchman's hoof. The God of his idolatry is Owen, whose grand principle he expounds in the following harmonious quatrain:

—“ Nature and training only mould the mind,
And mark the course to which you're most inclined;
Character is form'd on truth's unerring plan
FOR, and not BY, the individual man.”

If there be any meaning in this rubbish, it signifies that our character is out of our own control—one of the things not in our power, as Epictetus phrases it. We do not intend wasting our time in hunting up the consequences of this maxim, or of inquiring into its truth. Our poet, however, cannot be

a true believer, else how does he dare write a *satire*? Is not, for instance, Bishop Blomfield's character made *for* him, not *by* him, as much as anybody else's?—Why, then, abuse him, as we find is done here for many a prosy page, because he has an objection to permit blasphemy to be preached in his cathedral. It is as unphilosophical, on the Owenian principle, to satirize as to persecute.

Nor do we approve of his abuse of Jeffery, and the critics in Tom Campbell's magazine, which is, we think, gross and personal, though in a great measure deserved.

— “ Oh ! what hirelings now
Before the venal altars cringing bow !—
They lead the public taste, improve the mind ?
They guide our footsteps—who themselves are blind ?
Form'd in like mould, 'tis theirs—the prurient wish
To cater for the world some favourite dish.”

These are the puff-mongers of the fashionable novels. Blind prurient hirelings, catering provisions for the world. The following is intended for Jeffery and Tom Macaulay.

— “ Flippants of a transient day,
Who ne'er beyond their narrow circle stray
Without confusion, and a labyrinth find,
Yet loudly boast with self-sufficient mind,
That they the oracles of truth can know—
Alone the source of happiness or woe.
So when at eve the sun has ceased to warm,
The tiny insect race in myriads swarm :
' 'Twas we,' they cry, ' who check'd the glare of light ;'
Then buzz in triumph through congenial night.
But soon again Aurora gilds the sky,
And all the little tribes affrighted fly.”

Now this is infinitely too severe. On Owen's principle it cannot be defended. Their characters as critics were made *for* them, not *by* them ; and if they are flippant, self-sufficient, confused, shallow pretenders, they cannot help it.

The best thing in the book is, the scorn of the economists and their demoralizing systems ; and it is only fair to extract as good a bit as we can find. His character of hard-hearted Malthus is passable enough ; but the description of the effects of the manufacturing system on the poor, is, perhaps, his best effort.

“ Listen with patience to the poor man's story :
'Tis true that war has seen their thousands bleed,
That one might triumph by the glorious deed ;
And thousands now in pain resign their health,
That one may wallow in enormous wealth :
The sallow spinner, amid ceaseless noise,
Day after day, a chronic life employs ;
Grown old at forty, quick his temples beat,
With fever raging from excess of heat :
The faithful wife his degradation shares,
Lighten'd, forsooth, of her domestic cares—
For all her children now the fact-ries claim,
Not e'en excepting those of tender frame.
What cause remains of animating joy,
To bless the spirits of the blooming boy ?
He blooms no longer—see his pallid cheek
And meagre form the cruel change bespeak !
His auburn locks with flakes of cotton mix'd,
And the dull eye in vacant ignorance fix'd.
In fields once clothed with nature's favourite green,
Luxuriant verdure now is seldom seen :
Black clouds of smoke in thickest volumes fly,
Darken the scene and shade yon azure sky.”

Farewell the beauties of this favour'd Isle,
 Where man and nature too were wont to smile;
 When the rude peasant shared a happier lot—
 Was bless'd with plenty in his ivy'd cot;
 The fruitful garden with its choicest flowers
 Repaid the culture of his leisure hours:
 Though light of heart he whistled o'er the land,
 His plough was guided by a skilful hand;
 When Sabbath came, enjoy'd a bless'd release
 From all his toils, and said his prayers in peace."

Even this passage is no great affair. How differently these things would look in the hands of Crabbe!

With his politics we shall not meddle; and as to his literary opinions, though he says of Sir W. Scott, that

"His tales usurp inestimable time,
 Prejudice of folly, or perchance of crime."

and lauds poor Tom Campbell for founding the college of all the cockneys; yet, as he has the grace to speak with the proper admiration of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Wilson, we let him pass. One compliment, however, to certain well known individuals, is worth noticing for its *naïveté*:

"The Republic of Plato, the Atalantis of Lord Bacon, the Oceana of Harrington, and the celebrated Utopia of Sir Thomas More, were each founded upon a principle of united interests, and—were all admirable productions for the respective periods in which they were written."

Of course Plato, Bacon, Harrington, and More, are not to be compared with the splendid writings of the Owenians of the present time—it is admitted that they did very well for their day!

On the whole we think, though the author babbles about green fields, yet, from the general ignorance of external nature which he every where exhibits, the ungenial course of stultifying reading with which he has afflicted himself, the great knowledge of parliamentary debates and statistical pamphlets which he displays, and the general Bowbellism of his rhymes, that he is a cockney clerk in a newspaper office.

DIXI.

* * * This is one of the Ensign's articles: the other is rather personal, and we have accordingly transmitted it to the New Monthly.—EDITOR.

AN EPIGRAM—*such as it is*.

A preaches,

" 'Tis right to try to fill your place,
 'Whate'er your station be, or age."

B responds,

" This verse is right, if that's the case,
 For it exactly fills the page."

S. T. C.

WEBSTER'S TRAVELS THROUGH THE CRIMEA AND EGYPT,* AND
BURCKHARDT'S ARABIC PROVERBS.†

THE first of the above publications is a book of the right kind; and we mean to praise it. The reader will, perhaps, wonder at our unusual course. "What," he may exclaim, "is the editor of Fraser's Magazine about to follow the course laid down by the conduct of greater men than himself:—to wit—the ministerial staff of old Wellington—and to RAT?" If the reader saith this to ourself, we will, in return, say, O, reader, thou art a simpleton! We have, in plain, unvarnished phrase, blamed many things in the New Burlington Street Publishers, but in what we have done, we have acted conscientiously. We have dealt a blow, and we flatter ourself with no small force, at "Fashionable Novels," and books descriptive of the mere superficial aspect of society, and such small and contemptible gear. Whatever a few interested persons may say to the contrary, (and no energetic measure was ever yet carried without partial hostility, nor indeed is it to be wished that it should); and whatever the frivolous circles of fashion may allege against our bitterness, and however they may be pleased to be offended at the rough treatment to which we have subjected Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, the author of Pelham and Paul Clifford, *et hoc genus omne*; we are sensible that every man who is not himself concerned in the insignificant traffic with the publishers of fashionable novels—every man of independent thought—every well-wisher to his species, who is solicitous for the moral and intellectual improvement of his fellow-creatures, (and the higher in worldly station these fellow-creatures are, the greater necessity is there for moral and intellectual cultivation.)—every man, we repeat, so minded, must and *has* commended the mode of deprecation which we have employed towards the present system of publishing the reeking scan-

dals of the day, and panegyrising the vices of the great; of giving false notions of society, and disseminating false principles in philosophy and morals; of painting ruffians and highwaymen, *en beau*, and Pelhamite scoundrels as examples for imitation—and hawking, through newspaper paragraphs, the sale of such utter trash as Sydenham or The Manners of the Day. Darnley and Richelieu are not worth speaking of—they are fine subjects spoiled by a feeble hand. An occasional novel like Mrs. Shelley's *Perkin Warbeck* will do—like Cloudesley, is ornamental to our literature—like the Kuzzilbash, is desirable, on account of the minute portraiture of language, manners, private life, and moral condition of a strange people, which are only to be faithfully delineated in the dialogues and narratives of a novel. Anastasius, in this kind of writing, stands by itself; and, like Gil Blas and Don Quixote, is not easily to be transcended. Though the Kuzzilbash, therefore, will pass current, such lamé productions as the Musselman, and particularly the Armenians, are insufferable.

To what good are such things as "The Tales of the Five Senses; or, the Christian Physiologist!" Here we have the organs of the body made the subject of a novel. What distinct, separate meaning of hearing can be drawn from a tale exhibiting any grand auricular feat? The true inquirer is aware that precise knowledge of the structure of the organs of sense can *only* be acquired from abstract examination, and *not* practical elucidation. Superdelicateness in smell involves the same principles as may be found in an enfeebled existence of that organ. The knowledge of such principles, therefore, is not so well attained in practice as in theory. That passage in Shakspeare, which speaks of the south wind eliciting odour from a bank of violets, will lead a willing

* Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt. Performed during the years 1825-1828. Including Particulars of the last Illness and Death of the Emperor Alexander, and of the Russian Conspiracy in 1825. By the late James Webster, Esq., of the Inner Temple. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

† Arabic Proverbs, or the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, illustrated from their Proverbial Sayings current at Cairo. Translated and explained by the late John Lewis Burckhardt. London, 1830. John Murray.

mind to an examination of the organ of smell as readily as what is contained in "The Tales of the Five Senses." The descriptions of the senses at the commencement of the "Tales" are misplaced in the book; they are better suited for an abstract treatise on Physiology. The descriptions, therefore, are in Mr. Bull's volume merely for the purpose of book-making. Besides, it is impossible to afford a correct view of the senses in a novel; because such a channel can only give an argument without modifications; whereas it is well known that one organ very frequently operates on another organ. And why, moreover, is the word "Christian" introduced into the title-page? Does the author, or the devout Mr. Bull, the bookseller, imagine that the perusal of the Tales in this volume lead to the elucidation of the principles of Christianity. The examination of physiology, both as regards nature and man, may lead, as does astronomy, to *devotion*; but how it can lead persons to believe in the Original Sin, the Advent of our Saviour, and the Atonement, which are the constituent points in Christianity, puzzles us exceedingly. The fact is, Mr. Bull, imagining that the methodist world were to be gulled by such titles, (and he had seen the gullibility of that world in the prodigious sale of Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems,) determined to have recourse to the pitiful expedient of introducing the word "Christian" into the title-page of his volume. We advise him, as this volume has been so successful, to proceed next to the Pains and Infirmities of the Human Body, and to give us "A Tale of the Gout, and another of the Diarrhœa." We think that the effort would be successful.

This publisher has also produced "The Game of Life," exemplified in a game of backgammon (!!!). We have not room for any remarks on this exquisite and correct piece of writing.

Return we from this digression to Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. These gentlemen have endeavoured to shift all blame from themselves to the shoulders of the public, in respect to the publication of Fashionable Novels. They allege they only followed the public taste; the public demanded such novels, and they, as

in duty bound, bowed to the decision of their superiors, and betook themselves to the work of supply. If this be so, then we ask, in one word, why have not Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, and Messrs. Longman and Co., and Mr. James Duncan, of Paternoster Row, become bankrupts, as the public taste demanded nothing but novels? Had it not done so, Mr. Henry Colburn was as capable of satisfying it as either of the above named gentlemen, and as neither of those respectable individuals were publishers of Novels, of course they became bankrupts. But it is no such thing, therefore the statement of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley as to the condition and imperativeness of the public taste in respect to Fashionable Novels, is contradicted by the fact of the prosperity of Mr. Murray, Messrs. Longman and Co., and Mr. Duncan.

However this be, we will drop our tone of censure, and proceed to the more pleasing duty of praise. We are happy to perceive symptoms of improvement in the transactions of the firm in New Burlington Street, since the accession to power of Mr. Bentley. We take credit to ourselves for opening his eyes to his real situation with regard to the public. It is utterly tired of fashionable novels and twaddling books of fiction, and is craving some wholesome food for intellectual digestion. Mr. Bentley seems desirous of amending his ways, and every credit is due to *him* on account of the effort. He has now been planning several new and popular libraries, and we think, that through his means, considering what has been already achieved by the Family Library, many volumes of which, however, *might* have been better, and one of which is perfect, Southey's Life of Nelson, that a new impulse will be given to the mind of the upper and better classes of society. There is, however, some danger of the thing being overdone, and four popular libraries from the same house, are too many by half. The chance of success, however, is in their favour, and we may be mistaken. At present, we shall give only one of Mr. Bentley's prospectuses, that of his "Library of General Knowledge," which is under the superintendence of Mr. Gleig, the well-known author of

"The Subaltern," and 'The Life of Sir Thomas Monro."

"THE LIBRARY OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE."

"In announcing the speedy publication of the LIBRARY OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE, its Projectors beg distinctly to state, that they embark in their present undertaking without any design whatever of trenching upon the ground already occupied by others. As little is it their desire to decry the exertions of those who labour in the same vineyard, and seek the same end with themselves. For these, on the contrary, they entertain the highest respect; but the field seems sufficiently wide for all parties, and therefore they enter it. They are willing to persuade themselves, moreover, that the circumstances under which they approach their task, are not unfavourable to its success. Almost all our knowledge arises from experience; and hence, by imitating as far as can be, the excellences of their predecessors, no less than by avoiding their errors, should such chance to have been committed, they hope to produce a series of Works which shall at once satisfy the judgment, and suit the tastes of those who relish amusement the most when it comes united with instruction."

"The Projectors of the LIBRARY OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE are not disposed to make professions, which are in all cases more easily made than realised. Their Work must speak for itself. If it prove such as they confidently anticipate, it will receive, because it will deserve, the approbation of the Public."

We have had much pleasure in taking this opportunity to make mention of Mr. Bentley's undertaking. Proceed we now, to lay before our readers some information respecting the books at the head of this article.

Webster's Travels are in two volumes, full of excellent matter. Many of the topics are certainly not new, superficially speaking: let not the reader, however, form any such hasty judgment; for the author was a man of excellent head and original thought, and he has contrived to shed a novelty, even on subjects which have been much hackneyed by writers of an ordinary scale. In point of style, the volumes exceed any thing we have read since the time of Forsyth. There are several very capital views of the Crimea, and Egyptian scenery, and numerous wood cuts, whilst in point of typography, they are highly creditable.

The author of these volumes is no

more: he died in Egypt, and lies in the Greek burying ground of Cairo. The gentleman, who paid the last rites to his remains, is Mr. Newnham, his companion in travel. The individual who has written this brief memoir of the author, introductory to the contents of the volumes, has thought proper to remain anonymous. We know not what his reason could have been for so doing. The memoir is written in excellent language, and contains many forcible and philosophical views, at the same time that it is adapted to the comprehension of every reader. The following extract will shew the biographer's mode of treating his subject.

"His journey to the Continent was not looked forward to as one of any probable length. A year or so spent abroad, would, it was thought, be an advantageous employment of his time till the period when he would most properly and effectively commence his career at the bar. But after residing for some time in France and Italy, and visiting his brother at Malta, he wished to extend his researches beyond Europe, and at length a reluctant consent was obtained for the gratification of his wishes. His comprehensive and active mind no doubt contemplated the future good, which might result to his fellow men from his talents and acquirements. In this spirit he prosecuted his self-imposed task, with a zeal and energy which will be manifest to the reader of the following pages.

"The writer of this memoir knew James Webster well. They were fellow travellers in 1814, throughout many districts in Scotland; they were students together of the same inn of law, and they afterwards met in France, when the subject of this memoir had returned to Paris from the Netherlands. The party consisted of three; the name of the third was William Grenville. They were all of the same age, the same habits, the same profession, and students together of the Inner Temple. They were then without care, well in health, flushed with gaiety of spirits, and inseparable companions. James Webster and William Grenville died in the same year, and the writer has lived to deplore their loss.

"The name of Grenville is not mentioned without a purpose; his life and death will also serve 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.' From hereditary disease, his constitution became early sapped, and his health, even in boyhood, was infirm in the extreme. Still he was of an active turn of mind, and fond of study, to which he applied with a rare enthusiasm, denying himself ordinary rest, and reading with that appetite for information, which the

true wish for excellence and laudable ambition alone can bestow. Grenville at an early age became his own master; he had a small property, a portion of which was applied in placing himself at school, where the writer of this notice first met with him; and the two ever after were linked in close fellowship, even to the very day of his death.

"No boy, though guided by the best intentions, is capable of being his own master: of this poor Grenville was a mournful instance. There are certainly a few examples upon record, to the contrary of the above proposition; but if their characters are fully examined, they will be found to be lamentably short of perfection; they may in some one quality of their mind be of Herculean growth, but all other qualities will be miserably wanting, or defective; in short, they will resemble the poet's hero, leaving—

‘a name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.’

This observation will serve to show, that Grenville's was an imperfect character. So, indeed, it was; but let it also be added, that never were first principles for the paramount duties of life, never was the actuating doctrine of right and wrong more beautifully developed in the mind of any man, than they were from his very boyhood, in William Grenville. But he needed the counsellor, the guardian, the friend, to lead his mind in the right path. This was what James Webster possessed in such excellence—this was what William Grenville most required. And accordingly, while the former was alive to the actual condition of the world and its affairs, the other was continually working out Utopian theories, until Utopianism became part and parcel of self. While the one partook of the innocent joys of the world, the other turned away in disgust from those joys, as belonging to an order of things in which he had no participation. Whilst the one was full of consoling hope, and comparatively happy, the other lashed himself into despair, until, sinking into immeasurable misery of mind, the line of Wordsworth was too literally verified—

‘Thereof came in the end despondency
and madness.’”

vol. i. pp. xxiii-xxvi.

This is a melancholy fragment in the history of youth. But could the secret history of the human heart be laid open, many parallel cases would be made manifest. We must give one other specimen of the Biographer's forcible composition, still regretting that his name has been withholden.

"The world is, in its present regulation, more governed by arithmetical than poetical numbers, and the utility of no individual will be rendered available, unless he mix with the throng of men, and, however reluctantly, assume the part and dress of visible life. Poetical effervescence in seclusion will work mischief, rather than benefit; because as every pure poet is, by nature, a good man, and as goodness is an active, and not passive quality, and like the eye,—

‘Sees not itself,
But by reflection, or some other object,’

it will, by being suffered to stagnate, generate regret and inward misery, which will, in time, wear away, and destroy the springs of life. The poet, therefore, to become useful, and earn his own happiness, must be satisfied to leave his solitary cave, and calm sylvan and ascetic retreat; must be satisfied too, to divest himself, in some measure, of his habiliments of spirituality, and abandoning in a manner his full tones of vaticination, must oblige himself to utter language intelligible to the common herd of his fellow creatures—must, by a detestable necessity, speak with the ‘tongues of men.’ In all this, James Webster was particularly happy. He had poetical feelings, and he cherished them in early life, with a clinging fondness; and if any proof of this be necessary, it will be found in the even purity, excellence, and spotlessness of his moral character. This may not, at first, appear as a necessary argument to the preceding position; but when viewed through the medium of the following *middle term*, it may be rendered more obvious:—that no man, in the present depraved state of society, can keep himself free from the defilements of life, without having his breast impregnated with something of the influence of poetry—something of a *romantic feeling* (as the vulgar are pleased to call it), which shall generate at the same moment charity and universal love for all his fellow creatures, and fear and horror at an imitation of their foibles, follies, and weaknesses. Other men may also pretend to have a similar feeling towards the foibles, follies, and weaknesses of their fellow creatures, and allege other than the above reasons for their principle of conduct, but if their characters be minutely examined, it will be seen that they are guided by the suggestions of a supposed superiority, of a violent self-love, of an all engrossing vanity, and that, in their religious creeds, they are what we will here call (in order to use general names) *Mammonites and Atheists*.

"We have some few fragments of poetry of young Webster's composition, which, however, we will not here insert, but the following little passage breathes such a pure tenderness of sentiment, that the rea-

der may, perhaps, be pleased to see it, taking it as a sybilline leaf in which is darkly shadowed forth the excellence of the young traveller's heart. It speaks of Girgenti, in Sicily:—

“Girgenti will remain like Paris, in itself, and by itself, needing no comment or journal. I reserve it for fancy as well as memory: I reserve its groves, its ruins for my own use: I shall often wander along its temple-crowned gardens, its pillared precipices. It will be a Grecian capital, till the real capital is seen, till I shall have visited Athens itself.”

“The purity of his mind may also be found from the poetical evidence which he has left of an attachment of the heart. Whilst at Malta, he was cast into the society of a Neapolitan refugee of high rank, who, with an only daughter, had sought shelter in Malta. It was the circumstance of their hard fortune—the utter penury of their condition—that first drew on them the regard of our young voyager. These successfully wrought on his enthusiasm, until they made him a slave in love, to the attractions of the young Neapolitan lady. In his private journal, is the following passage, descriptive of the state of his feelings on leaving Malta:—

“The last look of Malta was to me a mournful one. Though I had been waiting eight days for the summons to sail, yet when it came, its suddenness surprised and grieved me. Scarcely could I convince myself that the relative and friends whom I loved, were shaking my hand with a farewell grasp—that we were parting, perhaps for ever. What were to me the ruins of mighty cities, the glory of ancient Rome, or prostration of modern Italy? My thoughts were lingering round the scenes where I had enjoyed six weeks of unalloyed delight, and

‘Lived my boyhood o’er again.’

Alas! It has passed; and this short visit, which will rank in memory along with it, has passed also. So, as I said, if not with tears in appearance, with more grief of heart than when sorrow finds an outlet in tears—so passes time, never to return. Let me comfort myself. What would life be without these vicissitudes,—what would joy be without pain? Did I not daily complain of being detained, and say, this day spent here in Malta, is a day taken from Rome? I did so, not knowing my own wishes. I did so, but when the time came, I wished the tempest to drive us back, or some accident, to give me a few more hours. How should I have employed them? Perhaps in nothing, perhaps in complaining. Here, now, if such hours were at my command, I could give utterance to a thousand thoughts and feelings. What recollections, hopes, and schemes of happiness! I will brave thee,

thou bolsterous channel, once again. Now art thou, lonely rock, separated from me for ever. I shall yet behold thee, or in some way build fame upon thee, if ~~some~~ be ever mine. Enough—let me not give sorrow way, nor write this page with tears. Yet, wherefore should I check the current?—too rarely am I thus moved—too seldom know the mournful luxury of grief; for not possessing the substance of joy, I cannot often repose under its shadow. It is, therefore, far more dangerous for me to communicate with people. To me they are all in the extreme—or loved, or hated, or despised. I wander on to think of many, first of one whom I shall long remember—not for her beauty, for ~~that~~ that was not the attraction—but that she and her friends were suffering in exile for the good cause of liberty; and yet to my eyes she did appear beautiful, and I found in her converse something of that spirit, which lives only in the great and the unfortunate. For awhile it appeared to be with me also, and I thought myself worthy, and felt myself fit to participate in it. I had all the poetry of exile—she, alas, has all the suffering! Suffer on—the day will come, and is come—liberty shall triumph—the great shall be acknowledged great; and thou, thou shalt see thy beloved Italy again. I too shall see it, but not as thou, with affection. I shall see it as a stranger and examine its ruins. I shall see thy city; then assuredly its ruins shall be of little interest; it will suggest too many thoughts for me to inquire what it has been—I will, as I promised, think of thee as I pass it. I will next recal my present thoughts on it, and reflect how hard is fate, how hard is fate, how little happiness depends on our wishes. Are there others of whom I would now wander, still farther to think?—Yes, many—many whom sudden liking or old acquaintance would call up. Many who, one by one, shall be registered and kept sacred in memory. Let all these trust themselves to ordinary recollection; here one is in light, another in shade—one is in the foreground, the other slightly marked in the distance. Let the picture of Malta remain as it now exists: its colours will be softened by time; but I will always preserve it, and look on it with pleasure. Farewell, then—farewell,—I hope not for ever.”—vol. i. pp. xxviii—xxxiv.

The title page, full as it is, does not by any means indicate all the contents of these volumes. For instance, they give a good account of Mahmud Ali, the celebrated Pacha of Egypt. The grand act in the life of this old whiskered politician, is the massacre of the Mamlukes. Mr. Webster has the following recital of that murderous affair.

* "The day of Mamluke extermination was now drawing at hand. The Pacha had received repeated orders from Constantinople to undertake the celebrated expedition against the Wahabees. This he was anxious to do, for there was much glory and greater riches to be acquired by the adventure; if, too, it should prove successful, all his enemies would be intimidated, and the Pacha himself seated as firmly as a rock on the ancient throne of the Pharaohs. But it would have been a manifestation of childish reliance and ignorance to send the very flower of his army on so distant an enterprise, while such deadly and ever active enemies as the Mamlukes were left to revel and to plunder in the very centre of his dominions. This reasoning induced the determination for their thorough eradication from the country. Mahomed's resolves were like the '*dicta Parcarum*,' and though they were tardy in completion, still that tardiness was yet a surer sign of the fixedness and obstinacy of purpose, seldom manifested in youth, always the characteristic of old age.

'Gradum studio celerabat anili.'

"His plan was effected on the occasion of a public festival. The Grand Scignor had sent his Kislar Aga to Cairo, as bearer of costly presents to the Pacha, and the firman appointing Toussoun the son of Mahomed, to the dignity of a two-tailed Pachalic. The same youth had been by his father nominated general of the army of Arabia. The 1st of March, 1811, was the day set apart for the investiture of Toussoun: and the ceremony was ordered in the citadel. The principal portion of the Mamluke body, that indeed most conspicuous for its activity and boldness, under Elfy's successor, Chahyn Bey, had been enticed some time previously into the city, loaded with honours and attentions, and quartered in an appropriated part of the city. These Mamlukes had been invited to take part in the parade and festivities of the day; and they consented to do so. In the morning Chahyn Bey with his staff and officers, apparelled in whatever they possessed of the greatest cost and magnificence, came to the Pacha's hall of audience in the citadel, to offer their congratulations on so joyous an occasion. Mahomed received them with the greatest affability. They were presented with coffee, and he conversed with them severally, with openness of heart, and serenity of brow. But the serpent lay hidden in its bed of roses!

"The procession was ordered to move from the citadel, along a passage cut in the rock. The Pacha's troops moved first, fol-

lowed by the Mamluke corps. As soon, however, as they had passed the gate, at that end of the rocky passage which leads to the citadel, it was shut suddenly against the latter, and Mahomed's forces were ordered to the top of the rocks, where they were perfectly secure from the aim of their victims, and whence they leisurely fired upon the defenceless Mamlukes, and butchered them in cold blood, almost to a man; for escape was difficult, that end of the defile by which they had entered having been also closed, and its breadth, in many parts, being so scanty, that two horsemen could with difficulty stand side by side. Of those who were fortunate enough to find shelter in the Pacha's harem, in Toussoun's abode, and elsewhere, all were mercilessly dragged forth, conducted before the Kiaya Bey, and beheaded on the spot. The body of the brave leader Chahyn, was exposed to every infamy. A rope was passed round the neck, and the bloody carcase dragged through various parts of the city, exposed all the while to the execrations and the contumely of the inflamed populace. The citadel itself looked like a hideous slaughter-house, newly deluged with the blood of victims, and overthrown with a multitude of reeking carcases. Dead steeds lay confusedly along the streets, with their golden caparisons soiled in the filthy compound of dirt and gore; their knights, some with limbs hacked off, others without their heads, still clenching their scimitars with the last despairing, yet desperate grasp of death, were flung near their war-horses, prostrate in a black puddle of their own life-blood. Their numerous followers* were cast around their masters, pierced with many balls, their faces depicting that malice, which raged in their hearts, sprung from their disappointment at not being able to bequeath their dying hatred to a successor.

"Among the number of the slaughtered, Mahomed counted four hundred and seventy Mamlukes. Orders, however, had been generally circulated for their universal destruction, throughout the country. The Pacha's ministers of murder raged throughout the city, like a herd of ravenous tigers. Those who had private revenge to gratify, sought their victims among even the people, and in such a moment of licentiousness, fulfilled their purpose with impunity. Others of his myrmidons, again, went in bands, wherever the richest booty tempted their greediness, and tore down and pillaged, without mercy or moderation. Many private individuals were assassinated in secret, or insolently felled down in the streets. The sanctity of the marriage bed was polluted, daughters were ravished,

* Each Mamluke had a running groom, or sceyo, who, on all occasions, attended his master, even in moments of the greatest peril.

wives led away with yells of triumph. No one of sufficient authority was present to curb the atrocities of the soldiery. The shops had been closed, the inhabitants had very early run into their houses and secreted themselves and their treasures in the darkest hiding place they could find, while the streets afforded an open and free course for the military anarchy. The houses of the Mamlukes were the first to be stripped, for they were ever the most richly furnished. Nothing could exceed the violence, the rapacity, and the abominations evinced and perpetrated by Mahomed's unbridled army. Five hundred houses were sacked and destroyed. This continued for a day or two, until the Pacha had summoned sufficient courage to venture down from the citadel.

"He was cautious in not doing this, until he saw that the first impulse of popular violence had subsided. He, then, most certainly, endeavoured to repair every mischief. Both he, and Toussoun Pacha, went about the city, suppressing tumult, capitally punishing robbers and pillagers, and hunting out single Mamlukes, who, not having formed part of the fatal procession, had continued to secrete themselves in various parts of the city. The Kiaya Bey beheaded them all without reserve. Some, however, escaped in the dress of Delhis, others disguised as women. They, foolishly, bent their flight towards Upper Egypt, where, eventually, and with few exceptions, they were caught and slaughtered. The number of victims amounted, in the end, to upwards of a thousand. The heads of the principal beys were embalmed, and sent as a grateful present to the Divan of Constantinople; one only of the chiefs is supposed to have escaped, Aryn Bey by name, who, with his whole suite, took refuge in Syria. His escape was attributable to chance, for having been delayed, he only arrived at the citadel, at the moment that the Delhis were filing out of the gate. He waited till the troop had passed, but then, seeing the gate shut suddenly, and hearing, almost immediately after, the discharge of fire-arms, he put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his suite, only stopped when he was in safety.

"Thus terminated the race of the far-famed Mamlukes of Egypt. They were the cause, however, of their own destruction. Had the advice of the aged Ibrahim been attended to, they might still have existed as a body. They would then have collected their numbers under one leader, according to whose commands all other subordinate beys would have acted, and the result would have been concentration of power, and unity of purpose. Petty bickerings and private jealousies destroyed them: so true is the holy maxim, that a house divided against itself can never stand.

"This massacre, when morally considered, will remain a bloody page in the history of man; politically interpreted, it was the surest measure for the growth and continuance of the peace and prosperity of the province. The Mamlukes were restless firebrands; they inflamed and destroyed whatever they touched. They were an *imperium in imperio*, ever in opposition to the Porte, for the weal or the woe of the province; and Egypt never saw one favourable sun under the blight—the dense and destructive blight—spread far and wide by the Mamluke battalions. The Pacha's conscience, however, had, to all appearance, been little disturbed on recollection of the deed. He once heard that his conduct in this respect had been deeply censured in Europe. 'I will have,' said he, 'a painting done, representing the murder of the Duke d'Englein, and by its side will I place another of the Mamluke massacre. Let posterity decide on their respective merits.'—vol. ii. pp. 79-85.

The volumes also present a short history of the Wahabees, a sect of fanatics in Arabia, who at one time nearly overrun Persia, and made the Ottoman tremble on his throne at Stamboul. We must, however, send the reader to the volumes, having little space to bestow on so momentous a subject. But a few pages, under the title of "Recollections," are so interesting that we copy them with pleasure.

"In one of the coffee-houses at Siout we heard the following singular account of the origin of the Pharaoh dynasty. Pharaoh, we were told, was the son of a fellah, and on the death of his father, he very dutifully exhausted his inheritance in funeral festivities, a sort of Hibernian 'fare-thee-well' to the departed. No funds remaining to meet the visit of the Sheik for taxes, that officer seized the cow, and the donkey, and left Pharaoh in the undisputed possession of three water-melons, with which he resolved to 'begin the world.' He accordingly entered the bazaar at Cairo, and, seating himself on the ground, displayed his merchandize, which soon attracted the notice of a Mullah. This reverend personage advanced with becoming gravity, and, taking up one of the melons, was about to depart, when Pharaoh modestly suggested the propriety of paying the purchase money. 'My son,' replied the imperious Mullah, 'I take thy melon for the good of the mosque.' With this answer honest Pharaoh was fain to be content, and seeing another customer approaching, he rubbed his hands in expectation of bringing the remainder of his stock to a better market. But the second melon was seized with as ominous a gesture as the former,

and the answer to Pharaoh's expostulation was, 'I take thy melon for the use of the government.' Beholding his melons vanish thus unprofitably, he thought of making sure of the only one remaining, by dispatching it himself, which he did with great alacrity, and, full of the idea that he had learnt wisdom from the church and statesman, he fixed his plan for the following day. This was a simple one, and soon executed: after the example of the Mullah, he seized the first melon which he saw, and made off with it, telling the exasperated owner not to lose temper at this act, as it was all for the good of the mosque. But Pharaoh found no favour by the expedient which had succeeded so well with the Mullah. He was soundly bastinadoed and expelled the town. The part out of which he was driven led to the burial ground: thither he repaired, and bethought him of trying whether the character of a policeman might not be more successfully supported than that which had brought him beneath the bastinado. An opportunity soon presented itself: a funeral entered the ground, when Pharaoh, in an authoritative tone, demanded and obtained ten piastres, as a burial fee, on pretence that he was the appointed guard. His finances were thus furnished for some time, and the occasional repetition of the fraud enabled him to live as a respectable Mussulman, and Prophet-Reverencer. The parties hoaxed, knowing nothing of government regulations, believed the demand a just one, under some new enactment. Things were going on thus prosperously with Pharaoh, when one of the Princesses died. She was brought to the democratic district of those sad levellers, the worms, where the customary fee was claimed by the pretended officer of police. The answer on this occasion was, that Pharaoh was a rascal, and must appear before the king to account for his profanation. On being questioned by his majesty, he narrated the melancholy fate of his water-melons, and the not less lamentable consequence of his first attempt at personation, adding that, having been so grossly tricked himself, he was justifiable in playing off his skill upon others. The king, highly amused at the matter and manner of his defence, not only pardoned him, but gave him an appointment in the police, which he filled so as to merit a subsequent elevation to the post of *chief of the police*, in the town district. For the better preservation of order, his majesty issued strict injunctions that no person whatever should, under any pretence, be out of his dwelling after night-fall, and commanded Pharaoh to cut off the heads of all who transgressed this regulation. Our scrupulous officer was prepared to act up to his instructions more closely than even the royal disciplinarian had contemplated. Having found out that his majesty intended

to go out incognito, for the purpose of ascertaining how his commands were executed, Pharaoh watched his opportunity, seized the king, and to all remonstrances replied, that it was too preposterous to suppose that a sovereign, whose sublime wisdom had suggested so salutary a law, should be the first to violate it. He therefore put an end to the dispute, by cutting off his Majesty's head. Then, possessing himself of the royal signet, he returned to the palace, usurped the throne, and founded that dynasty which, by the blessing of Allah, led the Egyptians to the summit of prosperity and glory."

"Mahomed Ali may be called a great man, but he is not one whit greater than he believes himself to be.

"He has, with all his merit, a great opinion of his own good qualities; imagining himself superior in military tactics to Buonaparte and Wellington, and, in short, to the first martial characters in existence. It will be remembered that he was to attack Damanhour when the French prudently retreated. This Mahomet has set down to a dread of his prowess. It is also well known that the English forces, of the second expedition in 1807, were defeated by the Egyptians, and obliged to leave the country: the circumstances which induced the failure of the enterprise are equally notorious: but Mahomed Ali attributes the disaster of the English to his own bravery in battle. He has been heard to say, 'the French are good soldiers, but the English turned them out of Egypt, and may therefore be styled the victors; but then, you know, I turned them both out.'"

"No tricks upon travellers, is an ancient and wise injunction, but, like many others of equal antiquity and wisdom, it is often disregarded, to the great delight of those who cry 'for shame!' at an excellent joke. Not the least amusing amongst such instances is the following, which can be authenticated by several living witnesses, and by one of the number of the departed, who is, or will shortly be, in England, to give evidence, if required. Let not the reader imagine that any attack on his nervous system is contemplated. Though the following anecdote relates to the tomb, it will be found to possess no very lugubrious character.

"An English traveller in Egypt, who had rendered himself conspicuous for his cupidity and meanness in his search for antiquities, of which, by the way, he understood nothing, had repeatedly pressed an Italian gentleman, then employed in excavating for the Swedish Consul, to give him sundry of the specimens which he happened to discover. But this gentleman, Signor Piccinini, understood matters too well to give what might be sold: still, to pacify the persevering applicant, he occasionally presented him with trifling subjects, till, at

length, wearied with importunities, he resolved on the following method of sending the Englishman home in triumph:—

"A short time before this mendicant traveller's arrival at Thebes, a Doctor Bonavilla, who was in the service of the Pacha, at Kordofan, finding himself incapacitated by illness for the duties of his office, had obtained leave of absence; but, on his reaching Thebes, was unable to proceed, and gladly accepted the hospitable offers of his countryman Piccinini. In his house the Doctor was attended, till, worn to the bone by disease, he expired. Among the vast number of surrounding sepulchres, there could be no lack of a burying place, but, wood being less abundant, Signor Piccinini was at a loss how to procure a coffin for his departed friend. To supply this want, he bethought him of a mummy case, and, having dislodged the ancient tenant, he deposited Dr. Bonavilla in its stead, and placed him in a tomb near the house. Finding, as has been already said, that small presents to the English traveller only increased the cravings of his antiquarian appetite, and that nothing short of a mummy would satisfy him, Signor Piccinini decided that Doctor Bonavilla should serve his turn. Accordingly, he sent for the traveller, and, with due mysteriousness, informed him that he had in his possession one of the most singular mummies which it had ever been his good fortune to meet with; and that, for the great regard entertained by him for the English nation generally, and for the said traveller in particular, he begged to present it to him. Overwhelmed by such apparent generosity, our countryman poured forth grateful acknowledgments on his own behalf, and that of all Englishmen, assuring the Signor that his name should be honourably mentioned to the antiquarians of Britain. It should be here observed, that Doctor Bonavilla having adopted the Turkish costume, had worn his beard long, and thus the supposed mummy presented the additional and rare attraction of a flowing white beard. To account for the absence of the bandages by which mummies usually are enveloped, the Italian stated that they had been removed in searching for papyri, and he further affirmed that, from general appearances, the mummy in question could have been no less a personage than one of the high priests of Jupiter Ammon. The bait was eagerly taken; our traveller wished to have immediate possession of so invaluable a treasure, but Piccinini represented that, should the consul hear of his having parted with it, he would in all probability discharge him. The removal was, therefore, deferred till night, when Dr. Bonavilla was safely lodged in the cangia of the traveller, from whose importunities Piccinini was thus effectually released. However, he could not forbear the gratifi-

cation of giving publicity to the joke—it was served up to every traveller who visited him, and many a *bon voyage* has been wished to the antiquary and the high priest of Jupiter Ammon, who, ere this, have, in all probability, arrived in England."

"People travel from 'divers, sundry, and various' motives, many of which seem strange enough to those not actuated by them. But the inducement which led a young gentleman belonging to 'Modern Athens' to visit ancient Jerusalem, is indisputably droll. Jerusalem is usually sought by the learned, the devout, or the curious, in neither of which classes the Caledonian in question can be ranked. He would visit the holy city, though he recked not of its memories, its sanctity, or singularity. He had no thought of writing a book, or saying a prayer, or of exploring an unknown spot. No: yet was he undismayed by the difficulties of the journey, and the probabilities of the plague, for his soul was hungering and thirsting—after justice: not a bit of it; but after a regular succession of substantial Scotch dinners. 'I will go to Jerusalem,' he exclaimed, 'for, having seen it, I shall, on my return to Edinburgh, be asked to dinner every day in the week.' For Jerusalem, therefore, he set out, but on arriving at Gaza, a frontier dividing the two Pachaics, he was detained, and as he had no firman, the authorities put him under arrest, while a dispatch was forwarded to the Pacha at Acre. Till the answer should arrive, he was confined to a room, and given to understand that strong suspicions existed of his being a Russian spy; and, as he was unable to make himself understood either in Turkish or Arabic, he had no means of expressing his wishes but through a servant, who was occasionally allowed to visit him. During this perplexing confinement, he was occasionally favoured with a 'look in' by Turks, who very significantly indicated what punishment they thought to be awaiting him. One of these true believers was particularly punctual in such visits. Daily would he enter the room and stand before the prisoner, grinning, and drawing his fore-finger from ear to ear, till he supposed the Englishman fully sensible of his meaning. After four days, an answer arrived from the Pacha at Acre, permitting him to return without further molestation, but forbidding his proceeding on his intended journey. To this, however, he would not consent, but persisted in going to Acre, accompanied by an escort, and there he obtained leave to visit Jerusalem, still under an escort; which so diligently attended him, that he was unable to see the principal attractions of the place, and also prevented from travelling in Syria. He returned to Cairo, and gave a full account of the issue of his attempt, from which he had been dissuaded by his

friends. But he was content; he had seen Jerusalem,—and Edina's dinners were secured. One circumstance of his trip, however, he could not think on with patience. Indeed, he declared, that of all the annoyances he had endured, none gave him an uneasy reflection, excepting the diurnal visits of the d—d Turk, with his ominous digit.”—vol. ii. pp. 212-21.

Of Malta, the volumes contain a particular description. Though this island belongs to the English, and is a military depôt and garrison of considerable strength, yet, strange to say, we are perfectly uninformed of proceedings in that quarter. Mr. Webster, however, has given us some valuable intelligence.

“The clergy and cowed gentry are most abundant and flourishing in Syracuse, where, indeed, superstition has as fair an empire as could be desired by the direst foe to mental freedom. Monastic life was introduced into Sicily in the sixth century, and the monks went on increasing in numbers and iniquity, till the Saracens took Syracuse in 878, when they were almost exterminated. All religious orders were pillaged, and the Christians subjected to severe persecution during the stay of these barbarians in Sicily. They were, at length, in 1071, driven out by Ruggiero, who gave one-third of property to the clergy. At the restoration, the monastic orders were chiefly Benedictines and Carmelites. The Inquisition was established by Frederic II. In Palermo, Charles V. restored it, after it had been abolished, and its archives burnt by the people in 1556. At present, in the whole island, there are eight hundred and fifty convents, one-third for women. Several in Palermo, for females, have country houses for the summer. The three great points in Sicily, are celibacy, auricular confession, and absolution.

“The convents on Acradina, are of Franciscans and Capuchins. The former has a fine colonnade, and is a large establishment. One of the fathers shewed me the convent and church. There are only twelve monks now in the convent, and they are in no very good case. He who had offered himself as a guide was of mild and pleasing manners. Reminding me of the duty of all good Christians, he said, that the revenues had been taken from the order, and that the monks subsisted on charity. Seeing that this made no impression, he bluntly asked for the smallest sum, accompanying his request with gesticulations, indicating that actual hunger pressed him. As soon as he had got possession of the alms, he abruptly retired into his cell. On coming home in the afternoon, I saw him near the gate of the town, talking very briskly and contentedly. In short, he was

a hypocrite, and a monk. Generally, every evening a father of one of the orders is to be seen haranguing the people, in the place where the muleteers, fishwomen, &c. congregate together. I frequently noticed a capuchin so employed. In his hand he held a great cross of ebony, a foot in length, with a brass Christ thereon. He had also a small cross at his left side, near the heart; and, hanging from the white cord round his waist, was a string of very large beads, ornamented with brass. He preached in Italian, and much like a huffoon, often inviting the populace to salvation, and pecuniary contribution, in the most ludicrous tone of conversational coaxing; while another person, with something like an old nightcap on a pole, stood engaged in the useful office of money-taker to the preacher. These monks are met in shoals of twenty or thirty at a time, sauntering, marketing, &c. &c.—Two days before we left Syracuse, a nine days' ceremonial had commenced. It began in the cathedral, or temple of Minerva, at seven every morning. At eight, a little petard, fired nine times, announced to all the inhabitants that the elevation of the host was taking place. Whatever be his employment at the time, every good Catholic must instantly fall on his knees: at home, or in the street, idle, or on important business, a spirit of inspiring piety strikes them, like St. Paul, motionless on the road. At six in the evening, the ceremony was repeated at the church of St. Mary, with a military band of eighteen, who played for an hour. Great crowds were attracted to this temple by piety and music, the latter of which was truly good. At the end of the church, there are numbers of galleries or balconies, all grated, and cross-grated, from which we could see numbers of the nuns, who had come to listen and join in the worship. At six the petard again fired nine times, and all were on their knees in an instant, while the priest at the altar held up, and turned from side to side, the starred and glittering host, enshrined in gold, he himself covered with embroidery, his altar blazing with candles, and ornamented with flowers, and the church hung with scarlet, and lighted by forty chandeliers.

“The education of a priest is a simple matter: he enters a seminary, and studies the fathers, the lives of the saints, and the articles of faith: but to the study of philosophy, literature, and history, he is an utter stranger.

“The education of females is exclusively in the hands of the abbesses. After her sixth year a girl is put into a *retiro*, under the tuition of an abbess, nuns, and a confessor. These endeavour to persuade her to take the veil. Where there are two, or more daughters in a family, one is invariably destined to the convent. Many now institute proceedings, to prove that the veil

was taken by them, without a free consent, and, if they make this sufficiently evident, are liberated. More than a quarter of the landed property belongs to the church; and convents. Some have from forty to sixty fiefs, let only for three or four years. The Benedictines alone are said to be worth twenty thousand pounds per annum. The Bishop of Catania derives a large revenue from the snow of *Ætna*, which is sent to Naples, and used for ice.

"I derived much pleasure from the society of a Signor P——, an antiquary, who had all the enthusiasm and originality necessary to form what is called a 'character.' His theory concerning the excavation known by the name of 'the Ear of Dionysius,' was singular. It having been mentioned in conversation, that, at the theatre of Athens, there existed a subterranean construction, having for its object the improvement of the hearing and echo, the Signor gave it as his opinion, that the Ear of Dionysius was a similar work. There is a small canal running round one of the rows of benches, the discovery of which (evidently a water canal) my friend the antiquary states to be his own, it not being mentioned by Biscaris or Capodici. This same canal is about ten inches broad, and as many deep; and, as, the marks of the stones shew, had been covered over, for the very natural purpose of preserving the feet of those sitting on the next higher bench from being immersed in ten inches of water. Another similar to it runs lower down, and, to complete the basis of the grand theory, a third is supposed. These little canals are then imagined to have had others, of which no traces are discoverable, communicating all through the solid rock, with the top of the Ear of Dionysius. A like canal runs along the roof of the Ear, and, secondly, important discovery! the canal does not finish with the cave: might it not, then, run through the rock, and come out at the canals? I, of course, assented with all possible gravity to this original conjecture." Still it remained to be shewn how this could assist either sound or hearing, when the Signor explained the matter to his own entire satisfaction, and from his explanation it might be gathered, that the voice of the actor made the following sort of journey. It issued from his mask, and though it could not possibly perceive from the *scena* the entrance into the Ear, ran by a natural instinct over the rock, and down the precipice, and, rushing into the sonorous cavern of its corner, vexed itself into wild thunder, bounding, bursting, and bellowing through the arched crescent. It then took refuge in the canal in the roof, driven upwards into it from every point and curve. Arrived at the end of the cave, and frightened at the darkness, and at itself, it continued along the canal, the gigantic sounds which it had gathered

in its passage, latent, but not extinguished by the compression and bustle. In this state it again saw the light at the canals, which it instantly filled with its expanding body, and beholding the thirty thousand spectators, each with his natural ears, far different from that Titianian imitation, where it had itself been transformed to a corresponding bulk, broke into a thousand little voices of the same size as when it left the *scena*, and, like one escaped from the giants and dungeons of a dream, seeing his own house and friends restored to him, it flew from ear to ear, relating to each its history. Such is the theory of Signor P——, the Syracusan Cicerone and Antiquary!"—vol. ii. pp. 238-43.

Mr. Webster also visited Sicily, and the following are portions from his valuable information respecting the "Granary of Rome."

"We remained in Syracuse till the 7th, detained by contrary winds, when we set sail at twelve, but had not got out of the harbour when the wind fell, and we returned. We went ashore, and at five P. M. came back to the schooner, when all were of opinion she would not sail on that night. As, however, there was every likelihood of her sailing early next morning, I resolved to sleep on board. There were nine vessels in the harbour, most of them driven back by the late unfavourable weather. Four were bound for Malta. The evening was beautiful, the sun setting over the Hybla: the basin perfectly still, Syracuse seen on the height, and *Ætna* in the distance over the rocks, visible as far down as the snow reached. Suddenly, a favouring wind sprang up, and we as suddenly set sail, contrary to our expectation, at half-past six P. M., on the same evening, the 7th of December, and at one A. M. were past Cape Passaro. On getting into the channel of Malta, we tacked, the weather became cloudy, and towards afternoon there was a high south-west wind. We were then, at three P. M. about forty miles from Malta. It became very cloudy, and the ship, unable to make way, turned back towards Sicily. Shortly after, as we were going on rapidly though roughly, the owner of the vessel came on deck, carrying a little bell and a string of beads. After a brief consultation with the captain, he summoned the whole crew, who ranged themselves half on either side of the deck. The bell rang to give notice of the time for commencing the *Aves*, and one side chanted the first, and then the other took up the remaining in a higher key. The bell sounded, and *Gloria Patri* was sung, after ten *Aves* had been chanted in the manner just described. After this, each crossing himself, and falling on his knees, began muttering in a hurried whisper the *Litany* of the Virgin, commencing with *Kyrie*

Eleison, and giving about fifty epithets to the Madonna. Another chaunt completed the round, which, however, was no sooner done, than they recommenced the *Aves*—singing ten of them as before, repeating the *Gloria*, the *Kyrie Eleison*, and the concluding song, which process was gone through a third, fourth, and fifth time. Then the crew dispersed, but their devotions were not over, for a few seconds after: one of the seamen struck up a long religious hymn, in the chorus of which all his messmates most devoutly joined.

“In such a scene, a stranger sees an imposing proof of the influence of religion, or superstition, especially when performed at the fall of a long winter night, with a storm approaching. The sky was overcast in all directions—the sea covered with white waves—and, what added to the strange feeling of the moment during these devotions was, that the sea-fowl were wheeling round and screaming near us, or beating in flocks against the waves. The dolphins, too, followed the ship in numbers, raising up their heads at intervals to catch the enthusiastic cries of adoration, harmonizing with the whistle of the tackling, and the crash and tossing of the disturbed element. This praying is certainly not censurable in itself, and the man who conscientiously rejects devotion to the Virgin, as idle and blasphemous, has no right to blame those who conscientiously perform it as a part of their religious belief. Still the time and circumstances calling forth this manifestation of feeling may fairly lead to an unfavourable opinion as to the truth and purity of religious sentiments, which are roused by the tempestuous terrors of the deep, and subside with the subsiding storm. We should distinguish between two kinds of danger: one is vague, addressing itself to our fears—the other fixed and calculable, and perhaps more properly expressed by the word *difficulty*. Religion fortifies the mind against danger generally. It enables men confidently to undertake great and perilous enterprises. In commencing these, nothing is more inspiring than religious ceremonies. The attendance on them is a union of number, where every man's resolution is confirmed by that of his associates, while each feels his enthusiasm and courage, as it were, reproduced and multiplied. But the case is otherwise, when danger is actually and unexpectedly at hand—danger too, the possible extent of which is unknown.”

“Here, religion is, indeed, equally powerful in its encouragements and consolation: but every man should draw on the resources of his own piety—should strengthen himself in the armour of his own faith—and not, by uniting in audible invocations to a preserving agency, confess merely a strong sense and dread of danger. A company of cowards may collectively exhibit

the highest efforts of courage, from shame, from ignorance of each others' cowardice, &c.; but this spell is broken when all unite in a ceremony which, though not, perhaps, an avowal of fear, is decidedly a confession of the sense of danger and the need of assistance. The imagination is affected by a ceremony which is in itself humiliating, and which, leading to vast and imposing ideas, gives, by an uncontrollable sympathy, the same character to the indications around us. Thinking of the Omnipotent, of that vast and boundless power which created winds and sea, the fancy supposes the same energy about to urge the impetuous career of the one, and lash the other into fury. Thus, the billows roll more restlessly to the eye of the devotee, the night grows murkier with the mists of superstition, and the dreary waste of waters still more dark and desolate. Does this doctrine appear to imply a blasphemous audacity—an atheist struggle against Heaven and its terrors? Let us consider the example set by an apostle in a danger similar to that which has given rise to these reflections—one encountered in the same channel, perhaps on the same spot, where the Sicilians now fell upon their knees in terror. Paul makes no mention of worship during his perilous voyage from Alexandria to Malta. His whole narrative is a relation of exertions and plans. ‘When the ship could not bear up against the wind, we let her drive—we had much work to come by the boat.’ They used help, ungirding the ship, lest they should fall into quicksands; ‘next day, they lightened the ship: we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship,’ &c. &c. True, Paul relates his vision, but it is to encourage them, concluding thus, ‘Wherefore, Sirs, be of good cheer.’ They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day. He next prevents them from deserting the ship, when at a short distance from Malta! he makes them eat, ‘then were they all of good cheer; they lightened the ship, and cast the wheat into the sea.’ Thus wrote and acted Paul, and his example may be adduced in support of the position—that men should be pious in undertaking, brave in encountering, and again pious after overcoming danger.”—vol. ii. pp. 245-50.

And again.

“The men in Malta may be said, without much exaggeration, to talk of nothing but law, which in their eyes assumes a greater importance than commerce itself. Many of the Maltese engage in a lawsuit, purely for the pleasure they experience in carrying it on. So litigious are they, that in some cases the will of a testator is so worded, that his heirs are to enjoy certain property, only on condition of their carrying on such or such a lawsuit. The best proof

of the law mania in Malta is the number of courts, now in full activity. The police court is in two branches, one for criminal, the other for civil causes, such as the decision of disputed claims under a certain amount. There are Courts of Assizes, for criminal and civil cases of smaller importance; the Commercial Court, Appeal Court, Supreme Court, Bankruptcy Court, Marine Police Court, Admiralty Court, and Piracy Court. The Bishop's Court must also be noticed. This court, at Malta, has great power. All matters relating to the church are cognizable there only, as also all civil matters, where the defendant is in orders. From all the decrees of this court, there lies an appeal to Rome. Sometimes the jurisdiction is criminal, but chiefly it relates to the fulfilment of marriage promises, payment of fees, &c. Imprisonment in this court goes under the softened name of *avirtimento*. It has jurisdiction in ecclesiastical and matrimonial cases, in which latter, a man may, by sentence of this court, have his wife, who has been unfaithful, immured in a convent for life, or for any term which he may think fit to sue for. Sir T. Maitland passed a law, by which it was enacted, that in four years from the date thereof, the proceedings of the law courts should be transacted in English, instead of Italian. But this law has proved a dead letter, and is likely to continue so, till English becomes more generally spoken among the people. The better class of society send their children to English schools to learn the language; and all who wish to be employed by government secure this necessary acquisition, as a preference is always given to the candidate so qualified. By the Maltese law with regard to marriages, the portion which a woman brings to her husband is held sacred; and, in the event of his failing in trade, her claims take precedence of all others, and is paid in full. This law has been often most villainously abused. An unprincipled trader, on his marriage, has the contract made out by a notary, in which is set forth, that he received such,

or such a sum in dowry with his wife: if it be necessary to count out the money before the notary, the parties may borrow it for the occasion. In five or six years this trader fails, his wife comes forward with her claim contained in the marriage contract, and carries off the estate, leaving the creditors without a shilling. In most of the marriage contracts it is agreed upon, that the bridegroom shall remain as a guest in the family of the bride for two or four years, free of expense. The *parola*, or promise of marriage, is often given many months before the ceremony; a woman may break this parola if she should alter her mind, but the man is irrevocably bound." — vol. ii. pp. 282-84.

The causes of the death, and *post mortem* appearance of the Emperor, as likewise the whole particulars of the grand conspiracy of 1825, are also satisfactorily set forth in these interesting volumes. But we have no further space to devote to their consideration, as we must at once proceed to the "Arabic Proverbs" of Burckhardt, an early copy of which has been kindly sent us by the publisher.

The name of this traveller is too well known to need any additional mention at our hands. This volume, however, (being the last part of his labours,) has, for its peculiar nature, a paramount claim upon our attention. Proverbs, which to common readers appear light as the passing air, to the philosophic mind are fraught with the wisdom of ages, and stamped with the mark of popular experience. On an early occasion, we have an intention of giving a history of Proverbs in general, for which, a recent work in French will afford us a fitting opportunity; for the present, we cannot do better than lay some of these Egyptian productions before our readers.

إذا حَبَّتْكِ حَيَّةٌ اطْرُقْ بِهَا

"If a serpent love thee, wear him as a necklace.

"If dangerous people show affection towards thee, court their friendship by the most polite attention."

إذا حَضَرَ الْمَاءُ بَطَلَ التَّيْمَمُ

"If water is present for ablution, the use of sand is discontinued.

"Affluence renders unnecessary what is practised during poverty. التَّيْمَمُ is the ablution with sand which the Turkish law prescribes when water cannot be procured."

علي بمحمت زفاني قصر الليل و تابت المغاني

"To the good luck of my wedding festivities the night was short, and the female singers became penitents.

"This is said ironically to express that the wedding did not succeed well; and the saying is applied to any unfortunate circumstance that throws obstacles in the way of

rejoicings. زفانف is the plural of زفة "the procession in which the bride is carried to the house of her spouse;" and it also signifies "the whole wedding-feast," the principal rejoicings of which take place during the night; and at Cairo always on the night preceding the consummation of matrimony, which last night is called

ليلة الدخلة While I am writing this, the whole quarter of the city in which I reside is illuminated on a similar occasion; and two men, one disguised as a French soldier, the other dressed up as a French woman, play their tricks before a large assembly of Arabs, in front of the bridegroom's house; a third Arab personifies a cowardly Turkish soldier making love to the lady; he, as well as the French pair, pronounce Arabic according to their supposed native idioms, a circumstance which causes roars of laughter. The mock-lady's heart is won by the Turkish soldier, whose pockets are full of gold; but the French soldier beats the Turk unmercifully whenever he meets him, and at last obliges him to put on his hat instead of the turban. The female singers, are mostly public women of a loose description; those who were expected at the wedding feast suddenly felt symptoms of repentance (تابت), and therefore did not attend.

"As certain customs usual on a Moslim wedding ceremony at Cairo have not been mentioned by former travellers, I shall here give some account of them. When a girl is to be asked in matrimony, a friend or relation, or the sheikh of the young man, (who has instructed him in reading the Koran,) goes to the girl's father, and makes a bargain for her. It is a real bargain, for the girl's affections are never consulted, and the amount of the price to be paid for her (حق البنت as they call it,) is the only matter taken into consi-

deration, provided the station in life of both parties sufficiently correspond; but even in this respect the Egyptians are not very scrupulous, and a man of low extraction and profession who possesses wealth often marries into a high class. The price paid for the girl to her father, or, if he be dead, to the nearest male relation, varies according to her rank, fortune, or reputation for beauty. Among the first-rate merchants the price is from two hundred to three hundred dollars; among those of the second class, from sixty to eighty; and the lower classes often pay no more than from three to five dollars. It is usual to pay half of the money immediately in advance, this sum becomes the property of the father; the other half remains in the bridegroom's hands, and reverts to his wife if he should die or divorce her; but if she herself sues for a divorce she forfeits her claim to the money. On the day of betrothing (يوم الخطبة) the girl's father gives a

small entertainment in his house, where none assemble but intimate friends, the bridegroom himself not being present. The day for the marriage is then fixed. If any festivity is to take place (a circumstance with which the poorer classes generally dispense), the street wherein the bridegroom resides is for six or seven days before the marriage decorated with flags and various coloured lamps, suspended from cords drawn across the street. Three days before the marriage ceremony the festivities usually begin; if the parties are great and rich people they begin eight days before—the house is then full of company every night, and an open table is kept. But on the great night of the feast (that immediately preceding the nuptial night,) singing and dancing women are hired to attend, and the whole street is illuminated. Next morning when the nuptials are to take place (يوم الدخلة) (which in Egypt is always on Monday or

Thursday, the other days being considered of bad omen with regard to weddings,) the girl's father repairs to the bridegroom's house, accompanied by some of his friends, in order to conclude the marriage compact (العقد); after a plentiful dinner the mutual friends assemble in a circle, the girl's father and the bridegroom sitting in the midst. The former takes the other's hand, and after the recital of a short prayer addresses him in these words: 'I give to thee my daughter N——, the adult virgin, in marriage, according to the law of God and of his prophet.' زوجتك بنتي فولانة البكرة البالغة (بسة الله ورسوله عليه السلام To which the other replies: 'I take thy

daughter N:— In marriage, the adult virgin, according to the law of God and of his prophet.* The father asks, 'Dost thou accept my daughter?' (اقبلت بنتي). The answer is, 'I have accepted her.' (قبليها). The father immediately adds: 'God bless thee with her.' (الله يبارك لك فيها). And the bridegroom replies, 'I hope in God that she may prove a blessing.' (مبورك ان شاء الله). The *Fatha* (or first chapter of the Koran) is then recited by the whole company, and all present shake hands with the bridegroom, and congratulate him. No document or marriage contract is written on this occasion, nor even at the time of betrothing, when two witnesses only are required, to attest verbally the betrothing and the payment of the money. While this ceremony is taking place, the bride, having left her own house, and accompanied by all her female relations, proceeds through the town in a manner faithfully represented in a plate of Niebuhr's Travels. She is completely veiled, generally with a Cashmere shawl; a large canopy of red silk or cotton stuff, held by four men, is carried over her head; the musicians go before her. She parades through all the principal streets from morning till evening, for six or eight hours.* When great people marry, these processions are conducted upon a more magnificent scale. I have seen many nuptial processions of persons high in office at the court of Mohammed Aly; the bride was seated in a carriage, and all the different trades and professions of the town appeared personified upon richly decorated open waggons drawn by horses; in these waggons the tradesmen and artists had established their shops, and sat working in the same manner as in their own regular abodes: sixty or seventy of those waggons followed the carriage of the bride. Before them went rope-dancers, harlequins, &c., and at their head was a masqued figure that is frequently seen parading in front of nuptial processions of an inferior order, and conducted with much less pomp and splendour; this figure is a young man whose head, arms, legs, and entire body are patched over with white cotton, so that no part of the skin can be perceived, his person appearing as if completely powdered over. He exhibits in the natural position, that object which constituted the distinguishing attribute of the ancient Roman god of the gardens; this is of enormous proportion, two feet in length, and covered with cotton; and he displays it with indecent gesticulation in all the bazars before the staring multitude, and during the whole time of the procession. How this custom, which is not known in other places, began among the Egyptians, I am unable to ascertain; but it seems not improbably some remnant of the worship paid by their forefathers to that God, whose temple at Karnak is the most considerable now existing in Egypt. Towards evening the bride arrives, half fainting from fatigue, before the gate of her spouse's dwelling, from which he issues, suddenly clasps her in his arms as if by violence, and running off with his fair prize carries her into the females' apartments up stairs, where all the women of both families are assembled. This evening is passed with much fewer festivities than the last; there are not any public rejoicings in the streets, and none but the relations and intimate friends attend at supper. The bridegroom now in his turn leaves the house, he parades in his newest clothes, by the light of torches and to the sound of drums, a short way through the town, accompanied by his friends; he then goes to the Mosque, and recites the *Aeshe*, or last evening prayer, after which he returns to his home. As soon as he enters the house his friends leave him, but at parting strike him many times with their hands upon his back; these blows he endeavours to avoid by running in as fast as possible. He is indulged with a short repose in his own apartment, and a message is then sent informing him that his bride is ready to receive him. He finds her in his bedchamber, sitting upon the sofa with two women by her side, usually the mother or aunt, and the old midwife of her family. It is here that for the first time her face is seen by the bridegroom, and his expectations are but too often disappointed. At his entrance the veil that covers her is removed by her attendants; she then rises and kisses his hands. An invariable and indispensable custom now obliges the bridegroom to give money to both the female attendants, and likewise to put some money into the hands of his bride, this is called 'the price for the uncovering of the face' (حق كشف الوجه). If his circumstances allow him, he generally

gives gold coins; if he is poor, he gives a piastre, or even a few paras; something, however, must be given, although a trifling sum, in testimony of the veil's having been removed with the girl's consent. The two women then retire, and none remain but the

* In Syria, where this procession is accompanied with other ceremonies and usually takes place in the early part of the night, it is reckoned a very bad omen to pass with the bride before a public bath, and therefore those streets are carefully avoided into which the baths open.

bride and bridegroom. During this first nuptial 'tête-à-tête' many women assemble before the door, striking drums, singing, and shouting loudly, to prevent from being heard any conversation that might pass between the newly married couple. On this occasion the bridegroom must convince himself that no man has anticipated him in the possession of the fair one, whom also he must no longer allow to boast of being a maiden (أنه بحرقها). The mode in which he acquires that conviction is sometimes so repugnant to manly feelings, that I must describe it in a language better adapted than the English to a detail of similar proceedings.

انما كثيرين من الناس تستغني
في ذلك الوقت عن وطية البنت فيحرقوها باصبعهم والعامّة يستعملوا
ايضا مفتاح خشب حتي الفلاحين و ناس السفلا لا يحرقوا البنت
الّا بالمفتاح • Before the bridegroom
approaches his bride it is reckoned proper that he should utter aloud these words
of the Koran: نصر من الله وفتح قريب. Among the lower classes

of Moslems at Cairo it is customary that on the day after the nuptials certain female relations of the bride should carry her innermost garment (not her handkerchief as some travellers have related,) in triumph to the houses of their neighbours. But this practice is not adopted by the more respectable inhabitants, among whom the chemise is exhibited only in the bridegroom's house to the women assembled there; and in many instances the people of high rank condemn even this exhibition as indecent, and no longer allow it. On that night, immediately after the conclusion of their first interview, the bride and bridegroom retire to separate apartments; next morning they go to the bath; and for seven days after some female relations constantly remain with the bride in the house of her husband, but he is not permitted to approach her.

The bride furnishes herself with clothes for the marriage, and with ornaments; she brings likewise to her husband's house much furniture, bedding, kitchen utensils, &c. (called فراش) often of greater value than the price which was paid for her; those articles continue her property.

"If a widow marries, none of those ceremonies take place; the nuptials are celebrated in a quiet manner by the family alone. Even the marriage of a virgin is sometimes not accompanied by any festivities, but for this omission an express stipulation must be made at the time of betrothing; else the bride and her friends would consider themselves insulted.

"It is always expected that those who are invited to nuptials should bring some presents; sugar, coffee, and wax candles are the articles generally sent on such occasions to the bridegroom's house, upon a large board covered with a fine handkerchief.

"Divorces are extremely common at Cairo; I believe there are few individuals who have not divorced one wife. Polygamy is much less frequent than Europeans imagine. Of one hundred married men in this city there certainly is not more than one who has two wives; and not more than one in five hundred who has more than two. The privilege of having four, which the Moslim law allows, is enjoyed by the richest class only, those who can afford to keep separate establishments.

"To estimate the condition of the Arab women at Cairo, by that reported to exist at Constantinople, and in the large Turkish towns, would be very erroneous. Females probably enjoy more freedom here at Cairo, than in any other part of the Turkish empire, the deserts excepted; and whether for that reason, or from some accessory causes, they are of less reserved manners, and more addicted to debauchery than the women of the neighbouring countries, Syria and Hedjâz."

إذا جا الماء طوفان اجعل ابنك تحت رجليك

"If the water come like a deluge, place thy son under thy feet.

"Save thyself, even at the expense of thy nearest kindred or friends—a selfish principle very general in the Levant. According to Moslim tradition, when the deluge came and the rebel sons of Noah felt the water approach their ankles, they took their little children in their arms; when the water rose higher, they placed them upon their shoulders, then upon their heads; but at last, when the flood reached to their own mouths, they put the children under their feet, endeavouring to keep their own heads above the water."

POEMS TO DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUALS.

TO A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

WE have taken into our establishment thirteen sprightly young gentlemen, as supernumeraries. Most of them have large families, and four of the number have been burnt out several times, and lost 'their all.' They have lived as long as they were able upon the public benevolence, in the shape of subscriptions, &c., and, at last, they are reduced—to WORK! Under these circumstances we trust that a humane public will be disposed to view their juvenile efforts with a lenient eye, and to patronize the lisping of their muse.

We have received the most undeniable characters, with each of the youths, from Mrs. Packwood, Mr. Charles Wright, and the late lottery-office keepers. Those respectable individuals say, indeed, that our young friends have hitherto confined their efforts to a few subjects; but they have no doubt but that, with proper encouragement, they will turn their hands to anything.

PETER PEPPER AND Co.

N. B. No connexion with Edward, the long-haired. (P. P.)

P. S. We omitted to state that James Fingerly Scraggs, one of our supernumeraries, was most satisfactorily acquitted of the malicious charge, (a trifling handkerchief matter,) preferred against him at the last Middlesex Sessions. (P. P.)

2. P. S. We also forgot to state that another, Mr. Abraham Smudgeley, has not only a bed-ridden wife in England, but also another at Port Jackson, together with large families by each, to support.

The object of the following papers, of which there will be a series, is to commemorate the good and great qualities of individuals. "Ever anxious, however, (in the phrase of Messrs. Day and Co.,) to prevent indisposition as well as imposition, THE SUPERNUMERARY ESTABLISHMENT have orders to mix, occasionally, a little of the *utile* with the *dulce*. For we have been assured, by an intelligent medical friend, that it is dangerous to allow the sugar to overpower the hoarhound.—

"Now, gentlemen, who plays the first fiddle? Who begins?"

"Mr. Tweedle takes the musical department, sir. He has engaged to do the singers and instrumentals."

"Come, then, Mr. Tweedle; give us something introductory—something of the overture kind—a patriotic air, sir—Rule Britannia, or such like."

[Mr. T. takes up his Straduarious, and, after a quarter of an hour's tuning, begins.]

Overture.

AIR.—*You Gentlemen of England.*

You gentlemen of England,
Who work or live at ease—
Ye maids and married ladies, I
Must praise ye as—I please.
How little do ye think, my dears,
How well ye're understood—
Give ear unto my doggerel;
'Tis really for your good.

Dear Hunt, forget, I pr'ythee
Your blacking and your corn!
Dear Cooper, cease to swagger 'bout
The land where you were born!
Dear Wright, my modest Charlie,
Leave puffing off your wine!
Dear Cobbett, quit your gridiron,
And lie a bit—on mine!

Old Thelwall, leave your needle!
 Lord Black and White, your pride!
 Dear Bulwer, what's philosophy?—
 Take 'Fraser's' for your guide.
 Lord Waithman—let 'I shall not'
 Give way unto 'I shawl':
 Dear Paton, leave your consort;
 And, Bellamy, your bawl!
 I'll shew ye gods and goddesses
 Of brass, and some of wood;
 And now and then a bonny chiel
 Whose face is in a hood!
 I'd fain begin with Brougham, but
 His nose is too much curl'd;
 So, Gent, my boy, where art thou?
 Thou best fellow in the world!

Now, then, to business! Mr. Pin-
 guin, you will try your hand on our
 friend, Gent,—if it must be so. But,
 mark, sir, we'll have no hard-words

upon the best-natured, best-humour-
 ed good fellow that walks the pave-
 ment of London.

NO. I.—TO THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

(On seeing him seriously engaged over a Loaf of Gilbertson's Brown.)

AIR,—*Dear Tom, this brown Jug.*

DEAR TOM, this brown bread, which within you you stow,
 Makes men portly, nay fat, to the sight:
 'Tis excellent stuff, Tom; and yet—do you know,
 Where I *you*—I would rather take white.

A man may be fat, and a man may be thin,
 And enjoy himself each way, I own;
 Yet a Christian will scarce crack to shivers the skin,
 Howe'er he o'er-burthens the bone:

And *you* are a Christian—ay, *one of a score*;
 And a poet—more jolly than light;
 And therefore it is that I pray you once more
 To turn from the brown to the white.

Oh, turn, my dear Thomas! Remember the days
 When you loved both the white and the brown,
 And turned (like the plant) to the sunniest gaze,
 Provided it peered from—a gown.

What ho! boy—a gallon of Barclay's—the best!
 And a mountain of Cheshire—that's right!
 We'll lay all thy scruples, dear Thomas, to rest;
 Till thou shan't know the brown from the white.

Let Doctors all threaten—Let Gilbertson rave:
 We know where the danger abides,
 And, while others are trying their bacon to save,
 I'gad! we'll unbacon our sides!

[P. PINGVIN.]

"Now then, Gentlemen,—Halloo,
—Why where are the two gentlemen
from County Clare?—Oh!—Messrs.
Schimmilk and Prateez, attend!—we
have received four addresses to the
Reverend George Croly, A. M. au-
thor of, &c. Three of them are too
hard upon George: but the fourth

will do. It is amiable and humorous,
and will please the Reverend Gentle-
man, we think: who is too clever a
man not to laugh at a joke. At all
events, if he should not like the fol-
lowing, we can but try the others
afterwards." [Mr. Schimmilk takes
up his trumpet and preludes.]

No. II.—TO THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

[By another hand.]

On observing the moral, intellectual, brick and mortar, and other improve-
ments, which his Writings have effected at Brompton.

N.B. Mr. C.'s Poetical Works, in 2 vols. may be had at Messrs. Colburn
and Bentley's Manufactory, price 12s. in superfluous boards.

AIR,—*Let Erin remember the days of old.*

LET Brompton remember the days of yore,
Ere in fustian her bard arrayed her;
Ere Kitchener stopped at her Croly's door,
And tipped him a huge 'persuader.*
When her fields were unburthened with standard brick,
Where scaffolds now groan and squeak, sir;
And her children were muddled full two foot thick,
Who now wash—once a week, sir!

Let Brompton remember all this, and own
That thy Orphic songs first crazed her,
And stirred up the bricks and the Portland stone,
And the Limerick boys who raised her!
What, though by the barracks some Crockery† strays
And grieves, in bad humour solely
That he misses the mud of the bye-gone days,
Let him go to the D—I, my Croly!

• What is it to us, and what is it to thee,
Thou blushing and iligant Poet?
The TRUMPETS OF BURLINGTON still are free!
Thou hast worth—and the world all know it.
Only turn to the papers—those honest records,
(I read 'em without suspicion),
And behold, 'midst a bother of beautiful words,
"SALATHIEL, *Eightieth Edition!*"

O Croly! O Poet! O wandering Jew!
Part parson and part politician!
Heav'n's Critic! Earth's Angel!—whatever I do,
I *must* have your *Eightieth Edition!*
I see by the Post, 'A few copies remain
In the Publisher's hands'—so, by Goley,
If I dine with the Duke—(it's Duke Humphrey I mane),
I *will* have a taste of my Croly!

* Vide Peptic Precepts.

† Vide "Teasing made Easy."

"THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

No. II.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE "NEW MONTHLY."

FROM the *Literary Gazette* to the *New Monthly* is but a step, as we had Jordan in our last, we follow up the Series by Campbell. A biography of the Bard of Kope would be indeed badly out of place here, and we therefore shall not write it. If we outlive him we may attempt his life, as he is now attempting that of Lawrence.

Our painter has taken him in his happiest moment, in that still sweet period when the hours are the smallest and minutes the gayest. What he is saying in that moment of openness, it is easy for his friends to conjecture. Complaining, perhaps, of Brougham, for having come between him and his own project of the College of Gower-street; deploring the fate of that learned University; abusing Moore; sighing over his lot in being tied to Colburn, or venting amatory aspirations after a fair authoress. Perhaps he is explaining to his audience how infinitely inferior 'all poets, past, present, and to come, are to himself; or enlightening them upon the vast number of lords and ladies, and knights of the garter, with whom he is familiar.

Behind is the half-finished Hippocrene whence flows his inspiration; scattered at his feet, the correspondence of the *New Monthly Magazine* which is destined in lighting his pipe, *ex fumo dare lucem*; supporting his ink-bottle, a box labelled, *Literary Union*, a name which, as the club that assumed it, can boast neither of literature nor union, has been, by general consent, changed into the more appropriate title of the *Refuse* of the *Destitute*. Over his head is a figure of Hope, not a little resembling the sign of the *Blue Anchor*; we have, in short, the room and the man, his business and his pleasures, literally before us.

It will be seen from the awry state of his wig, the dependent arm, the loosely-held pipe, the uncravated throat, the slipshod feet, that Tom is completely at his ease. And why should he not rest and refresh himself after the labours of the day; after arbitrating in the wrangles of the *Refuse*, agitating in the turmoils of the College of all the Cockneys, writing lectures and biographies; reading, or even pretending to read, the proofs of the *New Monthly*; dropping in amid various coteries of Whiggery; and getting through other such deadly work; ought he not to be a weary man at night-fall? and being so, may he not lie down and rest, comforting himself with those chasers of grief to which the nepenthe of Homer is nothing. Depend upon it, readers, gentle and ungentle, that the likeness is exquisite, and taken at the witching hour.

A friend of ours has sent us some verses on this plate, of which we take a couplet:—

There's Tom Campbell in person, the poet of hope,
Brimful of good liquor, as gay as the pope,
His shirt collar's open, his wig is awry,
There's his stock on the ground, there's a cock in his eye.
Half gone his last tumbler—clean gone his last joke,
And his pipe, like his college, is ending in smoke.
What he's saying who knows, but perhaps it may be
Something tender and soft of a bouncing ladye.

The song then becomes scurrilous and abusive; we suppress, therefore, all the culpable verses to come to the last, which is panegyrical.

Well! though you are yoked to a dull Magazine,
Tom, I cannot forget it, what once you have been;
Though you wrote of Lord Byron an asinine letter;
Though your dinners are bad, and your talk is no better;
Yet the song of the Baltic—Lochiel's proud lay—
The Seamen of England—and Linden's red day—
Must make up for the nonsense you write and you speak,
Did you talk it and write it seven days in the week!

In which we coincide and conclude.



Yours truly
T. Campbell

COLONIAL QUESTION.—PARALLEL CASES, OF ESTHER HIBNER
AND THE MOSSES.

THERE were some two or three matters in our article of last month, on the "Anti-Slavery Society," which, from want of space, we were prevented from exposing in their true point of view. Before, therefore, we enter upon any fresh subject, we wish to make our preliminary expositions as ample as possible. What we would more particularly refer to is contained in the following extract from the speech of Mr. Fowell Buxton.

"He had now shewn what their answer had been in words; he had also shewn the still more explicit and intelligible answer—that which more truly and certainly disclosed the real intentions of the West Indians—which had been conveyed in their *actings*. Demerara had sent a very explicit answer to the recommendations of the Crown in the murder of the Christian Missionary Smith;—Barbadoes, in the demolition of the Methodist chapel;—Berbice, in the well known and harrowing reports of the fiscal of the colony;—and the Bahamas, in that most atrocious act of cruelty and outrage perpetrated by the Mosses. Not that we find this last answer merely in the circumstance that a wretched female slave was punished with a cruel imprisonment in the stocks for seventeen days successively, and repeatedly flogged during that period; nor that Cayenne pepper was rubbed into her eyes to increase her torments; nor even in the further fact that this poor sufferer had died in consequence of these inhuman inflictions; but we find it above all in the petition presented to His Majesty's Government, sanctioned and recommended by the Governor, and signed by all the respectable inhabitants of the Colony, entreating that the penalty of fine and imprisonment imposed on Mr. and Mrs. Moss, by whom this outrage had been committed, should be remitted as a manifestation of the sympathy of the government with the feelings of the white community."

The case of the Mosses, as it involves the greatest degree of atrocity, first requires our elucidation.

Mr. Buxton herein assumed the argument long since adopted by a Publication known to Scholars, at least such as are curious in their reading, called "The Westminster Review." The public in general, till very lately, were scarcely aware of its existence, and knew nothing of its princi-

ples or management. Although it displayed as little respect for royalty or religion as the wildest reformer could desire, yet the heaviness and hardness of its ordinary style, and the affectation of rigidity in its reasoning, unfitted it for the intellect of general readers, and, consequently, left its circulation and celebrity equally low. Its conductors have, therefore, been lately casting about for means of pushing the work into more common notice; and, while ridiculing the "gullibility" of John Bull, not a quack in the nation has resorted to more sedulous or empirical endeavours to turn it to his profit. It struck them that a sheet at least in every number might be devoted to a discussion upon some popular political subject, written in a lighter and more readable style than their logical absurdity ordinarily admits; and that by separating that sheet from the main work, by hawking it about in every quarter, placarding it on every wall, and adorning it with a caricature print, the more ponderous portion might at length be puffed into general notice and sale. To this speculation we may attribute the argument on the Catholic Question, with the wooden cut of the waggon and horses, which stared upon us from every newsman's window, to tell the world that wit and humour had taken up their abode where the world would be least disposed to look for them; and to this idea we apparently owed the little article, neatly apportioned to sixteen pages. In like manner also appeared its celebrated article on West India Slavery. As this piece of composition treats the case of the Mosses at considerable length, we think it better to direct our reply to the Westminster Review than to Mr. Buxton.

The style is as artfully intended as the length. It is addressed to the vulgar and basest passions of the multitude. Dissenters in opinion are called "asses," and the West Indians "scoundrels." Never was there an essay into which ratiocination less entered. It cannot easily be answered, for it contains nothing that can be laid hold of. Where a distinct statement is made, or a plain

deduction drawn, we can apply the rules of evidence to the facts, and of logic to the conclusions; but these simple methods of detecting errors with which the humble wisdom of our fathers has furnished us, fail utterly when jests are substituted for arguments, and apologies for facts.

It is a wearisome task to follow such a writer as the present; but we cannot permit his brutal insolence to remain unexposed. It is a duty which we owe both to the West Indians, whom he libels wholesale as villains, as to the people of this country, whom he quietly accuses of stolidity. We shall, therefore, follow him through the faint gleams of argument which are discernible through his laborious scoffing, and his self-complacent vituperation.

The proposition with which he sets out is, that the English people, in their treatment of the question of slavery, are guilty of the grossest stupidity in considering that in procuring its extinction, the lives, the properties, and the rights of the West Indians ought to be taken into account. "They are," says he, "the type of all that is foolish and deceivable in nations—their ignorance and gullability could only be concentrated under this appellation.—They are a people that run their heads into frauds such as no one in the habit of walking with their eyes open could—they will allow their clothes to be taken from their backs by one that would tell them a long story. They are creatures possessed but of *one* idea, or *two* at the most; but whom the accidental concurrence of three leave in utter bewilderment."

The "one idea" which Englishmen are capable of comprehending is, that it "is not pleasant to be beaten or murdered in their own proper persons." The second, (of which they have some glimmering conception,) is, that "it is not altogether right that the people of a neighbouring parish should be beaten or murdered." The third, (which they can by no means be made to understand,) is, "that it is not right to beat or murder people in the parish next but one."

The proof of these assertions is that Englishmen had just sense enough to discover that the cruelty of Esther Hibner to a "parish apprentice" deserved their abhorrence; but that the cruelty of Mr. and Mrs.

Moss in the Bahamas, to a negro slave, happened in too remote a district to excite their indignation. On these two cases, most impudently brought into juxtaposition, the reviewer rests all his wit and his abuse.

It is remarkable, however, that the whole strictures upon the English, embodied in the laborious scoffing above referred to, are founded upon a completely fallacious view of their character. It is a fact too notorious to be disputed by any authority higher than the Westminster Review, that the disposition of the English is precisely the reverse of that which the writer attributes to them. So far are Englishmen from being absorbed in the contemplation of their own rights, and in the enjoyments of their own comforts—to the forgetfulness of the wrongs and oppressions of their neighbours—that they are proverbially most alive to that which least concerns them. Out of their extreme sensitiveness to the real or fancied ills of others, have sprung almost all the contests in which England has been engaged for the last three hundred years. Her labourers and manufacturers at home are starving, while she is busily redressing the imagined grievances of the *well-fed African* abroad. The weavers of Spitalfields, and the spinners of Barnsley, must wait till accident or providence relieve their distresses; the magnificent philanthropy of Englishmen must, before all things, see to the comfort of the blacks. A year more or less, in delaying relief to the emigrating myriads of Tipperary, is of utter importance, but that a set of jolly, singing, dancing, drinking, careless, laughing, well-fed, well-housed negroes, should be compelled to work, as well as play for four or five days of the week, at the command of their masters who feed them, clothe them, and give them drink and house room, and tend them in sickness and in age, as well as in health and in youth, is an abomination not to be endured. Sermons are to be preached from the pulpit, speeches to be made in taverns, penny subscriptions to be levied, ladies' associations to be formed instantly to put an end to it, and a monthly budget of calumny and falsehood to be circulated, to keep the passion alive.

In the meantime, while the En-

glishman's eyes are straining across the Atlantic after the miseries which he does not see, there are a set of little creatures at home that run on their hind legs, and look very like children called "parish apprentices." These little creatures sleep on shavings, eat cold potatoes, are beaten ten times a day for any cause or no cause, in order to teach them the interesting and important art of creeping up and down sooty chimneys. The smallest possible attention—a casual inquiry once a week or once a month, might convert the cold potatoes into hot ones—make flock beds of the shavings, and abridge the scourgings fifty per cent. But how can poor wearied John Bull look after such minute and unostentatious details, while, not to mention the shipping interest and the Corn Laws—the regulation of the Church—the conversion of the Jews—the missionarizing Kamschatka and Galway—he is declaiming against the cruelty of suffering a negro in the West Indies to *carry home* from the field where he labours, his *bulky* allowance of food,—and is reading with the profoundest attention the elaborate records of the floggings, which the sable Adonises and Pompeys of the West have received for idleness and crime? The parish apprentices must needs be left to Providence and their masters.

Occasionally, however, one of these masters, spoiled by the habit of uninvestigated power, exceeds the limits of sufferance, and the apprentice who has, as every one knows, one more life than a cat, is, by dint of beating, applied with severity and perseverance to a body attenuated by starvation, deprived of all the ten. Then comes the zeal of John into play;—the whole kingdom rings with his detestation of cruelty—the culprit is dragged to justice;—mobs cheer at the consummation of his punishment;—and the brutal shouts are represented as the noble proofs of his sympathising and tender-hearted compassion.

Westminster Reviewers and Anti-Slavery Reporters, draw an edifying contrast between the feelings of English and West Indian society. The parish apprentices go on as before; the boys sweep chimnies, and the girls sit at tambour-frames for four-and-twenty hours in the day.

Such is the celebrated case of Esther Hibner, and such was the conduct of the English people, which the Westminster Reviewer delights to honour. This woman beat and starved an apprentice to death, and was hanged for *constructive murder*. The mob that surrounded the gallows, howled in exultation on witnessing the dying struggles of the criminal, who, had Englishmen been as zealous in attending to the affairs of their own parishes as they are to those of four or five thousand miles distant, would never have sinned and never have suffered.

We need not proceed further in illustration of the Reviewer's fallacy in charging the English nation with an indisposition to withdraw their attention from their own affairs to schemes of remote benevolence. The case of Esther Hibner has served another purpose in the dispute. The execrations which the English mobs heaped upon her in her last struggles, are put, by the Westminster Reviewer, Anti-Slavery Reporters, and learned Debaters in the House of Commons, in edifying contrast with the pity expressed by a West Indian Community for two criminals, convicted, not of *murder*, nor of general cruelty, nor of unprovoked and unnecessary punishment of an individual, but of a misdemeanour, in carrying that punishment to an aggravated excess, and beyond the bounds of law. The two cases are argued upon as if they were precisely analogous, and the difference of the treatment of the criminals is held up as a sufficient justification for any vituperation of the West Indian, any meditated attack upon his property and his life. It is important, however tedious, therefore to examine whether Esther Hibner and Mr. and Mrs. Moss were really equally guilty, or, granting them to be equally criminal, whether the sympathy of the community of the *Bahamas* for the *Mosses* demands the condemnation and confiscation of the whole body.

A female negro belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Moss, persons remarkable for their general humanity to their slaves, was sulky, disobedient, and obstinate, *which the apprentice of Esther Hibner was not*; she was beaten, not cruelly or incessantly, as

Egther Hibner's apprentice was, for she received nineteen strokes in seventeen days, with a small cane: she was *not starved*, as *Esther Hibner's* apprentice was, for one of the complaints against her was, that she would not eat: red pepper was rubbed into her eyes to prevent her sleeping; this was an aggravated cruelty, but it appears to have been a constant practice among the female negroes with their children when they wished to prevent them sleeping at inconvenient times: she was sent to field-labour as a punishment, and there caught an infectious disorder, and died, in the ordinary course of nature, while *Esther Hibner's* apprentice was murdered by her mistress.

It is obvious to the commonest understanding, that the assimilation of the two cases is one of the most impudent mystifications ever palmed on the public, even in the West India Discussion. But let that pass. We care nothing about the Mosses, or their degree of guilt. Let us turn to the use which the Westminster Reviewer, following in the steps of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, makes of this latter case, in pursuance of his design.

The first impudent assertion which these writers have brought forward is, that the cruelty of the Mosses is an evidence of the *general cruelty of all the slave-owners*. It is not treated as an isolated exception, but as the rule. They would endeavour to make us believe that no female slave goes unflogged to bed, or with her eyes unpeppered. This audacious inference has been indignantly repelled by the West Indians, who have, with justice, asserted, that it would be as fair to condemn all the English for the atrocities of Hibner, as the West Indians for the conduct of the Mosses.

Driven from this insinuation, the anti-colonial party next allege that, in the former case, crime and punishment were conjoined, but that in the latter, there was no punishment, although there was crime. The facts refute them. Mr. Huskinson (see the parliamentary paper) admits that the offence of the Mosses was not a *murder*, but a *misdeemeanour*. No one affects to accuse the Judge of a dereliction of duty, and it is fairly to be presumed that he, in passing sentence, reasonably apportioned the punishment to his view of the enormity of the

offence. The criminals therefore, were condemned to *imprisonment for five months*, and to the payment of a fine of 300! Besides, imprisonment was to the Mosses the cause of ruination, as their affairs came to a stand. Punishment, therefore, there was, and we have no right to conclude but that it was ample. So far then it cannot be alleged that, in the West Indies, cruelty goes unpunished.

But the ground of impeachment of all West Indian Society is, that a few of the inhabitants of the Bahamas petitioned for a remission of the punishment inflicted on the Mosses; while English society is to be lauded, because the brutal populace, who rejoice in the horrible spectacles of executions, shouted with simulated joy at the death-struggle of *Esther Hibner*. The base libellers of West Indian society conceal the fact, that the Mosses were known and felt to be persons of dispositions generous and humane; that the prosecution had been urged on by a discarded servant of theirs; and that the punishment had been severely carried into effect at the *believed* instigation of party and private malice. The inhabitants of the Bahamas visited the Mosses in their dungeon, because, although persons of high rank, amiable manners, and gentlemanly accomplishments, they were confounded with the meanest outcast and offals of West Indian criminality.

But we care nothing about the Mosses. Let it be granted that they acted with great cruelty; let it be granted that the people of the Bahamas, who petitioned for the remission of the sentence, acted with small judgment and less taste, to what does the argument amount? It is wished to be shown that the black people of the West Indies are oppressed and trodden under foot by the cruel whites; and the proof is, that Henry Moss and his wife were guilty of an aggravated *misdeemeanour*; were *found* guilty by a jury of planters; were condemned, and suffered punishment, while their fellow citizens petitioned for their release, not because they thought the punishment was excessive, but because the criminals were naturally and generally humane and considerate.

The charge against the West Indians is, that they *permit and cherish*

cruelty. The proof is that they punish cruelty, and recommend to mercy on the ground of humanity!

Yet this is the case of the *Mosses*, that inflames the wrath of the Westminster Reviewer to such a degree, that he avows that he himself, and all other "honest" men, daily "drink in spirit" the "great metalist's toast for the speedy insurrection of the West Indian slaves;" that is for the instantaneous massacre of thousands of his fellow creatures, children of the same soil, inheritors of the same rights, subjects of the same king, and worshippers of the same God of mercy; the commission of all the outrages on the persons of their female relatives that wretched ignorance and barbarism can devise; the desolation of their habitations; the bankruptcy of their creditors; and the loss to Great Britain of a trade worth 5,000,000*l.* per annum. To such consequences does he proceed, that all people look forward with complacency, because a few inhabitants of a West India island petitioned for the release of two West Indian criminals; convicted by a West Indian jury; sentenced by a West Indian judge; interceded for by a West Indian governor, but *not* pardoned by a Colonial Secretary.

The Reviewer shelters his brutal aspirations after this consummation, under the respectable authority of Dr. Johnson. We will not ask whether the sentiment at any time was not atrocious, but we will remind the public, that it was breathed at least sixty years ago, while the *Slave Trade* was *raging in its full vigour*, and before the insurrection in St. Domingo had practically illustrated the consequences of the fulfilment of his unholy imprecation. We will not sully our pages with even but one instance of the enormities perpetrated by the revolted negroes; but that person who could read but one page of the bloody history of the Haytian revolution without shuddering with indignation at the writer who could dare insult "honest" people by attributing to them a wish for the renewal of such scenes in the dwelling places of his English brethren, must have the feelings and the heart of a demon. Let no one say such language is uncalled for. The Reviewer tells, the West Indians, that, should their slaves break forth into rebellion, the universal "British people would cheer their

dusky brethren on to the assault!!!" Doubtless, should the standard-bearer of the infuriated revoltors point the body of a white infant on a pike as they rushed on to the assault, doubtless the cheers of the "universal British people would redouble in violence and admiration!"

Another charge, brought forward by Mr. Buxton, respects "the murder of the Missionary Smith" and it is easily dealt with in the words of Mr. Secretary Canning.

"I have no difficulty in stating the honest persuasion of my own mind to be this, that of that crime, call it by what name you will, which consists in the silence of Mr. Smith upon the subject of those alarming movements, which he knew to be in agitation, and a danger which he knew to be imminent, I cannot acquit Mr. Smith. I state this persuasion, however, with no circumstances of aggravation, with no imputation of design on the part of Mr. Smith, with no presumption that I can dive into the motives of that individual. But as to the fact, after the most painful examination, I feel individually, upon my honour and my conscience, a persuasion that Mr. Smith did know that, which, if he knew its character, he ought to have divulged, and of which, if he had had only common discretion, the character *must* have been apparent to him! [*hear, hear.*]

"Now, sir, whether the law of Demerara, as derived from its Dutch constitution; whether the law of courts-martial, as sitting under the Mutiny act; whether martial law in its larger sense; assigned to that crime, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, that punishment which by the sentence of the court-martial was awarded to it, is a question on which, from my own sources of learning and information, I do not pretend to decide. But when the House are called upon to inculpate the court-martial of murder (for that is the effect of the proposition before us), the questions that I am to ask myself are 'Did the court-martial believe that they were acting legally in passing that sentence? and were they borne out by authority in doing so?' &c. &c. &c.

The evidence was conclusive of the Missionary Smith, and he was rightly condemned. Missionary Smith died in prison: on this, Mr. Buxton wishes to fix the crime of deliberate murder against the whole West India population. The charge respecting the fiscal of the colony of Berbice, we must reserve to our next opportunity; and, having devoted as much space as circumstances have allowed us to this paper, must reluctantly conclude.

AND WHY SHOULD I DREAM ?

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

AND why should I dream of the future ?
 And why should I mourn for the past ?
 I'm rather too old for the former—
 A little too young for the last.

If I had the brow of the lily,
 A cheek like the cloud of the morn,
 I then might be proud as a poet,
 And turn from the present in scorn.

And if like the fruit in the blossom,
 Or honey within the bee's cell,
 Hope yet had a place in my spirit,
 I'd dream—oh, how wisely and well !

But the power of believing is over,
 And love into liking is grown ;
 And as of a voice in the distance,
 I hear but its echo alone.

I have friends—and they vow that they love me
 Far better than praise or than pelf.
 I trust them to-day ; and to-morrow
 I leave to take care of itself.

They promise—I bow and am thankful ;
 They fail to perform—I ne'er fret :
 And thus disbelief in affection
 Oft saves one a terrible pet.

Abroad in the world—like a shadow
 I pass, and am passed in my turn ;
 We're civil to day—does it matter,
 To-morrow, who's civil or stern ?

I hear lovers vow to each other—
 Like blossoms their silver words fall ;
 Why tell them of change or of folly ?
 If happy to day—that is all.

I see poets darting in splendour,
 Bright birds from the tropic of mind.
 Why mock at each self-deemed immortal ?
 —To-day he's lord of his kind.

And if the young sculptor in marble,
 And if the old chemist in gas,
 And if the young author on paper
 Draw bills upon Time—let them pass.

And if they are duly dishonoured,
 Or light the old smoker's cigar,
 Will it injure the dust in the coffin ?
 The spirit that's dwelling afar ?

And yet there's an impulse within me
 That longs—though my mind may condemn—
 For the fount and the flowers of the future ;
 Ah, what hath the future like them ?

But *can* there grow cowslips and lilies
 Like those that I gathered in youth?
 With my heart in the depths of their blossoms
 All steeped in the dew-drops of truth?

And *can* there rise spray from the fountain,
 Transparent as pearls in the sun?
 —Oh, no! 'tis a vision—a fable—
 I'll end in the strain I begun.

I'll never more dream of the future,
 I'll never more sigh for the past:
 I'm rather too old for the former—
 A little too young for the last!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND HIS CRITICS.*

WHEN we perceived that this was a pamphlet in defence of the late Robert Montgomery, prose manufacturer in the verse line, demolished; we could not help thinking of what Wordsworth has said upon a different occasion:

Clarkson, thou hast an obstinate hill to climb.

and accordingly felt no wonder at finding that he has rolled from top to bottom, bringing with him the load he endeavoured to carry. How could he expect to succeed? To lift Montgomery out of the mire into which he has plunged, would require the strength of a giant—and Clarkson, though a neat little body enough, is no more than a dwarf. Had Christian—vigorous and magnificent as we see him depicted by the pencil of Jackson (not the pugilist), in the battle with Apollyon—been burthened with such a weight as the Sham-Satan, he would have inevitably wallowed in the Slough of Despond. Satan Montgomery is a yoke hard to be borne.

Clarkson is a critic at once of the Old and the New Times. If any person suspects that we, in these words, mean a newspaper-pun, that person is decidedly mistaken. And yet there would be a sort of propriety in it, because we perceive at once by an infallible symptom that Clarkson is a gentleman of the Press. He knows

newspapers well—is acquainted with the most recondite recesses of that department of learning—with branches of it that have escaped the notice of all, save the most erudite and searching antiquaries in the journal line. For instance, or as he himself would say, *exemplum gratiæ*, in his first page, the last word is "Daily." It needs not the talent of Œdipus the king to prophesy what we soon find to be the fact, that, on turning over the leaf, the next words are, "And also a weekly paper." Here we are, as the author would say, *in mediarum rebus*. The plot is disposed of in the exordium. As the great poet remarks, whose works, however, Clarkson appears to have read to little purpose—

Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas.

So you may be sure, you make no mistake in calling a man a newspaperist who talks much about newspapers. The translation is, perhaps, *locustæ*, but we have not time to mend it.

This slight touch of *journalisme* (*ut Frenchibus loquebimur*, as our author would say,) is soon expanded. It is discovered that Mr. Clarkson has panegyricized the Sham-Satan in the British Traveller, wherein he talks of the "pungency and gripes" of some satire gone to congenial quarters; and, in the Sunday Times, (not

* Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers. With some remarks on the present state of English Poetry, and on the Laws of Criticism. By Edward Clarkson. London, 1830. James Ridgway.

then edited by the talent and shrewdness of George Godfrey,) which mumbled forth something about "astounding power,"—that he has to reflect with pride upon having been allied with the Times and the Herald—can quote, with approbation, a grand passage written by himself in the Sheffield Iris, reproaching our nobles gloating in voluptuous dreams of Sybarite imagination, over glowing produce of silkworms, &c. &c. &c., and remind us that he was guilty of writing in the Gazette of Fashion so far back as 1822. [What sayest thou to this, O light of the age?] In the Sunday Times of that same year he assures us that he (it is, of course, we in the book, but when an author shrinks from newspaper, or magazine, or review, into pamphlet, we can only allow him a singular pronoun,) that he had most grievously "astonished the narrow-minded small fry of letters—the tritons of the minnows, by over-fairness in adjudging occasionally the prize of superior merit to them of opposite politics. They are welcome to their surprise; and in the meanwhile we shall, in conformity with the entire independence, literary and political, of this paper, persist, when on the judgment seat, in putting on the political eye-bandage of justice, while we grasp our literary sword, and imitate the Egyptian judges of the dead, whether princes or commoners came before them, in appealing to the amulet of truth which decorated their necks."

Pause we a moment to contemplate this last picture. Here is a gentleman astonishing his brethren of the small fry, from a one pair of stairs, at the corner of Crown Court, towards the Waithman end of Fleet Street, adjudging the prize of literature, clapping on the eyeband of justice, grasping the literary sword, figur-

ing away as an Egyptian judge of the dead, and knocking about princes and commoners in the style of Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus. Is it not odd, amazing, awful, that of those great doings no trace remains; that no one, save the author, has the slightest recollection of those flourishes of sceptres and swords; that of the independence, literary and political, of the then Sunday Times, not even Abraham John Valpy or Daniel Whittle Harvey can speak; and that of its flourishing condition in those days, certain manuscript volumes, now in *manubrium*, (as Mr. Clarkson would say,) of George Godfrey, or Calthorpe, or the old Lollard, would bear a melancholy testimony.

So far we have, from internal evidence, detected our gentleman as, in one sense, a critic of the Old and New Times school. But this was not our meaning when we first used the terms; we meant that Mr. Clarkson was at once on the *lay* of Longinus, and Mr. Puff—~~g~~ and eloquent and dialectical as the Greek humbug, slang and article-weaving as the humbug of Sheridan's delineation. In great style he parades before us the laws and standards of criticism, from Aristotle and Longinus, Quintilian and Horace, Bossu and Boileau, Heliogabalus and Jack the Painter, but excuses himself cunningly, from quoting any of those outlandish people; on the plea, that in addressing English folks, he ought only to quote English authorities. We shall soon shew another reason. His English authorities are Burke, of whom nothing but a vague sentence is taken, and that from none of Burke's great works—Addison's "excellent critique on Milton,"—a bundle of ignorant fallacies from beginning to end; and Pope's Essay on Criticism. How well qualified Pope was to criticise,* as an undisputed authority, sa-

* We never fell in with the absurd cry raised against Pope, whose merits, in his own line of poetry, were of the highest kind. That he was not Homer, even at second hand, the readers of Homer know; and that the school of terse satire, in which he excelled, is not first rate poetry, all readers of poetry will admit. The mock heroic, the polished couplet, the trim sentence full of good sense and point, these are his peculiar province, and the very greatest renown they can claim, are fully his. His verses on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady, a few parts of his *Eloisa* and *Abelard*, and perhaps a few other pieces, are of a more ambitious range; but do they after all attain to the highest? For all critical poetry we have but small respect, no matter how cleverly it may be executed. It is a long time since we read the Essay on Criticism, and we were not prepared, from our habitual feeling of the correctness and polish of Pope's versification, and the praises which it has traditionally obtained, to find such a number of couplets quoted in this

cred poetry of the kind imitated by the Sham-Satan, may be gathered from his everlasting sneers at Milton, of whose management of the highest and most difficult part of his task, the critic merely says, that "God the Father turns a school divine." *

On the strength of his Greek and other authorities, Mr. Clarkson lays down various rules of criticizing, which respect the plot, fable, character, sentiments, diction and moral, whereupon he philosophizes.—We think his division in the manner of Aristotle, Longinus, Quintilian, Horatius Flaccus, Bossu, Boileau, Heliogabalus, and Jack the Painter, is quite admirable, and well worthy of the concordant selection he has made, and absolve him from thinking of the minor matters of the law. His great knowledge of the general contents of Latin authors (we have only two words of Greek, one of them wrong spelt,)* may excuse the slight acquaintance which our author manifests with the particulars of their language. For instance, *Propria quæ maribus*, a great author whom we have already quoted, might have reminded Mr. Clarkson that he was rather Anti-priscianish in the following sentence :

"This critical arrow, directed *really* against Milton, falls as harmlessly short of the mark, as the *imbelle ictus* of Priam.

Does not the Miltonian voice *startle* the objector as the "Dare you do it?" of the dungeoned Marius repulsed his trembling assailant?"

All this is very grand, and almost equal to Pistol, but still Lilly would have said that *ictus* was not neuter, and that so far from Priam's effort being an *ictus* at all, it was a "tatum imbellic sine ictu." Does not the Priscianish voice *startle* the, &c. &c., (the reader may supply the remainder of the sentence as per sample above).

The same awful voice might be heard objecting to the following :

"Enough has been advanced to shew the *quo animus* of the last attacks on Montgomery. He, and all who come before the public, are 'fair game;' an anonymous rejoinder to an anonymous attack, is fair; an anonymous attack on UNANONYMOUS writers, though less equal, if frankly conducted, is also fair."

It may be so, but it is not quite so fair to yoke the reluctant *quo animus*, or to buckle the Latin and Greek negatives into one belt.

If the illustrious Priscian would object to the foregoing, he would not be more delighted with such spelling as Capræ, (p. 56) or Coriphæus alas, for κορυφή!), or phrenisis, (p. 89) or fifty others of the same kind; or such prosody as the arrangement of the quotation, "pares cantare parati," (p. 44); or the description of

pamphlet of Clarkson's, slovenly or ill rhymed. About fifty lines are quoted, and among them we have these:—

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
In the same spirit which the author writ."

"Nor lose for each malignant, dull delight,
The generous feeling to be pleased with wit."

"Ye then whose judgment the right course would steer
Know well each ancient's proper character."

"Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy nature, is to copy them."

"Some truly license answers to the full,
The intent proposed, that license is a rule."

"Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track."

The same rhymes are also constantly repeated in close juxta-position. Rhymes to the words "sense" and "offend" abound most profusely. These are blemishes in so small a poem, particularly when the polish and correctness of Pope are so much dwelt upon. We have only looked at the extracts made by Mr. Clarkson.

* *Akamaton pur* in italics, (p. 70). If *pur* represents *πυρ*, why have we not *pyrotechny*—*pyramid*—*pyrometer*? But it is, we confess, a common cockneyism, and worthy of the Valpyian Editor of the Sunday Times.

Scott's octosyllabics, as tetrametrical Iambics; an Iambic tetrameter consisting unluckily of sixteen syllables, whereas the metre—the dangerous facility of which was conquered by the Northern Ariosto, has only eight.

To borrow a quotation from our critic, who indulges in authorities found in Syntaxes and other scarce works, "Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt?" That is, as he would translate it, "Why should we torment ourselves with such nonsense?" It is a sensible question to ask, but we wish to set him right on one point. [The erudite Clarkson will enquire whom we mean by the word "him," and making a fine parade of authorities stolen cunningly from the thief guilty of the last English Grammar in his hands, ask for an antecedent; we therefore inform him that "him" is himself.] And that point is about common sense. Gentle reader, bear with us for a while, through a few lines of stupid, and rather knavish writing, in order to come at a piece of learning. The critic is balancing some blockheads who spoke in favour of Montgomery, against the general outcry against him, as follows:

"If two judges sitting in juxtaposition, in Westminster Hall, were to give such sentences, what would be said or thought of them? *Solvuntur risu tabulæ*," [recondite quotation!] "If two Turkish cadis were to give judgment after this fashion, it would probably be inferred, that one of them had partaken too plentifully of forbidden wine, or too sparingly, (to satisfy a cadi's *auri sacra fames*)," [recondite quotation again!] "of equally-forbidden fees. Yet discrepancy on minor points, (though not so vital a collision,) may well be pardoned to the legal decisions of our courts, since the law is in some cases at variance with itself. But it is not so with criticism. It has no *internequine*" [a good word!] "principles. Its laws have been long ascertained; they are few and simple. They have been determined by reason, *admitted by common sense*, supported by ancient precedent, and established by modern example."

All that is very well—fine writing

and learned. The thought, feeling, and composition are all worthy of one another. But cruel and rabid persons, looking on with a sentence-manufacturing eye will be critical. If any laws have been determined by reason, supported by ancient precedent, and established by modern example—are they not admitted by common sense? If that be the case, these cruel and rabid persons will ask why then introduce the words? The answer is at hand. The illustrious author wished to shew his erudition in the Latin language, and he has done so in a note.

"It is commonly thought that this phrase, [common sense] used with its ordinary signification, is peculiarly English, or at least modern; but Juvenal uses the words '*communis sensus*' with precisely the same meaning."

Now this is no bad trick—the words "common sense" are needlessly lugged in by the head and shoulders, in order to produce this comment upon the *communis sensus* of Juvenal. But unfortunately we must say, Wrong again, Mr. Clarkson! *Communis sensus*, here at least, is not common sense, but politeness, civility, good manners; that feeling (for such is the meaning of *sensus*) acquired by living in good society. Juvenal is expostulating with Rubellius, whom he describes as "*superbum—et inflatum, plenumque Nerone propinquo*." And he adds, after this description of the insolent manners of the young scion of the imperial house,

"*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ Fortuna*."

Which means no more than that men of that rank, (or that [the Julian] family, as Ireland interprets it,) generally are so haughty and insolent as to consider themselves freed from the restraints imposed by common politeness. Translate it "common sense," and you destroy the passage. But the illustrious Clarkson might have found the phrase in Horace also, without sending him any further on his travels:

Simplicior si quis et est, (qualem me sæpè libenter
Obtulerim tibi Mæcenas) ut fortè legentem
Aut tacitum impellat quovis sermone molestus.
Communi sensu planè caret, inquit."

That is to say, if any body thrusts himself upon a gentleman unwilling to receive his visits, he wrecks (not common sense, but) common politeness, refinement of manners. He has not *tact*, to use the slang expression of the day. We refer Clarkson to Gifford's note on the passage in Juvenal, where the question is set at rest.

Having thus disposed of his sufficiency for setting up as a critic of the ancient school, we come now to consider him in his more legitimate capacity of a critic of the modern academy, personified by Puff. Here he is quite at home, and we recommend his services to Rowland's Macassar Oil, Hunt's Matchless Blacking, Warren's Japan, Dr. Eady's Patent Medicines, or Colburn's Novels. So beplastered an individual as Robert Montgomery does not exist. There is not a poet of whom Clarkson has ever heard, who is not made to veil bonnet to the amiable young gentleman who hangs the Montgomery's head in front of his small beer manufactory. As for us of Fraser's Magazine, we are abused in good set terms, set down as writers of "sheer blackguardism,"* and perpetrators of other iniquities, which we have no notion of enumerating, much less trying to refute. What we have said, we have said, and there

is no necessity of warring upon 'the slain. That the friends of puff, quackery, bombast, and pretence, should be our enemies, is perfectly as we wish it to be, and we give them leave to revile us in any manner they please. We beg only to remark, that Mr. Montgomery has discovered one very ingenious method of defence when his blunders are exposed. He sets up a plea of a mistake of the press. One amusing instance occurs in this pamphlet, (p. 39-40.) We had laughed at the ridiculous nonsense of a passage about "the surfaced moon arranged in clouds of crimson bloom," coming gliding o'er the waves, that billowed dancingly to wear her smile." This it seems was all the fault of a villanous compositor. The passage should stand, "the sun-faced morn arrayed in clouds of crimson bloom." Why the one is as precious foolery as the other. It never was an error of the press; this second attempt is altogether a new reading.

Among other proofs of the "affluent power" of Montgomery, his panegyrist adduces the "pictural words and phrases" invented by the illustrious poet. Such knowledge of English has our critic, that we find among these words, sea-foam, cloud-wreath, sun-burnt, snow-flake, &c.

"And like the *snow-flake* on the river,
A moment seen—then gone for ever."

TAM O'SHANTER.

* We may say, in a note, that this accusation of blackguardism comes very well from the author of the *Age Reviewed*, and the *Puffiad*. The absurd abortions fell still born from the press, but this pamphlet supplies an immense number of specimens of their contents. We take one :—

"But who is he that, with sardonic smile,
And jaundiced eye, and lip weigh'd down with bile,
Sneaks by, with pedlar sketches at his back?
The monarch of the small-beer poet pack!
The mighty would-be cock of prose and rhyme,
Like Balaam's donkey, braying the sublime!
Alike so hated by each friend and foe,
That they applaud, who would not strike the blow.
*Did Byron's laurels feel thy blackening slime,
And forged detection of his thought and rhyme?*
For this dull deed, may ne'er thy rhyme again
Crawl through a page, or hobble through a strain;
But injured genius blast thy venal muse,
And drive thee, snarler, to thy fostering blues."

If this is not sheer "blackguardism," we do not know what is. Clarkson says the person thus slandered, is the author of the *Review of Montgomery* in the *Edinburgh*. We always thought it was intended for Jerdan or some of his contributors, and the *Review* in question was written by Macauley, who never, we believe, wrote in the *Gazette*.

Very original indeed! We admit that such fine words as "insinuous," "thunderwombs," [we request the reader to try to picture this to himself,] and many others of the same kind are Montgomery's sole property. We also consign to him "paradisal," although Clarkson fathers it upon

Milton, who rejects the babe. It is no where to be found in his works. —See Todd's Index.

As we are the fairest of critics, we take a specimen, which Clarkson quotes as the perfection of poetry, giving it all the advantage of his own italics:—

"Hark! the revelry of waves!
Now, like the whirling of unnumber'd wheels
In faint advance, now wild as battle roar
In shatter'd echoes voyaging the wind;
Then, make-like hissing, they enring the shore,
Dissolve, and flower the shelly beach with foam!"

We subjoin his own note.

"The word *enring*, from the German (*umringen*), is picturesque, and *analogical* with the Teutonic *paternity* of the English language."

"Analogical with the Teutonic paternity!" why no euphuist ever spoke prettier—not Sir Percy Shafto himself.

We must conclude—to expose all the absurdities, we should reprint the pamphlet. It is wasting time to

say any more of this brace, "un sot toujours trouve un plus sot qui l'admire." Montgomery is the *sot*, and, though we thought it impossible, he has found *un plus sot* in Clarkson. *Requiescant igitur in peacibus*,* as the critic would observe.

* We suppose that Clarkson will charge his "quo animus," his "imbelle ictus," &c. upon the printer, in the manner of his great prototype; but that will not do, for he has given us an extraordinary list of errata already: as, for *succeeding line*, read *symphonious chime*; for "sentiments," read "sentences." Which last correction puts us in mind of Bardolph and Sir Hugh Evans. "The gentleman was sap, and had drunk himself out of his five sentences," which is amended accordingly by the parson. Besides Mr. C. vouches for the correctness of his text in the blame he casts upon his author:—

"In these and other beautiful descriptions, a loose phrase, now and then provokingly occurring, induces the inference, that the author, with the impatience of genius, has not rigidly corrected his proofs. The thrice corrected *MSS.* of 'paper-saving' Pope, and the thrice elaborated *revises* of the nervously fastidious Canning, should have taught him the saving virtue of correction."

Mr. C.'s own text therefore, must be perfection, and fine perfection it is.

THE FAREWELL OF THE CONVICTS.

[By the Author of "*The Rover's Song*," in our last Number.]

A BOAT is rowed along the sea,
Full of souls as it may be;
Their dress is coarse, their hair is shorn,
And every squalid face forlorn
Is full of sorrow, and hate, and scorn!
What is't?—It is the CONVICT BOAT,
That o'er the waves is forced to float,
Bearing its wicked burden o'er
The ocean to a distant shore:
Man scowls upon it; but the sea
(The same with fettered as with free,)
Danceth beneath it heedlessly!

Slowly the boat is borne along,
Yet they who row are hard and strong,
And well their oars keep time
To one who sings (and clanks his chain,
The better thus to hide his pain,)
A bitter, banished rhyme!
He sings; and all his mates in woe,
Chaunt sullen chorus as they go!

The Farewell.

1.

Row us on, a felon band,
Farther out to sea,
Till we lose all sight of land,
And *then*—we shall be free!
Row us on, and loose our fetters;
Yeo! the boat makes way:
Let's say "good bye" unto our betters,
And, hey for a brighter day!

Chorus.

Row us fast! row us fast!
Trial's o'er, and sentence past:
Here's a whistle for those who tried to blind us,
And a curse on all we leave behind us!

2.

Farewell, juries,—jailors,—friends!
(Traitors to the close.)
Here the felon's danger ends:
Farewell, bloody foes!
Farewell, England! we are quitting
Now thy dungeon doors:
Take our blessing, as we're fitting—
"Curse upon thy shores!"

3.

Farewell, England!—honest nurse
Of all our wants and sins!
What to thee's the felon's curse?
What to thee who wins?

Murder thriveth in thy cities—
 Famine through thine isle :
 One may cause a dozen ditties,
 But t'other scarce a smile.

4.

Farewell, England!—tender soil,
 Where babes who leave the breast
 From morning unto midnight toil,
 That pride may be proudly drest !
 Where he who's right and he who swerveth
 Meet at the goal the same,
 Where no one hath what he deserveth,
 Not even in empty fame !

5.

So, fare thee well, our country dear !
 Our last wish, ere we go,
 Is—May your heart be never clear
 From tax, nor tithe, nor woe !
 May they who sow e'er reap for others,
 The hundred for the one !
 May friends grow false, and twin-born brothers
 Each hate his mother's son !

6.

May pains and forms still fence the place
 Where justice must be *bought* ;
 So he who's poor must hide his face,
 And he who thinks—his thought !
 May Might o'er Right be crowned the winner,
 The head still o'er the heart,
 And the saint be still so like the sinner,
 You'll not know them apart !

7.

May your traders grumble when bread is high,
 And your farmers when bread is low ;
 And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high,
 Learn more than your nobles know !
 May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,
 And your convicts all short throats ;
 And your blood-covered bankers e'er hang together,
 And tempt ye with one pound notes !

And so, with hunger in your jaws,
 And peril within your breast,
 And a bar of gold, to guard your laws,
 For those who—*pay* the best :
 Farewell to England's woe and weal !
 . . . For our betters, so bold and blythe,
 May they never want, when they want a meal,
 A PARSON TO TAKE THEIR TITHE !

J. BETHEL.

[The Author of the above rhymes, and the Editor, must beg to disclaim all identity with the Convicts, or their opinions:—And in order to avoid any further mistake, (his verses in the last Number, entitled 'The Rover's song,' having been attributed to Mr. Barry Cornwall,) the author has consented to affix his name to the present production.]

THOUGHTS ON THE WELLINGTON ADMINISTRATION.

BY PIERCE PUNGENT.

THAT the Duke of Wellington is a man of undoubted talent no one can deny; but his Grace, with all his talents, is not able to thwart the operation of human infirmity. He led our armies through the Peninsula by a series of the most memorable victories that have ever been achieved by the most fortunate of nations, and even these grew pale before the surmounting glories of the last triumph over the Emperor of the French. The Duke of Wellington proved himself to be the greatest of living generals; his vanity blinded his visual organ, and he fancied that he could guide the destinies of a nation as easily as he once wielded the Generalissimo's staff of the allied armies of Europe. But the conduct of men in their civil capacity is not, thank God, directed by the regulations of martial law; and as all the Duke's ideas of government are shapen and guided according to the spirit of such regulations, the world need spare its surprise at the complete failure of the field-marshal minister. Peremptoriness of command, speed in obedience, and secrecy in council, are the prime agents in warfare, because the elements of circumstances are shifting and transitory in movement, and unless made subservient under any particular modification, *in puncto momenti*, they pass speedily into some other transformation, and the opportunity for action is lost for ever. In civil policy, however, matters are in the opposite extreme. Every thing here is guided by set rules, by machinery circumscribed and tardy in its movement.

Society is, indeed, as it were a machine, which is the same, now, in principle, as it was in the time of the Athenian demagogues; in the worst period as well as in the best of the Roman empire; or during the mob riots of the Italian republics in the middle ages. The most civilized of Christians, if roused into a popular phrenzy, cast away the fear of God from their hearts, and are transported into a herd of ravenous savages, like the drunken descendants of Odin, or the infuriated masses of the *sans culottes*.

Oppression is sure of eventually meeting with its reward; for in process of time the passiveness of the slave will be worked into resistance. A soldier, therefore, like the Duke of Wellington, is little capacitated for the civil government of a nation. He has no condescension—no conciliation. Every measure under his administration is actuated according to those principles which are nearest to the heart of a great military commander. Nothing is done by him to bind men to him by love to his person, or by the pure sentiment of friendship. His way is to force the inclinations of men; to make them bend to his wishes,—either to urge them by the appliance of, as it were, brute force, to become the servants of government, or buy them heart and soul by the golden dispensation of ministerial patronage. His companions in arms bear towards him, as Colonel Napier very justly remarks, the same enthusiastic feelings as did the soldiers of the Tenth Legion towards Cæsar, their darling commander. It has been said, that his Grace might use these soldiers whom he has placed in thick clusters around his own person, for the attainment of objects similar to those which impelled forward the conqueror of Gaul. This, however, may be an idle suspicion, and we think that it is so. But the welfare of our country is not so indifferent to our hearts as is the investigation of the truth of this Julian accusation against the Duke of Wellington.

We are deeply persuaded of the fact, that the reign of favouritism is and will ever be a curse to any country in which it has taken root, or even enjoys a temporary existence. The favourites of the kings of this country have been of pestilential influence; we need not look *very far* back for an example; in the present moment, some individuals may perhaps be living, who are still greedily hanging on the smile of an expiring monarch, on whose demise, however, they will be compelled to exchange courtly sunshine for a wretched seclusion; the poignancy of which will be increased in a ten-

fold degree, by the consciousness on their part, that they are followed by the scorn and contempt of every individual, however lowly his condition, who stands erect in the knowledge of his own integrity. Look to the past condition of France, and we must be further convinced of the poisonous influence of favouritism. It is as surely accompanied by a reign of mistresses and a decline in public morals, as that substances are accompanied by their shadows; all good councils then are nullified; matters are managed by arbitrary will; the safeguards of liberty become undermined; the efforts of patriotism are neutralised; and the true friends of their country, seeing the inefficacy of their attempts to preserve from tarnish the public honour, through courtly cabals and factions, composed of underlings, under the management of an autocratic minister, or a titled prostitute, become faint-hearted, allow themselves to be drifted away on the ship-wrecked timbers of the public weal, and await destruction with the blind courage of despair. These things are notorious! ought they not to be avoided?

The dark times of the Venetian administration have passed, their violence was fearful, as testified by the Count Daru. The greatest blessing to a country, is a well devised and well regulated constitution; such a constitution operates against court cabals and court favourites, and argues in favour of a minister, who shall not act on his own secret conclusions, but shall, by a free communication with the great body of the people, give them assurance of their welfare, by informing them of the measures intended for the maintenance of their liberties and national greatness. That there will always be a party of disaffected is natural, but this party will be composed of those in whose bosoms such hungry fiends as self interest and avarice have made their dwelling-place. These, however, will be soon discovered, and become marked men. Blessings will attend the footsteps of such a minister:—"Ea autem est gloria, laus recti factorum, magnorumque in rempublicam meritorum; quæ cum optinè ejusque, tum etiam multitudinis testimonio comprobatur."

The successes of the late war, and the glories achieved by our country, were the work of the Tories. But the reign of George the Fourth can count its court-favourites. During this reign, moreover, there has been a multiplicity of ministers and of councils. The English church has lost its high character, because it is administered by many Bishops who have yielded to the influence of worldly interests, and bartered the integrity of conscience for the tinsels of this transitory life. The emancipation of the Roman Catholics has been accomplished. Ruin has come upon our colonial interests and our home manufactures. Trade is at a stand. Poverty and ruin are rioting in the country. Public confidence is denied the minister and his servants. An opposition of a powerful kind, of a two-fold nature, composed of true Tories on one side, and true Whigs on another, (to say nothing of the lowest class of the Whigs, whose head-quarters are Holland House,) has been formed, the public business is retarded, the debates in parliament prolonged. The ministers have been defeated.—The Duke of Wellington is the First Lord of the Treasury—that individual, the connecting link of whose *household troops* is the mutual consciousness of weakness and fear: that individual who in his demeanour has, on more occasions than one, denied to his peers in parliament the common courtesies of a gentleman. Louis the Fourteenth entered his chamber of parliament with a whip. His Grace of Wellington, in language, and looks, and gait, insults men who are his equals in birth, rank, riches, influence, and amiable qualities of heart. Perhaps he may imagine that his brilliant services abroad have bestowed on him the unheard of privilege of treating with contempt those chambers of parliament who voted to him his riches; that nation which has been his benefactor. Its liberality, however, he may imagine to be incommensurate with his prodigious deserts. We confess that his deserts on the score of his military exploits have indeed been prodigious; and if he still persevere in this opinion, we would be contented to use towards him the language of a slave, and say to his Grace—

' Si tibi quid feci, aut facio, quod placeat, Singo; et
Id gratum fuisse adversum te, habeo gratiam.
Sed mi hoc molestum est: nam istæ commemoratione
Quasi exprobratio est immemoris benefici.'

Yes; we say we should be satisfied to use towards him even this language, borrowed from the mouth of a slave, were we sure it could be productive of benefit or a change in the inexorable bosom of his Grace of Wellington. But the thing is impossible. Yet has the liberality of the British nation been ample. His Grace, however, was not satisfied: he sought the premiership—obtained it, we will not say by what means, and keeps it, although his retention of office is against the wishes of the country. Majorities for the upholding his measures can, with the greatest possible difficulty, be obtained. He is only surrounded by the servile fétinue of official underlings. Is such a man to be suffered to guide the reins of government? It ought not, surely, to be endured.

It is well known, that Buonaparte was himself weak, as a statesman; and wisely did he act in binding to his interests men like Fouché and Talleyrand. Bernadotte, indeed, has been successful, both as a civil and military ruler, but (without wishing to detract from the talent of really a remarkable man) the scheme of government in Sweden is simple: she has no colonies, no oriental possessions, no navy, of any consideration, no manufactures, no monetary system, no necessity for upholding the condition of a first-rate European power. The only individual that we know of, whose character, is composed of the equally blended excellences of the warrior and statesman, is John, Duke of Marlborough. This illustrious General was a good and an honourable man—thanks to the satisfactory labours of Archdeacon Coxe; who, in his excellent Memoirs of the Conqueror at Blenheim, has effectually exposed all the foul calumnies by which the reputation of this nobleman has been for so many years befouled.

Bad as was the ministry of his period, and disreputable as were the factions—and popularity is too frequently based on the rankest injustice—the plotting enemies of the Duke

of Marlborough gained the good opinion of the nation, and the most meritorious servant of the crown was deprived of his offices in a single day, and compelled to wander from his ungrateful country into a dignified exile. His partisans were persecuted, and the Prince Eugene, whilst in London, having spoken of him in terms of approval and friendship, was publicly insulted and caricatured in the journals. Still, however, all things considered, it was better for Marlborough that matters turned out as they did. The popular inclinations of a nation are not to be counteracted in a moment, or forced into the channel of sound policy. Demagogues will, for a time, prevail, and charlatans and false philosophers be, for a season, triumphant. Yet eternal providence will, in the end, vindicate its own honour—when corrupt philosophy will slink again into its native Cimmerian darkness, and the boastings of upstart and mountebank politicians end in utter confusion. Cleon had his day in Athens, and then his countrymen learned to curse the memory of that boastful and factious demagogue. Neckar, the most honest man of the Revolution, found his good purposes frustrated by the infuriated mobs of the French capital, who were bent on their own destruction. But it is well that the intentions of good men should sometimes be frustrated, that the watchfulness of providence may be made more manifest—that men's eyes may be opened to the true condition of good, by having experienced the hard trials of evil fortune. Whatever, however, may be its sufferings, posterity has generally honours in store for the memory of true worth. Madame de Sévigné has well said "*le monde n'a point de longues injustices.*" The recollection of such men as Harley and St. John is foul in the nostrils of the present generation—the vindication of the Great Marlborough has been accomplished by his late admirable historian. All this may, by some of

our readers, be supposed to be a digression from the main question; we, however, are of a contrary opinion, and have made bold to think that it has a close affinity to our subject of consideration.

The nation, notwithstanding the statesmanlike qualities and true patriotism of the Duke of Marlborough—failed in its promises of bounty towards him; and his loving Duchess was obliged to complete the national monument at Blenheim, at her own expense. The statesmanlike qualities of his Grace the Duke of Wellington are yet to be discovered; his only feat has been the passing of that Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which we, and all true Tories like ourselves, look upon as one of the greatest curses that could have befallen this country. This bill has had no visible salutary effect upon the prosperity of Ireland, or the welfare of Great Britain. The cries of the Papists are as loud as ever; whilst their influence—let Tories and patriots use whatever preventives they please—must gain ground—now that they enjoy an equality of rights. Two equal powers cannot be, nor ever were coexistent in the same circumscribed space without—such is the infirmity of man—collision, animosity, and blows. The truth, however sad it may sound, most certainly is, that no rancour is of so deadly, immitigable a kind, as that which emanates from religious exacerbation: indeed the cruelty natural to the fanaticism of religionists and saints has long since passed into a proverb. Our own history of the Great Civil War, and of the Cameronian disturbances in Scotland, afford many lamentable instances, and the catalogue of them is most wofully extended when we look to the transactions of the Hugonots of France. What permanent benefit to that country was the Edict of Nantes? That celebrated safeguard was equivalent to the Emancipation Bill of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. By its tenure, the Protestants were confirmed in many considerable immunities, yet they were not satisfied. It is not in the nature of man to be satisfied with partial privileges; that is to say, men whose actions are not restrained by the existing principles of theoretic

policy, but whose jealousy is excited by the hard practices of the day, whose passions become aroused on beholding themselves subjected to their political enemies, who feel the necessity of constant watchfulness for the maintenance of their rights and privileges, and who are goaded into action by the intemperance of religious enthusiasm. The Hugonots of France, however, had an additional motive for action against the Catholics. These last had won from the others their own gallant and favourite Henry of Navarre, whom they had compelled into an abominable apostasy. They therefore burned with an inconceivable animosity against their religious opponents. These opponents were the stronger party, and the Hugonots very naturally kept constantly seeking for assistance from foreign powers, and particularly from our own country. Richelieu at length determined to destroy their political influence, considering them, very justly, as the worst enemies, because intestine, to the monarchy of France. Now, mark the consequence; and this would have been the same whether Richelieu (the greatest minister that ever swayed the destinies of a nation,) or the meanest statesman had contrived to effect the subjugation of the French protestants. The power of the monarch became absolute, and the most galling of tyrannies was imposed upon the people.

This consummation is certain whenever only one political disputant is left for the crown. It was so in the time of Philip Augustus, of Louis XI., of Cardinal Richelieu, of Louis XIV., after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Whatever estate in any nation is dominant over all the others, becomes the oppressor. So it was with the *Tiers-Etats* of the Revolution, which finally accomplished the ignominious death of its vanquished monarch!

We are afraid to carry forward this argument to its utmost extent, on account of the present mild spoken Sir James Scarlett. All we can say, therefore, is, that—if ever the Papists in this country should become formidable to the crown by an accession of force, of which, in our opinion, there is every likelihood;

and, if ever the minister of England should contrive to gain over to his party the respectable portion of the Whigs, so as to induce them to become, as it were, sworn brethren; and, if ever the Tory party of England should lose their due parliamentary influence, and the political warfare remaining to be settled should lie between the Papists and his Majesty's ministers—the Constitution of this country will, from the heat engendered by animosity, in the struggle for predominance, be consumed like so much flax, and one of two things must have effect: either the cause of Protestantism will be entirely lost in Great Britain, and the Holy standard of Catholicism will be haughtily raised throughout the land, or monarchical absolutism will be established. Every thing, therefore, depends on the Tory party of England—let it be vigilant and active in well-doing.

We have said that Catholicism was likely to gain ground in the country; we will briefly give our argument for the assertion. We as Tories, and as anti-emancipationists, are justified in saying that the present is a godless administration. The sacred character of the hierarchy has been disgraced. The fear of God has nearly become inoperative in the hearts of the people. The spirit of Protestantism is decaying. Not so, however, with Roman Catholicism. Are not its followers in a better situation in respect to political condition, than even the Protestants of France? There was no constitutional assembly in France, as there is in this country; into this the Papists are now admissible. They have the free, uncontrolled exercise of their religion, and are eligible into the highest offices of state. Are they, as a body, by any particular dispensation of Providence, exempt from the follies, and weaknesses, and passions of mankind? or are they, in common with mankind, subject to all the faults and corruption of humanity? If they are thus morally constructed, is it unreasonable to argue on their probable conduct, from those evidences of conduct which have been left recorded by every religious party that ever existed in the world? The Roman Catholics will

endeavour to insure their existence by every possible accession of political influence; and for a party so constituted the surest mode of accomplishing this, will be by spreading in every direction the tenets of their own faith. Religious converts are the most effective instruments for the designs of political leaders.

Again, let it not be supposed that Acts of Parliament will prevent men from accomplishing, even at the expense of torture and death, the sacred duties enjoined them by their religion and their God. What earthly obstacle shall control the operations of conscience? All oaths by compulsion to man are absolved by the imperative oath to God. Acts of Parliament, therefore, will not retard the footsteps of such Papists as are real believers in the principles of the Roman creed.—Again, there is no power in Acts of Parliament to destroy the zeal of worldly-mindedness. If the forger will continue in his heinous traffic, notwithstanding the capital punishment denounced against him, and spies in time of war encounter for lucre the risk of death, so also will the partisan of the Pope, or of any foreign Catholic power, desirous of exciting an insurrection in this kingdom, encounter every penalty of an Act of Parliament, well aware that the chances of concealment or impunity are in the favour of every delinquent.—Again Catholics in this country intending to excite political commotion, will naturally look abroad for support, in the same way as did the Hugonots of France.—Again, though some precautions have been taken against the open admission of Jesuitism into these realms, what ministerial enactment shall be a bar to the operations of its spirit, which may at seasons even inveigle into obedience the monarchs and royal councils of England, as effectually as it has those of France.—And, lastly, trifling punishments and penalties are disregarded by powerful bodies; while severe penalties drive men into desperate measures and resistance.

The upholding of the cause of Protestantism depends on the true Tories of England. If Protestantism be destroyed, the bulwark of the cause of liberty of conscience over the world is destroyed: destroy this last,

and freedom of thought, spite of the discovery of Printing, is attained, and then farewell to the recognition of popular rights, and to the maintenance of national constitutions. God forbid, however, that Europe should again be destined to behold an age of slavery and darkness!

When his Grace the Duke of Wellington carried through the Emancipation Bill, he was directed by a short sighted policy. Ministers should have provident eyes, and act for posterity. If what we have said be true, his Grace ought to rank low in the list of rulers. Besides, Prime Ministers, of the order of the "Sic Jubeos," are not fitted for the present exigencies of the State, which require not stern command, but conciliation.

We owed his Grace a vast debt of gratitude for his military achievements; but we have most amply redeemed it. There is a paper in Dean Swift's *Examiner*, which is most apposite in respect to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, and we cannot do better than extract it. It was written against the Duke of Marlborough, whom it accuses of avarice, very unjustly. We have no such accusation to urge against the Duke of Wellington; though we do not deny—neither will his friends—that he has had a due and prudential care towards his worldly interests. The English nation, however, is by no means an ungrateful or illiberal nation, and the spirit of Swift's positions are very applicable on the present occasion.

"Those are the most valuable rewards, which are given to us from the certain knowledge of the donor, that they fit our temper best: I shall therefore say nothing of the title of Duke, or the Garter, which the queen bestowed upon the general in the beginning of her reign; but I shall come to more substantial instances, and mention nothing which has not been given in the face of the world. The lands of Woodstock may, I believe, be reckoned worth 40,000*l.*; on the building of Blenheim Castle 200,000*l.* have been already expended, although it be not yet near finished; the grant of 5,000*l.* per annum on the post-office is richly worth 100,000*l.*; his principality in Germany may be computed at 30,000*l.*; pictures, jewels, and other gifts from foreign princes, 40,000*l.*; the grant at the Pall-Mall, the rangership, &c. for want of more certain knowledge, may be called 10,000*l.*; his own and his duchess's employments at five years value, reckoning only the known and avowed

salaries, are very low rated at 100,000*l.* Here is a good deal above half a million of money; and, I dare say, those who are loudest with the clamour of ingratitude, will readily own, that all this is but a trifle, in comparison of what is untold.

The reason of my stating this account, is only to convince the world, that we are not quite so ungrateful either as the Greeks or the Romans; and in order to adjust the matter with all fairness, I shall confine myself to the latter, who were much more generous of the two. A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph, and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for a sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions; sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck on occasion of the victory, which, doing honour to the general, we will place to his account; and lastly, sometimes, although not very frequently, a triumphal arch. These are all the rewards that I can call to mind, which a victorious general received, after his return from the most glorious expedition; having conquered some great kingdom, brought the king himself, his family, and nobles, to adorn the triumph, in chains; and made the kingdom, either a Roman province, or, at best, a poor depending state, in humble alliance to that empire. Now, of all these rewards, I find but two which were of real profit to the general; the laurel crown, made and sent him at the charge of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the senate or the general: however, we will take the more favourable opinion; and in all the rest admit the whole expence, as if it were ready money in the general's pocket. Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts; the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together in balance.

"A BILL OF ROMAN GRATITUDE.

Imprim.	L.	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	-	4	10 0
A bull for sacrifice	-	8	0 0
An embroidered garment	-	50	0 0
A crown of laurel	-	0	0 2
A statue	-	100	0 0
A trophy	-	80	0 0
A thousand copper medals, value half pence a piece	-	2	1 8
A triumphal arch	-	500	0 0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach	-	100	0 0
Casual charges at the triumph	-	150	0 0
		994	11 10

A BILL OF BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

Imprim.	•	•	•	£.
Woodstock	-	-	-	40,000
Blenheim	-	-	-	200,000
Post-office grant	-	-	-	100,000
Mildenheim	-	-	-	30,000
Pictures, jewels, &c.	-	-	-	60,000
Pall-Mall grant, &c.	-	-	-	10,000
Employments	-	-	-	100,000
				<hr/>
				540,000

"This is an account of the visible profits on both sides; and if the Roman general had any private perquisites, they may be easily discounted, and by more probable computations; and differ yet more upon the balance, if we consider that all the gold and silver for safeguards and contributions, also all valuable prizes taken in the war, were openly exposed in the triumph, and then lodged in the Capitol for the public service.

"So that, upon the whole, we are not yet quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best.* And I doubt, those who raise the hideous cry of ingratitude, may be mightily mistaken in the consequence they propose from such complaints. I remember a saying of Seneca, *Multos ingratos invenimus, plures farinys*; we find many ungrateful persons in the world, but we make more, by setting too high a rate upon our pretensions, and under valuing the rewards we receive. When unreasonable bills are brought in, they ought to be taxed or cut off in the middle. Where there have been long accounts standing between two persons, I have known one of them perpetually making large demands, and pressing for payment; who, when the accounts were cast up on both sides, was found to be debtor for some hundreds. I am thinking, if a proclamation were issued out for every man to send in his bill of merits, and the lowest price he set them at, what a pretty sum it would amount to, and how many such islands as this must be sold to pay them.* I form my judgment from the practice of those who sometimes happen to pay themselves, and, I dare affirm, would not be so unjust as to take a farthing more than they think is due to their deserts. I will instance only in one article: A lady of my acquaintance appropriated twenty-six pounds a year out of her allowance, for certain uses, which her woman received, and was to pay to the lady, or her order, as it was called for. But, after eight years, it appeared, upon the strictest calculation, that the woman had paid but four pounds a year, and sunk two and twenty for her own pocket. It is but supposing, instead of twenty-six pounds, twenty-six thousand; and by that you may judge what the pretensions of modern merit are, where it happens to be its own paymaster."

The Duke of Wellington has per-

formed for England most eminent services. The Duke of Wellington has had his reward. He should make no further demands on the gratitude or patience of this country. What we have alleged against him, are not trivial faults. "The Athenians," says Jeremy Taylor, "found fault with Simonides, because he talked too loud. The Thebans accused Panniculus, that he spit too much. The Carthaginians spoke ill of Hannibal, because he went open-breasted, with his stomach bare." We have not dealt in such trivialities, or followed the Duke of Wellington into the actions of his private life, where, *perhaps*, we might have found something for censure. We have dealt with him openly and fairly. He has come forward as a prime minister, and has passed one celebrated act: this act has accomplished nothing in the shape of benefit—has destroyed the safeguards of Protestantism—has placed the securities of the nation in imminent peril. We were before secured from internal foes; we must now live in constant dread from the consciousness that internal foes have an existence in the country, and are using every effort to strengthen their party. He has done nothing to alleviate the sufferings of the manufacturing classes; he understands not one tittle of the true principles of our national commerce. Of this, a most woeful instance was manifested on the night of the sugar duties debate, when Mr. Huskisson mentioned the fact of having received from Liverpool a communication descriptive of the general stagnation of commerce, manufactures, and business. The desperate condition of the ministry is ably exposed in a recent number of the *Standard*, and we extract the passage which speaks conviction in simple and incontrovertible terms:

"The question of the West Indian sugar duties is highly interesting and important; and the considerations involved in the plan for inundating the country with tippling houses have still stronger claims upon attention; but we confess that the actual determination of either question seems to us insignificant, compared with the manner in which they have been determined. This *wed* to be called a free country—ours used to be styled a representative government—and when the spirit of the country, as manifested by an actual expression of opinion in parliament, and not by a mere tale of numerical majorities,

directed the measures of the executive, there was scarcely a fallacy in the assumption,—though of course the votes of the legislative assemblies contained pseudo-representatives who represented nobody, and an array of placemen who had no will but that of their master.

"In times not long gone by, it was a maxim of government, as well understood and as authoritative as any written law, that a minister must not pretend to continue in office unless he could secure the support of a majority so decisive as to negative the hypothesis that his power rested solely on the influence of place and the patronage of Treasury boroughs. This decisive majority was variously estimated. In very full houses, and this before the Irish union, Mr. Pitt stipulated for ninety at the least, and declared that if not supported by a clear majority of sixty upon questions of ordinary interest, he must feel it his duty to resign.

"There was good reason in the rule alluded to, and in Mr. Pitt's application of it. One way or another, the minister can always command, *virtute officii*, 120 votes: the fair proportion of attendants out of this number ought always, therefore, to be deducted from the majority before we can make any approach to a knowledge of the real sense of parliament upon any given question. Let us illustrate this by an example. Last night 305 voted on Mr. Goulburn's motion—305 make somewhere about three-sevenths of the whole number; the supporters of the motion were 161, the opponents 144, leaving a majority of 17: but if we reduce the majority by three-sevenths of the household troops, or 51, we have a majority of thirty-four against Ministers on this motion. And they will, by the same process of investigation, be also found in minorities on the other divisions of the night.

"From these premises (and we have stated them too favourably in assuming that the household troops attend no more regularly than other members)—from these premises, it follows that Ministers are now carrying on the government in defiance of the recorded sense of parliament; and from that it is not rash to infer that we speak falsely when we call this a free country, or ours a representative system of government. If it is replied to us that this is the old cant of discontent, our answer is short—the expression may be old, but the thing expressed at least is new. Never in British history did a minister persevere in holding office by the aid of such fallacious majorities as support the Duke of Wellington, and in defiance of such real majorities as oppose him. Why? in what hope does he cling to place and power? We must decline suggesting an explanation; we can merely venture to say, as we have done, that his expected tenure does not rest upon the favour of

parliament, still less upon the approbation of the country."

Certain it is, indeed, that the fame of the Duke of Wellington's administration has been loudly bruited abroad, through all ranks and classes in the metropolis. As the noise, however, here originated, so in this place has its operation been circumscribed. One or two of the Whig papers, indeed, caught up the laudatory tone, and sang his praises at the outset in terms equal in extravagance to those employed in the *Pollio* of Virgil. They, however, had a certain purpose to effect, and that was the passing of the Great Relief Bill. Since that period, though they have not unfrequently approved of his Grace's proceedings, still no dependence was to be placed upon them. Indeed, so assured were ministers of this, that, we know, on good authority, that within the last three or four months they have been very desirous of effecting a direct and certain influence on one or two papers, but they have not succeeded. As for the provincial journals, we are not wrong in saying, that, from the Land's End to John O'Groat's house, they are unanimous against the administration of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Of course there must be exceptions, as there are exceptions; but the exceptions are so scanty, that they are not worthy of any consideration in the argument. The true upholders of his Grace's reputation have been the higher circles in the metropolis, or what we may call the circles of fashion. Lady Jersey, who is one of the leaders of this *enviable* class, is well known for her friendship with his Grace. So also is Mrs. Arbuthnot; and Lady Londonderry, who is ever anxious to preserve the dignity of one of the queens of fashion, will do what she can to maintain towards herself the kind manners of the Prime Minister. In these matters, the moral man is nothing—the *circumstantial* man, or the man in power, every thing; and if a chimney-sweep were to be raised to the premiership to-morrow, and, consequently, to be the dispenser of places—pensions—power—titles—that man would be followed with zeal and adulation. The same argument holds good with respect to the approbation which the measures of the Duke of Wellington

have elicited from the cadets of noble families, the dandy aspirants for political situations; the young officers looking for promotion, and the old officers for regiments and commands; and the strugglers after notoriety for fashion, because they are aware, that neither good manners, high birth, mental attainments, or anything else, constitute fashion, but RANK, or HIGH OFFICE. By those appliances which his premiership enabled him to employ, the Duke of Wellington gained a temporary but false reputation in the metropolis. For, as *Paul-Louis Courier* says:

“Mais, lorsqu'ils revendent et partagent cette terre à des hommes qui n'avaient point de terre, alors le bien qu'ils font est grand; car ils font des propriétaires, c'est-à-dire, d'honnêtes gens, selon *Crépe de Médicis*. Avec trois aunes de drap fin, disait-il, je fais un homme de bien.”

His grace may indeed make the *homme de bien* by the due distribution of his patronizing smiles, and the sinecures and places incidental to the dispensing privilege of the premiership; but he will not be able to make honest or honourable men his friends or infuse wisdom into the skulls of such men as hold the eminent places of his government, and guide the destinies of this once-powerful nation.

Under all these circumstances, if, as his partisans say, his Grace is

high-minded, proud, disinterested, and careless of the perquisites of office, nothing remains for him and his Household Troops but—RESIGNATION.

Should he, however, not resign, he will endeavour to form a coalition with the respectable Whigs. The low Whigs of Holland House are powerless, and will only be a clog and hinderance to his operations. At the head of the respectable Whigs, is the Lord Grey—a man of unimpeached honour, and first-rate understanding. But would he not be degraded by the approximation of a set of men who are disgraced in the eyes of the respectable part of the country? The Duke of Wellington must fall, when the Lord Grey may be advanced to the honours of the Premiership; whereas, if he join the present administration, he will be obliged to put up with a subordinate situation. The Lord Grey is a true lover of his country, let him join the Tories, who are also true lovers of their country. After they have driven the present ministry out of office, then, if the country so wills it, let his Lordship assume the reins of administration, and he will find the old Tories of England the firmest of his supporters, as they will ever be the firmest of the supporters of every upright, honourable, and constitutional Prime Minister.

Note.—“We reluctantly descend to political considerations at a moment like the present; but the fate of our country, which comprises all charities, can never be an unfit topic of reflection and inquiry; and our readers will be naturally anxious to learn whether any, and if any, what changes in public affairs are likely to ensue upon the melancholy event which it has been our painful duty to announce.

“The Duke of Wellington will, at least for the present, we apprehend, retain the office of Premier, but the Cabinet will be in a great degree new modelled.

“In addition to the dismissal of Lords Bathurst and Ellenborough, and Mr. Goulburn, and the removal of Sir George Murray to the Horse Guards, which we announced a fortnight ago, Lord Melville is now to be sacrificed. Out of the Cabinet, Sir Henry Hardinge will go to Ireland, and Sir George Cockburn will follow the present First Lord of the Admiralty in his disgrace.

“The vacancies thus created will be filled, it is supposed, by the Lansdown and Holland Whigs, who have been lately trying to raise themselves into importance by the attempt to negotiate a reconciliation between the Premier and the Huskisson party; this attempt has not yet succeeded, but it is hoped by the refusing Whigs that they have won the Duke of Wellington's favourable notice.

“Earl Grey, Sir James Graham, Mr. Brougham, and all the other able and honest Whigs have definitively refused any connexion with the minister, and have manifested a disposition to act, if not to combine, with the Tory party:—that party is rapidly increasing in strength—it is already by far the strongest substantive party in Parliament.

“It is said that the minister has promised the provisional Regency to the Queen, but that this promise has had any influence in deciding the King in the choice of his First Minister, it is unjust to his Majesty to suppose. The Duke of Wellington has had too long an anticipation of the demise of the crown, not to weave stronger toils than this round the future Sovereign.”—*Standard*, 26th June, 1830.

THE ELECTION OF EDITOR.

Fraser's Magazine.

[From Mr. Gurney's short-hand notes, corrected by Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Thavies Inn.]

(Continued from p. 568.)

WE were mistaken in saying that Mr. Professor Wilson arose with Mr. Colburn. The gentleman who made the simultaneous movement with the New Burlington Publisher, was Mr. Christopher North, who mounted the column with the assistance of his crutch, and then commenced.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I rise to address you under feelings which are almost too overpowering for utterance. My name is Mr. Christopher North—that is, I am called Mister by those who are not within the circle of familiarity—Christopher by those who are but a few paces advanced before the line of demarcation that separates familiarity from distance; and Kit by those who sit hob and nob with me at Ambrose's, and get royally drunk in the blue parlour of that house of entertainment. Sir, you cannot be surprised to see me here—my duty to myself and to the ancient Ebony calls me to this spot, and I am at my post to defend the character of both the one and the other.

"The fame of this meeting first drew me unto this southern district; and, without a sigh, I relinquished the delights of Ambrose, and the fascinations of Ebony; the bland conversation of the Tickler, the tudesque fumigations of the philosophy of the devourer of opium, and the rhapsodising extravagance of the shepherd of the Mount of Bengel. (*Disapprobation from Fraser the Publisher, Fraser, his namesake, Picken, Galt, Molloy Westmacott, Lord F. L. Gower, Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., Dr. Maginn, Barry Cornwall, Lord Glen-gall, William Jerdan, Mastigopheros Holmes, Parson Edwards, and other contributors.*)

"I beg pardon—I find I have offended where I should, after the manner of Ebony's Magazine, have endeavoured to please and to tickle the humour of the fastidious. I shall, therefore, speak in more seemly terms of the excellent Shepherd, and treat him always hereafter with more respect at our Ambrosian Debauches. (*Bravo, bravo!*) Ladies and Gentlemen, give me your patient hearing for the exposition of my grievances.

"I have received hard usage of this Fraser's Magazine. I have been betrayed and insulted. Old dotard has been the name bestowed upon Christopher North, of the Ambrosian Triumphs. Old dotard! and O, ye Gods and Goddesses! O Nelson's pillar and Arthur's Seat! O Ebony's holy countenance and munificent hand! and O Buchanan's wiseacre and wooden head and shoulders, affixed to Maga's dowdy cover! the sky fell not on the head of the miscreant who applied to me that word of abuse and infamy! Why, Sir, not to trace up Maga's brilliantia to too distant a source—what number of any magazine, past, present, and to come, could, has, shall, might, would, should, can or may rival with even the last fasciculus of that excellent, superlative, incomparable, incomprehensible journal. (*A sudden, general, and overwhelming guffaw, and Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, he! Ho, hu! He, he!—burst forth from the whole company, followed by a sissarari and cries of "Hear the old laker, by goles!" "No blarney!" "No hoazing!" "Down with the old prig!" "Toss over the old literary coxcomb!" "Douse his glims!" "Have at his bread-basket!" "Knock out his grinders!" "Uncork his claret bottle!"*) These vociferations were accompanied by a volley of missiles, which broke every window of Mr. Soane's stately mansion, and did considerable damage to Christopher's nasal promontory. The old fogey is dislodged from his elevation. Every indication of a popular tumult. The Duke of Wellington, who was seated at one of the windows, enjoying the molley scene, rose up immediately, and, first

leaping on the back, crawled to the shoulders of Sir George Murray, in order to gain as commanding a height as possible; whence, grinning in bitter malice, like a baboon from the back of a mountebank's bear, he waved his hand to his understrapper, the Baronet in attendance on the other side of the square. The Baronet instantly charged on the bellowing mob with a set of the new police. After a furious battle silence was once more obtained; when the Great Captain of the age exclaimed, "Mount again, North!" and behold North mounted again, spite of his gouty leg, and as nimble as a cockchafer.)

"Sir and Gentlemen—I really know not why the mention of Maga should have occasioned such a loud and universal laugh. Is not Maga's fame as wide as

"The vast Pacific to th' Atlantic join'd?—"

Is not its fame comparable to the celebrity of that Trojan of many woes, whose name was, as Maro informs us, "super æthera notus?" (*A "Ha, Ha, Ha!" commenced by the crowd—the great Commander held up his little finger, and the laugh was stifled into a subdued titter.*) Aye, I say it again, "super æthera notus;" and I may well say so, and proudly, for I—I am the man who have achieved, for Maga, all her most memorable victories. "Adsum qui feci." (*Hear—hear—hear!*) I assert, in the words of the mighty Roman, set forth in the Eton Latin Grammar—"Meâ unius operâ rempublicam esse salvam." I have put annually into Ebony's pocket the sum of seven thousand pounds sterling.

"It is well known that the dispersion of his Magazine is Ebony's grand and only care; and it is also well known that that dispersion is calculated at fifteen thousand copies. (*Hear, hear!—Bravo! what a clencher!—fudge!—hear, &c.*) I say again—coolly—deliberately—conscientiously—and if Ebony were here, (*Ebony slily slips away from the foot of the column.*) he would, no doubt, take his affidavit, (as Old Bailey witnesses do when they mistake their thumb nail for the book.)—(*Aside.*) Hem—he—e—e—em. Where is Ebony, to take his 'davit?—ah! he is not here—he is "non est inventus," as the sheriff's officers have it. However I am the maximus Pelides, the Ἀνὴρ Ἀνδρῶν, as saith the blind Mæonian—of Maga the great, the illustrious, the magnificent, the jovial, the witty, the poetical, the best of periodicals: of Maga, which to give you entertainment, hath ranged over every land, from the Alleghany altitudes and the Andean steeps, to the Himalaya mountains and the Siberian wilds, and, leaping over the narrow channel of the Baltic, hath embraced, in its critical ken, the whole distance from the ice-ribbed shores of Spitzbergen, to the laughing loveliness of the Mediterranean waters.—(*Cheers.*) It has been every where, and dared every obstacle and hardship.

"Quidlibet audiendi semper fuit magna potestas."

"It has been the champion of the liberties of Englishmen; it has thwarted and exposed the measures of political oppression; it has been the never wearying, ever earnest antagonist of infidelity and atheism; it has been the corner-stone of our church establishment; it has denounced the subverters of the rights of Englishmen, the prostitutes of honour, the base, knavish, lying sycophants of power, the shameless tricksters, the ignominious trimmers, the vile shufflers, the rogues, the scamps, the idiots, the bullies, the insensate politicians, and the hoary-headed, venerable and would-be-reverend bench of traitors to God and to man, who have, severally and collectively, been the sorry theme for the boastful trumpet of fame during the last year of our political existence. (*"Hear, hear!—Go it, North!—Twist away, my fine fellow!—No blarney!—Question, question," &c. &c. from all sides.*)

"Question, question, do you say? I am coming to the question, but it must be in my own manner; I must do it by expatiating largely and twaddling, as is Maga's custom, not of an afternoon, but morning, noon, and night. Speak as you will, vociferate as you may, but Maga's unprecedented sale of eighteen thousand, (*hear, hear!*) proves it to be of the right stuff; and not such wishy-washy, low, contemptible, dirty, filthy, abusive trash as

you may see in every page of every number of Fraser's Magazine, which the writers have been pleased to name Regina—by the flowing beard of Edrehi the Jew, whom I see cheek by jowl there, with Robert Grant, the friend of Jews, —Regina, did I say, or rather, do they say? Pish! a crowing cock on its own fine dunghill, rather; or as much Regina as the Duchess of St. Alban's is Queen of the territory of Almack's. (*Hissing, disapprobation, and uproar.*) You may hiss and bray, but I care not, I am bold in my integrity—my innocence—my strength. Have I not been abused? has not the term dotard been flung in my face? and by whom? Ah! “that was the unkindest blow of all.” By the Signifer!—Aye, by all our past potations of glowing and heart-expanding toddy, by all our past hours of innocent tricks and gambols, of innocuous exhilaration and exceeding mirth—I have been abused by him whom I honoured for his capacious maw and expansive gullet—by him whose power of consuming the substantial dainties of the table,—roast beef and boiled beef, tripes, collops, and broiled kidneys, goose and green gosling, fowls roasted and boiled, and capons of larger and smaller degree, with those other winged and volant creatures, with plumage glancing with emerald sheen when kissed by the slanting rays of the sun, whether orient or at its zenith, or ere it plunges its sweating limbs into the refrigerating and refreshing bath of the occidental wave—that is to say, ducks, whether tame, or wild, or full grown, or in the tender state of ducklingship; and partridge, snipe, pheasant, grouse, ptarmigan, black cock, and cock of the wood, and cassiowary:—whose power of annihilating these substantial dainties, (though I have said nothing about fish, pastry, or kickshaws,) as well as of also consuming liquids of all kinds and characters, from humble port to imperial tokay—from London porter to the punch of Glasgow, the queen of cities—not only excited my esteem, but my veneration; not only riveted my heart to him in the closest links of good fellowship and brotherhood, but compelled me to look upon him as the glorious pattern for my career of life, and the illustrious example in all matters of coenic revelry and tipsified jollification. Yes, I say it with sorrow, I have been abused, insulted, betrayed, called ugly, scandalous names by the great Dohertiades. *Heu pietas, heu prisca fides*, and let me add, *invictaque dextra raisendo ad throatum pocula!* The truth of the standard-bearer is departed for ever, and, in the emphatic words of one who knew human nature wofully and well—I mean the great Bombastes Furioso—let me add—

“Man's boasted constancy is all my eye!” (*Cheers.*)

“Even if I had not been joined formerly in friendship to the man whom I have named, I could not have expected this treatment at his foul-tongued mouth. To be called a dotard!—I, Christopher North, who have written up Ebony's *Maga* to a circulation of twenty thousand copies.—(*Hear, hear! and loud laughter.*—*Duke gives a look, and laughter instantly subdued.*)

“Infirmity of limb does not argue infirmity of mind; even the podagra and chiragra, however severe, have not incapacitated the intellect or shorn the beams of my ambrosian genius. If so, the pleasant Tickler, and the Eater of Opium, and the Shepherd of Ettrick, would never have allowed me to continue chairman during our maniac jollifications in the blue chamber of our coenic displays:—if so, Edina would not still take pride in being the birth-place of *Maga*, and *Maga's* praises would not be shouted from pole to pole and around the wide girdle of the earth; nor would anxious and expectant nations devour five and twenty thousand copies of each one of her matchless numbers!—(*Hear, hear! and cheers, mixed with titters and stifled laughter.*)

“And now, having, according to my usual custom, said one word in praise of Ebony, and twenty in praise of myself; having, by this very address vindicated my intellect from the charge of dotage; I shall descend from this column with that secret satisfaction which is the best reward for the honest discharge of duty. Had I left the accusation uncontroverted, it had been a libel on Ebony, whose intelligence is wonderful, for a bookseller; whose munificence hath passed into a proverb. “He hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity.” So that men mention his name with

reverence : indeed they shall speak in the same breath, of Alfred the Just, and Howard the Philanthropist, and Edina's Ebony the Munificent! The unrefuted accusation had also been a libel on yourselves, whose great intelligence has upholden Maga in so unprecedented a degree, and who monthly devour the astonishing number of six and thirty thousand of her copies. (Hear.)

"As for the Standard-bearer, he *was* my friend, but I tear his image from my heart, and cast it from me. And yet the recollection of our boon-companionship was sweet to dwell on. It has been with me as with the immortal poet of our own land.

"Still o'er the scene my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

"But our friendship is in the predicament of the city of Troy—"Troja fuit!"—I bury the name of Dohertiades in oblivion—I trample our former intimacy to the dust. I will not honour him with my scorn—but will extend to him the boon of my contempt. (*Hear, hear! Cheers, &c.*)

"It is in vain for the miscreants of Fraser's Magazine to aim their bravo-blow at the glorious Maga of Ebony the Munificent, whose genius, gifted with superhuman energies, expands its resplendent wings, and, shaking off the dust and dross of frail and impotent humanity, rises aloft from the Finite to the Infinite, and loves to wander amongst the extatic meads of imparadised and immortal asphodel of a purer and blissful region; and then, after a short sojourn in that glorious clime, descends again (in charity) to the earth, to distribute its collected treasures of poetry and wisdom throughout the closely printed pages of Ebony's publication. (*Immense Cheers.*) The bravos of Fraser's Magazine are powerless, as they are mischievous. The men are weak—the malice of their pen is defeated in its lack of gall and bitterness. They are like the hero of Dryden—

"Who was too warm on picking work to dwell,
And faggotted his notions as they fell;
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well:
Spiteful he was not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes *some thinking* to ill nature!"

"They may rail, and bluster, and abuse, and vilify, and bespatter with dirt, which would be thought of too befouling a quality for even the not over-delicate fingers of a Billingsgate fishwife. (*A huge dab of mud douses the sparkle of Christopher's left eye, and nearly upsets him from his eminence. Two or three Billingsgaters, returned from the pursuit of Mephistophiles, manifest an inclination to show fight, but are prevented by the Duke's police. Ebony having got a mop, cleanses the adhesive impurities from Christopher's sinister ogle, exclaiming several times during the operation, "Ma gudeness, Kit, who could ha' opined ye wad ha' been sae treated in the service of ma Magazine, whilk is sae considerable a public blessing.*)

"Thank ye, Ebony, this is according to your usual kindness. I shall say no more about Fraser's Magazine or Billingsgate fishwives, but conclude with speed. Sir, Ladies and Gentlemen, there stands Ebony, the modern philanthropist, the most munificent of men, the public benefactor of England, with its surrounding isles—its colonies—its oriental possessions and their dependances. Ought not the greatest of honours to be reserved for him who has so nobly comported himself for the public benefit? For myself, I say nothing. Like Bacon, I leave my reward to posterity; for (I beg to say that I speak with all diffidence and reason, and not to insult the present company), I am in the situation of those mighty intellects generated once in a century, but who anticipate the age in which they are born, and, therefore, are ill understood by that age, on account of its general ignorance. This is, perhaps, the reason why so many of the Ambrosian pages appear so obscure and difficult of comprehension. I await, in all resignation, my remuneration of honour from posterity.—I hope Ebony, best of men, will not have to wait

so long. The greatest of distinctions should await him, who, by his taste and talent has raised the circulation of *Maga* to fifty thousand copies, (*Hear, hear! &c. cheers.*) and who, for his manifold liberalities, stands unrivalled in this most liberal of all the nations of the earth. Could I, weak man, dispense his destiny, I would, according to the examples recorded in the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, translate him, with a bound volume of his *Magazine*, in one hand, and in the other, the big punch-bowl from Ambrose's blue parlour, (whilst his breeches pockets hung on either side puffed out with such gold guineas as he has often distributed amongst his contributors) to the most distinguished part of the heavens, because that situation is the best adapted for one of so many virtues, that all men may in their upward gaze admire his happy destiny and emulate his example. I would place him, Sir, close under the tail of *Ursa Major*.—(*Cheers.*) *Ursa*, no doubt, would fret and be stung, with a growing jealousy at the surpassing brilliancy of the new constellation,

“ But *Ursa Major* may both sweat and labour,
T'eclipse the glories of his next-door neighbour,”

to no avail. Those glories would remain undiminished for the wonder of ages yet in the womb of time.” (*Much cheering. Christopher hobbles down carefully and slowly, leaning on his crutch, and finally takes his seat on the left hand of the chair. At this crisis some confusion arose in the crowd, when some one, near the railway, was heard to say, once or twice:—*

“ Gentlemen, I conceive!”—(*Cries of, “who is this conceiving?”*)

“ Gentlemen, I conceive!”—(“ *Mr. Campbell! Mr. Campbell!*” shouted several. “ *He is aiming at conception, but his conceiving time is over—or if any thing is brought forth, it must be such a conception as his Letter to Tom Moore.*” *Hisses and noise.*)

“ Gentlemen, I hope!” said Mr. Campbell, in a loud voice,—(*which was followed by cries of “Bravo!—Bravo, Campbell! He is the Bard of Hope after all! Hear him! Hear him!”—“Hop to the top of the column, Mr. Campbell,” cried a voice, “we cannot see you.” A posse of the members of the Literary Union having elevated Mr. Campbell to the column-head, he addressed the meeting as follows:—*

“ Mr. Chairman!—Gentlemen!—I hope you will hear me quietly, and behave yourselves as you ought when I address you. I need not remind you of the claims I have upon your respect, which are such as I may, without vanity say, ought at least to insure me a favourable hearing; if not, that success in the application I am about to make, for which my long services to the public may entitle me to hope.—(*Cries of “Hop down again!—No traddles!” and other exclamations of impatience. After a little, he went on.*)—I trust, Gentlemen, you will permit me to state my pretensions to the Editorship of this new periodical, at least without interruption. I am not accustomed to be interrupted in my speeches—at the Literary Union I am listened to with attention. You will consider the feelings of one whose taste has been refined by such studies as I have given myself to—of one, the texture of whose mind is somewhat too delicate—too sensitive—(Damn this rickety column! Confound you!)—(*in an under tone to those just beneath him*)—(you'll certainly have me toss'd over the rails into Mr. Soane's area.)—(*Then aloud*)—Aye, as I said, of too delicate a nature for the circumstances in which I stand.—(Keep the column steady, Tom Gent and Lord Nugent. If you want assistance, send for Yates's elephant.)—Excuse me, Gentlemen, I am not accustomed to address crowds. To be sure, when I had the honour of being chosen Lord Rector of the college of my native town, a thanksgiving speech to my constituents was perfectly indispensable—though I confess I did not much like the looks of the rabble of boys, who on that celebrated occasion grinned upwards in my face, and I was really almost stifled with the smell of oaten-meal porridge, but sweet breath ought not at all times to be expected by a public man; and you know that for twenty years I—(*loud cries of “Down, down!”*)—Gentlemen—(*he went on after some confusion*)—in one word, my pretensions are known to you all—(*laughter, and cries of, “So they are!”*) Have I not formed the taste by which that gallant

work, the New Monthly, has ever been distinguished? Have I not founded an University in this Metropolis? Have I not patronized novel-writing ladies, whenever I delighted in them? Have I not written and given my opinion of a noble lady whom I need not name, defending her with all my might, although the ill-natured world has given me no thanks for the same? Yet, do I not know that all mankind were waiting until I should say something of the affair?—(*hisses and cries of "bah!"*)—do not hiss me, my good friends; you hurt my feelings. I may have spoken a little out of joint in that letter, but to confess the truth, I wrote it when I was drunk.—(*Cries of, "Bravo, Campbell!"*) Gentlemen, you are all considerate persons, and know that a man will get drunk sometimes, and then he naturally thinks of the ladies. But to return to the main point, I need not say who is the fittest person in England for the honour of this contested Editorship, modesty forbids it.—As for Editorship of a genteel periodical, my notion of it is this—never let any thing go in to your Magazine that has the least chance of being displeasing to any one whatever—(*a voice from the crowd, "Then it will be sure not to be worth a doit;"*)—nor should it excite any thinking, for that is troublesome. Above all, beware how you give the least umbrage to any person of fine taste, and upon this point my maxim is that of the Scotch Schoolmaster: whatever may be prevented from going in, you can never be wrong in blotting out. Always take care that your contributors write prettily, and mind their syllables and stops. I wrote my Theodoric on Whatman's finest double pressed, and with a silver pen. Some verses in that popular poem cost me three weeks labour before I had decided upon the claims of each individual word. My life of Sir Thomas, which I am now writing, I do in kid-gloves, and with red ink, (black is filthy and vulgar); and my paper I have glazed to my own order. That is the way to write well! Sometimes I get through three pages in as many days, when I am not interrupted; but you know how much a poet and a public character, as I am, is liable to interruption, by Literary Unions and other great affairs of the nation.—(*Tumult and expressions of impatience among the crowd.*)—Gentlemen, will you not even hear me? I am known to you all!—I am known to all the world! I hope you will not use me as the Gower Street University-men have done. Gentlemen, I am an ill-used man! I am beginning to be a rejected poet. At the University they won't hear me speak, and hardly will let me have a seat to sit upon. My Theodoric was damned, after all my pains. The New Monthly is, I am sorry to say, sick, and in a delicate state. I shall never survive it, and that will be seen.—(*Here the poor gentleman was overcome by his feelings, and began to rummage for his handkerchief; but his pocket having been picked before he mounted the barrel, he seemed sadly at a loss; upon which an ill-coloured clout, bedaubed with snuff, was handed up to him by one of the members of the Literary Union, with which, having cleared his eyes, and, descending from the bad eminence on the column, mounted a barrel-head, he thus went on:*)—I hope, Mr. Chairman,—(*cries of "spoken, spoken—down from the barrel-head, &c."*) and a voice having vociferated, "let the Scotchman speak," Mr. Campbell went on:—Gentlemen, I beg you will not call me a Scotchman. You hurt my feelings. I trust I may get credit for a little civilization after having been thirty years in London. Barbarism either in language or manners, is not at all suited to my taste. With all respect for that hungry country in the north, which all Scotchmen leave as soon as possible, believe me, gentlemen, it never could have produced such a work as the New Monthly.—(*Cries of "true, true."*)—But I have done. I need say no more.—I confidently await your suffrages."

At this crisis a great bustle was observed in the outskirts of the crowd near Holborn Bars, and in due time an enormous red-haired figure was seen struggling and elbowing himself forward to the focus of the assemblage. He was dressed in a large loose surtout, or rather great-coat, for it was of a mongrel fashion between the two—the colour was, *ci-devant*, bottle-green, deficient in the nap, and in the left skirt, which had been torn off in the struggle. A considerable ventilator was open under each arm. His waistcoat was of dingy black velvet with yellow buttons, several of which had departed, but his linen was bright and clean, of a gentlemanly quality; the open bosom shewed however a flannel waistcoat, which, if there be heat in hair, might have been dispensed

with, considering the shaggy natural mat of rusty wire beneath. His head was thatched with a huge racoon cap, and his throat was bare, though his collar was tied with a remnant of an old black silk handkerchief.

As he came wriggling onward, if such a word may be applied to the activity of such creatures as this personage, or whales, or elephants, he all the while was cramming his nostrils with snuff by handfuls from his waist-coat pocket.

When he had reached the corner of the railing in front of Mr. Soane's house, he roared aloud with a voice like a chain-cable running through the hawse-hole of a first-rate man of war, coming to anchor:

"Hollo, I say, lower yourself from that altitude, and make room for your betters." All around the rostrum capital were astonished at the sound—some fled, others stood aghast, and the Duke of Wellington who was standing near, looked round to see what masked battery of twelve forty-two pounders had opened behind him. It was manifest by the coolness with which his Grace heard the first of the explosion, that he considered the affair as some incident of the ordnance, but when he beheld the red and fiery roaring volcano, he betrayed visible trepidation.

"I say you aloft there, come down," subjoined the rubicund phenomenon, without taking the slightest notice of any one around; "Come down, Tom Tit, I want to speechify a bit." Mr. Campbell on the pedestal not obeying with sufficient alacrity, he raised his arm, which, in power and magnitude, might be compared to the beam of a hundred and fifty horse power engine, and with his finger and thumb took hold of the little man like an insect, and dropped him behind him with a benediction. "Off with you, ye rascal!"

The Red man then ascended the rostrum, and at his appearance aloft great joy was expressed by some of Blackwood's gang: Professor Wilson, Tom Moore, Sam Rogers, Lockhart, Zachary Macauley, Galt, Dr. Maginn, Lord Francis Levison Gower, Mr. Owen of Lanark; all pressing towards him, while Sir Morgan O'Doherty shouted, "The tiger, the tiger!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Lady Morgan in alarm, and turning pale.

"The tiger—the tiger!" was the responding shout.

"A tiger!" screamed her ladyship, gathering up her petticoats, and preparing to fly.

"Where—where?" was the general cry of the crowd; partaking of her terror; and all were on the point of scattering themselves, when, with another tremendous roar, like a powder magazine blowing up, the rosy Lord of Sagur arrested their flight by calling, "Order!"

After a short pause, and again taking a vehement inhalation of snuff, he looked around over the multitude, and seeing amidst the crowd several of his acquaintances, called to them by name, and spoke to them familiarly. The multitude, not relishing such instances of partial distinction, began to cry out, "Speak up, speak up!" which recalled him to the recollection of his duty; and, taking off his cap, his exordium was to the following effect:

"When I was an editor in Calcutta, for I do not come here a Johnny raw, such as your bog-trotting reporters, and the other pewter lifters belonging to the Daily, I knew how to serve up the curry."

"No cookery!" exclaimed Mr. Cosmo Orme, from the Row. "An Editor—it is an Editor we have come to choose."

The look with which the speaker scorched him into a cinder is indescribable—it was not contemptuous, nor indignant, nor angry, nor any modification which ire can assume;—it must have been seen to be appreciated; but, like all manifestations of intense energy, it was of brief duration.

"Quench that spark!" was the vocal accompaniment to the withering scowl, and, in the same moment, the orator vigorously blew a handful of Lundyfoot mixed with cayenne over the intruder, which invested his own head like that of cloud-compelling Jove in a thunder-storm. When the dust which rose from it had passed away, he looked out like the morning sun from the mist, and Mr. Orme was seen no more.

The orator resumed, "My grandfather was the biggest man you ever saw. I am passable myself in that way, but, he was enormous; compared

with him I am as a pint pot beside a gallon stoup, or a half-pint at the foot of a magnam. By the bye this is dry work, can't you, Billy Maginn, tip us a horn, and, as I have got a touch of hydrophobia, no water, but some concentrated fluid, of which a drop is as good as a gallon. I say, you, Professor Brand, what have you been about that you do not make brandy concrete, that we may carry drams in our pockets like pectoral lozenges. Make the invention, and I'll patronize you."

"Vell to be sure, he's a rum un'," exclaimed Mr. Morgan, the philanthropist, and author of the *Reproof of Brutus*. But the crowd now growing impatient, cries of "begin—speak to the point!" were vociferated on all sides.

"Hold your tongues, and be d—d to you, I'm going to begin," was the reply, "and I will speak to the point; but to what point shall I speak? Didn't I tell you that I was an Editor in Calcutta? Apd, talking of speaking to the point, by the bye puts me in mind of a story of my friend Dan O'Brien there, a devilish good fellow, and his clerk, Bailie Liddeh. Dan's instructions to the Bailie were, that he was to do exactly, and without remark, whatever he ordered him to do, and in all things the Bailie was most particular. It so happened, however, that Dan had a dispute with the Alexanders, in which he of course thought them in the wrong; and being of that opinion, when they made him a proposition to settle the business, he desired the Bailie to write them, that he would be confounded before he accepted any such terms. The Bailie did as he was bidden, and wrote—'Gentlemen, Mr. O'Brien desires me to say, in reply to yours, before he accepts your terms, he will be confounded. I am, gentlemen, &c. &c. &c.;' which I say was sharply to the point, and doing Spartan with a vengeance."

The noble premier, was observed to smile at this, evidently pleased at such an example of discipline and an epistolary style, so much like his own Laconics. But, turning up the cool corner of his eye from under his smart, dapper, well-in-order, brief-brimmed game castor to the elevated Colossus, said—"Had you not better now proceed to business?"

The orator looked down and replied, with a Celtic—"Oomph!" muttering—"Confound your impudence!" He then, raising his voice, addressed himself to the crowd.

"My aunt Sally had a cat, which an old wife stole, that she might get a reward for finding it. As she expected, my aunt offered a shilling. Another crone, of parallel integrity, on hearing notification, knowing where the cat was occulted, went and restole it, carried it home, and received the reward, which caused the first thief to say that her—'impudence was large.' Now I appeal," and looking down at the duke significantly, and taking a handful of the Tiger mixture, with exaggerated indifference, he said—"I say that it may be said of every man who interrupts the intentions of another, that his 'impudence is large.'" ("Bravo! hear, hear! That's a brave tiger! a docile tiger!") This plain dealing was manifestly to the heart's content of the duke, who smiled and retreated—awed but not discomfited—a Torres Vedras retreat; and the orator prepared himself to resume; but at that moment he happened to forget the elevation on which he was standing, and making a false step, fell to the ground. Being taken up senseless, he was carried into the house, where, after Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Campbell (generously forgetful of the indignity he had suffered) each with a glass of brandy-and-water, soon recovered him, but the shock he had received in the fall rendered him unable to return to the pedestal.

(A shout now arose from another quarter among the crowd, and the words "Mr. Hazlitt! Mr. Hazlitt! the King of Cockaigne!" were plainly distinguishable through the noise. Immediately his Majesty of Bow-bell dominion was seen scrambling up for distinction upon the hand-barrow of a pork-butcher, from Pudding-lane, who was, as it appeared, deeply interested in the literary contest of the day; and who, along with certain other gentlemen of the provisional government, who inhabit the mansions in Pye-corner and the Poultry, kindly assisted the King to his present elevation. When, therefore, the cockney potentate was fairly set upon his end on the barrow, he coughed three times in an audible voice, and thus began :—)

"This Magazine is the property of a Scotchman; it can never thrive. The Scotchmen are narrow-minded and a prejudiced set; because they exert their talents in this country to the exclusion and starvation of deserving men like myself.—(Hear, hear!)—Their country is too beggarly to afford them subsistence; they, therefore, come here, like hungry vermin, to eat up the very fat of this land.—(Hisses.)—You may hiss, but I care not. The Scotchmen are no better than the scum of the earth; because they hold all the literary situations in London, to the exclusion of myself.—(Disapprobation.)—Disapprove as you will. I will finish my say. A double curse upon Blackwood's Magazine, because it first brought the genius of Scotland into most prominent play. That genius received the cheers of society; it should rather have been hooted into obscurity; for its perfection was low slang, demoniac abuse, imbecile wit, and frothy sentimentalism. Such is the perfection of Blackwood—such is the perfection of Fraser. How a right-minded public can devour fifty thousand monthly copies of the former, or allow the latter to exist a day longer, is to me a mystery most unfathomable."—(Here the noise became almost insufferable, and *Ebony* having given *Hazlitt* a tremendous clout on the chops, and knocked him down with his mutton fist—ascended the barrow, and thus commenced.)

"What is't ye say about ma Mawgazine? Wha'll offer to play pieu at Maga in my hearing? Is it you, Willy Hawzlitt, that attempts to speak about ma Mawgazine? You! ye dirty, filthy, Bow-bell-bred body! Ye puir trifflin creature! Ye impertinent cockney, that dinna ken nae mair about gude writting than a cow kens about a bad shilling. Ye'll pretend to speak against ma Mawgazine! an' Scotchmen too, forsooth. Ma faith! I'll get a fallow or twa in the modern Awthens that'll roast you, an' toast you, an' baste you back an' sides, till ye'll waur yersel in one change-hoose about the Lakes, twa hundre miles awa, or in ony Grub Street garret writing anither *liber amoris* concerning filthy sculduddery and houghmagundy, rather than coming here to speak against ma Mawgazine. But I've mair to say than that, if it was worth my while—gude faith! (Shouts of "Bravo, Bailie!") mixed with cries of "Down with the Scotchman, and Hazlitt for ever!" during which the Scotch authors present began to gather into a knot, and then to get into close and angry confab. Beyond the knot, in which were most conspicuous Lockhart, Galt, Jerdan, William Fraser, (who calls himself a Scotchman,) Pierce Gillies, James Wilson, Allan Cunningham, John Black, taking notes for the Chronicle, a voice was heard crying out, several times, "Play up, ye devil, for the honour o' the nation!" which proved to be that of Dominie's Legacy Picken, who, with a smirk on his countenance, was urging on an outlandish-looking wretch of a highland-piper to play up a pibroch for the encouragement and heart'ning of the Bailie. In another instant the piper's cheeks were distended, his bags began to fill, and he had no sooner struck up on his screaming instrument the air of "Up and waur them a', Willie," than the Scotchmen set up a shout that rung through the whole square—a dreadful row took place among the crowd, during which the Chairman's voice was completely drowned. Allan Cunningham, standing like Saul among the people, knocked down Leigh Hunt merely with the wind of his fist, which he flourished in triumph. Pierce Gillies lost a large silver ring, which he had long worn on his little finger in the most gentlemanly manner—John Galt lost the spectacles off his nose in the fit; and Dominie Picken waved his hat so lustily that it flew out of his hand, and lighted almost on the opposite side of the square, where it was observed to be instantly picked up by a person in shabby silk-stockings, supposed to be one of the contributors to the New Monthly, who forthwith took it to the nearest pawnbroker's, and there obtained a few shillings by the God-send.)

Order having been at length somewhat restored, Mr. Coleridge being by this time as hoarse as a crow, Bailie Blackwood was hoisted on to the barrel-head; and having made a bow to the people, in that elegant manner for which the Edinburgh magistrates have ever been distinguished, he threw off his travelling great coat, and, waving his lily hand, thus began:—

"Mr. Chairman, I really did na think to hae come here, and to hae presented myself before you, for the purpose o' making a pawliamentary speech to this present company, being just, as ye see, come aff the tap o' the coach

frae Embro'; but hearing on my way, that there was to be a rabbling meeting to be gathered here aboot this impudent new Magazine, that's setting up its crockets to the manifest injury o' me an' mine, I could na help just slipping in amang the crowd, an' when I heard the fallow begin to abuse ma Mawgazine, flesh an' blood could thole it no longer, an' so here I am on the barrel end, just to mak a wee bit pawrliament speech as I said, in defence o' country, an' king, an' church, an' state, an' ma Mawgazine, which, as ye maun be perfectly sensible, must a' stand or fa' thegither. What could possibly induce ony body in their right senses, to attempt to set up an opposition to ma Mawgazine here in Lunon, is perfectly beyond my comprehension; for as for the puir dramorky, watery, calf's-meat stuff o' the New Monthly, that never was ony real opposition to me. But for ony body to think to make a Mawgazine worth speaking aboot after mine, I tell you, Mr Colridge, on the dearest side o' your head, there whaur ye sit on a cauld stane in ane o' Johnny Soan's outside-cupboards, like an auld saunt in a nich, that, sic a scheme will never succeed. Ma gracious! its perefet trifflin. There canna be twa visual suns in the lift, shining an' glowing wi' splendor at the same time! Nae mair can there be a periodical out o' this confused Bawbel, that'll ever come within ony reasonable comparison wi' ma Mawgazine. Has na a' the great events o' the last fifteen years been clearly traceable to the extraordinary cleverness o' ma Mawgazine. Did na the King himsel come down to Scotland for no other actual purpose but to get a smell o' the sweet scent o' the auld toon o' Embro', an' to get a sight o' the place that put forth to the world such an onspeakable periodical, such an important organ o' the national machinery, as ma Mawgazine. But I see the world's gaun clean gleid, an' I dinna ken what to mak o't. Church an' state, an' ma Mawgazine are in eminent danger. The march o' intellect has putten me into a perfect bamboozlement, for auld common sense has coupit her creels, an' the vera worl's turning tail up, like an' o' Captain Parry's sea-dogs. My auld friends dinna seem to ken me, while here I'm obliged to stand speechifying on a barrel-head, aboot my ain Mawgazine; to an unruly crowd, just such another as was at the hanging o' Lucky Mackinnon in the High Street o' Embro'. Oh! ye funny deevil, is that you? (*Observing the face of Doctor Maginn in the crowd.*) Ye musleert neer-do-weel creature! do ye really daur to grin up in my face, after deserting me amang the rest. Dog on't! How dare ye? O, if I had a grip o' you, I would gar you gansh.—Scotchmen indeed! If it werna for Scotchmen what would become o' the peppery speerit o' Mawgazine writing in this mighty nation, as well as the general concerns o' literawture in the whole ceevelecezed ierth, frae Johnny Groat's house to Japan. Iilloa! keep aff the barrel!—(*A great row, with cries of "Down with the Scotch fiddle!" "God bless the Duke of Argyll!" "What wants me?" &c., during which the Bailie loses his hat, and makes the most violent gestures to obtain a hearing in vain. At length we could hear him say, or rather gasp,*) Will ye na hear me speak? I appeal to the chair. Have ye no respect for a magistrate of Embro'? How dare ye offer to fling dirt at the powers that be? Is there no one here to read the riot act? Stand out o' the way till I jump doon aff the barrel. Oh!"—(*Here a most astonishing thing happened—a large crow, carrying a billet of wood for the building of its nest, mistaking the up-standing hair of the Bailie for one of the trees in Lincoln's Inn-fields, (as is supposed,) and his mouth, which now stood wide open, for a convenient place wherein to build, flew directly into the tempting aperture, fagot and all, to the great consternation of the spectators, leaving the billet in a perpendicular situation within Mr. Blackwood's mouth, by which he was completely gagged. Every body must remember the feat of Baron Munchausen with the whale—This was of a similar description. Indeed it was considered a black business by all the wondering spectators, who affirmed that the rook had actually flown down the honest gentleman's throat. We cannot positively vouch for the truth of the last mentioned circumstance; but the gag having been taken out of the mouth of the Bailie by some of the Scotchmen who now crowded round him, he was assisted to the Somerset Coffee-house, in the Strand, where a hearty bumper of raw aqua vitæ having been administered as a general cure, the worthy magistrate was restored to his usual dry equanimity.*)

(A loud bustling and splutter was heard from the south-eastern corner of the fields, towards the region where Horace Twiss used to poison various unhappy individuals once a quarter with sham-champagne and pestiferous port in his crib; and upon investigation it was discovered that it came from Sir Charles Wetherell, the Ex-Attorney-General. He had just emerged from his chambers, and was attired in an ink-spotted and weather-beaten night-gown. In his haste to address the audience, he had forgotten to array his nether person with that inexpressible but every necessary integument specially provided for that region, and as he gesticulated in the course of his oration, the effect that his sudden reelings and curvettings sometimes produced, were more diverting to behold than decorous to relate.)

"My Lud!—Mr. Speaker!—Poh!—Mr. Chairman!—I mean to rise to urge my claims in this heterogeneous and multifarious rabblement—*vulgi stante coronâ*—to the eminent and inappreciable dignity of the Editorial Cathedra of your facile princeps of magazines. I really do not know what to call it—

But when I look upon the miscellaneous farrago of entertaining matter, the *satura lanx* of all things defensible that it affords in its monthly appearances—in short, to speak plain English, its omnigenous and ollapodridical character—I may call it the Omnibus Magazine!—and the name is particularly applicable when we reflect that it carries every body with it. (*Laughter.*) Sir, my zeal for the liberty of the press may give me a claim for the honour, as also may the internecine and flagrant debellation which I have had with that *monstrum horrendum ingens cui lumen ademptum*—I mean Sir James Scarlett.—(*Loud applause.*) I have grappled with that Briareus of the King's Bench—*ex-officio* Jemmy, as he is called, and if he thinks he has had the best of it, why, I can only say, good luck to him! If, like the parson in Joseph Andrews, I should ask him even the plain question, *Pollaki toi, what's your name?* he would stand dumb—*mutus in curia*—not a word in his jaw. I need not recommend, in his case, the *peine forte et dure*, however, because he is pressed to death as it is.—(*Laughter.*) *Hic jacet Jacobus*, is his epitaph—here lies Jem Scarlett. My literary qualifications I need not dilate upon—the helluosity of my reading, and omnivorous voracity with which I digest and deglutinate all manner of languages into one harmonious *pasticcio*, which forms a tongue that may be called a *tertium quid*. You smoke what I mean.—(*Laughter.*) Fear not, Mr. Chairman, if you put the Editorial onus upon my shoulders, that *humeri ferre recusant*.—No, I shall do my duty in person, *propria personâ*, not like folks who shall be nameless—*tace* is the Latin for a candle—there shall be no Jack Rugsbys in my case. The New Monthly may be

Diversum confusa genus Colburno camebo.

The genius of Colburn is then bothered and confused by the diverse plagiarism, or the indolent and hallucinatory oisivity of Campbell. I shall indulge in none of these heteroclite and derogatory proceedings. No one shall have it in his power to say that I wrote one article to-day, and another, on an opposite tack, to-morrow.—(*Cheers.*)—That, for ten pounds a sheet, I defied, and for ten pounds ten defied, the Pope—that I held one doctrine in Brevier, and asserted another in *Bourgeois*—or that I denounced in Italics, what I hailed in Roman.—(*Cheers.*) I leave these tricks to the Nestors of the Magazines—they may fit the Pylian school of politics, but not me. Sugden may be a Whig—his father was more, for he was a wig-maker—he was to his son what Warwick was to the kings of his day—but I have no capillary attraction.—(*Laughter.*) There shall be no circumbendibus of oscillatory gyration in me. Let those gallopade it that will—they may twist a Mazourka if they choose—or if they please to call their mazy dance a Lyndhurst, that is to say, a constant shuffle, this foot this way, to'ther foot t'other way—see-saw and coupée—dos-a-dosing on old principles, and cutting capers *ad arbitrium*, *Duce magistro*—let them do so. My motto will be *Qualis ab incepto*—that is to say: To Old Nick with the rats! Or, as Virgil saith it, *in ratibus ignes*—put the rats in the fire. As for literature, it shall be my effort to keep the well of English undefiled—not polluted by xenological verbiage, or the ragamuffin intromission of bathetical slang; and having thus made you a brief but lucid exposition of what I desiderate and why I think my-

self fitted and adept thereto, I conclude with a valedictory peroration. *Valete et plaudite. Calliopus recensui.*"

(Sir Charles Wetherell had scarcely concluded, when a thin infirm looking gentleman, with rather a redish hue of face, and an antique suit of garments, oddly fashioned and oddly put on, ascended briskly up the ladder. He had not, however, attained many rounds towards the summit of the Egyptian column, when a Police Constable, letter D., No. 769, of the 68th Squadron of the Western Division, stopped him, and requested to know what he was carrying in his hind coat pockets, as they were bulging out in a most extravagant manner. The gentleman replied, in a shrill and croaking voice,) "Oh, nothing, Mr. Constable, nothing whatever."—"But I must examine you," said the man, "for I never in my life saw a more suspicious looking fellow; you hold down your sheep's face as though you were ashamed to look up at an honest man; added to which, you stick your fore and middle finger diagonally across your mouth, and there they remain as though they were absolutely stuck to your upper lip by glue or pitch." "That's because I have a bad cold, and my lip is swollen, and I stick my fingers before my mouth for two reasons: first and foremost, to prevent the cold going down my throat; and, secondly, that the animals called flies, may not pop into my mouth and tickle the epiglottis, which is bad, you know, Mr. Constable, for a cold. For you know——" (Here, the Constable, seeing that his man had set in for a long-winded speech, cut him short by,) "Come, come, my fine fellow, none of your palaver, the Field-Marshal Minister is looking on, and I must fulfil my duty. You have decidedly a sheep's face, to say nothing about your head. So let's examine your suspicious looking person." "In the right hand coat-pocket," squeaked out the individual, "you will find cigars, fresh from Hamburgh, sent me over by my friend Von Schleiermacher, the archivarius." "And in the left?" cried the stern and immitigable police functionary. "Meerschums and pipes of various kinds, which I brought from Frankfort am Mein. You see, Mr. Constable——" "No, twaddle," said the Constable, "turn out your breeches pockets."—(The pockets were turned out, and found to contain a steel for lighting pipes, a large silken purse, empty, and a bag of tobacco, on one side; and, on the other, a small circular and dumpy piece of silver, with a hole near the edge, through which was run a broad piece of silk, grown greasy by use.)—"Who the deuce are you?" quoth the Policeman. "I am a gentleman," was the answer, "and my name is Robert Pierce Gillies, Esq."—"You have been clipping and defacing a crown piece," said the Policeman, "and are guilty of an heinous offence;" and he seized hold of the round piece of silver which we have described. "Indeed, sir, I can assure you," answered Mr. Gillies, "you have misconceived its nature. I have from my earliest infancy been pursued by misfortunes, and this little piece of silver has uniformly been the talisman which has preserved me safe as you see me. It was blessed by Father Ambrosius, a Capuchin, with whom I became acquainted at Frankfort; and whenever I am in trouble, I take it in my hand thus, as you perceive, placing it flat in the palm, and tickling the surface during the period of suffering and mental anxiety, and ineffable is the relief I acquire from it. You see this large silver ring on the marriage finger of my left hand. I wear it for the same purpose." "You may go," quoth the Policeman, and Mr. Gillies went up the steps of the ladder, and looked like a sweet cherub just liberated from the lurid atmosphere of "Il Purgatorio."—(Applause, on his appearance, from three or four individuals, who said that he had given them a devilish good dinner the day before.)—Mr. Gillies at length opened his mouth, and spake as follows:—

"Mr. Coleridge, I am glad to see you, and hope you are well. I have got a cold myself, and my lips are swollen, but you are looking superbly. How are Mr. and Mrs. Gillman? I shall be happy to see you at dinner to-morrow, and shall be happy to give you a taste of some Asmanshäuser that I have just received direct from my friend Bucher, at Frankfort. (Speak up—Question—Question.) Question?—bless me, bless me, I had forgotten. Ho, ha, he, hi—i—i—i. (His laugh was like the prolonged yell of a dog in affliction.)

"This Magazine of Fraser's will never do—never—no, never. The writing is bad—yes, decidedly bad; slovenly—crude—indigested; slovenly! yes, slovenly. It will never do; but I think I said that before. Yes, I did—do!"

—did—before—before. It's not of the quality of the writing that I am now speaking, but of the thought—the conception—yes, conception. A piece of writing should be like a painting; yes, yes, it should. First, one part of it should be touched up—(by the bye, the general outline and distribution of the action should be first made—made—) and then another part of the painting should be touched; yes—hem—hey—touched—yes—hem—yes, touched. At length, the conception could be wrought into one grand—undivided—well-blended whole. If the articles in Fraser's Magazine had been placed in my hands, I think—I am certain indeed of it—I could have wonderfully improved them; for Mr. Colefidge, you perceive, if I have any talent, and indeed it is nothing to boast of, I can improve whatever piece of writing has ever been composed by mortal man. It was I who gave Sir Walter his first idea of Ivanhoe. I had collected the German novels (of which, Mr. Coleridge, I have a considerable and valuable collection, which after much misery and anxiety of mind I have at length effectually secured from the harpy fangs of my friends in Scotland, and any of all of them are at your service), from which my friend copied the incidents. Sir Walter wrote his novel, however, in too great a hurry. So did Wilson his *Lights and Shadows*, and Galt his *Sir Andrew Wylie*, and Lockhart his *Adam Blair* and *Matthew Wald*, and Hope his *Anastasius*. If they had severally advised with me on their labours, I should have counselled them, and said—yes—said—hem—hey—Yes, counselled—counselled—'Take time,'—and if they could not have taken time, then I would have rewritten his novel, for any one of these my friends;—Friends—yes—ay—yes—friends. The only man in England that ever yet wrote consistently—has been Dr. Lingard." (*General and loud laughter.* "Bravo, bravo, Gillies! Gb it, my cove!")

"Thank ye, Gentlemen, for these marks of approbation. I thought I was right in saying—yes—hem, he—yes, in saying that Dr. Lingard is the greatest writer in antient or in modern times—that every fact in his admirable volumes has been duly weighed, (*laughter*) and fairly—honestly—eloquently narrated. (*Laughter.*) He belongs to the true Catholic Church, of which I am a follower. By the bye—yes, hem—by the bye—I am ready to prove that the Jesuits have been the greatest men in the world—the truest friends that the human race have ever yet possessed." (*Bravo! and general laughter.*)

Some one hollowed out from the crowd,—“And what were the Jansenists?”—“I don't know,” was Mr. Gillies's reply. (*Shouts of laughter.*)

“Gentlemen, I propose myself for the Editorship of Fraser's Magazine, because I know it is in want of an Editor, and I am in want of a situation.—(*Bravo!*)—I will do as much as I can; I cannot promise to do more. I am the most hard working man that ever lived, and the most praiseworthy man that ever took hard work in hand. I had heard that Fraser, the Foreigner, was the Editor. I beg your pardon, Mr. William Fraser; do not look so scowlingly upon me—hem—he—ha—hey—ho offences—no, no offence; but you know I am not so gay as you are. Your gaiety ought to incapacitate you for writing for the Magazine, and I can supply your place—yes, yes, supply your place. I do not think any one will say that I am either gay or a dandy—no, no, neither gay nor a dandy.—(*This the gentleman said several times, whilst he turned himself slowly round to show all his quarters and points to the multitude.*—*General laughter.*)—Fo not, gentlemen, I beg, laugh at me, for that will make me laugh, and this is a serious matter.—Ha—ha—he—ho—he—ho—ha—hi—hi!”

Mr. Gillies sat down in the midst of shouts and laughter. Mr. Lytton Bulwer now rose with general and enthusiastic acclamations. On beholding the graceful gentleman we could not help exclaiming, with Hamlet, (the quotation is new, and therefore we give it):—

“See what a grace is seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man
Fit to be called the modern Novelist!”

(The gentleman mounted the ladder with a half-pay military air, nodded with an air of nonchalance to two or three well-rigged dandies near the Columnus Egyptiacus—waved, with a solemn and imperious air, a branch of cyprus, in imitation of the orators of old, while a man, who was well known as a street minstrel, took his station at the foot of the column, and blew on a pandean pipe, by way of pitching the proper note, at the close of every one of Mr. Bulwer's periods.)

"Mr. Coleridge.—Ladies and Gentlemen," thus spake the Author of Pelham and Paul Clifford, "it is well known to you all that I have been shamefully abused in this Magazine of Fraser. Yet, as money is the true elixir vite of the present time, I have determined to offer myself for the editorship, that I might get a handsome addition to my income. Chrononhotonthologus, the philosopher of the Stoa, has left a remarkable saying on record: "Send," says he, "all anger to the devil;" and Carl Jacob Schwyæghjæserius, the Syndic of Getha, has a grand comment on that remarkable maxim of philanthropy, inculcated by those golden words of Flatcus: "*Compesce mentem—Ira furor brevis est.*" I have been angry with the writers in Fraser's Magazine—the paroxysm is past—I have Christian forbearance within me, and I extend it to those poor, miserable, half-starved, asinine M'Grawlers, who, for paltry lucre, will sell their own fathers to infamy, and have souls spotted with all the disgusting leprosy of rascality. (Bravo and cheers.)

"There has been a general cry against me for portraying myself in my novel of Pelham. Pelham, the dandy, is brave, learned, warm-hearted; a man set against the ébon locks and pale-faced sentimentalism of modern fashionables; a man whose bosom rings with the harmonies of eternal poetry; who is fraught with super-exquisite feeling; who, under the guise of foppishness, conceals the true spirit of a philosopher. I am proud of having drawn such a picture of myself; and as I am not abashed at all the laughing of knaves and idiots, especially as I can always get from Messrs. Colburn and Bentley whatever price I please for my novels—why let the knaves and idiots laugh, as Rutilius the poet says, and Albeficonderidos the Sage has recorded: "those who win have the best right to cachinnate and be joyous." (Cheers.)

"Gentlemen—I shall make as much money as I can previously to my entering the House of Commons, in which I mean to be the Pelham in dress; the Canning in eloquence; the Burke in assailing oratory; the Pitt in reply; the Brougham in sarcastic buffoonery; the Demosthenes in the use of words forcible as stones from a Balearic sling. I gave myself two years in the country for the investigation of philosophy, and the thorough cultivation of the mind. Those years of probation have passed—I await the next general election, when I shall get into the House—and then, as Bobadillo the Centurion says, and then—and then!—But first I would be editor of Fraser's Magazine, and I claim your suffrage." (Descends gracefully amidst enthusiastic cheers.)

"Sir," said a small gentleman of the name of Colburn—(the moment he opened his lips there was an immense shout, a tremendous puff. "Hear Mr. Colburn, Mister Colburn, Mister Colburn!" exclaimed four thousand voices at once. "A real gentleman!" said Lord Normanby—ditto Bulwer—ditto Lister—ditto Lady Charlotte Bury—ditto all and sundry the sham-dandies of the various tribes. "Hear Mister Colburn!" shouted forth a miscellaneous tribe, in nankeens of several colours—a fragrant amalgamation of gentlemen

Unshaven, unshorn,
With their pen and inkhorn—

the unwashed fraternity of onionized ragamuffins who manage the puff department. "Hear Mister Colburn!" shouted those men of the plume—"Hear HIM! Hear the man wot pays! Hear Misthur Cobrun!" cried Sheil, Mother Morgan, M. of N. M. (a ruffian), O'Hara, Gregoribus, the Parson of Sligo, Bannim, Fundpickorum, the Wandering Jew, the Angel of the World, Shaughnessy the Great, Rue Chaunterine, and all the Irish. "Hear Misthur Colburn! 'Tis there you are, you purty little man, with your wizzened face, rubbing your fists together! If we dooen't stick to ye 'tis we's the bastes—brute bastes, and worse than the heretics, whom God of his grate mircy (here they crossed themselves,) may be plased to sind to Hell for evermore. That's the luste that could

be done with the villians—the Pope-denying thieves! O, Mithur Colbrun! who the devil would print and publish, and, best of all, pay for what we writes, except yourself. If you were dead, you duck of a man, which we hope you never will be until your life is over,” (hear! hear!) “there would be an ind of the Irish janias in this country, and we’d be left to waste ourselves on the Morning Ridgishthur or any other of them prents that’s all for pathriotism and nothing for pay.”)

“Pay!” said Ogrcman Mahon, “why don’t you spake jintill, as I do, and say the word like the English, which is pee?”

“I wish the crew of you would hold your tongues,” quoth Doctor Maginn, “and listen to Colburn. He is the kind of fellow worth hearing, and you are keeping him from speaking, with your balderdash. Go on, Coby!” (*Encouraged by this serene patronage, the bibliopole commenced anew.*)

“Sir—The occasion—indeed—upon my word—you understand—that is to say—because—if—you know—it is not that—but—I wish to be understood—the thing is—I am of the opinion, that—the same—no matter—if the thing—(hear, hear! loud approbation.) there is no necessity, I shall be more expli—because—the fact is—you understand—Mr. Campbell—a clever man—if—I don’t say—that is—to be sure—he did write the Exile of Erin, not Nugent Reynolds, (“Randles, my hayro,” said the O’Hara family—that’s the vagabone’s name, a low-liv’d, thieving, lying, skaming scoundrel he was, more betoken—but no mathur, for the remainder is personal—Here’s your hilt, Colburn, my buck! long may you triumph in age!”) and if—another periodic—that is—why—the novels, works—you understand—hum!—they are—(Loud applause from the Irish upon the left. “Go on, musthur—go on, your worship! Stick to that—By all that’s bad, we are yours. Impartiality for wir—so we stick to the maxim—Here’s the hand that helps us to the potatoes; that’s the thing to stick to! Proceed Colburn, my old poet—go on, beauty of Burlington Street—Sissirara was a fool to yr.) for—then—there—though—not—I hope—if—I am—you see—therefore—hum!—so—

(At this period of the debate, a gentleman, whose name is variously reported as Napier Macvey, or Marvey Napier, arose. His intrusion was generally voted highly impertinent. All the novelists were indignant. “Is it?” said Bulwer, “because the slave is manager of a paltry periodical called after a town in an unknown country; or, if I must confess the disagreeable fact that I do know somewhat about the fellow’s trade and admit that I have cognizance of his being what they call Editor of a work in a distant village named Edinburgh—Is it, therefore, that he dares to interrupt THE publisher. In the King’s Bench, an institution which must be familiar to most of my literary auditors—)

The publisher, however, blandly remarked that if Mr. M. N. or N. M. had any thing to say, he would hear it. Anything said the great man—anything but publish what he writes. If—then—that—there—no—no—hum.

The Bacon-fly opened his mouth and uttered one of those sounds which pass for speech in the North; but before they had reached the circumfused multitude, an harmonious voice (it was Mr. Coleridge’s) was heard from below.

“Of Cape Ténarus, in Laconia, we have in all times heard memorials, and of the properties of the Peak of Teneriffe, accounts are extant which describe its enormity. But, Sir, your nasal proboscis so far exceeds what we read of these celebrated excrescences, that I feel I here suffer winter under its shadow, while the rest of the world are in summer. O! destroyer of the fame of Bacon! O, thou whose length of nose is in inverse ratio to thy depth of understanding, lift thy elephantine proboscis, and let thy ratiocination be the admiration of the company.”

“No, Mr. Coleridge,” said the long-nosed and long-eared reviewer; “no, I must speak myself, because—

“Give me leave, however, first, for a moment,” cried a burly, lusty, jolly bespectacled gentleman from the north. “Give me leave,” quoth Mark Macrabbin, the Cameronian. But why should we not call him by his own true appellation—why suppress the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of PATRICK ROBERTSON? Most magnificent of orators, and most jocular of men, far be from us the guilt of hiding thy candle under a bushel! “Give me leave,” said he—“the dey of Algiers is eclipsing—the Porte has come down to negus—the Emperor of China drinks brandy, and the Hong-merchants are insolvent.

Why do you speak to me of the Copernican system, or adduce, with a shew of gravity, the example of Simon Stylites? Is not Don Miguel going to marry his niece, while the people of Huddersfield have but two-pence half-penny a day, and Edwin Atherston has published the Fall of Nineveh? The comet that scorches the air, adust is coming from the Cape of Good Hope, and Mr. Dawson assures us, in the House of Commons, that mutton is no more than five-pence a pound. Strange infatuation! as if we did not recollect that the Hugh Lyndsey arrived at Suz in less than thirty-three days from Bombay, although she stopt twelve days on her passage to take in coals, an inconvenience that a little previous arrangement might have remedied, and will, to a dead certainty, be satisfactorily accounted for, when it is brought before parliament.

"Sir—closely connected with this subject is the general state of literature. I shall not diverge or digress into extraneous matter, nor take up your time with long disquisitions on the cosmogony or the creation of the world. I leave that to Ephraim Jenkinson and the other geologists of his school. But, is the country ruined or not? Are we destroyed and annihilated from the face of the earth? Is there such an island as Great Britain? I talk not of Ireland, since the passing of the Roman Catholic Bill. All these questions require answers, which, however, it is possible they may not receive. In order to discuss them temperately we must come to the enquiry with a quiet mind, not discomposed by faction, nor clouded with the crapulous fumes of superabundant fluid. Let me remark that Mr. Goulburn's tax upon whiskey will be signally defeated. Scotland has risen in arms—the universal spirit of Caledonia is aroused—a cry has gone forth from the waters of Twined to the Grampians, from the Grampians to Cape Wrath, which is as irresistible as that cape itself. Methinks I see Wallace again in armour, as depicted by Miss Porter in her celebrated historical work. The Bruce floats before my eyes in the shape of Bråham, singing "Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—Galgacus rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm—Lochili comes forth in unbreeched glory, and shakes his kilt in all the majesty of war. In vain are the machinations of the Chancellor, to no effect the resolutions of cabinets and decrees of councils. Scotland insists that every man shall do his duty, and, to use the words of the beautiful song, I have quoted, "we shall drink or die.—(*Tremendous cheering.*)

"Sir, it is in vain to deny it, that poetry is a drug. Who are in that line at present? None of them, I venture to say, as eminent in mixing his verses as Mr. Davis of Philpot-lane, (to whom the Quarterly Review gave the classical title of Molly Coddle,) was in mixing Bohea and Souchong, Pekoe and Hyson. Speaking of this reminds me of the odious monopoly of the East India Company, of which I am a zealous partisan. Why should they have vessels of 1,200 tons burthen trading to Canton, while nobody reads the pamphlets of Rickards or Crawford, and nobody will put money into the purse of Buckingham, who holds forth his eleemosynary paw. This must be inquired into. What is Robert Montgomery?—An ass. What is Edwin Atherston?—An ass. What is Creation Ball?—An ass. What is Traveller Maude?—An ass. So on of the rest. I could speak upon this subject for a day, and yet not add a word to what I have said, nor give a more complete, just, and accurate description of these gentlemen than I have done in this our pretty and poetical word.

"Sir, there is not a man in the House of Commons worth listening to, except Brougham, and Huskisson, and Sadler. Mackintosh is a bore, so is Lushington, so is Lord John Russell, so is Althorp. Tom Macauley is a failure, and so is Dan. O'Connell. Peel is done—Goulburn is a donkey. The march of mind is in progress, but, as it would appear, out of the country. The appointment of Peyronnet, in France, will not conciliate the liberals, and Dopo Nigoro holds the field in Java. Where shall we end? Is beer still to be five pence a pot? Beer, do I say? alas! the day of beer is past—it has gone to its bier, and we drink a mixture of capsicum and devil's dung, quassia, and gentian stewed together in the water of the Dolphin saturated with the bodies of interesting young women drowned from love, or able-bodied gentlemen reduced to despair. And yet when I look to Ireland, do not I there see the finest peasantry under the sun, the most verdant soil, the most graceful

mountains, the most moving bogs, the most clear-shown harbours, the most noble rivers, the most delightful orators, the most excellent olla-podrida of tropes and figures ever served up to an oppressed, a bewildered, an unfortunate, an enslaved, and a hard-drinking nation.

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
That those who would be free must strike the blow?"

(*Loud applause.*)

"Sir, Fraser's Magazine is the best Magazine ever published—I should rather indeed say the best work that ever irradiated the globe. In wit facetious—in learning profound—in argument conclusive—in poetry pathetic—in comedy diverting—in tragedy rending the soul. I hate exaggeration, nor do I quote poetry. Yet the strains of my favourite poet, the simple Wordsworth, supply me with a simile. Fraser's Magazine is

"Lik* to the swan whose majesty prevails
O'er bleezeless waters on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on, while proudly sailing;
He leaves behind a moon-illumin'd wake.
Behold!"

"But what are we to say of the movements in the Court of Session? Is not the sacred number of Fifteen invaded?—Can these things be?—I do not pretend to answer, much less do I pretend to say that the river Aspropotamos is the fitting boundary for the Greeks; for the inhabitants of the country to which we owe the wonders of the glorious strains of Homer—where Themistocles counselled, and Pausanias fought—where Pindar was born, and where Byron died—('hear, hear!' from Tom Moore)—where the Acroceraunian promontory shoots proudly into the air with the peaks of Pindus and the Parnassus of the bards—for a country where Leonidas defied at Thermopylae the gorgeous millions of the Persian king, and whose inhabitants have given their name to a numerous and honourable tribe that saunter in the mazes of the Stock Exchange, and bask in the bowers of Crockford. Shall I say further, is Aspropotamos a suitable boundary for that land, the chief town of which has bequeathed its appropriate name to the modern Athens.—(*Loud cheers from all the Auld Reekies*—"Verra judeicious that observe o' Peter's—he's a bra' haund at a crack that bodie Robbyson—ye'll mind the Dundonnel case, and a' his daftin about the cocks and hens—it was gay funny yon.")

"Sir, THE GENERAL QUESTION—(*loud applause*) but I conclude; thanking you for the attention with which you have heard me, and shall now retire, to let you reflect upon what I have said, while I refresh my wearied person with a no thinly cut slice from the sitting part of the ruminating ox, garnished by the pungent vegetable of Spain, flanked by the favourite food of Ireland, and moistened by alternate draughts from the vats of Meux, and from the casks of Antigua, mingled with the waters of Thames, and sweetened by the produce of the toil of the unfortunate negro, who, exclaiming that he is a man and a Christian, is still held in cruel bondage, and smitten by the unsparing cartwhip!" (*Hear! from Zachary Macaulay.*)

(*Mr. Robertson here pulled up his breeches, erected his spectacles over his brow, twitched his wig into its proper position, and departed. After which, however, deep silence immediately prevailed. Even the ladies held their tongues; such was the strange and mysterious effect of the heart-searching eloquence of the last speaker. No person could now doubt upon whom the choice would fall; and already the name of Peter the Great was on the lips of the impatient spectators, burning to unbosom themselves, and by heaven-rending exclamations to promulgate the honour due to the bold aspirant. At some distance, however, a faint and tremulous voice was heard. For a moment it lasted, then died away like the breathings of a summer air; once more a sound like the distant flowing of a brattling stream, fell on the ear, and the crowd, turning an anxious gaze towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded, saw the door of Green's Hotel suddenly yawn, and a gentleman, with graceful step, availing himself of the avenue the people opened, advanced close to the railing; then springing on the slight and uncertain support, with one hand holding the lamp-post, and with the other tossing aside a cigar, which fell like a shot-star among the entranced group, whose anxious countenances be-*

trayed the intense interest the stranger's appearance had excited.)—"Up I go, as Ranger says," observed the new candidate for the offered honours. "And why not? Who are there here that in the pride of their hearts dare compete with Noll Yorke? Aye, I say it; I Oliver Yorke, once of Shoreham, and Moreham, and Boreham, and half the other Ilams in the fair county of Kent; but we'll let that pass, as the lands have. So here I am, honest Noll Yorke, with as many acres as surtouts, when I first saw the world some seven and twenty years ago."

"What a sweet purty young gentleman," observed an orange-woman, with four blue eyes; two by nature, and two by art. "He is so clane and decent."

(The fair Fruiteress was correct in her sentiments; Oliver Yorke was altogether of a different make, calibre, and all that is embraced by the phrase, "outward man," from any of his competitors. His black hair fell partially over his pale forehead, and curled and fretted on the collar of an Indian dressing-gown, which, in the excitation of the moment, when first the idea of contending for the prize had entered his mind, he had hastily thrown on; a black silk neckerchief clung, by the aid of a large gold ring, to a neck that vied with the contour of Apollo's. He drew on a lemon-coloured glove, and, turning his bright and enquiring eyes to a bouquet of lovely women, who had gathered on the adjacent balcony,)—Here first, he said, let me pay my adoration. If Cæsar demands tribute, what is not due to the conqueror of monarchs? Give me, ye blessed spirits of this sublunary earth, but one encouraging smile—let me hear, or fancy I hear, but one soothing sigh, and who shall be the rash catiff that shall disturb or impede me in my career? Shall it be Bony Cobbett, or Potatoe Dogherty, or Trumpet Moore?—(Then the crowd raised their voices and answered, "No.") Shall it be St. Bernard Croly?—(There was a moment's hesitation.) Look at me, ye syrens, whose lips shame the coral and the young rose. Think of him and me—can you hesitate?—(And the beauteous daughters of Eve loudly shouted, "Noll Yorke.") Then, as if afraid of the dulcet tones of their own voices, and alarmed at their own boldness, rushed in breathless tumult into the house.)—Shall it be Naso Napier?—(Here a negative alarum peal was raised that might have been heard at the Antipodes. The cry, like the roar of many waters, floated into Holborn and the Strand—rung along the street—defensed King Charles—turned sharply down Whitehall Place, and died away, in faint echoes, in both houses of Parliament.)

(Oliver stood more erect—his face flushed—he raised his arm.)—"I would," he continued, rather live on the vapour of a dungeon than be the vain herald of my own good qualities—the wretched boaster of virtues and acquirements. Truly, of the first I have none—nay, Naso finish your damnable grimaces, and listen. I have none but those worthy of a gentleman. I don't cog and lie to steal away a lovely wonfan's heart, and then cast her like a loathsome weed away. I ride not of happiness a fond parent's heart, (I except gouty contumacious uncles,) because the sole solace of his age is also to be the heiress of his fortunes. I do not breakfast on gunpowder and lunch on bayonets, to astonish wittlings and Desdemonise old dowagers. I creep not into the confidence of the unsuspecting husband, and root up domestic felicity, to win the idle title of a man of fashion. I dip not my pen in gall to bring chilling disappointment and hopelessness to the timid claimant to scientific honours. I crush not the youthful poet. I rob not of sleep the fair authoress who has poured forth her lays redolent of love, and confided to unperishing fame the first strugglings of the overflowing heart. I wallow not in the produce of the racy butt, and high-scented flagon,—except on occasions. I pink no friend, and return no scowling look, because poverty and oppression have reached those who had been, in better days, my companions and my best comrades. But still I am not cold as the icicle in Dian's temple, my eye never rests on one of heaven's fair creation, but my breast throbs as if the last breath of life were struggling to escape. I am beauty's slave—I avow it. The small hand, the tiny foot, hold me in fetters; the smooth round arm, is cordage which enthralls my very soul; the taper form, the heaving bosom, the gorgeous neck, the dimpled chin, the rosy lips, the eye of fire, and brow of snow, bring to me a death which never dies—an extermination which knows no end. (Here twelve old maids, who

were sojourning at Green's, and were straining their long, cranish and shrivelled necks from the four garret windows, fainted, and sunk down in a paroxysm of delight at the devotion thus paid to the sex, of which they composed a dozen.) "Oh, Tommy Moore! Tommy Moore!" said the youngest, before she dropped, like an aged lark into a furze-bush, turning the only eye that would look in that direction, "hide your diminished head, your light is quenched, your small lamp extinguished. You, who were once the Triton among the minnows, are now but the minnow among the Tritons; Oh, little Tommy Moore." (Here the sweet and amiable creature, blooming like the yellow asphodel, borrowed the waiter's handkerchief, and, removing her wig and flannel skull-cap, wiped the large streamlets of powdery perspiration which meandered down her head, and hopped like a trickling rivulet on the ground. They were like the tears of Niobe, with a little more colour.) "I speak not," continued Oliver, from the excitement of a glowing fancy. "It is my memory which supplies the picture. She once lived—and, I once loved. She was a daughter of my own county—an orphan. I wooed her—she consented. Her churlish uncle, from base, mercenary motives, refused. He tried to force her into the arms of another. She agreed to fly with me—we were in France. Her kinsman had power—I was charged with espionage—was seized—pinioned—driven to the coast—embarked in a vessel, and told that I was then at liberty, and that the white cliffs of Old England were my destination. The flapping sails were hoisted—the cordage whistled—the streamer flew in the wind. The hoarse pilot gave the word. The knot by which we clung to the shore was slipped, and as the rolling wave eddied and swelled at our stern, she—yes, she rushed furiously along the pier. Her cheeks were tinged with the leaden hue of death—her eyes cast the flickering light that speaks the unseated and shivered heart—the hope that has waned into desperation—the night which has no morning. Tossing aside the ruffians who dared with unhallowed hands to oppose her flight, she shouted to me for help, and with outstretched arms bounding into the waves, struggled to reach the flying bark.—"My Jessy floats upon the watery plain."

We must do Naso Napier the justice to say, that he here sneezed repeatedly, and drew a long flat hand across his eyes. He had no handkerchief.

"What then," continued the animated speaker, "was the world to me? I ever eschewed a base death by my own hand—the low and rascally cowardice of sinking even under the worst of all the world's worst ills. Give halters and pistols to the dogs—I'll none of them! I sought refuge in the most boisterous tumults of over-excited life—I drained the overflowing cup, and I clung to the rattling dice and devil-procreated cards. I gloried in the maddening hallooing of the field. I mixed with the most ruffianly of the creation. I courted all dangers. I thought that it would be heaven if I were but so insulted that I might die with my hands red with the proofs of gratified revenge. My temples burned—my blood shot throbbing through my veins—I cursed existence, and at length I awoke from a dream of years, beggared in fortune, shattered in constitution. All but the powers of mind impaired, and alas! one faculty increased with maddening force—my memory. So here you have me—my best and worst. I want employment for my thoughts, to bring deep sleep to my recollections. I fear not competition. Is there one of the miserable pretenders before me who dare to raise their feeble voices and say they hope to live till a second sun arises, in possession of the world's fair opinion, if they enter into the lists with Noll Yorke? I once more appeal to that fair jury (*the angels had re-appeared*); I abide by their decision. They are the queens of our creation. I—you—all—are bound to obey their decree."

But suddenly darkness came over the land, and Oliver disappeared. In vain the lovely arbiters of his fate strained their swan-like necks to discover what awful visitation of nature had caused this portentous calamity. Their quick eyes could perceive no trace of the interesting stranger. He seemed as if swallowed by the earth. Suddenly, however, he re-emerged, and was restored to the weeping eyes of the heart-stirring mourners. The truth is, that Naso Napier, stung with the contemptuous manner in which Oliver had spoken of the pretensions of the various learned and erudite competitors

for the great prize at stake, had, in the utter desperation of his feelings, and forgetful altogether of the melancholy exhibition he was about to make, leaped up on the railing. The immediate consequence of this change of locality, was the interposition of Naso's nose between the fair judges and Noll;—thus creating a total eclipse; of which all astronomers had, until this moment, been utterly ignorant. How long this obscuration might have lasted heaven only can judge, as Naso had begun by observing, that he meant to repossess his claim for the public's approbation on the article he intended to write for Blackwood, consisting of seventy-two heads curiously divided and subdivided into fractional parts, to suit each day of the year. Luckily, however, for Fraser's Magazine and the world, the four-eyed fruiteress, enraged at her "swate boy" being after this unseemly and invidious fashion obscured by Naso's gristly trunk, seized him by the pocketty termination of a pair of Monmouth trowsers, dimly and dingily seen through the separation of his swallow-tailed coat, which hung in that ignominious direction; and thus plucking him down, restored light, happiness, and consolation. The last intelligence we were able to obtain of Naso, was, that Plimpton, the celebrated optician of Lincoln's Inn, had him conveyed to Tom Wood's coffee-house, and after binding him (that is Naso) down with the necessary quantity of good brandy punch (flavoured with marmalade, it is truly excellent), proceeded by quadrant to measure the altitude and extent of the offending member. It was found to be equal to a surface (we can't say plane surface, because there arose on the proboscis sundry protuberances of no inconsiderable compass) of three acres, and a trifle of surplus, which scarcely deserves computation. The height was, about the "bittock," generally attached to a Scotch mile. Mr. Plimpton has given to the scientific world a very curious problem on the subject:—"If Naso Napier's nose be erected, with the elevation of 45°, and stands looking N. E. W., what is the colour of Madame Vestris's garters?" We have not yet heard the solution.

But we forgot ourselves, in our love of mensuration. Only a few minutes elapsed after light was restored, before the bevy of beauty, which had adorned the balcony, descended, as with one accord; and while the most lovely of the group led the way, the rest, with gentle violence, pushed Oliver Yorke forward; the crowd, with cheers, opening to let this comet of light pass.

"We beseech," said the lovely supplicant, "the honour for Noll—who is worthy of the garland of merit but Yorke?" (*Here the faint tones of a little trumpet were heard, like unto the youthful wailings of a Lilliputian kitten, in a chimney-sweep's hat, two leagues off.*)

"It's Tommy," said the Fruiteress. "Goodness take the cratur into his own keeping!"

"Tommy the Moor, this is no day of all jeers for you, you varment."

"Abominable," observed Rogers.

"We implore for Noll—our Noll!" again entreated the lovely arbiters of our fates.

"Then," said Coleridge to the bystanders, "speak; that which ye say I shall pronounce for doom."

Instantly all the people with one voice, shouted—

"Noll Yorke and Regina for Ever!"

And again all London echoed with—

"NOLL YORKE AND REGINA!"

"NOLL YORKE AND THE QUEEN OF MAGAZINES!"

"Now," said Coleridge, "since fate has thus fulfilled her destined circle, and that the head of the victorious candidate is to be bound with laurel, with bay, with oak, or with parsley, as in the games of Greece, I think the festival should commence. I move then that we all retire to the Freemasons' Tavern."

"I second the motion," said Jerdan, "it is the first sensible word I have heard spoken to day." [*The company adjourned to the Freemasons' Tavern, and we left them eating.*]

DEATH OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

THE death of His late Majesty has occurred at too late a period in the month to permit us to offer our readers any well-digested or lengthened article upon the event. Yet we should be unwilling to let our Magazine appear without some observations upon it, however hasty. We shall next month, come better prepared to the task, and endeavour to lay before our readers a political history of the late reign, from its actual commencement in 1811 to its close.

The principal events of his life may be easily summed up. In his youth he was educated with singular strictness, under the guardian eye of his exemplary father, and, as might have been expected, his *début* in life was marked by an extravagance of dissipation, as if to compensate for the restraint to which his boyhood had unwillingly submitted. As we are not going to write a Memoir of the King, we shall not allude more particularly to the details of his gallantries, which were once the theme of every tongue, and which are, we perceive, duly set forth in all the chronicles of his life. It would be idle to moralize on the subject. The youth of the Prince of Wales was spent pretty much in the same manner as that of other fashionable young men, supplied with an unlimited command of money, and surrounded by a bevy of interested flatterers. There is no difficulty or novelty in saying that such conduct is immoral, but there is also as little use. It will so continue as long as human nature continues what it is, and we ought not to apply, with any peculiar severity, to the conduct of the King, reproaches that attach to a host of others whose comparative obscurity protects them.

It has been truly said, that Nature is sure to avenge herself on those who endeavour to violate her dictates, by the very consequences of their own act. With all our feelings of respect and veneration for George III., and admitting every allowance claimed on his behalf in his

passing the marriage act, we can distinctly trace to that act much of the irregularity and unhappiness of his children. The debarring of the royal family from indulging their affections in the choice of a wife from those among whom they were reared, and among whom naturally that choice would be made, is, of itself, cruel enough; but the very limited number of ladies, which the religious principles of our royal family, of necessity, confines the choice, renders it still harder. It would not be difficult to prove that this marriage act, instead of being of any advantage to the house of Guelph, has actually prevented it from taking the root in the country, which a contrary line of policy would have effected. The royal family that boasted so many goodly sons, might have closely connected itself with every influential house in Great Britain, and become as thoroughly English in all its branches as the Plantagenets, instead of being linked, as at present, merely by the tie of political allegiance—but it is not our purpose to discuss that question now. We merely desire to plead in palliation of the early dissipations of the Prince of Wales, the fact that he had no where to turn where his affections could be *legitimately* placed—that the law sternly forbade the marriage which he desired to make, or declared it void, *ab initio*, if it were made, as we believe it was—and that, as we know the command of Canute to the waves is not more nugatory than an attempt to stifle the passions of youth (by any means than that one which is not always listened to, even by the most pious, and is always disregarded by the thoughtless) we should gently judge the Prince, if, when the law was against his loves, his loves should take little notice of the edicts of the law.

It has always been remarked, that no one, least of all a king, likes his heir; and Horace Walpole used to say of the house of Brunswick in particular, that to hate the heir ap-

parent ran in their blood. George the Second, who espoused the quarrel of his mother, had certainly good cause to dislike George I., who, on the other hand, for the same reason, disliked his son; but the antipathies of Prince Frederick to his father, and George the Fourth to George the Third were merely political, and almost, we might say, inseparable, from their stations. The great division of statesmen, according to Fielding, and according indeed to common observation, is into the two grand classes of people in office, who have a strong objection to go out, and people out of office, who have an equally strong desire to get in. As with a new king new measures of some importance, more or less, may be expected, it is natural enough that the opposition should in general rally round the monarch expectant. In the case of the Prince of Wales there was this particular inducement, that the leading Whigs of his day were men whom "the town" looked up to as patterns of wit and fashion. The Charles Fox whom we recollect as the Palace Yard declaimer, the thunderer in the senate, the embodied principle of Whiggery, the incarnation of buff and blue, shone originally as the king of the Dandies, or Macaronies,* as they were called in his time. What Sheridan was we all know. Many others who now are considered as persons of minor importance, but who then were of great consequence in the ranks of plebeianry and faction, were of the same stamp. The Prince, attracted by the wit and the debauchery of these gentlemen, soon adopted their politics. Another bond of union, and that not of the least stringent nature, arose from the circumstance, that, as the allowance made to him was far unequal to the establishment which he was obliged to maintain, his Royal Highness soon became involved in debt, and he looked to the Whigs as his friends, in procuring him the funds to discharge them. There was also a difference between him and his father as to the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, in which he consi-

dered himself aggrieved. Those who are anxious to see the Prince's side of the question exhibited, will find it narrated in a work published some years ago by an old twaddler of the name of Nichols. To the public in general no controversy could be more uninteresting.

He did not openly mix much in opposition politics, contenting himself in general with supporting them by the lustre of his name. That, however, was in itself, a tower of strength. We do not think that he ever thoroughly imbibed the feelings of his Whig associates—it would have been strange indeed if he did. The times immediately following the American War, and preceding the French Revolution, were not times for princes to coquet with those who were the main body of the faction that called itself Whig. There was an episode, however, in which he was firmly united to them—the Regency question of 1789. Here the Whig party, in their zeal to serve the purposes of the Prince, forgot all their fine professions of zeal for popular liberty—all their continually quoted dicta of Locke and others, of the Kingship being derived from the people—all their list of levelling doctrines, so long directed against George the Third: to advocate, with the utmost intemperance, the proposition, that, on any interruption of the governing power of the crown, the right to assume the regency devolved immediately upon the heir apparent without any consultation of the wishes of parliament, far less any appeal to the opinion of the people. The Prince lent himself to this subserviency, and even received with pleasure the overtures of the Irish parliament, (a body almost at all times absurd, but then uniting to its usual absurdity an unusual quantity of hatred to all that was honourable or upright,) which tendered to him the crown of Ireland, to be held upon distinct conditions from that of England. Had not the King recovered, it was to be feared that this proposal might have been accepted, and ere

* See for example the heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers:—

'The Jews and Macaronies are at war:
The Jews prevail, and, thundering from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.'

long there would have been a separation of the islands. It was dangerous to play such pranks within two years of the French revolution. We have since known that Grattan and most of the others active in making this tender to the Prince were deeply immersed in treasonable projects. The views of the inherent right of the Prince to rule without any other sanction than his birth was contrary to the principles which they avowed, but in perfect consistency with those principles to which their real leaders were sworn in secret. A disunion between Ireland and England was the true object of the regency-men of Ireland, and if the acceptance of their offer by the Prince would have tended to insure that event, they cared little how incongruous any pretext they put forward might have been with the recognized principles of the Whigs.

At the bursting forth of the French revolution, the Prince, like Burke, disunited himself from the Whig party, and declared for the Antijacobins. This is not a country in which the game of a Duke of Orleans can be played, (indeed the Duke found that he had miscalculated even in France,) nor was the Prince the man to advocate revolution of any kind. His life from that period until his assumption of the regency, was marked by no public event except his marriage. It is unnecessary to say that this was unhappy; the details of its discomfort have been but too much obtruded upon the world. We shall not revive stories that perhaps had better not have been brought to light, but no one can deny that the Prince himself had a firm belief that he was united to an unchaste woman. He disliked her almost from the very beginning, and neither friend nor enemy can doubt that her behaviour was marked, by what cool commissioners, anxious most especially not to commit themselves, called levity of behaviour; but what in the eyes of a husband must have seemed something very different. Squabbles with her and with his creditors, sometimes not of a very dignified kind, dissipations with the *roué* of high or low life, and various schemes of raising money off his father or the parliament, seem to have been the principal occupation of his time during this period. These avocations were occasionally interrupted by such things

as a clap-trap letter, offering his services against the French, when he knew they must be refused; (the letter written in the lowest style of newspaper-bombast, is attributed to the pen of a barrister of the name of Fonblanque,) or manifestations of discontent against the ministry, chiefly by the agency of the Earl Moira, whose conduct, as far as the Prince at least was concerned, was always that of a poor parasite. His intimate friends and connexions at this time were in general contemptible in whatever point of view they can be considered.

Of the delicate investigation we say nothing. Our fixed conviction is, that the Princess was guilty of almost every charge alleged against her then, and at what is called her trial in 1820. She was supported in the first instance not only by Percival, who acted, however, in no other character than that of a professional advocate, (it is said, we do not know how truly, that he never scrupled, in after years, to laugh at the possibility of her being thought innocent,) but by the King, who was slow to believe any thing unfavourable of his niece, and was besides not predisposed to think well of the morality of his son. The Tory party, in general, took her side. In after years she was supported by the rabble and the Whigs, the very persons who had formerly proclaimed her guilt and degradation. The Tories might have been mistaken in arguing the innocence of the lady in 1806; there could be no mistake on the part of the Whigs, for certainly had she been, as they contended, criminal in that year, she had not advanced to the purity of unsunned snow, to use the phrase of one of their orators in 1820.

But between 1806 and 1820 an event had happened which was enough to change, in Whiggish eyes, Satan himself into an angel of light, if he had the merit of hating or insulting the Prince. In 1789 Pitt had laid down a precedent for all Tory ministers to follow whenever the question of a Regency should give occasion, and Percival, in 1810, would not depart from it. It was in vain for the Prince to object, even though backed by the written protest of the Royal Dukes, "the College of Princes," as ministerial men sneeringly called them in those days—and he yielded to the

conditions on which it pleased the Tories to accept him as Regent, declaring, however, in a letter, said to be written by Sheridan, that he submitted only "from an irresistible impulse of filial duty." A year of trial, however, convinced him that the Whigs were incapable of carrying on the war or managing the country; and he and they parted, to meet no more. A "new era," as he termed it, in his letter to the Duke of York, had commenced, and he floated thenceforward with the Tories. The ties that bound him to his old friends with a personal affection existed no longer. Fox was gone—Sheridan* was ruined—Lord Grey and he were in avowed enmity—with Brougham and the then new set he had never any friendship. He found no difficulty in breaking with a party, the principles of which he had adopted through accident, and clung to through the force of circumstances, and in whose ranks he now

had scarcely a personal friend. Their vengeance was unsparing. The annals of rancorous personality could not produce any thing to compare with their attacks upon the Regent shortly after he had flung off the trammels of Whiggery. His appearance, his dress, his manners, his friendships, his dinners—every thing esteemed most sacred from intrusion—were held up to ridicule or hatred in prose and verse, or made the topics of jest and vituperation in public speeches or private whisperings. The triumphs of the war bore him through much of this unharmed. With peace, however, plenty, its proverbial companion, did not come, and upon the Prince much of the unpopularity arising from the existing distress was made to fall. His quondam friends here came forward to increase the wrath of the rabble, by every species of falsehood and exaggeration; and as they happened to be reinforced by the ravings

* We do not mean to cumber our narrative with the mere details of the place-hunting movements of those days, but for those who care for such shabby concerns, we give the *Morning Chronicle* account of the fate of Sheridan. The Whigs had made some low stipulation about the Mastership of the Buckhounds or some such thing, and Sheridan, who we take it for granted had been bribed in some way, most probably by all sides, was the King's agent in the business. "On this occasion," says the *Morning Chronicle*, in its elaborate life of the late King, "Mr. Sheridan, as a politician, fell to rise no more. Enjoying the intimacy of the Prince, he knew, it seems, that Earl Grey was personally disliked by the Regent; and, to gratify the Regent, he prevented the negotiation with Lord Moira from coming to a successful issue. We well remember the effect produced in the House of Commons, when the Marquess of Hertford, then Lord Yarmouth, stated, in a clear and distinct manner, that himself and the other officers of the Household, to save the Prince Regent from the humiliation he must have experienced from their being turned out of office, had stated to his Royal Highness their wish to resign, and only requested to know ten minutes before certain gentlemen received the Seals, that they might make a timely resignation; that this intention of theirs was well known; that they took every means of stating it in quarters through which it might reach the ears of the persons interested; and that, in particular, they had communicated it to a Right Honourable Gentleman (Mr. Sheridan), who had taken an active part in the negotiation. 'Not only, however,' observes Mr. Moore, 'did Sheridan endeavour to dissuade the Noble Vice-Chamberlain from resigning, but with an unfairness of dealing which admits, I own, of no vindication, he withheld from the two leaders of Opposition the intelligence thus meant to be conveyed to them; and when questioned by Mr. Tierney as to the rumoured intentions of the Household to resign, offered to bet five hundred guineas that there was no such step in contemplation.' Sheridan stammered out a sort of apology for himself; but from thenceforward he was ruined in character as well as in fortune."

Character!—Sheridan's character!! It was too late, indeed, to think of ruining that in 1812. We cannot help laughing at the disinterested denunciation of Sheridan's conduct by such writers as Moore. These great friends of the people thought of nothing but place. Moore tells, with a chuckle of applause, Sheridan's mystification on the subject of reform in parliament, &c.—that is wit, fun, humour, because it is only the betraying the cause of the people; but his not communicating with the Whig leaders the manner in which the various fat things about the Household "were to be managed, admits, I own, of no vindication," because that was betraying the cause of the placemen.

That Sheridan was a rogue, nobody will be found so hardy as to deny. The same character is pretty universally attributed to Tierney. To these gentlemen the task of negotiating with the Whigs, was committed by their old friend and bottle-companion, the Prince Regent. They spoiled the negotiation by their bungling. Innocent fellows! What are we to think of him who employed them, and profited by that bungling?

of the Liberals of the continent, then groaning in intense indignation at the overthrow of the mild and liberty-cherishing government of Napoleon Buonaparte, the outcry was sufficiently loud, and formed an admirable preparation to the grand explosion in the case of the Queen.

George IV. had at last fixed into an immovable hatred of his lady, and the first object of his reign was to get rid of her. If instead of being a king he had been only a cabinet minister, a recent case has shewn us, that this would not have presented any very formidable difficulty. But the Whigs were determined that he should be punished for his daring to prefer the statesman who proved in council and in fight that Buonaparte could be put down, and peace dictated to Europe, to those who merely proved in speech that Napoleon was invincible, and England incapable of meeting the power of France; and who, still worse, with an unfairness, "which admits of no vindication," had kept them out of place and pay. The rascal rabblement of London was stirred—the yet baser corporation came forward with its paltry yelpings of defiance; the ministry was not serious in its prosecution of the object, and the poor King was not only defeated, but held up by name as a Nero or a Bluebeard. Even the show of the coronation, fine and tawdry as it was, scarcely restored him to the favour of the Cockneys; but his visit to Edinburgh, where Toryism is triumphant, and to Dublin, where the protestant came forward to prove that he had inherited loyalty, and the papist to endeavour to shew he had acquired it, (to say nothing of the presence of a King being no small wonder in both cities,) elicited popular feeling upon his side. From henceforward he was not personally molested, (the Queen having been so kind as to die of rage,) and his appearance in the politics of the country was as rare and as unimportant as his appearance at Drury Lane.

Lord Liverpool's demise forced public business upon him, and he was obliged to decide among jangling parties, whose real principles we all know, but whose pretended motives, as explained to the King, we cannot yet presume to tell. That he disliked

Mr. Canning was no secret—that hollow charlatan had, for his own reasons, (which slander has not scrupled to say, were of a very peculiar kind,) pleaded the cause of the queen, and described her in some tinsel sentences that were long remembered and quoted by the rabble, ever ready to applaud whatever is false and meretricious as the grace and ornament of society. But the King had no choice—or rather the internal cabinet, which, of late years, ruled the King, persuaded him he had none. The Goderich administration was but a jest, and when the Duke of Wellington assumed the reins of government, the King's share in the administration of affairs was gone. In the Roman Catholic question of last year his Majesty was overpersuaded. He resisted it until resisting it was troublesome, and then he yielded. His father had said that consenting to pass that question was a violation of the coronation oath.

He thought of nothing but personal ease. He started in life a rake, but he dismissed his mistresses and his friends when they became troublesome, without any regard to their future good or ill fortune. He stuck to the Whigs as long as they served his purpose, and turned them off when sticking to them became troublesome. He indulged the follies and vices of his companions till indulging them longer became troublesome. He supported the principles of his family, till supporting them any more became troublesome. He consented to the Popish bill on the same principle as he had shaken off poor Mrs. Robinson. Protestantism and Perdita were voted bores; they disturbed his peace. He hated public exhibition because it annoyed him; he had a morbid dislike of the panegyrical mention of his name. He presided over the country in the days of its greatest triumphs in war, and had governed it in a period of peace of unusual duration—he had no remarkable vice and no trace of cruelty about him—he was never mean or avaricious—his manners were bland and gentleman-like—and yet he is forgotten already. No body would have remembered the existence of Sardana-palus, if, after having lived in luxurious seclusion, he had died quietly in his bed at a good old age of a dropsy.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

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